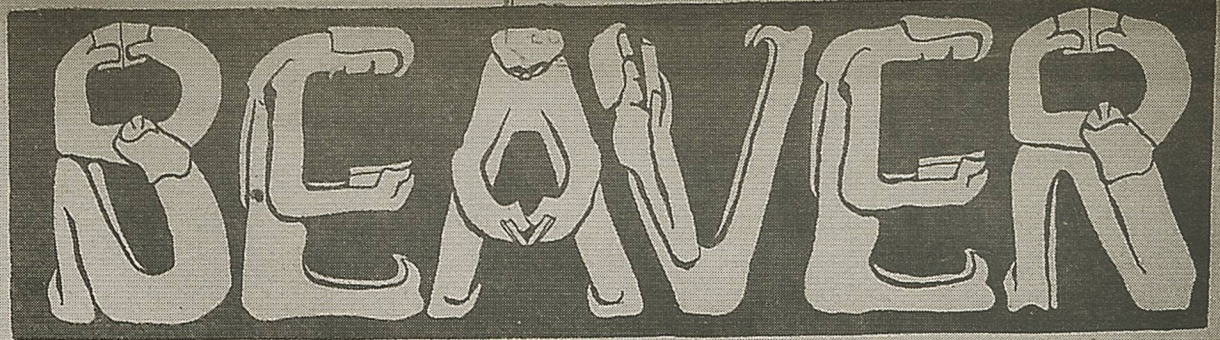


CONTENTS

1. Marginalia	Page 2
2. Beaver's Hansard	Page 2
3. The Lille Report	Page 2
4. Controversy:— Two Articles on Conscript- tion	Page 3
5. German Students Today	Page 3
6. Bridge Table 1	Page 3
7. Reviews:— Theatre and Film	Page 4
8. Devon: Soccer and Cider	Page 4
9. NUSSSA Report	Page 4
10. Women's Hockey Club	Page 4



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BERNARD SHAW GREETES BEAVER

N.U.S. Bangor Congress —TOTEM AND TABOO—

SHOULD 600 university students in Congress have a licensed bar? This, the crucial problem of the Congress, was resolved in the accepted and traditional Welsh manner. Mr. Lloyd Jones, representing the Free Church Council, opposed the Bangor students' application, stating that "It is alien to the traditions on which the Welsh University was founded." Yet another Free Church Council member said that he viewed the idea with "surprise and horror," and the magistrate, adjudicating in favour of tradition and dignity, refused a licence.

Yet perhaps the most intriguing part of the Congress was the journey from Euston to Bangor. Standing at the entrance to platform No. 12 a very solemn ticket collector gravely informed me as I bundled through the gates with but a few seconds in hand, "Yus, mate, that's them big schoolkids' train." And the journey, at least in my compartment, proved how very near the truth he was. At a glance it was apparent that we were at "big schoolkids' and kiddies' bound for Bangor—although no college insignia were visible—yet there was an atmosphere of dubious hesitancy; no one dare risk a frank question—just in case. . . . We sat, read, fidgeted, looked out of the window, pretended to be asleep; we went, in fact, through the whole gamut of tricks at the disposal of the conventional British traveller, without his easy grace of maturity, in a pseudo-dignified attempt to avoid mentioning the questions which were racing through our minds. At Colwyn Bay, 200 or so miles from London, the ice was broken. "It's raining," someone remarked—and, of course, it was. But this conventional incursion into conversation ended there, and at journey's end we dispersed, doubtless embarrassed by our social inhibitions, into Bangor's rain-swept streets.

"R.T.O." DOCUMENTATION

The arrangements for our accommodation were made with remarkable efficiency. One was left with the impression that behind the façade of documentation and registration an omniscient presence, trained at an R.T.O. Military School, smiled benignly. On our arrival we were handed cards showing us exactly where we were to reside for the duration of the Congress, and a large street map of Bangor passively informed us of the most direct route. As we trudged off in the fading light to our destinations we were supremely conscious of the fact that rain in Bangor was no less wet than rain anywhere else.

Nevertheless, despite this somewhat cheerless welcome, the Congress was largely successful. While there were, it is true, minor irritants, particularly in the programme alterations and cancellations, a generally high standard of performance was maintained both by the guest speakers and by the student contributors, and the competence with which all last-minute rearrangements were made cannot be praised too highly.

The theme to which the Congress was dedicated was "The Student, his Studies and his Nation." The four morning plenary sessions, addressed by the four principal guest speakers—The Rt. Hon. H. A. Marquand, P.C., M.P.; Mr. Ben Bowen Thomas; Mr. John Lowe, of the Conservative Central Office; and Mr. C. R. Morris, Vice-Chancellor of the Leeds University—examined the relationship which the student has to his National Economy, to his National Culture, to his Nation and Peace, and, finally, to himself and his studies. In the afternoon it was possible to attend either the Congress-organized

discussion groups, in which the morning plenary subject was more thoroughly debated, or any one of the college faculty meetings or student society discussion groups. It was, in fact, extremely difficult to pass through any one day without finding a person of interest, if not in the theme of the plenary, at least in one of the extraneous groups meetings; indeed, it may well be a valid criticism that too many interesting people were allowed to waste their own divergent faiths at one and the same time. To preserve a proper balance between mental and physical effort, the Congress relied upon the conventional methods of social intercourse. Several dances were held; a sports programme was arranged; and on Sunday evening a magnificent concert, in the true Welsh tradition, was provided. Sunday was indeed a full day for many. Motor trips to various parts of North Wales were arranged, while the more adventurous spirits undertook a safari to Dublin. Throughout the Congress students indulged in spontaneous, if sometimes embarrassing, community singing.

NAOMI AND RENEE

The first plenary session, on Wednesday morning, was devoted to an examination of "The Student and his National Economy." The Rt. Hon. H. A. Marquand, P.C., M.P., who introduced the subject with what was later described as "the best talk that I have heard in the three Congresses which I have attended," traced the development of the expansion of higher education and exhorted students to partake in their local organisations—youth clubs and study groups—in an effort to secure what he termed "neighbourhood democracy." The L.S.E. was very effectively represented at this session by the contributions of Joe Ball, Naomi Greenburg and Renee Nathan. In reply to one particular point made by the L.S.E. representatives relating to graduate unemployment, Mr. Marquand expressed the opinion that students were inclined to regard this matter with undue apprehension. "One should," he said, "utilise the first year or so after graduation 'knocking about the world' in order to gain experience."

THE ITALIAN PROBLEM

The afternoon sessions were a mixed bag. The place of Science in Upland Farming; English Studies and the Individual; and meetings held by the history, social sciences and education faculties. Concurrently, the local cinema, in deference to the aesthetic tastes of the student world, sponsored a series of continental films of the "Vivere in Pace." "Four Steps in the Cloud" vintage. This external competition proved far too seductive for many of the Congress students and one of the few rainless afternoons was spent in anxious tension as student-Italian chased its limited vocabulary across the flickering lights.

"Socialism will abolish classes:
Beaver should organise the sets"—G.B.S.

*Socialism will abolish classes; but it will replace them by sets.
The Beaver, whilst accepting this as natural and inevitable, should organize meetings of all the sets to save them from stewing too long in their several juices and live by taking in their own washing.*
Ayot Saint Lawrence,
Welwyn, Herts.
3/4/1949

In this, the first edition of "Beaver," we asked George Bernard Shaw if he would care to contribute. Despite our intimation that we were really after an article, Mr. Shaw sent us one of his inimitable postcards. We are, however, grateful for such recognition and would like to take this opportunity to thank him for his major contributions to provocative thought.

NAOMI AGAIN

In the evening the L.S.E. came into its own again. The Student Political Forum contained two of its members:—Naomi Greenburg, representing the Student Labour Federation, and Ken Watkins representing the Communist Party. Although it is impossible to report the Forum more fully, this quotation from the subsequent issue of "Congress News" is an admirable summary. It was . . . "altogether, a most most enjoyable evening, resulting from that rare mixture—politics and good manners." As a relaxation from the political tension, the Congress then dissolved into what was described as a "Blazer Dance." "Beaver," not possessing a blazer, toyed idly with the idea of wearing a striped silk pyjama jacket, but its natural sensitiveness triumphed, and it became distinguished as one of the few sedately dressed dancers.

The most serious administrative failure occurred on Sunday. The Lord Bishop of Bangor had very kindly consented to lead the Congress service in the Cathedral, but had apparently not been informed that the majority of the students would be leaving Bangor for Snowdonia shortly before lunch. Unwittingly, he retained the full service, and his sermon was delivered to an almost

empty church—some of the students rather disgracefully, and certainly unnecessarily, leaving before the collection! It is to be hoped that the N.U.S. Executive expressed their regret to the Lord Bishop for such an unfortunate incident.

Continued on back page.

STOP PRESS

The Council motions on the U.T.C. and the Refectory Report will be presented to the Union tonight, Thursday, 5th May.

The Union Council Election Results — R. Moody 201 votes
I. Strong 143 votes

F. Rudd 85 votes
Invalid 1 vote
Total papers cast—232

R. Moody and I. Strong are thereby elected to Council.

Miss Jeanne Stillaway has accepted the post of Publicity Officer. We wonder why!

RENEE AGAIN

During Friday afternoon the National Social Science Students' Association held its Annual General Meeting. As this is being dealt with more fully by Miss Renee Nathan in a special article, may it be sufficient to say that the delegates from the L.S.E. appeared to be more tolerant, amenable and knowledgeable than those from other colleges.

In the evening, students of Goldsmiths' College gave two performances of Andre Obey's play "Lucretia." This was apparently very well received, and "Congress News" contained an appreciative criticism of it. The size of the audience was necessarily restricted by the accommodation available; but for this, the play would have been more widely appreciated.

Saturday passed in much the same manner as the previous Thursday; the morning discussion groups, the common round, the daily task, merrily ambled through their allotted time, and the afternoon was again devoted to sport. This time the weather was in more engaging mood, and the tennis tournament was allowed to reach the semi-final stage. Only one member of the L.S.E. detachment—a girl—took part in any of the recognised sports, although two members of the "Beaver" Staff were seen with their jackets off furiously kicking a football.

Write for

THE SPECTATOR

THE SPECTATOR believes that there are plenty of undergraduates who have a talent for writing. It is backing its belief by devoting a page of its space each week, to articles contributed by undergraduates of any university or university college in Great Britain. A fee of eight guineas will be paid for each article published.

WRITERS may take whatever subject they like—broad or narrow, political or literary, social or autobiographical. The best article received each week will be published. Even the second-best possibly may be.

ARTICLES should be about 1400 words in length, need not necessarily be typewritten, and should be addressed to:

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envelopes being marked "Undergraduate."

For Undergraduates who would like a copy of THE SPECTATOR each week, there is a special subscription rate of 2 15s. per annum instead of 30s.

BEAVER

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
HOUGHTON STREET
ALDWYCH - LONDON - W.C.2

New Series Vol. 1 No. 1

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Sales Manager: W. Greenwood
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Art Editor: Ronald Moody
Music Editor: Cyril Elsie
Theatre Critic: A. C. Bernal
Photographer: Alan Kingsbury

The first part of the venture has succeeded: "Beaver" has gone to print. In its new form it has inevitably lost some of the character of the older version—the "mural Beaver," as Val Sherman calls it elsewhere—but in some respects such a loss is not to be regretted. Articles which now appear should be more thoroughly prepared and more discriminating than was previously the case; it should be possible to interest far more students in the diverse activities undertaken by their fellow students; and the physical strain incurred in reading the paper no longer exists.

It is on the second count that "Beaver" will be most severely tested. If it fails to induce a more cohesive atmosphere among the students, if the same appalling lethargy prevails despite the appearance of "Beaver," then it has not justified its existence. We hope that it will justify it.

One essential to all activity—be it only perfect competition—is readily available knowledge. In this respect the various Society Secretaries in the School can help considerably. If they will inform any member of the "Beaver" Staff (in writing) of their Society's activities during the current month, we will do our best to print them. In this way the average student will more readily appreciate the interesting events which take place daily at the L.S.E., without having to rely upon inadequate and un-aesthetic poster advertisement which, in most cases, is seen only when the event has taken place. In short, "Beaver's" task is to prevent students from "stewing too long in their several juices," as Mr. Bernard Shaw remarks on the front page.

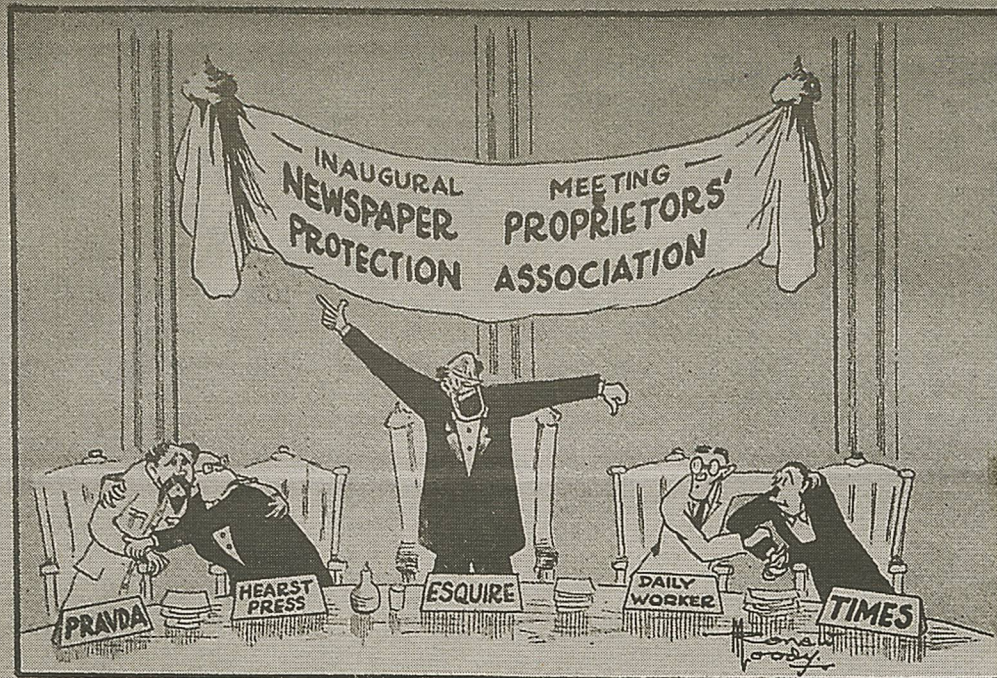
In order to achieve this we propose to continue the column entitled "Controversy," to which, although articles will normally be by request, anybody may contribute simply by pointing a gun at the Editor. We further propose to invite Societies to report the more important meetings which they hold, particularly those to which eminent speakers are invited.

In case, however, we appear to be in danger of taking ourselves too seriously, Jon Blot, our roving Marginalist, will continue to probe secluded corners and disclose furtive desires which might otherwise escape notice.

"Beaver" has changed its face and at the same time it has changed its procedure. Letters must now reach "Beaver" office by 4.30 p.m. the day after each issue if they are intended for publication in the next issue. They should be short and to the point; normally no letter of over 200 words will be accepted, although for an important subject it should be possible to reshape the contribution in the form of a special article.

And now we're keeping our fingers crossed.

EDITOR.



"AND SO GENTLEMEN, EITHER WE SINK OUR DIFFERENCES AND STAND TOGETHER OR THIS NEW PUBLICATION 'BEAVER', WILL PUT US ALL OUT OF BUSINESS!"

Marginalia

AT THE OSTRICH

Mr. Leo Pheasant, the Ostrich Club's dynamic chairman, leaned back in his chair, puffing at a foot-long cigar.

"The Beaver County Council Elections?" he said to the dense crowd of reporters. "Obviously the writing in the sand for the Moles. For 15 years they have swindled, oppressed, underfed and undereducated the people of Beaver County. Enough is too much; now the Ostriches, carrying the banner of democracy, free rights, enterprise and cheaper mansions, have won the day. We have stormed the ramparts; we have routed the enemy; we have

"Eh? Our programme? Well—er, hrrmph, ugh, glug, tsk—of course we cannot commit ourselves in advance, but I can assure that the matter is under the most active consideration. Economy, of course, is the thing. Without economy we can do nothing. In fact, without economy, we should be forced to throw up schools, hospitals, clinics, playing fields and other awkward things at the same indiscriminate rate as the Moles have been doing—and that, Sirs, would not be British. Economy and fair play—that's our motto. First things first is our faith.

"What are the first things? Well—er—perhaps you'd better ask Sir Hersey Paris."

SHERMY RIDES AGAIN

Shermy, the smooth Serb, cantered slowly into the frontier town of Biva. Heading for the Rue du Rideau, he drew up his horse in front of Charlie Staines' place; Charlie, as you know, is the local undertaker, and Shermy's best friend and counsellor.

"How's things, Charlie?" asked Shermy, edging shyly round the door.

"Bad, very bad," said Charlie. "Up in the West End the Plebs are being exploited right and left by those Cappies from across the water. Working as regular as clockwork, they are, and what are they getting? Food and high wages, that's all. No sense of proportion, some folks haven't."

"Yeah, no sense of proportion," echoed Shermy, idly kicking the cat. "And how are you doing this end of town, Charlie?" he asked.

"Fine, just fine," said Charlie. "Course we don't eat that much and lots of folks is drifting up to the West End—they don't know no better—but we're down to the fifteen-hour day now, and in no time at all we'll be getting a day off."

"That's great," said Shermy. "Well, I'll be getting along. Anything you want, Charlie?" he asked.

"No, can't think of anything right now," said Charlie. "Cept I'm running short of corpses. You might bring a few in some time."

"Sure thing, Charlie; anything you say. So long," said Shermy, leaving the room on his stomach.

TOBY IN PARIS

Mr. Toby Braid, L.S.E.'s most eligible bachelor, has been on a world tour for the British Sartorial Association. His latest call has been to Paris, where he gave an address to the Chamber of Deputies on "Profiles in Politics."

Speaking in gorgeous French, Mr. Braid said: "We two countries have a great common cause. We must slowly create between us a proud heritage, a more perfect union; and this task must be a labour, not only of necessity, but of love—a marriage of true minds with but a single purpose."

And the little blonde in the front row stood up and squeaked: "Oh oui, bravo, oui, encore, bis, trop vrai, vous êtes me disant, oh la la..." She was carried out immediately, foaming at the mouth, crying: "Vive L'Entente Tobienne." Mr. Braid was visibly moved but managed to continue his address.

Later there was a special performance at the Folies Bergère in Mr. Braid's honour; and after the interval he was persuaded to sit alone on the stage while the chorus screamed and stamped in the stalls.

There were no casualties.

Beaver's Hansard

17.3.49 — 21.3.49

The meeting, which was continued on Monday evening, was one of the best the Union has seen: what a shame that attendance was comparatively small. For once we ceased to be divided into two "camps," the advancing proletariat and the irremovable capitalists, and became students, discussing our affairs and those of others with reasonable sincerity, seriousness, and a sense of humour. The level of discussion was high, the atmosphere was less soap-box than University.

Our "Greek" motion of the previous week, protesting against the further atrocities by the Greek government, was discussed and ratified, two leading L.S.E. conservatives, Colin Beale and Mr. Grouse, supported the motion. Spain was deferred until the Monday, when that sword of the spirit, Mr. Dobeson, led an attack on the motion. Mr. Dobeson thinks highly of Franco, and therefore feels that when Franco executes someone they deserve it. Mr. Marston, well known for his objectivity, pointed out that communists were being shot, so that when Mr. Sherman asked the union to protest on the grounds that they and the victims were anti-Franco, he was being dishonest.

The meeting, however, agreed that communists should not be shot, and Mr. Sherman, who can hardly be accused of keeping his political affiliations a secret, explained that he felt very strongly when communists were killed, since they were struggling, according to their lights, for the good of mankind, but that he hoped that the Franco terror would remain a *nathema* to the overwhelming majority of students, in keeping with their fine traditions of 1936-39.

BACKSTAIRS PEACEMAKING

Then a Naomi-sponsored white dove flew around, hoping to be let in, but the majority said no. This does not mean they are not for peace; but it was rather short notice and many seemed suspicious. The President gave an assurance that the Conference would be discussed in the Union during the coming term, and sat on Mr. Grouse, who seemed to equate peace with high treason. Many people were annoyed at the way certain people dragged up the Peace Conference on three occasions, hoping, as numbers dwindled, to put forward a proposal, twice rejected, which would have resulted in a delegate being sent to the Conference from L.S.E. These backstairs methods help nobody; a delegate elected by about thirty votes can hardly speak for three thousand. Many L.S.E. students certainly lack a responsible attitude on problems of war and peace, but this can be set to right only in their presence, not in their absence.

Since Lady-killer Len Knight was sent to the Conference by Holborn Trades Council, where he represents the L.S.E. A.S.C.W. Society, no one should remain very long in suspense.

Mr. Grouse moved a motion condemning Chuter Ede for allowing the Mosley March, protecting it, and then using the result as an excuse to ban all political processions, but numbers by this time having fallen to 38, the motion will have to be reintroduced again this term.

JON BLOT.

VICTOR.

FRENCH POLITICS FROM THE INSIDE

L.S.E. at Lille (and Paris)

NOT even Jeanne was smiling that grey Friday morning on Victoria Station. We, the Government Department, looked more like a contingent for Dachau than a party of bright British students about to visit a foreign university. Perhaps it was the time: 7 a.m. is a beastly hour to be alive on Victoria Station. Heavy eye met heavy eye and no hearts sang.

But then we boarded the train; and as it chuffed merrily along, as the sun got warmer and as we were not entirely to be outshone by Moosh Jarret (who, to be sure, was in continuous session), we began to talk to and even to smile at each other. By Calais we were positively hilarious and excited.

It was a good crossing. By a curious anomaly, most of us travelled First, but, like good democrats, we slummed with our humbler comrades in Second (or was it even Third?), and broke bread with them. And was it Ogg himself, when a rather superior female student asked whether we were having lunch on board, who said: "Yes, have a sandwich?"

We got to Lille around tea-time, and after a short reception at the Faculté de Droit (whose guests we were) we met our various hosts. (I stayed *en pension* in the old Rue Colbert.) There was a dark, long-haired madman there, wandering silently round the house all day, laughing to himself. But Madam was old and charming, and sat with me at breakfast every morning, knitting and telling me how the British and the French must be good friends for the peace of Europe.

WORK!!!

The next day we started work: that is to say, we attended the first of a series of lectures, given almost every morning in the Faculté, on French economics, administration and law. I hear they were very good.

Then almost every afternoon there was an excursion to some place of interest. In turn we inspected the ancient Citadel, the Canal Port, the Prefecture, the Tribunals, the Mairie, a newspaper office, a wool factory and a coal mine.

After the visit to the factory, the local Chamber of Commerce gave us a magnificent lunch at the Grand Hotel, Roubaix. It was a regal occasion: chair taken by the President of the Chamber; British Consul in attendance; speeches right and left; Jarret barely misbehaving; and our first real opportunity to make friends.

Hospitality, we thought, could go no further—and indeed it could not. But it went just as far, in a slightly different direction, the day we went down the mine. Our party (we split into two for the day) were entertained to lunch by the district "Cercle des Ingenieurs." It was a stag party, and the Barbary Coast knew nothing finer. Space, fortunately, does not permit a detailed account of the proceedings. It is sufficient to say that for spectacle, France has no more to offer.

BEING BRITISH AT TEATIME

Nor was that all. We also had tea with the British Consul (an illuminating experience, this: who said the Bump was dead?); cocktails at the Faculté de Droit and the Faculté des Lettres; and of course innumerable evening tours of social observation. I hear the Jamieson did some useful research.

It was soon over. On the Tuesday night (we left on the Friday morning) we gave a small party for our French hosts. They had been very kind. It is a thankless job, coping with a heterogeneous and not too well-behaved bunch of foreign students. L.S.E. has its work cut out when the French come here in October.

The following evening the French students gave a dance in our honour, and on Thursday evening we had farewell cocktails with the Rector before going on to another dance at the Faculté des Lettres.

That night we bade our fond farewells. Some of them were very fond.

And so to Paris. Here most of us stayed at the impressive Cité Universitaire (why can't we have one?). Guided by the fair Française, we visited the Chambre des Députés, the Conseil d'Etat, the Conseil de la République, and the Palace of Versailles.

So came Tuesday morning, the gloomy 12th. Most of the party went home. A few stayed behind, drifting back across the Channel only by one. I stayed as long as I could.

Her name was Annette.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

The Review—

CLARE MARKET REVIEW

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The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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Issue number 600

The Beaver 600 Special Edition
including full reproduction of the first ever newspaper issue



Still beavering away after 600-plus issues

The lower-ground of the Library can be quite, at the risk of sounding insanely nerdy, an intriguing place - it's got nothing to do with the public computers or the seemingly endless rows of government documents; the lower-ground floor houses the Library's archives, and in this smallish room were old copies of *The Beaver* dating back to the first edition, released May 5th 1949.

Looking through old copies of our student newspaper, there were a few things that stuck out - did you know, for instance, that this isn't technically Issue 600? Though the first copy of *The Beaver* (it was just called *Beaver* back then) was issued in 1949, *Beavers* weren't numbered until October 13th 1960. It can be confusing - when former Executive Editor Ibrahim Rasheed first went to the archives and

asked for the first *Beaver*, staff brought him a copy of the 1960 edition. He had to point out that the paper was originally distributed in 1949 before they brought him the actual original.

Among other notable little snippets about *The Beaver* that you probably didn't know: The paper didn't officially become *The Beaver* until October 6th 1986; It used to have a cover, trying to fill a niche as a student magazine, and not a newspaper; In its nascent form, it actually wasn't published for nine months, from January 1952 to October of that same year; It started as a monthly paper, four pages in all, and only became fortnightly in May of 1953.

As you leaf through old editions of *The Beaver*, however, a trend begins to emerge - some things just never change: The second (second!) edition of *Beaver* lamented a

lack of participation at the weekly Union General Meeting (UGM) under the headline, "Union: Wide Open Spaces, Same Old Faces" - just brilliant.

The paper was, back in its beginnings, startlingly male-dominated, as well - indeed, at one point, because of the lack of women on the senior editorial staff, *Beaver* opened up an election for the post of Women's Editor.

Other quirks? *Beaver's* sixth editor, C. Ian Jackson, manned the post of General Secretary while he retained his post as editor of *Beaver* - this was back in the days of Presidents and Vice-Presidents out-ranking General Secretary, before any Union posts were sabbatical.

Malcolm Ross, the paper's eighth editor, ran a "Miss Fresher" competition, printing a picture of one pretty first-year

girl for five straight editions with the winner announced in the sixth. It has to be said - while the winner, a Ms Audrey Chaney, was pretty good-looking, the others just weren't. The year-end edition in 1992 went even further and super-imposed pictures of high-ranking Union members onto topless models and, appropriately, published them on Page 3.

On this page and the next, we've hunted through the archives and brought you stories that are unique in their own right - some of them give a clear indication of LSE's activist past (see: "Students occupy School in protest"), while others are just plain odd (see: "Carr-Saunders hires stripper"). The common theme? They're the best of what *The Beaver* has brought you over the past 55 years and 600-plus issues.

Enjoy.

The Greatest graces the Old Theatre

October 28th, 1971

The questions then extended to his political activities; and he handled each of them with the easy familiarity born of long experience.

Speaking to a capacity crowd at the Old Theatre, boxing legend Muhammad Ali, formerly Cassius Clay, called for complete reparations to African-Americans for "four hundred years of labour", and announced that he would retire after he took his title back from "that ugly Joe Frazier".

Ali, who once described his skills by saying that he could, "float like a butterfly, sting like a bee", stopped at the LSE on a boxing tour of Europe and the Middle East, and began answering questions early into the talk.

Questions came from a wide variety of audience members on a multitude of topics - Ali answered questions on "Black Power", Malcolm X, Islam, and the future of integration in the United States.

He advocated a policy of complete separation of white and black Americans, commenting, "We want complete and total separation...We think we should now go and rule ourselves. We want to be repaid for four hundred years of labour."

A member of the audience questioned this alternative, wondering how this proposed "country" would differ from a South African "Bantustan", to which the audience loudly expressed their disapproval.

Ali responded with a swiftness the audience had come to expect: "We shall be different from the African countries because we shall be repaid."

On Islam, Ali commented, "The Chinese have Chinese names, the French have French names, but Negroes have names like George Washington. I'm free. I'm Muhammad Ali."

Speaking about Malcolm X, the prominent African-American activist, also known as El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz, Ali said, "What he represented made him great...After becoming so powerful, his



Ali "floats like a butterfly" at the LSE

head became big...As soon as Jesus died, everyone loved Jesus. As soon as Malcolm died, everyone loved Malcolm..."

He went on to condemn miscegenation, saying his disapproval was borne not of prejudice but of pride: "No intelligent white man or woman would want a black child...No prejudice: I just love myself. I don't hate nobody."

Atilla runs for Court

November 29th, 1977

A ripple, even a wave, of horror and indignation has disturbed the ranks of the careerist candidates whose chances of success have received a severe blow due to the decision of M. Atilla to stand as a candidate to the Court of Governors.

In an effort to demonstrate the lack of power elected students hold on the Court of Governors, several LSE students launched a campaign to elect M. Atilla, a stuffed animal, to the committee.

The Court, which deals with some constitutional matters and has pre-decision discussions on key policy issues with regard to the School, is made up of several high-ranking members of the LSE's administration as well as five elected students and the General Secretary of the Students' Union.

M. Atilla, with the M standing for Mole, was deaf, dumb and blind, but it was claimed that these handicaps would not be detrimental to his activities on the Court.

Atilla's manifesto, created mainly by frequenters of Anarchist Group meetings, points out that the above handicaps are irrelevant, as it claims that students on School committees are helpless, regardless of whether or not they can exercise their sensory organs.

Students expressed distress as to the fact that the toy did not have an LSE registration card (mainly because he was on fee strike), though he did have an NUS card.

Despite this opposition, during the lead-up to the elections, Atilla had received messages of support from the Conservatives, and the Broad Left Society.

The Returning Officer commented, "I don't see why the mass of students should have their right of democratic choice restricted; I have accepted M. Atilla's application to stand for Court of Governors."

Speaking on Atilla's candidacy, former Student Governor, Bruce Fell said, "I think he will be a worthy successor to my pioneering efforts on the Court."

Students occupy School in protest

March 11th, 1981

Sometime during the morning of 5th March a small number of students managed to penetrate the defenses of the "fortress" and managed to lay low until lunchtime. Many students present at the [UGM] joined the occupation, gaining entry through a seventh-floor fire exit that had been opened by those students who had already penetrated the tight security.

Several students managed to seize control of parts of the campus in protest against overseas student fee increases, occupying parts of Connaught House, the Board Room as well as the Library.

The occupation was given further credence as a packed Union General Meeting (UGM) voted overwhelming in favour of seizing parts of LSE property in an effort to change the School's stance on increasing tuition fees for international students.

After the concerned students had taken over the sixth and seventh floors of Connaught House, LSE staff evacuated the building, and the students involved quickly formed internal organisations to hold on to Connaught House.



Students seize control of Connaught House in a protest against fee increases.

The students also had a list of demands, including: no fee increases for any student; New students must be made aware of the fees they will be charged before they join the LSE; and students or staff who participate in, or co-operate with, the occupation must not be victimised in any way.

Almost all of the demands were rejected by the Director, Sir Ralf Dahrendorf, in a meeting following the occupation, with

Dahrendorf often commenting that his hands were tied by the decisions made by the Government.

When questioned why he approved fee increases for new students that were £200 higher than the Government's recommended minimum, Dahrendorf said it was so the School could give more fee waivers to existing students.

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One state in the Middle East? blink, pages 18-19

Banderas in three pages of B:film, pages 25-27



Honorary Beaverships for nefarious members of the Union, page 6

Sir Howard's Total backdown

Mark Power
Executive Editor

In a remarkable climb-down, the Director of LSE, Sir Howard Davies, last week announced he would not be accepting the controversial position on the board of French oil giant Total.

Sir Howard announced the decision at last Thursday's meeting of the Court of Governors, the School's governing body, after the meeting was interrupted by a group of concerned students wishing to present a petition signed by 300 students.

The petition asked the Director to reconsider the position in light of Total's alleged involvement in human rights abuses in Myanmar (formerly Burma) and corruption scandals which have dogged the company's subsidiary Elf Aquitaine and its involvement with the French government.

The students presenting the petition were led by prominent member of the Socialist Workers Student Society, and LSE Students' Union Postgraduate Students' Officer, James Meadway as well as People and Planet activist, and LSESU Environment and Ethics Officer Elect, Joel Kenrick.

The presentation of the petition followed several weeks of the "Total Disgrace" campaign during which the students plastered the campus with posters and introduced last week's successful Union General Meeting motion asking Sir Howard not to accept the post because of the effect it would have upon the reputation of the School.

Speaking to *The Beaver*, Kenrick said that he commended Sir Howard's decision.

He expressed his hope "that this finally means that we can move on from the animosity that developed last year and I look forward to working with Howard Davies in a constructive manner in the future.

"This was an issue of human rights and the reputation of the School and I am delighted that Howard Davies has recognised this and taken the brave move of putting the unity of the LSE first."

When asked to comment on the issue, the Director issued a statement saying that he had decided to withdraw his name from consideration as a board member of Total "following consultation with a number of members of the LSE faculty and by agreement with the company."

When asked if this reflected a concern regarding some of Total's operations Sir Howard said: "I make no personal criticism of the company's investment in Burma, but I recognise that the issue is one on which there are strong feelings within the School community."

He continued by saying that his "presence on the Total Board may therefore generate continued controversy which would be unfortunate for both the School and the company."

The students concerned with the appointment represented a broader range of campus opinion than has previously been the case in opposing Sir Howard and his employment history.



Environment and Ethics Officer Elect Joel Kenrick hands the petition to LSE Director Howard Davies and Director of Administration Adrian Hall.

Observers including right-wing members of the Union opposed the appointment, and are reported to be jubilant with Sir Howard's retrenchment.

Those at the Court of Governors' meeting reported that Sir Howard was visibly angered by the encounter with students, saying that if they had visited his office and made an appointment they would have been able to present the petition and hear his answer without interrupting a meeting.

He described the tactic as calculated to cause him the maximum embarrassment.

However, reporters from *The Beaver* accompanied the students on earlier attempts to visit the Director in his office and present the petition after returning at a time when his assistant had indicated he would be able to receive them.

Instead, upon their return they found the doors to the Director's office locked in what appeared to be a deliberate attempt to block their entry.

When asked by *The Beaver* if he intended to take up any further non-executive board positions in lieu of the Total position, the Director refused to comment, though it is widely thought that Sir Howard will pay closer attention to the dealings of any future company offering him such a position.

Editorial Comment, page 9

Oxford denies racism in Union

Prashant Rao
News Editor

The Oxford Union has fervently denied allegations of racism after Ruzwana Bashir, its first British-born Asian woman President, was nearly disqualified for a second time from a Union election on charges of electoral malpractice.

Her victory in the recent elections for President of the Union was challenged by individual members who were not affiliated either to her campaign or that of her closest competitor's on the grounds that she had contravened the Union's ban on actively soliciting votes.

A tribunal made up of older, former Union members ruled, early Wednesday morning, that Bashir had not been in contravention of Union regulations after some 20 hours of debate and deliberation with regard to whether or not Bashir was in the wrong, as well as whether or not any members of the Union had engaged in racism or "dirty tricks".

Continued, page 2

OU Executive rebuke racist allegations

Continued from page 1

When contacted by *The Beaver* for comment, current Oxford Union President Edward Tomlinson refuted all allegations of any racism amongst the upper echelons within the Union, pointing to the fact that Bashir had been found not guilty of malpractice as evidence of this.

The "evidence" of electoral malpractice on Bashir's part was presented by second runner-up Matthew Richardson who had video footage of both Bashir and runner-up James Forsyth, the Union's librarian, who Bashir beat by one vote, actively soliciting votes.

At first, however, only Bashir was charged.

When questioned as to this apparent impropriety, Tomlinson commented; "there was video evidence against the runner-up, and he was charged of malpractice and subsequently found guilty - the evidence against James was much stronger than the

evidence against Ruzwana."

"Furthermore, the complaint [against Bashir] was frivolous - the person who brought the complaint to the Union has been suspended for one term."

Bashir was disqualified in elections for President in Michaelmas term last year, after she had handily beaten fellow candidate Georgina Costa by a margin of nearly 200 votes.

She was accused by one of Costa's supporters of writing comments on one of Costa's electoral posters - a relatively minor offence, but one that led to the first overturned election in the 180-year history of the Oxford Union.

The offence was labelled by a former President as "disgraceful" and "a stitch-up".

After her victory in the most recent elections was questioned, friends told *The Times* newspaper that, "They've knifed her in the back once and now they're trying to knife her again."

"They feel uncomfortable because she's a Muslim, so she doesn't drink alcohol and she's not promiscuous."

"There have even been snide comments about her wearing the hijab at school and not knowing all the words of the National Anthem."

Bashir told *The Times* that, while the experience was trying, she holds no grudges: "I've been exonerated, found completely not guilty, which is all that matters. I'm hugely happy because, obviously, it's been stressful."

The Oxford Union has an alumni list that rivals many full-fledged universities, including former British Prime Ministers Edward Heath, Harold Macmillan and William Gladstone.

Bashir, who is the first Asian woman to hold the post of President within the Oxford Union since former Pakistani Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto held it in 1977, will take up her position in Michaelmas term, 2004



Oxford Union President at last; Ruzwana Bashir.

As seen on TV: Winston discusses ethics and science



Robert Winston stands with his nephew, LSE student Eliot Pollak and Jewish Society Chair Angela Tishbi. / Photo: Chris Heathcote

Elaine Londesborough

Professor Lord Robert Winston, leading fertility expert and BBC presenter, spoke at the LSE last Tuesday in an event arranged by the Jewish Society. The theme of the speech was the issue of how ethics fit into science and the intersection of religion and science.

Lord Winston began his talk by claiming that "the distrust of technology prevalent in our society is a big issue", applying this to nuclear power, BSE, the MMR jab, stem cell biology and the Genetically Modified crop issue.

On the issue of GM, Winston criticised Prince Charles for his opposition to GM, claiming that he has "influence over the press without recourse to the data or evidence". He also felt that as a third of the world's population lives on a starvation diet, we need to look in to how GM crops could help.

On climate change, Lord Winston said that "it is scandalous that we still doubt global warming" and that "we are in a critical position". He also denounced Bush for not signing the Kyoto agreement.

Most of the discourse revolved around fertility, as much of Lord Winston's professional life has been devoted to his work

with genetics. He said "women are penalised by their biology" within society and that by the age of 40 there is a 1/3 chance of a woman being infertile.

When talking about ethics and science, Winston said "our ethics can only be as good as our understanding of the natural world". He feels that selection of foetuses, if it avoids hereditary disease, is ethical and that the idea of "designer babies" has been blown out of proportion by the media. However, he also said that "genetic modification is not ethically acceptable if it is unpredictable".

He also made the case for research on animals, claiming that IVF drug testing on mice has shown us some very important effects of the treatment, such as that abnormalities in babies increases with the dose.

Lord Winston is best known for his BBC television series, *The Human Body*, *The Secret Life of Twins* and *Superhuman*. He is also world renowned for his work with fertility, heading the Department of Reproductive Medicine and the Hammersmith Hospital in London and as a Professor of Fertility Studies at the Imperial College School of Medicine, University of London.

Imperial Rector calls for fewer university students

James Upsher

Sir Richard Sykes, Rector of Imperial College London has called for the scrapping of the current 50 per cent participation target for higher education and the refocus of Government resources on "world class" institutions.

Speaking to the *Financial Times* newspaper, Sir Richard condemned the "bums on seats" attitude to university that was responsible for "unbelievable stresses" on institutions.

The government maintains a target of 50 per cent of all young people to enter higher education, a policy that the Conservative party has promised to overturn.

A spokesperson from Imperial told *The Beaver* that the University believes the 50 per cent target to be "an arbitrary figure that cannot be afforded under government higher education funding allowances."

Sir Richard has also criticised the distribution of funding under the current sys-

tem. He claims that "third rate institutions" receive too much money, suggesting that funds need to be diverted to top class universities to maintain their world standing.

He suggested that "a maths student coming to Imperial College get less than the maths student going to Luton. Is that the way the economy should be spending its money? Because a penny spent here is a hell of a lot better than a penny spent at Luton."

However, it seems Sykes may not have done his research properly. Professor Les Ebdon, Vice-Chancellor of Luton University told the BBC, "It's an absolutely extraordinary comment to make, not least because we don't do a maths degree."

Professor Ebdon said that Luton had a "different mission" to Imperial, focusing on excellent teaching, rather than international reputation. Luton was ranked 14th for teaching quality in a survey by the higher education watchdog, the Quality Assurance Agency.

Sir Richard, who earns approximately £1 million a year from salaries and pensions, has been an outspoken critic of the Government's higher education policy.

The spokesperson told *The Beaver* that although Imperial supports the Higher Education Bill and will introduce the full £3,000 top up fee in 2006, the University regards this as too low.

"A more sensible cap on tuition fees would be £5,000. Since this would address our immediate shortfall and start to create a proper market in higher education. £3,000 is too low to do that."

Imperial has also committed to using this additional income to provide scholarships of £4,000 for less well off students.

Though an influential figure, it remains to be seen if Sir Richard's comments will have an effect on future Government policy. He is certainly not the only eminent figure to question the limit of £3,000 for top-up fees or the desire to send 50 per cent of people to university.

LSE Director Sir Howard Davies has



Imperial College London Rector, Sir Richard Sykes wants higher fees and fewer students.

been a vocal supporter of top-up fees, but so far the School has not decided what it will do when they are introduced in 2006, nor has it commented on the 50 per cent target.

Library to open 24 hours next term

Sam Jones

The Library is to operate a 24-hour opening policy for a trial period during the summer term.

The scheme was announced by Elliot Simmons, LSESU General Secretary, at Thursday's UGM.

Beginning on Monday 3rd May, it will run until 25th June, in a bid to coincide with the examination period.

Assessing the eight week trial will be a working party comprising Library staff, IT Services, Estates, security staff and the LSESU General Secretary.

If successful, it may pave the way for a more permanent 24-hour arrangement at the Library.

Currently the Library closes at 11pm during the week and 8pm at weekends, but under the proposals, will remain open throughout the night on a reference only basis from 11pm onwards.

Self-issue and return machines will be available, as will the copy shop and computer facilities.

However, it will be staffed only by security staff.

The Library administration conceded that there would be little likelihood of a staffed 24-hour library service in the foreseeable future because of the "prohibitive costs" of running such a scheme.

At the moment planning remains in its early stages.

The working party has yet to decide how the scheme will be monitored or assessed, before making its recommendations to the Library and Information Services Committee.

The School remained unwilling to commit to any definite plan of action in the future, stating that the success of the scheme would "influence" future strategy



From May 3rd until 25th June the Library will be open for 24 hours a day, though it is unlikely to be this busy.

and funding considerations.

In a press release, Simmons commented that he was "very pleased that a 24 hour opening will be piloted for LSE students this year", following what he described as a "very successful campaign by the Students' Union."

Indeed the announcement was greeted with cheers at Thursday's UGM and comes as welcome news to those who have long lobbied the School for 24-hour library access.

Over one thousand students responded to a LSESU survey conducted earlier this

term to gauge interest in the possibility of an all night library service.

The success of the campaign, however, appears to fly in the face of recent criticisms levelled against the SU Executive for an apparent lack of concern over campus and student issues.

Simmons added that it was important that students participated in the trial scheme. He urged students to make use of the new service lest it be dropped through lack of interest.

Further details are to be disclosed in the summer term.



Union Jack

Forty-five minutes was enough to complete business at the last real UGM of the year; Jack doesn't bother with those summer term shenanigans. The sabbs had little to report with Baker still crawling his way to the Old Theatre and the Righteous Sister no doubt taking another step towards canonisation (sadly not involving any gunpowder) in India, though Kibble still managed a 'witty' soundbite and scarecrow Simmons said something or other. Macfarlane did the now customary post-election bit, Jack hopes his reign will be more memorable than that of, er, whatshisname.

Politics is a fickle business. You could be riding high in February, shot down in March...well something like that. And it's no different for UGM chairs, only a week after electoral triumph; K's charm couldn't win him any support for his Columbia bar dream. £400,000 on renovations say LSE, but K's imported labour could do it for 50 g's no problem. Pay him in cash and he'll probably forget about the VAT as well. You'd be forgiven for thinking this was K's first UGM as chair. 19 weeks on stage and he still hasn't quite got the hang of it, Jack hopes he'll learn a little faster when it comes to sabbatical office next year.

Reviews are all the fashion at this time of year (constitutional ones being no exception), so Jack feels he might as well join in. There were few motions of note this year, and the quality of the comedy efforts hit an all time low. While the scarecrow sat on the fence, Dan set about breaking down barriers, or was that Omar? But Kibble was the star of the show; from rapturous applause in October to election defeat in March, Uncle Joe and his groupies have kept Jack entertained throughout. Whether he's sending anonymous emails or threatening Schwartz with censure, Kibble sprays what he means at all times.

Jack's best UGM newcomer is Louis Haynes. A more sickeningly upper-class accent is difficult to find at LSE, even more so one which prepared to suffer ridicule on the Old Theatre stage. Script Editor Adam Quinn's question reminding Kibble of the need to tell the truth when being questioned about anonymous emails also has a special place in Jack's memory, so too the AU's stop Kibble posters.

The left were as active as ever, complaining about the AU's dining preferences, infiltrating the balcony, even Camp Spurrell was occupied by the unwashed elements. Paper throwing and the budget were the ultimate left v AU contests, with Spurrell, Freedman and Badger Boy Sinclair providing the opposition at other times.

Jack can't recall a year so dominated by the bumbings of a few characters. There was a time when the Union's landscape was full of controversy and action, when Jack actually had something to write about. 500 words on how no one opposed Whispering Sian Errington's latest motion isn't the stirring material for which Jack is renowned. But he can but try, perhaps next year...

Union votes at UGM to "Go Green"

Natalie Vassilouthis

Amidst a meeting of limited controversy in last week's UGM, Business motion 3, proposed by Patrick Sherlock and seconded by newly elected Environment and Ethics Officer Joel Kenrick raised somewhat of an outcry from a limited amount of members of the union.

Arguing that universities, accounting for "9% of all office space, consuming £200 million worth of energy" the 'Go Green' motion resolved to mandate the General Secretary to "meet with Howard Davies and other senior management to convey a need for their active public support" in matters such as a permanent, full-time, environmental management staff, as well as an investigation of the effects of the LSE on the environment, hopefully resulting in a more direct and effective environmental policy.

Patrick Sherlock began the proposal of the motion with a succinct speech regarding the benefits of environmental awareness and their relevance to LSE.

He was met with seemingly staunch resistance from the first speech against, delivered by Chris Pope, whose argument denounced the significance of new environmental policy at the LSE, based on the claim that the university, being located in a city, is not a direct threat to the environment when compared to the danger posed to rural areas.

Pope's speech arrived at the conclusion that city-targeted environmental conservation is not as significant as the protection of the countryside.

The response of the second speech from the proposing side made it clear that environmental conservation is important regardless of where it is directed, seeing as how effects such as global warming are generated by urban areas and affect both city and countryside alike.

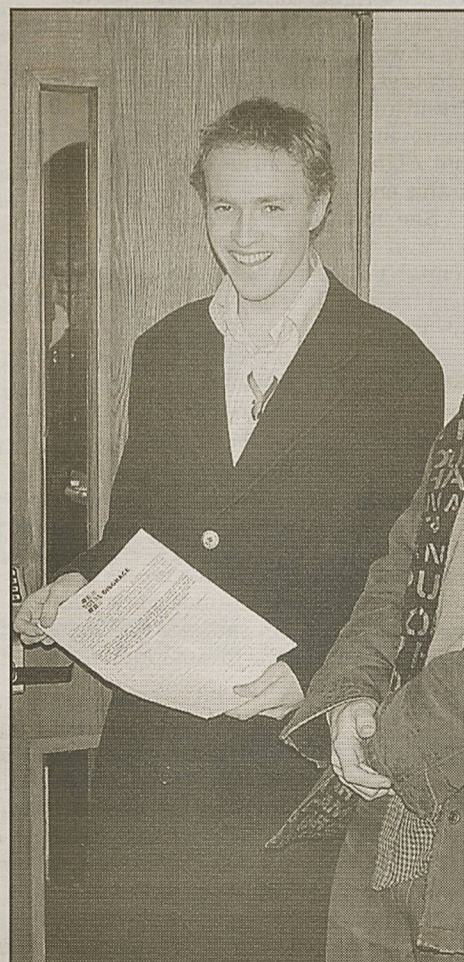
The second speech, made by *Beaver* blink Editor Matthew Sinclair, somewhat altered Pope's original disagreements.

Sinclair asserted that the motion was not entirely beneficial, not because of flaws in environmental awareness as such, but because such a large-scale commitment of full-time staff would only exacerbate the problem (since an increase in employees traveling to the LSE would contribute to pollution), and would instead, more significantly, increase the amount of funding necessary.

This line of argument was met by Sherlock, who insisted that the motion was not about more funding and greater payrolls, but simply a redistribution of responsibility in order to make environmental policies applicable to the LSE with more ease.

Following the longest-lasting debate of the meeting, a move to vote resulted in the Union "going green" with overwhelming fervour.

As far as Kenrick was concerned, "student support is vital for the success of the university environmental policy" and thus "passing this motion is the first step to developing a properly integrated and meaningful policy for the union and for LSE".



Newly elected Environment and Ethics Officer, Joel Kenrick, though a first-time UGM speaker was successful with his 'Go-Green' motion.

Oxford copies LSE to raise cash

Nastaran Tavakoli-Far

Oxford University has announced plans to cut the number of home students for undergraduate courses in an attempt to tackle the institution's funding crisis by boosting numbers of overseas students as well as postgraduate students.

The university intends to decrease the number of home students for undergraduate courses by 1% per year to make way for overseas students. Furthermore, the number of postgraduates will increase 2% of the student population will see postgraduate numbers equalling that of undergraduates by 2016.

The university is currently able to charge overseas undergraduate and postgraduate students the full cost of their course which ranges from between £8,170 to £20,000 per year as well as annual college fees of around £4,000. British postgraduates pay up to £2,940.

According to a spokeswoman, the university is losing £2,600 annually on each home and EU undergraduate (who are charged the same fees as students from Britain) and that this loss will only be

reduced to £700 per student annually with the introduction of top-up fees.

At the moment only 10% of Oxford's 11,000 undergraduates are from overseas. With these proposals between 500 to 600 fewer home students will be admitted to the university by 2009.

The university has justified these plans by saying that this will be the only way to decrease widening the gap between British and American universities and hence to retain top staff and recruit the best students.

The Oxford University Press Officer told *The Beaver*: "The internal consultation document referred to in the Times is deliberately not prescriptive to encourage open debate among those affected by the issues covered. The only thing which has been agreed is an expansion of the overall student body by 1.9 percent for one year - mainly postgraduate students. This decision is based not just financial considerations as some suggest...[also because] the expansion of first-degree study in the UK is likely to lead to a growth in the demand for differentiation by further study, at least to Master's level."

Of course, the LSE has been doing this

for years. According to the LSE Press Office, just 51% of LSE's total student population of 8,000 are home or EU students (the percentage being slightly higher, 61%, for undergraduates, of which 8% are from the EU). It is assumed that numbers on existing courses will remain more or less the same for the next 5 years and then grow to about 8,500 by 2011-12 due to the introduction of new courses. It has not been specified whether there are plans to admit a larger proportion of overseas students.

Overseas undergraduates at the LSE pay around £10,000 annually, this being the reason for the School's ability to afford to hire world class staff. Howard Davies has said to *The Economist* "This is the only way we can compete with American academic salaries".

Students at Oxford University are however displeased with the proposals saying that they undermine the university's attempts to attract students from state schools and contradicts Oxford's strategy to widen participation.

LSE gets funding

Jess Brammar and
Joanna Clarke

The Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE) announced last week that next year's funding for LSE is up 3% on last year.

The grant of £22.5 million is an increase of 3.9% on this year's grant of £21.6 million. This figure was more than expected and is 6.4% higher than the figure used in LSE's financial forecasts for the year ahead.

Speaking to *The Beaver*, Andy Farrell, LSE's Director of Finance and Facilities, described the rise in funding as "good news". However, he stressed that the HEFCE funding represents a "piece of a jigsaw", making up just 20% of the full LSE income.

He said that 80% of the university's income comes from student fees, research grants, catering and residential services, and endowments.

He mentioned the effect that this year's increase in EU membership would have on the income from student fees. In the academic year 2002/2003, fees for overseas students (non-EU) were £9,859 per student per year, compared with £1,100 for EU and UK students.

However, Mr Farrell said that this was not expected to have a huge effect on figures as LSE has a relatively small number of students from the new EU member states.

Non-EU students currently make up 44% of the approximately 8,000-strong student population of LSE, and this is not expected to reduce significantly.

Mr Farrell told *The Beaver* that next year would see a 6% rise in costs for LSE. This is partly due, he said, to an 8% rise in staff costs, caused both by wage rises and by the need to recruit more staff due to increasing student numbers through 2002/2003. A further 11 classrooms will be needed to deal with overcrowding.

He also outlined other significant costs, stating that next year will see further implementation of LSE's Disability Discrimination Adaptation project. LSE investment in the project, said Mr Farrell, amounted to more than twice the HEFCE funding allocated to it.

Spending on bursaries and scholarships is set to rise by 16% next year, from £6.3 million to £7.3 million.

Asked how LSE planned to spend the extra money, Mr Farrell emphasised the importance of seeing the funding within the context of the whole LSE budget.

All funding to the university is first reviewed by the Finance and General Purposes Committee.

Once the money has been allocated to different sections of the school budget, the Academic Planning and Resources Committee then decide where the money will be spent, based on bids from various departments and sections of the school including the library and the Students' Union.

Mr Farrell stated that, in light of rising costs, next year would actually see a reduction in the surplus of the university's budget, from £3 million this year to an expected £2 million for 2004/2005.

Therefore, whilst he said he was pleased at the increase in funding, he stressed that "it doesn't really help ease financial pressure". LSE, he said, is currently in a comfortable financial position, but it is "getting tighter".

Foundation for the future: LGBT week

Mark Power
Executive Editor

The LSE Students' Union Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgendered (LGBT) Students' Officer, Simon Bottomley put a brave face on last week's LGBT Awareness Week despite an obvious lack of interest in the week's events.

Speaking to *The Beaver*, Bottomley acknowledged that some aspects of the week could have been planned better, however, he explained that the illness that had led to his resignation as Chair of the LGBT Society had meant that he was forced to reschedule to Week 9, as opposed to the planned Week 3 of the Lent term.

The events for the week included the twice a term Mind the Gap party night held in the Underground Bar on Monday evening, as well as video nights and an awareness debate. In reference to the debate, which only drew four participants, Bottomley said that "many of the events next year will be able to be replicated next year with more success, the format was good."

Bottomley reiterated that the week had provided a good basis for success next year as well as including a greater and successful contribution by female members of the society who have become more active over the past term, establishing a regular discussion forum and a film night for the week.

The Beaver understands that Bottomley and the other representation officers of the Union are working towards the creation of a University of London Union style 'free to be me' week next year to help make the week's better attended and achieve coherence with the Union's equality campaigns.

Womyn's liberation? Debate rages on

Jai Shah and
Stacy-Marie Ishmael

On the 8th of March, International Women's Day, Baroness Helena Kennedy QC, came to the LSE to speak on the topic "Human Rights for Women: Liberation of Mere Rhetoric?"

Speaking to an appreciative audience, Baroness Kennedy began by highlighting the lack of progress in the protection of women's rights throughout the world.

She used the examples of the trafficking of women for both sexual and domestic purposes, and noted that in spite of the US President George W. Bush's rhetoric about improving the condition of women in Iraq and Afghanistan, little has been achieved to this end.

She mentioned the continued prevalence of the appalling practice of female genital mutilation on the African continent, as well as 'honour killings' and wife burning in South Asia.

Baroness Kennedy was disturbed by the fact that while so-called 'progressive' (in the arena of human rights) countries such as Britain ought to be setting an example for other nations with less impressive records, the contrary is true.

Instead, what we are seeing is the end of "embedded liberalism." Indeed, Home Secretary David Blunkett's recent rhetoric and policies serve to undermine judicial independence and subvert fundamental freedoms such as the presumption of innocence and the right to appeal.

This was decried by the Baroness as

"the pretension that we need a New Legal Order" in the aftermath of September 11, a position which she forcefully challenged.

In response to a question posed by a member of the audience regarding whether human rights should be contingent upon the values of the community to which one belongs, the Baroness replied she "did not believe in cultural relativism."

Human rights are, or should be, universally applicable.

More importantly, and relating directly to the theme of the lecture, Baroness Kennedy emphasises that while the protection of women was extremely important, 'justice for women' must not be used as a pretext for the gradual erosion of the rights of all.



Baroness Helena Kennedy QC: lawyer first, woman second?

C&S Results

Vladimir Unkovski-Korica
Mark Power
Jimmy Tam
El Barham
Louis Haynes
James Eyton
Anna Protano-Biggs

Tempers flare at People & Planet

Alykhan Velshi and
Anthony Gilliland

Last Thursday, the LSESU People & Planet Society hosted a lively debate on climate exchange entitled 'Is Kyoto the answer?'. The panel included Kendra Okonski, Director of the Sustainable Development Project at the International Policy Network, journalist and traveller Mark Lynas, environmentalist Mayer Hillman and climate specialist Dr. Saleemul Huq.

The lecture led to heated exchanges between climate sceptics and advocates of climate change, planted questions from the audiences and accusations of lying, corporate allegiances and even communism.

Whilst all speakers gave a ten-minute presentation, the remarks of Mayer Hillman and Kendra Okonski received the greatest reaction from the audience.

Hillman argued that climate change



Mayer Hillman.

was "the most serious contemporary public policy issue" and bemoaned the fact that most individuals were unwilling to accept drastic solutions. She even claimed that "democracy was an obstacle to the fight against global warming."

Okonski, whilst acknowledging the seriousness of climate change, was unwilling to accept the drastic solutions proposed by the other panel members, which she claimed "would be disastrous for the developing world, while offering little in the way of environmental benefit". She argued for a more measured response to address global warming.

Lynas spent most of his ten minutes offering personal anecdotes as a means of depicting the severity of global warming: "standing knee deep in the waters of Tuvalu", "observing flooding in Alaska", and "feeling the blowing sands in the Middle East."

Huq proffered empirical evidence of the nature of climate change, and argued that it was a particularly pressing issue.

On the substantive issues discussed, both sides rejected the Kyoto Protocol. Okonski and Huq felt that Kyoto would do little to address climate change whilst creating the false impression that global warming is being addressed. Lyman and Hillman rejected Kyoto for "not going far enough."

Most of the controversy, however, occurred during the question and answer session afterwards. Lynas, who achieved notoriety when he threw a pie in the face

of Bjorn Lomborg, author of the acclaimed *Skeptical Environmentalist*, at an Oxford book shop, accused Okonski of being "in the pocket of a corporate agenda."

It was claimed that Kendra's organisation is the UK Branch of Competitive Enterprise Institute (CEI) that receives millions of pounds from Exxon in funding. Okonski, however, was adamant that her research was disinterested, noting that she "earns less than the average LSE student in their first year of work."

Hillman also charged Okonski with being a climate change sceptic, to which she replied: "I believe that climate change is occurring; I just deny the efficacy of some of the moronic solutions proposed today, such as Mayer Hillman's views on air travel". Hillman indicated he opposed all air travel due to the pollution emitted by aircraft.

Hillman and Lyman both felt that global warming should be addressed at the supranational level, due to the failure of the governments of developed states to address it at the national level.

When questioned, Hillman even said he would support the limiting of democracy in some states, if it brought about an improvement to the environment.

Whilst the debate was heated - occasionally verging on personal attacks - the panel shared a certain outlook: climate change is a problem that needs to be addressed, and Kyoto is not the most effective way of doing so.

Green light for university discrimination

Nazir Hussain

A report commissioned by the government to look into university admissions is expected to propose that institutions be given the right to introduce positive discrimination towards students from less privileged backgrounds, according to *The Times* newspaper.

The review of admissions, headed by Steven Schwartz, Vice-Chancellor of Brunel University, was ordered by the Education Secretary Charles Clarke last year amidst the disclosure that departments within the University of Bristol operated a policy of positive discrimination. This was an attempt to rectify its poor record where only 11 percent of the students it admitted last year came from working class backgrounds.

Many US universities adopt an official policy of positive discrimination, but the US supreme court last year ruled against the University of Michigan when it tried automatically to give extra weight to applications from black students.

The Times reported that the review team is opposed to the policies operated by Bristol, and that decisions should be made on a case by case basis.

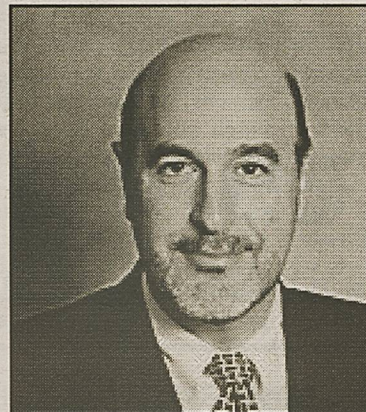
In an interview with *The Guardian* newspaper last month, Schwartz said that "We don't mind you looking at a particular person and making a judgment, but to treat everyone as a class and say everyone who goes to a state school is disadvantaged is probably going to lead to more unfairness than it's going to actually correct."

Lawyers for Birmingham University told *The Times* that the "access" scheme it operates of allowing tutors to make offers up to two grades lower than normal, is justified "as being a reasonable and proportionate means of meeting the legitimate aim of improving access to the university for members of disadvantaged or under-represented groups".

LSE's record on widening access appears relatively favourable compared to other elite institutions like Oxford and Bristol. Sixteen per cent of students admitted

to LSE last year come from working class backgrounds.

According to LSE's press office, The School does not operate any policy of positive discrimination it "would have to consider very hard how far it would fair to students, taking all matters into account."



Steven Schwartz is expected to approve positive discrimination in university admissions.

Sewage in bedrooms, no running water - accomodation company slammed again

Simon Chignell

Fears for students looking for housing for the first time in London have been raised after it emerged that students at the University of Bristol had run into problems with the same company that left around 200 students in Liverpool homeless when their accomodation was flooded with raw sewage.

The group of postgraduates who live at the Unite-built Chantry Court residence were moved to protest against Unite after having to go for three days without running water. They also said that living in the residence was a "constant nightmare" with

bad plumbing leading to the floors shaking when using the taps, as well as "deafeningly noise" and leaky pipes. All this follows from last year when Unite were roundly criticised at John Moores University in Liverpool, for housing 200 students in poor accomodation, with faults including raw sewage running into rooms.

In response to this Rishi Madlani, LSESU Residences Officer, has urged students to be careful when finding accomodation.

"Supposedly reputable companies in for a quick buck aren't always what they seem; I would urge all students seeking housing for next year to use the LSE or

University of London accomodation offices."

Meanwhile in LSE residences, Aramark has come under renewed pressure to improve the service it offers in Bankside, Carr-Saunders and Rosebery after attempting to renegotiate the £4 million catering contract that it bought in 2002.

Alexa Sharples, President of the Carr-Saunders Hall Committee lamented the effect that Aramark's introduction has had socially in the hall:

"The dining room used to be the social focal point in hall. You were upstairs at 6.30pm without fail, queues were long and seating highly sought after."

Brief News

LSE hosts Asia Forum in Thailand

On 17-18 March 2004, LSE will host its first Asia Forum in Bangkok, Thailand. The event is the first in a series taking place in Asia, with the aim of ensuring LSE enhances its academic profile and connections. According to Howard Davies, 'Asia is critical for the development of the world economy, and we believe the School has an important role to play in providing a forum to bring together high-level thinkers, opinion leaders and policy makers to discuss the big issues facing Asia.'

Atif Ali

AUT propose boycott of Nottingham

Nottingham University faces the possibility of a global boycott by academics from around the world, following attempts to move away from national pay scales for academic staff. The University had wanted to offer one-off bonuses including gift vouchers for Marks & Spencer, but AUT members as well as members of sister associations, have been encouraged to sever links with Nottingham by refraining from making job applications or attending conferences there. Nottingham follows Imperial College in moving away from the national pay scale in a bid to attract more top academics.

Adrian Li

Advisor says students can't write essays

Mike Tomlinson, a government advisor, has said that today's students "cannot cope with writing about one line at the top of the page". He went on to suggest that GCSE and A-level exams "spoon-fed" answers to students by outlining what should be contained in the answer, and that this left students unable to deal with university essay topics. Mr Tomlinson advocated compulsory dissertation-style thesis for A-level students and a key skills course. Joseph Jacob, a lecturer in the LSE law department, told *The Beaver* that "students are as good and as bad at writing essays as they ever were."

Jess Brammar

Ivy League to set up campuses in UK?

American Ivy League universities will have established UK campuses within 10 years with the aim of creaming off the best British students, according to leading academics writing in the *Independent* newspaper. The colleges, would not be bound by British government legislation and could charge the full cost of fees, allowing them to offer generous scholarships to students and attract the best lecturers. The number of British students on undergraduate courses in the US has increased 20 per cent to 5,000 in the past six years, illustrating the apparent demand for American Education.

Owen Coughlan

Honorary Beaverships

Waterstone's - This faceless corporate monolith attracted the ire of *The Beaver* for its poor student value and subsequent attempts to bully the paper into retracting its criticisms of it. Waterstone's PR manager's accusation - "you're just not any good at what you do are you?" was unlikely to curry any favour in this office.

Jewish Chronicle - *The Beaver* was somewhat astonished to receive an email from the chronicle asking for an interview. It turned out they were investigating claims that *The Beaver* had been deliberately sabotaging pro-Israeli articles by amongst other things, our headline 'Bulldozing down misconceptions' and using a picture of Ariel Sharon that showed him giving a Nazi salute (as if this were our fault). Despite *The Beaver's* strenuous denials, they published the accusations.

Uncle Jo Kibble - Where do we start? He doesn't read *The Beaver*, as *The Guardian* apparently has better coverage of student issues. Unfortunately for him, Kibble's rhetoric doesn't stand up to reason, as he (mis)used *Beaver* quotations on his election literature, and wrote a brilliant and tremendously witty letter under an anagram of Peter Bellini, to the beaver, extolling the virtues of his good self.

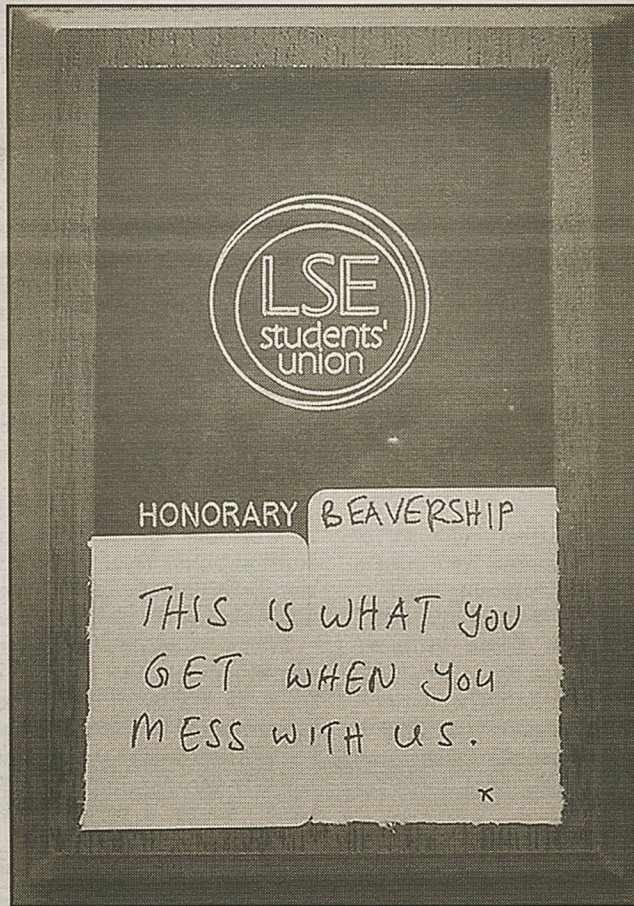
HRH Sister Rowan Harvey - Champion of the down-trodden and the oppressed, the righteous sister takes no time off when it comes to helping students through the toughest periods of the year. Despite her hard work, there's always time for a bit of censorship, and reading time on Tuesday mornings.

Beyzade M. Beyzade - So good they named him twice...Beyzade the Baljit memorial award for spurious complaints and flimsy legal evidence. Look out for him toting copies of the European Convention on Human Rights (one of it's less well known references to the Student Unions' notorious breaches of Human Rights).

K Faizullaev - Communications Officer elect and famous for his revisionism of the Union Constitution. *The Beaver* is sure that this hallowed bible is close to K's nightstand, and that his ad-hoc re-interpretations of the all important rules regarding member's seating arrangements.

Cllr. Peach Bellendi - Peter's tiresome efforts to obstruct and delay the progressive forces of constitutional review wasted so much of our valuable time during the last Summer term. There is a bright side, he's graduating so we will be free of his lengthy budgetary soliloquys, so Belleni's at the Savoy all round, good luck Grimsby.

Charles Clarke - Unlike Simmons he's given us plenty of news, however, this forefront of the anti-progressive forces is sure to feature highly on Uncle Jo's post-revolutionary hit list.



David Tymms - Head of Residential Services, was given special thanks last year for all the news he created. This year Tymms has maintained a surprisingly low-profile, could this be anything to do with the fact that *The Beaver* last year reported the impending demise of the good Rev. Tymms's Passfield privatisation plans, much to his strenuous denial, and the fact that Passfield appears to be still open for unprivatised business.

The SU Burglars - Thieving scumbags, and we're not talking about the post-room! Or are we? No, seriously we're talking about the bastards who ram-raided *The Beaver's* door and made off with our swanky new flat-screens! Rumour has it, it was an inside job, and if we ever catch you, you should watch out for your own insides, especially if you are one of the other 19 on the list.

Bernie Taffs - This award goes to our hard-working Inspector Clueso, call-sign Viper, who values the crime-prevention of CCTV, and the need to guard broken doors against maverick thieves as they try to make off with the property of those pesky students.

Dessislava Popova - This kind hearted and strong-willed young lady has her own very special ideas on journalistic good practice. Despite her valiant attempts to have her picture in the news for her great acts of benevolence, she failed to make a charitable impression on *The Beaver* team as she stormed the peaceful inner-sanctum of E204.

Alexandra Vincenti - Another mourner whose face was sadly blacked out due to a sub-editor's airbrushing error. This shady character was another complainant of unfair pictorial policy, but looking at her picture, would you buy a used car from this woman?

James Madway - Is mad. Has accused *The Beaver* of being terribly biased and friendly towards the Director; undermining his campaign to have members of the LSESU only speak in a gibberish of campaign slogans and only to revolutionaries who change their middle names to Ché.

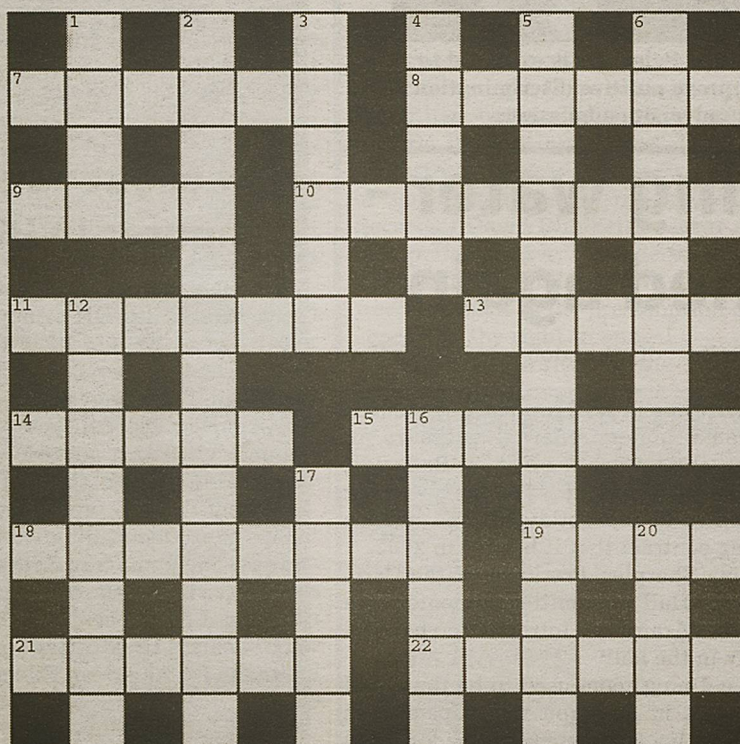
Danish Dave Willumsen - Full marks for effort Danish Dave made a lasting impression on *The Beaver* office by purloining the use of our computers for a variety of exciting and stimulating internet games. Safe to say that any mention of a Danish presence on the corridor of power prompts a swift slamming of the door.

Ali Velshi - Ali's noxious persistence has resulted in his miraculous acquisition of a weekly column. *Beaver* staff were hesitant to give this Jeremy Clarkson wannabe more column inches than his already insanely drivvelous letters, however, the column has proved to be undoing when he lost in an election to a candidate who didn't even bother to run a campaign or turn up to hustings.

Paul MacAleavey - This new recruit to *The Beaver* team was parachuted in from the fiery streets of Belfast, he spoke of the need for a recalcitrant and inoffensive editorial policy for *Beaver Sports* in his hustings speech. However the very same contrite wee gaelic chappy was the instigator of an on-line petition to prevent the curbing of the excessively offensive Gareth Carter-fuck.

Elliot Simmons - Harry Potter look-alike Gen-Sec has singularly failed to generate any sort of controversy or annoy any faction on campus. It is for this reason that we wonder if streak of piss has actually done anything? He's certainly irritated us for sitting on every damn fence/wall in this Union.

Sir Nicholas Stoker - There are 1,282 reasons why Saint Nick gets this award, but we're only going to mention one. Back in the day when he was a member of both media outlets an annual football competition was set up between *Beaver* and PuLSE, we will now reveal the true prize of the Stoker Cup - loser gets Stoker.



Across

- 7 Mascot is 600 today. (6)
 8 Soil back after man is divine. (6)
 9 Smear Band? (4)
 10 If pirate organises, we'll have a drink to appetite. (8)
 11 Troubled, he hates to enclose. (7)
 13 Fast Ashley hides secret store. (5)
 14 Three-seater and two armchairs sounds sugar-coated. (5)
 15 Ass! sign changed to attribute. (7)
 18 Never after we heard Eva, initially. Anytime. (8)
 19 Mike's first on Noah's vessel to blemish. (4)
 21 Watch maker has impression in stone. (6)
 22 Oscar knows of this man's importance, I hear. (6)

Down

- 1 Skin sounds like bells. (4)
 2 Confused, I vote. Rashness causes excessive hurry. (13)
 3 Brian, firstly, used earth for respiration. (6)
 4 Wool characterises one who follows. (5)
 5 I, slimmest loon, perhaps, am Gen Sec. (6,7)
 6 Bird child has room to dine at LSE. (8)
 12, 16 Campus is a perilous southern ghetto. (8,6)
 17 You in love? prepare a small egg. (5)
 20 Eros is confused by token of affection. (4)

From strength to strength

In a year which saw much controversy for *The Beaver*, Mark Power reflects on the trials and tribulations the paper has endured.

Over the course of this year, *The Beaver* has made great strides in improving its content, look and professionalism: improvements the team can be justifiably proud of. I am particularly privileged to have led, and been a member of a team that has strove, above all, to uphold increasingly higher standards of professionalism and quality, whilst retaining the essentially critical poise that should be deep in the soul of any journalist.

This year we have come under fire on many fronts. In Michaelmas Term we highlighted the increase in student numbers, and how important it was to prevent the School from overcrowding in order that our international reputation for teaching and research excellence be retained. In a clever rhetorical attempt to decry our standards of journalism, Sir Howard Davies attempted to denounce *The Beaver's* reporting as inaccurate. However, subsequent discussions with the School upheld that our original reporting had been true and accurate to the information given to us. The article highlighted a crucial area of concern for the School community, and it was right and proper that *The Beaver* prompted debate and highlighted student concerns in this field.

Waterstone's the booksellers drew particular exception to our blink article which criticised the store for not offering a student discount and offering poor value for money when compared with other sources of necessary texts for courses at the LSE. We stood by the sentiment of our article, which correctly outlined that the store does not offer the best value for money to LSE students purchasing literature for their courses. It was important that *The Beaver* resisted attempts by Waterstone's

to crudely frighten and bully the paper into a retraction. Their conduct was deplorable and I think our measured and fair reaction to their tactics was testament to a new era of journalistic standards in *The Beaver*.

Perhaps most divisively, *The Beaver* has had to endure and repel the excessively censorious nature of the SU Executive, which has attempted to drive the paper towards what some of its members see as the progressive role of a Student Union Newspaper. Looking through, as I have been, the archives of *The Beaver* I have noticed that this is a recurring theme throughout the paper's history which, I have no doubt, led to the constitutional stipulation that *The Beaver* should remain editorially independent of the Union. To not recognise this is to ignore the fundamental role played by a free press in a democracy. Any power bloc, no matter how insignificant, should never be free from open criticism, and the best way to achieve this is through the press. Nobody in power likes criticism, but a free press is one of the crucial distinctions between a democratic and an authoritarian state.

This year *The Beaver* has become stronger in all its sections than ever before. We have finally achieved the necessary and proper distinction between objective news articles, and coherently argued comment pieces. I am sure that executive officers will continue to bombard myself and the other editors of the paper with meaningless and trite attempts at self-publicity, but it is fitting that we have become strong enough to resist their demands for space and subsequent devaluation of the editorial content of the paper. The news section has moved beyond the ranting space that it has formerly been, and become a smart,



Reviewing the year that was.

professional and valuable source of news not easily available in the mainstream press. blink has moved beyond its traditional badge of the essay reproduction service into a section containing lively debate on a plurality of issues related to fields of study at the LSE. B:art continues to be an essential creative outlet to students of the LSE, an area in which we are surprisingly rich despite our focus on more prosaic academic pursuits. Even Sport, that traditional bug-bear of *The Beaver's* editor, has cleaned up its act, and managed to retain its humour and important role of entertainment for the Athletics Union community, whilst at the same time letting

go of its more gratuitously offensive side.

Student journalism is inherently amateur, and there will always be mistakes and errors, we will not follow through with every lead or catch every story, but this year everyone involved with the paper has put in a tremendous effort to ensure that *The Beaver* strives for ever higher standards of accuracy, presentation and professionalism. I am indebted to all our contributors and editors, and to our readers, who I hope have appreciated what I see as the paper playing its role as an information resource and forum for expression in a way that places it at the centre of LSE life.

Moving with the times

You immerse yourself in the events of term time and before you know it another year's passed by. Ben Chapman reflects on the last twenty-five weeks of his life.

If there's one sure way to realise just how quickly time passes, it's when you're moving house. When enduring the tedious rigmarole of leaving the flat you so enthusiastically moved into not yet six months ago, it becomes ever-so-apparent that the time really does fly (regardless of how much fun you're having), as you box stuff back up that you had only unboxed seemingly a short time before.

It was a fate I was resigned to last weekend, and I can vouch for how true it is that time at LSE really does race past.

This is particularly so when it comes to the Beaver year, which, though we dignify it in 'annual' terms, in reality is a scant twenty-one weeks long. So whilst in the wider context of the outside world, I find myself facing the consequences of a six-month break clause, in terms of this final issue of our esteemed 600-edition-old rag, I suddenly am forced to think in terms of a year gone by.

Moving into a new home in September was not entirely dissimilar to the installation of four (well, in fact just three) new Sabbs to guide the Union through another year of report-giving, speech-making,

campaign-organising and Bush-bashing. Budgets were savaged, reputations damaged and press relations dented; top-up fees were all but adopted despite the relentless, but ultimately fruitless, efforts of eager leafleteers with more productive work to do.

And yet we now find ourselves welcoming a newly-elected set of leaders to the fray, ready for the to-ing and fro-ing of Union politics to start afresh in six months' time.

It seems not five minutes ago since Freshers' Fayre, and carting glossy guidebooks round to Clement House in sweltering and sticky September sunshine, in the hope that the LSE's newest crop of students might be so impressed as to join us at the start of a new Beaver year. And so it was that new names were added, new writers recruited and new editors appointed (and others, memorably, departed); new sections, new layout and a new grate on the door following the infamous break-in in October.

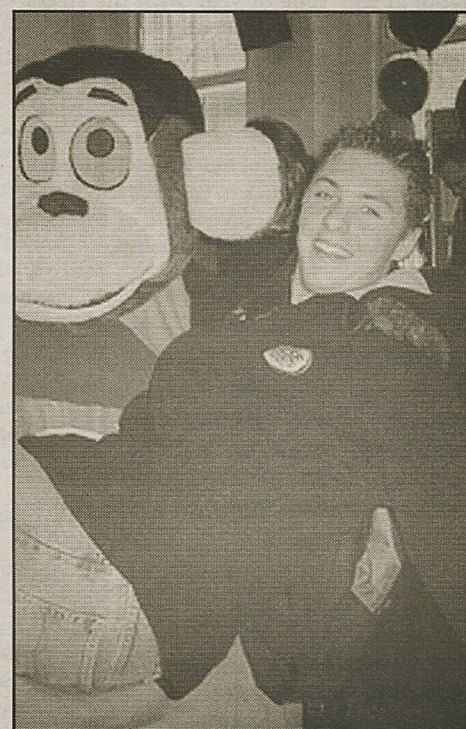
The times they are a'changin', sang one Bob Dylan, but here they change faster than most places.

This was the year that the Blair government was rocked to its very core, yet emerged in one piece, despite the fury of many towards top-up fees, the distrust created by the Kelly-scandal-that-never-was, according at least to Lord Hutton, and the controversial visit of George Bush to London. This was the year that the LSE campus was finally pedestrianised, only for us to be informed that the whole place is to be dug up again in five years' time.

That great paradox in reflecting on time passed is startlingly apparent once again as we look back on two terms' worth of activity: that though it seems to fly by so quickly, you nevertheless recount all that has taken place and end up thinking that September seems a very long time ago.

A year in six months, in twenty-one issues, in two terms or sixteen essays; as we approach the drought that is the LSE Summer Term, with its deserted campus and revision-numbed students, we must all face the reality of the end of student life as we know it, and leave behind the many events of this past 'year'.

Housewarming's next September.



There's not really much to say.

Obituary

James Philip Baker

Today we mourn the passing of LSE legend James Philip Baker, an LSE SU stalwart, responsible for single-handedly ensuring profit in the Three Tuns for the last six years and revolutionizing the last hour at Crush, so much so that you can set your watch by him.

LSE is very different from most other universities in Britain for one reason - the high volume of student turnover every single year. In a Union characterized by too many invisible postgraduates and too many disinterested general course students, it is a rarity for someone to be involved in the Students' Union for six years. It is therefore quite impressive when someone has, in one odd way or another, been leaving his mark (stain?) on the LSESU for such a long time. Really, who doesn't know Jimmy Baker?

For a start, Passfield felt his considerable weight when he inexorably altered its bar. Anyone who had ever been there for the past 5 years will have noticed the inimitable décor - the full size posters on its walls. Eddie Izzard, Kelly Brook, Jimmy's note of absence from two classes in a row; Laurence Llewelyn Bowen wouldn't have been proud. His manager-ship of the Passfield Bar consummated his lifelong love affair with Lord Booze, and with his avenging angels Fletch and Warwick, he blazed a trail across the pubs and clubs of London, setting standards fellow students could only hope to emulate.

But Jimmy knew that first you giveth then taketh away. So he was ready and willing to put his time and energy in the Union that was providing so willingly for him. Whether it be on his 'Liquid Lunch'



Living for the job: Jimmy asleep on his office floor.

radio show on PuLSE, or his magnificent weekly column in *The Beaver*, 'the Mullet', or even his expert handling of the decks at Crush, it was impossible not to feel Mr Baker's touch on your student life.

The rotund Yorkshireman wasn't just going to entertain us though, he was going to try and enrich our lives. He was on the Constitution and Steering committee, quite rightly treating this institution with the contempt it deserves by never attending a meeting. He worked hard as Male Equal Opportunities Officer, his legacy being betrayed by the incompetence of his successors. He revitalized the LGBT, putting it at the forefront of LSE life. In running for Treasurer in 2001, he succeeded in livening up an otherwise dull race with his 'Aga Do' campaign. Yet Jimmy was always an entertainer and in 2002 he was elected to the position his entire student career had been geared towards, that of Entertainments Officer. Somehow, he also managed to complete a Sociology Degree.

As Ents Officer, he galvanized the RAG and Global Weeks, making them into major events on the LSESU calendar, not the afterthought that they had previously been. Under him, RAG Week raised more money than ever before and more societies

and more diversity were introduced to Global Week. As organizer and host of Crush he learnt from previous mistakes by sticking to the formula that makes all student nights popular, i.e. cheap drink and crap music. The resulting increase in attendance and takings silenced any critics. Indeed, this momentum built up and it was no surprise when he was re-elected as Ents Sabb in 2003. This year it's been more of the same: RAG week breaking records, the Global Show being ever larger and more ambitious, LGBT having its own weekly night, and Crush staying the busiest and most successful student night in London.

But alas all good things must come to an end, and now the end has come for Jimmy. His leaving has left us not only a gap in our lives and the Tuns takings, but a literal, physical void. He was a fat twocker after all.

Jimmy leaves a pack of Bensons, a pint of Guinness and a six year trail of destruction.

RIP The Mullet.

Justin Nolan
Sam Nicklin

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I write to register my disapproval of Rowan Harvey's apologies to last week's UGM, where it was announced that she had vacated her sabbatical position to go to India for two weeks. It is highly inappropriate that a sabbatical officer, elected and paid for a year's work to render themselves unavailable for such a prolonged period during term-time, particularly considering students' education and welfare related problems are particularly acute at this time of year with the stress of approaching exams and high workloads. Although sabbatical officers are more than entitled to their leave, this should be exercised with due regard to the commitments of office, and not be taken during the approximately 26 weeks when students are on campus in great numbers. This still leaves half of the rest of the year in which to take leave.

Yours,
Jai Shah

Dear Sir,

I was appalled by Miss Kanan Dhru's (09/03/2004 *The Beaver*) analysis of Pakistani Nuclear proliferation. It was nothing but merely a classical 'anti-Pakistani-dogma', which is much prevalent in the Indian society, rather than what one would say "analysis". Her article indeed give me the impression that it is not safe for a society which has people like A Q Khan to have nuclear weapon, but it is absolutely fine for country like India to possess nuclear weapon where extreme Hindu Nationalists pervade India's well established secular democracy. In India, thousands of ethnic and reli-

gious minority deaths go unnoticed in their "neutral" media. And human rights violation is widespread not only in their "rebel states" but also throughout the whole country. It is not better then Pakistan, per se, in terms of people's morality and honest conscience regarding "world safety", in regards to nuclear proliferation. Nuclear weapon in India's ultra right Hindu nationalist's hand also posit a threat to their neighbouring countries, what our friend Kanan would say, "the fear of burning in extreme heat of radiation". But her article failed to reflect the true picture.

May I remind to my beloved Law colleague that India was the first country to start nuclear arms race in already volatile sub-continent in 1970s (possibly because of the threat from China), thus Pakistani response followed in later years. Moreover India's egotistical behaviour with her neighbours and history of aggression against Sikkim and Kashmir was definitely not a good record for them to possess the Nukes. Neither India nor Pakistan should be licensed to have those deadly weapons (not justifying the ultra fascist Bush regime or "red capitalist" China's possessions) if peace is to be retained in the sub-continent or anywhere else in the World.

With Regards,
Mohibul Hassan

Dear Beaver,

You must stop Matthew Sinclair from writing his disastrous articles! I cannot understand a thing and neither can my friends. Furthermore the guy always chooses the strangest and most obscure

topics. It looks like he doesn't know what to write about but feels he has to. I promise you Matthew, you don't need to write an article every single week! (and please don't write two or three every week...).

Thanks for your understanding,
Adrian Portafaix

Dear Sir,

Last week's *The Beaver's* report on election said it is "likely that Srouji attracted the ire of some of the Union's Jewish and Israeli students for his continued support of the Palestinian cause."

I would like to point out to your readers that the Israeli and Jewish block vote is not the only such dynamic in SU elections and that Srouji enjoyed the support of several larger societies.

I would also like to point out that the Israeli society did not oppose Omar because of his "continued support for the Palestinian cause" but for other reasons relating to his conduct on campus. He has among other things, admitted to me that he has vandalized Israeli Society posters, and confronted me when trying to put them up. Most significantly, he has constantly pushed one-side and counter-productive anti-Israeli motions at the UGM. Mr Srouji's actions in the past have deeply divided the Union and at times contributed to an atmosphere on campus and is uncomfortable for LSE's Jewish and Israeli Students.

Yours,
Michael Sprung
Co-Chairman, LSE Israeli Society

Letters continue on page 9

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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

Howard listens at last

Sir Howard Davies' announcement that he has withdrawn his name from consideration for a position on the board of French oil giant Total is to be commended. Whilst this paper has stood against previous attacks on the Director's employment history as being negative and counter-productive, the campaign to stop him taking up the position with Total was a well-intentioned and necessary one, for this position would have linked the School with a company clearly deficient in the area of corporate responsibility.

There are lessons to be learned from this episode. Students' concerns should not be so resolutely dismissed as seems to have initially been the case with the Total issue. In addition, oversight bodies like that of the Court of Governors, and its Chair, Lord Grabiner should be more careful to think through and research the implications of School association with companies like Total, before they approve and support the Director's involvement with them. In this instance the Director himself, after consultation came to the conclusion that, given the widespread concerns of members of the LSE community, it would be unwise to take the job. It is the role of Governors to undertake this process before approving such positions, and it is a testament to the integrity of the Director that he chose to recognise the

concerns of faculty and students. However, it is asking too much that this be the sole check in the process.

The second issue, that of the rapid dismissal of student concerns is also important. The impression gained by the Director's comments at the Governors' meeting, as well as his avoidance of those presenting their petition would seem to indicate that the students' concerns were not taken seriously until backed up by consultation with faculty. Sir Howard, in the Governors' meeting complained that the students had acted in a manner that was deliberately aimed at causing him maximum embarrassment, yet they would not have been justified in doing so had he adopted a more conciliatory and attentive attitude to the students' views. Were he to have done so, he would have realised that those concerned represented a much broader spectrum of students than those who have sought to fault him from all angles.

From a broader perspective, however, Sir Howard's rejection of the position on Total's board will hopefully send yet another signal to the oil giant that its position as the biggest European investor in a corrupt regime run by a military junta is unacceptable and severely lacking in the sort of corporate ethical standards that should be playing a larger role in the actions of global companies.

Oxford progression

The election by the Oxford Union of its second Asian female president is to be roundly applauded, despite the damaging electoral complaints made against her by those who would seem to represent the establishment of the institution.

The truth is that the Union, which is to be distinguished from the Oxford University Students' Union, has long been a bastion of conservatism and the establishment and it is refreshing that its members, albeit by a slim margin, have chosen a president who breaks the mould and shows that the Oxford Union is begrudgingly

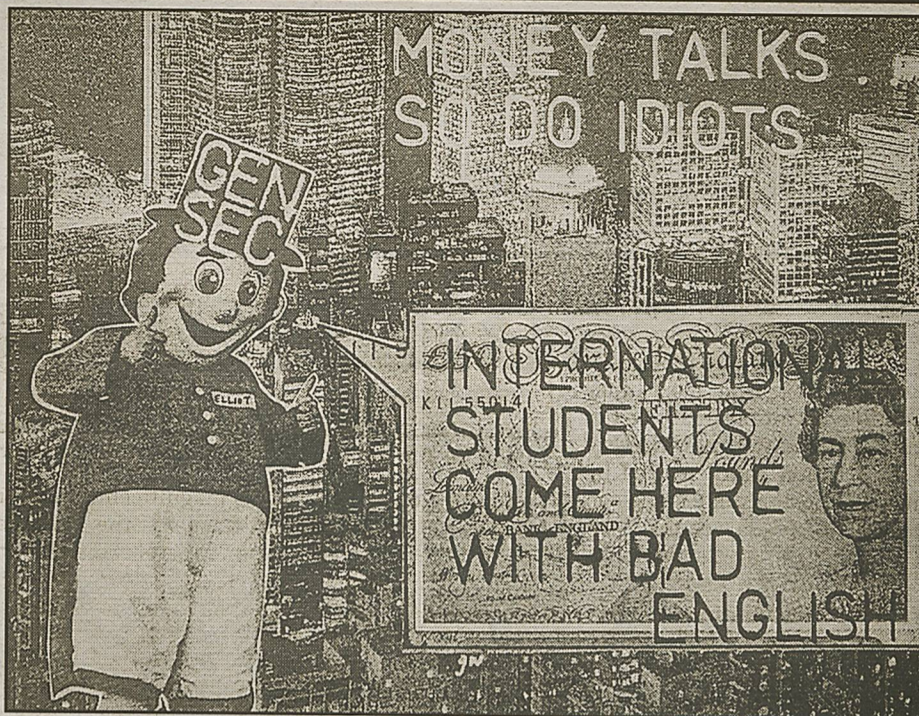
taking its place in the 21st century. On the surface of it, it would seem that Ruzwana Bashir has had a tough time of breaking the forces of conservatism within the centuries old institution, and it is heartening that she has weathered yet another electoral complaint clearly designed to sabotage her chances of success.

The LSE is fortunate in that such practice is largely non-existent on its campus but the experience of the Oxford Union marks the need for the community to remain prescient of the abuse of procedural complaints for dubious electoral gain.

Beaver 600

This week is The Beaver's 600th issue under its current numbering format and presents the opportunity for a reflection of the role the organ has played in LSE life since its inception in 1949. Whilst The Beaver's accuracy and objectivity have not always been of the current standard, the archives of the paper offer a valuable resource for anyone interested in the history of LSE student life. It is

indeed surprising how little things have changed, and how many of today's burning issues have been recurrent themes in the lives of LSE students throughout the last half-century. The end of the year also presented the paper with the opportunity for its traditional round-up of the year's events, and we hope readers are entertained by the special features of the edition.



Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 8

Dear Sir,

If James Meadway thinks Jo Kibble's unsuccessful election campaign was derailed by "an orchestrated smear campaign of ridiculous proportions" he is sadly way off the mark. The fact is that yes, Jo was probably an excellent Treasurer in the narrow sense of totting up columns of numbers and balancing the books, but his general behaviour and patronising demeanour did neither the LSESU nor himself no favours whatsoever; then add to this the behaviour of some of his supporters - and indeed for someone who was forced to stop campaigning on Kibble's behalf because of his disgraceful behaviour to then claim the election for Treasurer was "a disgusting farce, ruined by the undemocratic practices (!) and absolute cynicism..." is arrogant beyond belief.

Talking of "smear campaigns", anyone that knows Gareth Carter knows he is not sexist and in no way a thug... and on the subject of "past records" I think that the majority of LSE students who know of Meadway's past would come to the conclusion that if anyone is more the thug, it is Meadway himself.

To suggest that the election for Treasurer was "a show trial masquerading as an election" (note Meadway's modus operandi of making outrageous remarks but offering precious little evidence to back them up) is frankly an insult to the intelligence of those who voted in the election. But then of course it is, to put it mildly, a little fanciful to expect some members of the LSE extreme left to accept defeat with good grace.

Yours,
Steve Simpson

Sir,

I often wonder why *The Beaver* is aiding the attempted transformation of the hard-left communist James Meadway from an LSE joke, into the representative of the left at the LSE. Unless it's part of an attempt to shift students away from the left to more liberal positions.

That said, marxist groups such as Meadway's SWP, or the similar Socialist Action, can provide a source of amusement once you

realise the closest they'll ever get to deciding government policy is Houghton Street. The sight of students from one of the country's most elite universities trying to explain why 16-year-old school-leavers should subsidise their education, or them chanting at a demonstration "workers united will never be defeated," with not one worker among them, always makes me laugh.

It was also highly amusing to read Meadway's description of himself as a progressive. Regressive would be more fitting, given that the SWP (and Socialist Action) yearn back to the dark days of communist totalitarianism. Meadway's accusing others of "an orchestrated smear campaign of ridiculous proportions," is perhaps the greatest example of the pot calling the kettle black. Meadway's every day on Houghton Street is spent trying to orchestrate a "smear campaign of ridiculous proportions." That is what the far-left specialise in. Just look at his villification of our director Sir Howard Davies for meeting President Bush! As for Meadway's sudden concern for "democracy," is this the same boy who was thrown out the UGM for storming the stage; and prevented from campaigning on Houghton Street for breaking election rules? Has to make you laugh.

Yours,
Daniel Freedman

Dear Sir,

Thank you to the entire *Beaver* Team for your accurate, fair, and thoughtful coverage of the recent SU elections. It is heartening to see that even after six-hundred issues *The Beaver* continues to offer groundbreaking new coverage, such as that of the UGM hustings in issue 598.

However, I must take issue with my colleague James Meadway's Plenty Left to shout about 'article' from last week's paper.

He is absolutely correct to highlight our 'well-oiled election machine' which delivered victory by what he rightly identifies as a 'significant margin'. However, I am bemused, and frankly offended, by his implication that some kind of 'whispering campaign' was conducted to my advantage.

My agent Aqeel Kadri, myself,

and our team conducted a fair campaign focused on student issues. At no point did we seek to negatively campaign against our opponents, indeed the very nature of our message was to play down potentially divisive international and religious issues. Sadly candidates who have provoked the ire of certain groups have to face the consequences of their actions during elections.

Mr Meadway conveniently ignores the fact that the only sanctions taken by the Returning Officer in the General Secretary contest were against my opponent's agent for illegal canvassing. Furthermore, Mr Meadway himself had to be withdrawn from campaigning following complaints over his aggressive and 'thuggish' behaviour.

Mr Meadway identifies that 'The Left faces a difficulty in cracking out of single issues and in creating a credible programme for a broader mass of concerns'. This is precisely why centrist candidates such as myself and Gareth Carter appeal to a greater proportion of the student body and its 'broad mass of concerns', and are consequently elected.

I personally do not subscribe to the left-right debate in student politics; it is questionable whether it even continues in national politics. As General Secretary I will be making political decisions in the interests of students, not personal ideology. Perhaps as an Executive Officer of this Union Mr Meadway should investigate this philosophy? I know many postgraduate students who he is apparently representing that share this concern.

Students...not politics.
Yours,
William Macfarlane

Dear Sir,

I found the picture of our new AU exec. published in the last issue of the *BeaverSports* (Issue 599) extremely disturbing. Mr Rustman, the new communications officer, in a display of juvenile immaturity is proudly giving us the bird! I hope this gesture does not in any way reflect his future policies.

I would like to suggest to the editorial team to exercise more care in the selection of photographs.

Yours,
George Katsanos

Resolution; Response

The UGM passes a lot of motions. Many of these motions require letters to be sent to various groups expressing the Union's, always strongly felt, opinion.

Sometimes those on the receiving end of our Union's righteous anger respond...

Elliot Simmons

Holey Condoms

Motion

We accused the Catholic Church of misinforming people in developing countries about contraception.

Response

Erm... a wall of silence

Statue of Nelson Mandela

Motion

To call upon Westminster Council to grant permission for a Statue of Nelson Mandela to be placed in Trafalgar Square and to urge Ken Livingstone and Diane Abbott MP to continue their campaign for the Statue to be erected.

Response

Ken noted that it was "always good to hear supportive views!" and gave us the opportunity to "pay tribute" to Nelson Mandela by making a donation to the Statue's Fund. Westminster Council and Ms Abbott have yet to reply.

Postal Strike

Motion

To support UNISON and the Communication Workers Union (CWU) in their campaign for a £4,000 London Weighting.

Response

Surprisingly enough both unions thanked us for our support.

Racist Graffiti

Motion

To condemn graffiti depicting a defaced Israeli flag and defaced Star of David found on an LSE Building and to inform the Director.

Response

The graffiti in question was removed and the Director replied that he was pleased to see that the Union was firm in its condemnation of racist material.

Solidarity with Turkey

Motion

The Union voted unanimously to send its condolences to the Turkish people in response to the terrorist bombings in Turkey last November aimed at attacking its democratic values.

Response

The Turkish Ambassador thanked us for



The UGM tells the powerful what it thinks of them.

our letter of condolence and noted, "that all of us at the Turkish Embassy are deeply touched by the chorus of support coming from every part of the UK".

LSE Stop the War Coalition

Motion

To support a teach-in and sit-in at LSE in protest at the state visit of George Bush which we declared was offensive in the eyes of many in seeking to imply the support of the British people for his policies and his government when such support does not exist.

Response

The teach-in was a successful and peaceful event. Disruption was kept to a minimum with the venue being booked through conferences and student volunteers performing the role of stewards.

Support for Postal Workers

Motion

To support the postal workers in their struggle to maintain their collective rights and dignity, and to hand deliver a letter with this message to the Evening Standard.

Response

Possibly surprised at receiving a hand-delivered letter (and probably not having a lot else to print) the Editor of the Letters Page asked me to expand the original letter to examine the wider issues, which they then didn't print. Bastards.

Against the Separation Fence

Motion

To condemn the construction of the Separation Fence being built on the West Bank by the Israeli government and to call for its immediate dismantling in letters to Ariel Sharon, Tony Blair MP, Jack Straw MP, the Israeli ambassador to the UK (Mr Shtaub), the British Ambassador to Israeli (Simon McDonald) and Frank Dobson MP. The letter also called for a letter of support to be sent to ISM.

Response

Frank Dobson MP replied that he had "for many years supported the Palestinian cause" and enclosed a standard letter containing his views on the subject. Simon McDonald wrote, "the British government shares your concerns" and noted that he had raised this issue with Israeli politicians and officials. However, the Assistant

Foreign Policy Advisor who replied on behalf of Ariel Sharon stated that they were building "a security fence in order to assist in the prevention of terrorism against Israel" and that peace was only possible "once the Palestinian leadership undertakes to combat terror decisively". The Foreign Office wrote that "terrorism is inexcusable...(and) the PA must do what it can to stop further attacks"; but that "a number of Israeli policies and practices give the Government cause for grave concern". The Foreign Office sent a further letter on behalf of the Prime Minister which stated that "the Government shares your grave concerns about Israel's building of a wall in the occupied Palestinian Territories" and that "unilateral measures, such as the fence, will not provide lasting security. This can only be delivered by a negotiated settlement". Mr Shtaub and ISM have yet to reply.

Two-Minute Silence

Motion

To hold a two-minute silence to remember those who have lost their lives in war in the Quad and to write to the Director asking him to ensure the silence is observed throughout the School.

Response

LSESU successfully held the two-minute silence in the Quad and the Director placed a message in 'News & Views' and the computer log-in boxes saying the School respects the right of students and staff to observe the silence.

Condemnation of the Malaysian Prime Minister's Comments

Motion

To write a letter to the Malaysian Embassy condemning the Malaysian Prime Minister's use of anti-Semitism, in a speech to the Organisation of Islamic Conference, for political gain.

Response

None.

Bush-Off

Motion

To write to the Foreign Office and the US Embassy condemning the formal state visit of George Bush, which implies a support for him, and his actions, that does not, in fact, exist in this country and elsewhere in the world. The motion also noted that

President Bush has acted in a way which fundamentally conflicts with the policies of LSESU, these policies include: our stand against the War in Iraq, our belief that the "death penalty has no place in modern society", and our deeply held environmental beliefs.

Response

The Foreign Office replied that the visit "underlined and strengthened our close friendship with the United States in many walks of life" and listed a number of issues which were discussed including "bringing freedom, security and peace to Iraq" and establishing a team to "improve human health by reducing pollution". They also noted that there are times "where we disagree with the United States and say so" such as repeatedly making clear the UK's "abhorrence of the death penalty". The US Embassy sent the Union its standard postcard - which sets out that although they are too busy to reply to every individual letter they "welcome your comments and have taken note of your concerns" - that is seemingly sent whenever they don't want to reply.

Boykin's Comments on Islam

Motion

To write to the US Embassy condemning the comments made by US Lt.Gen. William Boykin. These statements included, when talking of a Muslim Somali War Lord, "Well you know my God was a real God, and his was an idol".

Response

The Embassy sent a short note with the following quote from President Bush: "General Boykin's comments don't reflect the administration's comments... He doesn't reflect my point of view, or the view of this administration".

Let Them Rest in Peace

Motion

To write to the Prime Ministers of Canada and Australia condemning the defacing of the Canadian National War monument prior to the Remembrance Day commemorations and the disturbances caused in Australia when anti-war protesters shrieked and disrupted the Remembrance day commemorations during the moment of silence.

Response

None to date.

Features

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



No response from Ariel Sharon to the SU's letters. Yet...

No to Racial Stereotypes

Motion
To congratulate the BBC on taking the racist comments made by Robert Kilroy-Silk so seriously and to forward copies of the motion that was passed to the Commission for Racial Equality (CRE) and the Press Complaints Commission (PCC).

Response
Sir Christopher Meyer, Chairman of the PCC, was grateful to me "for drawing the concerns of the student body" to his attention and noted that the legal position in regard to the complaint was still being clarified. Trevor Phillips, Chair of the CRE, thanked us for our support and appreciated our efforts.

Condemnation of the Proposed French Ban on Religious Signs in School as a Violation of the Freedom of Religion

Motion
To write to the French Embassy and the President of the European Commission expressing the Union's opposition to the bill that was before the French Parliament banning "conspicuous" religious signs in schools.

Response
The French Ambassador responded that the Education Bill "should be seen as one of a set of measures designed to promote better integration into French society and to fight economic and social discrimination". He also noted that the policy was based on "secularism" which was one of the key principles of French citizenship. The Head of the European Commissions Justice and Home Affairs Department responded

that the Commission could not intervene in this case and that decisions taken by Member States had to be "respected". However, he also noted that if a person considers that their fundamental rights have been violated, they could, after exhausting all domestic remedies, apply to the European Court of Human Rights.

Honorary Vice-President Tom Hurndall RIP

Motion
To demand that the Israeli soldier responsible for killing LSESU Honorary Vice-President, Tom Hurndall, be brought to justice in letters to Tony Blair, Ariel Sharon and Jack Straw, following the confession of the soldier in question that he had fired at an unarmed civilian deliberately as a deterrent. The motion also mandated all members of the Executive Committee to sign a letter to the Hurndall family expressing the Union's sadness at Tom's death and to hold a one-minute silence in his memory.

Response
The Foreign Office, on behalf of Jack Straw, replied that they "are continually pressing the Israeli authorities to conduct a full and transparent investigation into this tragic incident" and are in "regular contact" with Tom's family. Tom Hurndall's family, Tony Blair and Ariel Sharon have yet to reply.

Emergency Motion (Top-Up Fees)

Motion
To ask Howard Davies to explain his decision to place an advert in the Guardian, in

a non-personal capacity, supporting the government's Higher Education Bill after he had written to LSESU stating that he would not state his views on top-up fees in a fashion that could be interpreted as representing the view of the LSE as a whole; and after LSE Council agreed, following an earlier breach of this agreement, that the Director's future statements on this issue should make explicit that he is speaking in a personal capacity on this issue. The motion also called for LSESU to continue to campaign against above pay-inflation rises in postgraduate and international student fees and to support Michael Howard's call for the HE Bill to be considered by a "committee of the whole House of Parliament".

Response
LSESU presented a paper concerned with the Director's actions at the next LSE Council meeting at which he agreed to write to the beaver to clarify that the School does not currently hold a view on Top-Up Fees. The Council also made clear in the discussion that followed the presentation of the paper that such ambiguity such be avoided in future. A letter was also sent on behalf of Michael Howard thanking us for our recent letter and stating that he had "carefully noted" our comments.

Free Childcare

Motion
To campaign for free childcare for the children of students at LSE by writing to Howard Davies, Margaret Hodge MP, Minister for Children, Patricia Hewitt MP, Minister for Women, and Charles Clark MP, Secretary of State for Education & Skills requesting their support.

Response
The Director replied that after consultation with the Finance Director an additional £15,000 would be made available to the LSESU Childcare Support Fund this year. The Director also noted that the School is currently reviewing its fee structure for the Nursery (which is already heavily subsidized) and it was likely that the Nursery would be moving to a new, larger site that would raise the number of places from 24 to 60. However, the Director also made clear that the School could not provide free childcare for students without additional financial support from the government. The Department for Education and Skills sent a letter setting out the existing schemes that were available to student parents who wished to apply for additional financial support.

'Outrageous Sexism'

Motion
To write letters to Nestle and their advertising agent expressing our dismay at the "satanic" advertising campaign they are choosing to pursue for the Yorkie Bar by claiming it is "definitely not for girls". The Union believed that this campaign was sexist and so logically condoned the objectification of women, thus logically condoning sexual violence and ultimately rape.

Response
In response Nestle boycotted a debate organised by LSESU People and Planet Society on the grounds they could no longer participate in an event at LSE. The Head of Nestle Corporate Affairs replied to our letter that the "primary objective of the campaign is to reclaim chocolate for men" and that during the development of the campaign the issue that the adverts may be offensive to women "did not emerge".

Elliot Simmons is the incumbent LSESU General Secretary.

Musings

RICERCAR

Matthew Sinclair
blink Editor

Humans are weak. We run so slowly; fifty miles per hour is possible in a really crappy car; why not on our legs?

All sorts of animals can fly but we can hardly jump. I'm particularly upset with my ancestor's failure to evolve photosynthesis. We could do our bit to avert climate change, have a valuable extra source of energy and take on a wonderful green hue rather than our current, distinctly dull, pastel shades.

Thank God for technology. Flying at several times the speed of sound is now a human capability, the birds will never catch us, we can kill things with an efficiency that no other animal comes near and we can shout across continents... very... quietly.

Arthur C. Clarke, of space baby fame, has been pondering why humanity has not taken the next evolutionary step so many of the last generation's most prescient visionaries foresaw; of a leap into space in a big way. He has come to the conclusion that space travel is likely to be pioneered and maintained by extensions of ourselves crossing a new frontier, cutting the apron strings and learning to strike out on their own.

Humans are weak and are going to need the support provided by their machine brethren to survive beyond the Gaian womb, however, if machines explored the universe for us alone it would be an underemployment of our race's unique tendency to think way too much in the most odd of ways.

Douglas Hofstadter's conception of the self as being composed of complex and dynamic strange loops, constructs that return to the same point that they started at without ever turning around is, as any attempt to describe consciousness must be, positively mind-boggling.

He suggests that these strange loops could be creates in machines to create artificial intelligence in the original sense of the word; he has a vision of animate minds arising out of inanimate processes; processes that could be duplicated, would such a duplication be a fine tool with which to equip our robotic pioneers.

I'm pretty certain that machines will not be able to take the place of human beings in innovation until they care, until they have selves; I would question whether it is worth putting the effort in to create consciousness for them.

Humans are weak but do have strengths in one field. As thinking beings they do bloody well. Every time humans have had more than a passing opportunity to escape the "being eaten by a bear" phase of existence we have spent our time theorizing, preferably as far from certainty as possible.

Equally I do not think we can properly do our thinking from an earth-based armchair. We think through our "selves"; if we do not relate to the situation then we will not be able to understand it.

Homo sapiens are exceptionally good at being sapient. Our machine friends will have to carry us around the universe but I think we'd be worth taking along.

Broadly Left Features

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



The Far-Right Never Dies

Tracy Alloway
blink Columnist

With only two weeks left to go in the term, I managed an early escape - a weekend break to Austria. With the chaos of the SU elections in full-swing, it seemed the land of Mozart and sound-of-music scenery was the perfect antidote to end of term stress.

So imagine my surprise, when upon my arrival, the rural solitude of Southern Austria was marred by the most ubiquitous of activities - gubernatorial elections, with the most infamous of candidates, a Mr Jörg Haider.

Those of you who remember the heady days of 2000, will surely recall the furor caused by Haider and his far-right Freedom Party. Austria voted, the Freedom Party won, the world got upset, sanctions were called for, Haider resigned as Party leader, and the far-right tendencies of Austria appeared diffused.

Yet here was Haider running for governor of the Carinthian province - a man whose most memorable quotes include "The Freedom Party is not the descendant of the National Socialist Party. If it were, we would have an absolute majority," and "... in the Third Reich they had an 'orderly' employment policy ..." (sounds strangely similar to a certain ex-Treasurer's admiration for Lenin's leadership qualities) A man whose parents were verified Nazis, who inherited his wealth from a Jewish man forced to flee Austria after the 1939 annexation, and who has taken careful steps to cultivate a close relationship with Saddam Hussein, of all people.

Perplexed by his perpetual political presence I decided to ask a few of my Austrian friends to explain Haider's continued appeal. All of them replied something along the lines of "Despite his bullshit, Haider's done a lot for Carinthia."

It seems the personal beliefs of Haider, his xenophobic tendencies and Nazi affinities, don't bother the majority of Carinthians. Why is this? Do they secretly agree with Haider, do they choose to ignore his comments as irrelevant, or are they simply ignorant of the hurt (and political damage) Haider's racist comments can cause?

Now here's the part where I elicit a batch of angry emails from Austrian students, but, it seems to me that Austria is hardly the most racially-enlightened of countries. In the time that I've spent there, I've heard very normal Austrians say things like (upon seeing a well-behaved Black kid sitting in a coffee-shop) "...It's amazing how nicely he's sitting, you'd expect him to be wild."

Such comments are not made out of spite, but from ignorance - and perhaps this explains the continued support for Haider. We can't expect far-right political parties based on xenophobia and insensitivity to die out, until the ignorance which sustains them does first. Let's hope the Carinthians eventually learn to walk tall in a globalizing world - to start, just place left in front of right.

A Mink Coat Among Anoraks

Michael Crick has spent his career questioning the actions of the rich and powerful. *The Beaver* turned the microphone around.

Justin Nolan

When the opportunity arose to interview Michael Crick, I will admit I was jumping at the chance. After all, it's not often at LSE that you get to meet a fellow Mancunian, let alone a fellow Manchester United fan. He is also something of a hero to me, being the most tigerish of investigative journalists. He has worked for ITN, Channel 4 News, Panorama and lately Newsnight. But he is most famous for his impeccably researched biographies. Arthur Scargill and Militant Tendency, Michael Heseltine, and Alex Ferguson have all been in receipt of the Crick treatment. He is also, most recently, at the centre of the 'Betsygate' scandal, first reporting it in a, yet to be broadcasted, Newsnight report, and secondly by handing in the allegation to the Parliamentary Standards Commission. Most of all Michael Crick is a 'Mink Coat amongst anoraks', a journalist prepared to go to any lengths necessary to research his subjects and to make sure he uncovers the truth. He surely has set standards in journalistic excellence that others must learn from and follow.

How do you choose the people you write about? What is the motivation for your investigations?

What fascinates me is what makes people successful, what the ingredients of personal success are. Some of these people have been successful in more than one career, for example Heseltine and Archer. When I was younger I was hugely ambitious and wanted to be Prime Minister, though I've lost all these ambitions now. But I wanted to know why these people are much more successful than you or I, and in that way they are explorations of them. Also I have chosen people who haven't been written about before, and if you keep writing and talking about them these people can keep you in a living for quite a while.

Would you say you also have a strong sense of injustice, which led to your five year boycott of the Guardian newspaper group?

Well I've ended the boycott now, but I still won't buy the Manchester Evening News. I thought it was utterly unreasonable they refused me access to their archives whilst I was researching the Ferguson book. I really thought they were letting the journalistic side down; that they were living in fear, that they thought Alex would boycott them. So yes I suppose a sense of injustice was what motivated that boycott, but I wouldn't say it was a huge motivating force in my writing, because if it was I wouldn't be writing about a football manager, I would be writing about the war in Iraq or third world poverty.

Staying with Manchester United, you recently wrote an open letter to Sir Alex Ferguson expressing your concern about his dealings with John Magnier and his son Jason's transfer dealings. Do you think, the Rock of Gibraltar affair will be resolved amicably, and were any of your concerns about Jason Ferguson alleviated by the recent statements by Manchester United that Sir Alex has nothing to do



Howard Davies (left) leads Michael Crick through his recent appearance at the LSE.

'I still won't buy the Manchester Evening News. I thought it was utterly unreasonable they refused me access to their archives whilst I was researching the Ferguson book.'

with transfer dealings?

Well I think that's rubbish for a start. Quite clearly he (Alex Ferguson) has played a huge role in transfer dealings, as he has made it clear on several occasions in his books and diaries. If the United board genuinely believe that then that's a very serious issue because they don't know what's going on in their own company. As for the Magnier dispute, I think it's quite likely that it will end up in court because they are both stubborn men. Ferguson must have a stronger case than he is letting on, otherwise his lawyers wouldn't carry on with the case. But the danger is a lot of dirt will come out, with Kroll investigating Alex's background.

(This was obviously said before the dispute was resolved. Even Michael Crick can get it wrong, and we'll just have to wait for that dirt.)

Staying with shadowy forces in the background, what was your opinion on the Hutton report and its implications?

The criticisms of the BBC are nearly all valid, but the government received hardly any criticism at all, and that made the balance look terrible unfair. The resignations of Dyke and Davies were unnecessary, and if the government had received as much criticism the effect on the BBC would have been far less. In general I think the BBC will become much more cautious. But if it makes journalists more thorough and careful that's great, as the balance between caution and thoroughness is important.

Were the problems with the BBC specific to the BBC?

Well the problems were twofold. The reporter got his facts wrong and the BBC should have been more willing to correct the report. The fact is the government did over egg the case for war, but the BBC gov-

ernors and management should have been much quicker to investigate.

What do you think the wider implications for investigative journalism will be?

Mistakes are inevitable in journalism, but it is difficult to say what the implications will be in terms of procedure. There is talk on the cracking down on the hoarding of interviews. At the moment you can record for note taking purposes, but if this is forbidden it will be much harder to persuade BBC lawyers you should run a report and much harder to defend in court. It is unethical to record someone when they have not given you their permission, and it is a dilemma I have never been comfortable with. Yet there are times when it is necessary to stop people denying they said things.

Do you think your exposé of Besty Duncan-Smith would have been shown were it not for the effects of the Kelly affair?

Definitely, the report wouldn't have gone out if it wasn't for the Hutton report.

Moving on to Jeffrey Archer, did you feel a sense of satisfaction when justice was finally seen to be served and he was sent to prison?

Yes I thought it was the right decision. His libel trial had stolen half a million from the Daily Star and the news of the World, and it did a lot of harm to a lot of people, namely the prostitute involved, Monica Coughlan. So it's good that he was bought to account.

Do you plan to update your book on Archer to cover the trial and his subsequent imprisonment?

I don't know. I did offer to update it during the trial but the publishers weren't interested. But I'm trying to get away from Archer now, it's time to move on.

Is it true that your wife Margaret is writing a book about Mary Archer?

Yes. She is my estranged wife now, but I will be giving her a bit of help.

Your next book is on Michael Howard. When can we expect that?

It should be the end of this year or the start of the next.

Finally, you are known as the 'anorak's anorak'. Is this a slur or a compliment?

Definitely a compliment, although some wouldn't take it that way.

And with that the interview ended. Michael Howard should be an extremely worried man.

Justin Nolan is a 3rd Year International Relations and History Student.

A Language for Europe



Creating a European state without a common language will be difficult. Fortunately there are two languages that could fit the bill superbly.

Friedrich Poeschel

The debate that has evolved around the project of a European constitution left out a highly complex issue: what alternative there is to the use of two dozen official languages in the EU. The translation costs within the EU bureaucracy alone amount to roughly 800 million euros per year. The accession of Eastern European countries will exacerbate existing inefficiencies. A chaos of languages prevents the smooth functioning of a common market. Above all, preconditions for a genuine European democracy such as transparency and the public's attention cannot prevail as long as the citizens do not understand their politicians and vice versa.

While the need for a common language is obvious, so are the obstacles to any concrete agreement in this matter. English is widely used as an auxiliary language, but the French would rather die than accept it as Europe's official language. Likewise, there is no reason why Italians, Germans, or British should be willing to endorse French, however passionately the French adore their language. German, despite being the most frequent language in the EU, is way too difficult. Will this political deadlock result in a typically European compromise, such as the adoption of Dutch, Hungarian, or Portuguese? Certainly not: the national languages, however small or peculiar they may be, are absolutely indispensable pillars of the respective peoples' identity since they serve to permit and limit access to these peoples' cultural and social life. Attempts to abandon national languages would thus face the same resistance as the dissolution of the nation states themselves. That apart,

'Likewise, there is no reason why Italians, Germans, or British should be willing to endorse French, however passionately the French adore their language.'

the purpose of Europe's unification is not the creation of a centralised and uniform superpower, but the creation of a peaceful and prosperous living environment, for the continent's inhabitants. On this background, it is clear that a common language must not replace any European language, but constitute an additional language for cross-border business and government activities only.

The fundamental problem with every existing European language is that it would be a rival to the other national languages. A flexible and modern official language would become fashionable in business and in the media, gradually undermining the very variety that Europe can be so proud of. Even if detailed arrangements are enacted to avoid these effects, it will always remain that the majority has a native language different from the official language, which gives a huge and undue advantage to those who have the official language as their mother tongue. These days, a Spaniard who has invested years to learn English to a very high standard still finds himself disadvantaged in comparison to a native English speaker when competing for a job at the ECB. Hence, in order to ensure fairness and cultural variety, all current European languages have to be excluded from the pool of candidates.

One potential candidate is Esperanto, an artificial language developed by a Polish doctor that combines elements from major European languages in both grammar and vocabulary. Its overriding strengths lie in its simplicity and similarity to existing languages, which would allow all Europeans to learn it very quickly. But the simplicity may also be a decisive

weakness: An official language has to be capable of expressing precise laws, subtle political views, and pathetic speeches. Whether Esperanto is structured and rich enough to perform these functions is an open question. The fact that dedicated Esperanto fan communities have been established in most countries shows that it is appropriate as a language in practice, but its popularity also indicates that it might become a rival to national languages. Other problems might arise from Esperanto's rather arbitrary selection of words and rules and from the underrepresentation of smaller European languages.

A serious alternative might be found in Latin, which served as a universal language in European academia, in diplomacy, and among clerics until the late Middle Ages. It would obviously have to be revived, yet not from scratch: Up-to-date dictionaries do exist, and the classics departments at universities could within years produce teachers of Latin as a spoken language. However, Latin is by far not as simple as Esperanto. On the political side, Latin is much closer to the Romanic languages in southern Europe than to the Germanic languages in the north or the Slavonic languages in the east, thereby favouring a group of countries. Still, opposition to Latin might be surprisingly weak as many of the abstract and sophisticated words in almost every European language are derived from Latin, and its grammatical structures are extremely useful to understand the working of modern European languages. Hence, while the necessary effort to adapt to Latin would vary across countries, the benefits would be spread quite evenly. As opposed to Esperanto, it is not disputed that Latin is developed enough to fulfil all functions of an official language. As such, Latin would not be perceived as a newly created language, but rather as a reference and tribute to the important role that Latin played in European history. And finally, it is hard to imagine that Latin could become so popular that it threatens national languages.

Most probably, Esperanto and Latin are the only serious candidates. Sooner or later, the Europeans will have to decide on this issue if they intend to take the European project further, and it can hardly be too early to start debating.

Friedrich Poeschel is an Undergraduate Economic History Student.



London School of Extremism

Alykhan Velshi
blink Columnist

To say the LSE has influenced the course of history is an understatement; but, some prominent instances notwithstanding, the school's impact has largely been destructive. Nevertheless, let's start with the positive: LSE's professors. F. A. Hayek, whose classic *Road to Serfdom* is celebrating its 60th anniversary this week, crucially exposed the similarity between Socialism and Fascism; A. V. Dicey is still recognised as the most erudite English legal scholar ever; the literary genius of George Bernard Shaw is matched only by that of this fine paper's (also celebrating an anniversary, of sorts).

For the bad, look no further than LSE alumni glitterati: George Soros retarded Third World development by several decades, and made billions doing it; Jacques Parizeau almost tore Canada apart; Jomo Kenyatta bankrupted Kenya and destabilised East Africa.

However, even more nefarious shadows have strolled down Houghton Street. Carlos the Jackal, the most (in)famous terrorist before Mr. bin Laden, was a hired gun (or grenade) for the world's most dastardly governments; he was also an alumni of the LSE. Whilst many of Carlos the Jackal's terror attacks seem commonplace by today's standards – ie: blowing up children – during his time, the Jackal was a pioneer in his field. He turned attacking civilians and terrorizing entire populations into an art form.

UBS, KPMG, Clifford Chance, and countless others have been joined by al-Qaeda as institutions that recruit directly from the LSE. Ahmed Omar Saeed Sheikh, the al-Qaeda terrorist involved in the murder of Daniel Pearl (whose throat they slit on camera after forcing him to say he was Jewish), was an LSE student. A teacher fondly remembers that Saeed was "a good strong academic candidate and a very personable human being"; he had no interest in political activism. LSE, however, radicalised him; he joined the Islamic Society, where, in his own words, "Bosnia Week" was observed and various documentary films on Bosnia were shown. One such film, *The Destruction of a Nation*, shook my heart." Soon afterwards, he joined the *jihad* in Bosnia and fell in with al-Qaeda.

What is it about an LSE education that turns bright public schoolboys into terrorists? Houghton Street's heady activism; bathetic one-sided depictions of international conflicts; a professoriate that, in a strange bit of dissociation, encourages student radicalism.

The "One Stockbroker is One Too Many" banner frequently seen on Houghton Street is perhaps gormless and trite, but is evidence of a deeper trend within the LSE. With an increasingly radicalised campus, a Students' Union that is planning on hiring a Permanent Campaigns officer (think Permanent Revolution, but without the baggage), the LSE is consolidating its position as the institution of choice for the world's urbane criminals. It gives new meaning to the slogan: Education is a Right; Not a Privilege.

How God can be Relevant

The Vedic tradition offers a way for God's will to be relevant... not through fear of the consequences but through being a wonderful suggestion.

Nimesh Mistry

Lorenzo Capitani's article On the (Ir)relevance of God raised some interesting issues about religion. The main point was that the existence of God is only relevant if we behave differently because of it. Firstly I would like to describe the background of my opinions on this. In the Vedic or Hindu perspective, there are two realms, the material and spiritual realm. Both realms are real. Humanity is under the illusion that one can achieve ultimate happiness in the material realm. By definition this is impossible, since the material realm is limited by the four inevitable miseries of birth, old age, disease and eventually death. In the spiritual realm, particularly in the Kingdom of Godhead, eternal happiness can be fulfilled simply by loving exchange with God, be it as a friend, lover, parent or any other loving relationship.

Using free will as a basis for arguing that we have no need to respect the will of God is an argument with certain flaws. First of all, in the Vedic consideration, we are not trying to obey God in the sense of a hateful dictator. God is the all-attractive personality, and hence our objective is to have a loving relationship with God - hence serving him is a beautiful thing. It is analogous to a mother and her baby - in no way is the baby controlling her actions, but simply due to her love for the baby, she will serve him like he is her master.

Out of our own free will, we decided to explore the material world, even though God explained to us the fact that there is terrible suffering in the form of the four miseries in this realm. It is in our interests to re-establish our loving relationship with God. Hence, God is under no obligation to force us to come back to him. His desire is that we come back to Him voluntarily. The fact that God has desires is compatible with his quality of omnipotence. If God has everything in unlimited quantities, then surely He has unlimited desires, and he has the capability of fulfilling those desires merely through his will. The amazing paradox is that by God's mercy we obtain free will, but since he is all knowing he knows exactly what we will choose to do with that free will. After all, he created our personality so he knows exactly what our desires are and what we are inclined to do.

Is it true that a perfect being would not have decided to create something outside



Don't fear God... love him/her.

Him if he was perfect? Firstly nothing is outside God. God encompasses everything, hence the material world, although temporary, is within God's creation, hence within himself. It is another paradox that we cannot understand, God is within and without at the same time. The fact that we are all part of God yet we are not God is another such paradox. By definition, if God is all knowing, then it makes perfect logical sense that we cannot understand and comprehend everything about his opulence - since we are not all knowing.

In the Vedic tradition, in particular the song spoken by God himself 'Bhagavad-Gita', God guarantees eternal happiness simply if we live our life devoting service unto Him. Capitani also argues that for God to be omnipotent, reality would be set up where 'there was no wrong that need be righted'. This reality does exist and according to the Vedic scriptures, that situation exists in the spiritual planets of God. The only reason God created such a material world of suffering is because we desired to leave him. Now we must realise that the path to Him is the only path to happiness.

We all initially turn to God because we desire something. The entire process of spiritual self-realization is to realise that gradually as we devote service to God, we feel happy in performing that service. As this continues, we reach the point that we no longer are doing it to reach eternal happiness, but we are actually doing it to please God. This is the unconditional love that people search after constantly in this material world.

An example was given in one of the pastimes of Krishna. According to many Vedic scriptures, Krishna is God and he came down to the earth himself in order to preserve religiosity in this material world.

'God encompasses everything, hence the material world, although temporary, is within God's creation, hence within himself. It is another paradox that we cannot understand.'

'That is the standard that all religious service should aspire to - unconditional love for God.'

The pastime described Krishna experiencing a terrible headache. His friends and close associates asked him what to do in order to make his head feel better. Krishna replied 'Bring me the dirt built up on the soles of my devotee's feet and my headache will be cured'. His associates looked at each other in shock because there is a specific Vedic injunction that applying dirt to a divine being is a terrible sin, and one will suffer reincarnation to a lower being if one performs such a sin. The story ends with a gopi (a cowherd girl) applying the dirt from the soles of her feet to Krishna, simply because what mattered to her was not favourable reincarnation but the wellbeing of Krishna. That is the standard that all religious service should aspire to - unconditional love for God. It may be an ideal that seems downright impossible initially, but as one continues to render service to God, one should experience more and more love for Him until one is truly realized.

Hence, the overall message of Capitani is still relevant - we must strive to follow God's suggestions only if we feel they are right, not in fear of retribution. However, I have one adjustment. An important expression of love for someone is to trust them, and so an expression of our trust in God is to at least try and follow his suggestions regardless of how strange they may seem to be. Just as we may follow the strange advice of a close friend, simply because we believe he has our best interests at heart. It is a matter of trying God's suggestions and seeing the benefits.

Nimesh Mistry is a First Year Anthropology Student and member of the Krishna Consciousness Society.

In Defence of Pakistan's Nuclear Arsenal



Pakistan's nuclear arsenal helps prevent the standoff in Kashmir becoming another war.

Jibran Saithi

An article in last week's blink questioned whether Pakistan, as a state, had the capacity or need for a nuclear arsenal. I don't intend to become an apologist for Pakistan's nuclear escapades; but I think it is essential to keep the reasons for Pakistan's nuclear arsenal in mind when criticising it so thoroughly.

'Undeserving' nuclear nations aside, the issue must be placed in context of the remarkably fragile geo-political situation in South Asia, and the nuclear deterrent's part in keeping the peace.

Mutually assured destruction has a proven track record in enforcing peace during troubled times. The cold war after all remained just that due in no small measure to the mind bending numbers of nuclear tipped missiles on both sides of the iron curtain.

The Indian sub-continent has proven no different. After India's testing of its first nuclear device in 1974, and Pakistan's subsequent nuclearization, the two states, despite the massive disparity in conventional forces, have essentially stood as military equals.

Indeed, it was perhaps the only thing that restrained them from a full fledged war over Kargil. In fact, Abdul Kalam, India's president and former government scientist, Dr. Khan's peer, actually asserted that Kargil would have been the third full-scale war, had the nuclear weapons not acted as such a strong disincentive.

A prevalent misconception is the that

the relatively small nuclear arsenal of the two countries would not allow for a true enactment of MAD. Yet, estimates suggest that just 12 bombs dropped on the teeming cities of India and Pakistan could easily cause more than 30 Million fatalities, even without accounting for longer term deaths through radiation poisoning and increased cancer prevalence. It is doubtful whether either side would be in a position to further escalate the military conflict after these staggering losses.

If there must be one less nuclear state, Pakistan should certainly not be the one coerced into disarming. With its smaller armed forces and lack of 'strategic depth' this key ally of the west would have the odds tilted horrendously against it without the security of its 'force equaliser'.

Pakistan's nuclear program is actually as demure as they come, with only a small number of weapons, to be used in a strictly defensive situation.

Its current strategic military plan only reaffirms the government's stated policy of a 'minimum nuclear deterrent' capability. Analysing the policies of the N.C.C (A body of politicians and military personnel that hold the ultimate control over the nuclear arsenal), it is easy to see that they have gone to great pains to ensure that Pakistan need hold only a very limited amount of bombs. Efforts have even extended to psychological warfare like the recent publishing of the nuclear engagement rules, an exercise no doubt designed to maximise the psychological effect of weapons of mass destruction.

'If there must be one less nuclear state, Pakistan should certainly not be the one coerced into disarming.'

Pakistan's desperately small conventional quiver is evident from the recent decision to tip the Shaheen I missile systems with low yield tactical nuclear missiles. A primarily defensive measure that would act as an effective damper on belligerent moves by Indian mechanised columns on forward operating bases near the border. Although the yield and range of these missile systems would make them ineffective in an offensive capability, the low yield bombs would allow for more targeted use of nuclear weapons; muffling international public outcry in the event of their use. This would probably stop any invasion in its tracks, but the fact that Pakistan has to rely on nuclear weapons to repulse even an armoured assault illustrates what a difficult situation it faces in its standoff against its mammoth rival.

By playing its cards well, the N.C.C has tried to ensure that the risks are high for even a limited military adventure by India, so that another dispute such as Kargil now seems unlikely. It is obvious then, that removing Pakistan's right to possess a nuclear capability given the delicate mili-

Pakistan's nuclear arsenal is necessary to counter-act the massive Indian advantage in conventional forces.

Unpleasant as weapons of mass destruction may seem they are a force for stability in the sub-continent

tary balance in the region could only spell disaster. Without the bomb, Pakistan would essentially be left undefended, and territorial disputes with India could easily lead to outbreak of war.

I think it is also pertinent to discuss whether we would indeed have the power to 'withdraw' the nuclear capability in the first place. Short of an unfathomable direct cruise missile strike, there seems little prospect of Pakistan choosing to relinquish control over its capabilities.

Despite the dreams of the anti-nuclear protesters and their ilk, it is essential to realise that nuclear weapons are here to stay; especially in that part of the world. Thanks in no small measure to a backlash against the anti-proliferation initiatives of the developed countries public sentiment is solidly behind the weapons of mass destruction - a forbidden fruit syndrome if you will.

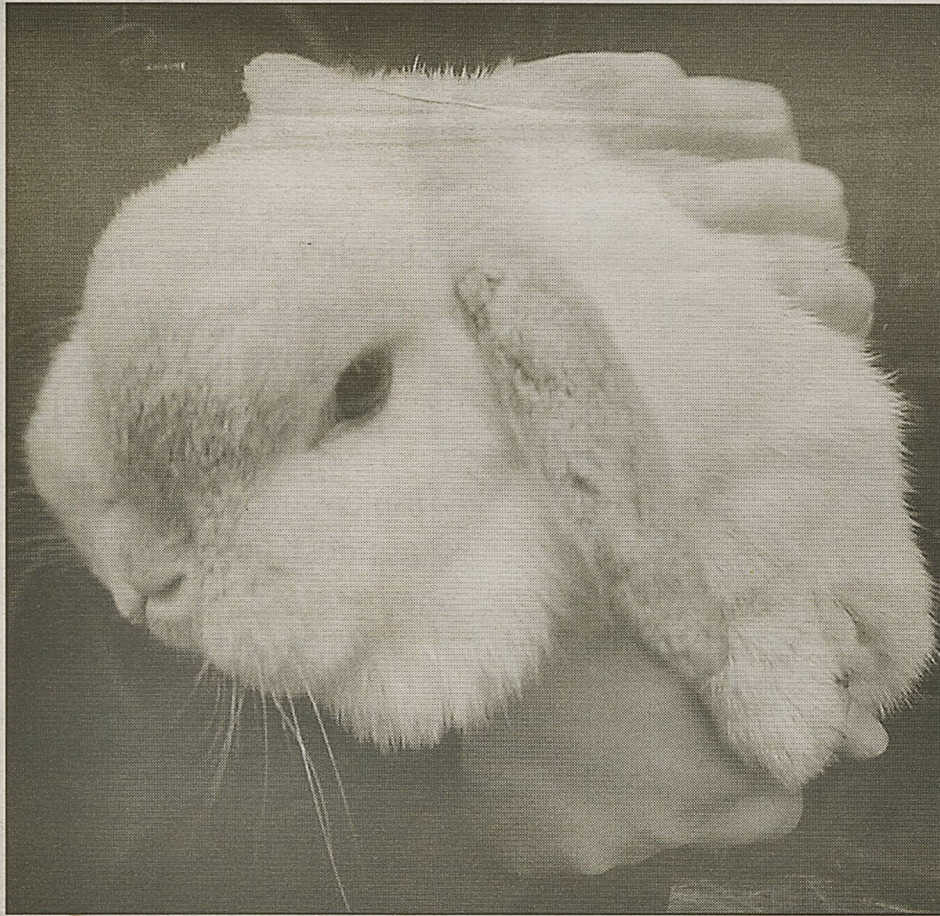
It is easy to underestimate the national affection showered on the bomb and its creators. With mock bombs and missiles being taken out in processions, kissed and blessed unneringly often. There is after all, little to be proud of amongst the abjectly poor and starving millions of the subcontinent. This cult status of the nuclear arsenals means that axing the programs would be a suicidal decision. Forcing Mushraff, in these circumstances to roll back the program would not only probably spell the end of his progressive government, but also be catastrophic for a large number of essential initiatives undertaken under his auspices, including his unyielding support of the war on terror and even preliminary steps towards the formal recognition of Israel.

As ironic as it might be, the bombs may have actually moved the two sides closer to an agreement. As remote as the situation may be, the prospect of a mushroom cloud over the Indian subcontinent has done much to further peace talks between the two (until very recently) arch rivals. This has come about primarily through stiff international political pressure and the realisation of the futility of further spending on conventional defences.

Pakistan without the bomb would be a nation in peril. Despite their failings, we may have Weapons of Mass Destruction to thank for more than we ever imagined.

Jibran Saithi is a First Year Economics Student.

Easter Food



A Rabbit... not rarebit.

Sarah Barber

Lent is nearly over, we will all be detoxed and entitled to stuff our faces, drink ourselves into an early grave and sleep with everything in sight. That's one of the great things about not believing, it is possible to do all that stuff all year round. I don't think anyone I know has sacrificed much this year (although we all indulged in pancakes in preparation for sacrifice) but somehow we all feel Easter's a time we can indulge ourselves. Chocolate seems to have taken over Easter for most of us, already at home my little brother has an enviable collection of chocolate eggs and bunnies. The sales of chocolate eggs at Easter accounts for 8% of all chocolate sold a year, quite a lot to be eating in one morning.

Hot cross buns, now there's another story, they don't seem to have the same universal appeal that the chocolate does but those that love them do so with a passion. They are meant to ward off evil, stay fresh for a year and kill rats; an interesting way to attempt to get rid of a rodent problem. There is a pub on Devon's road in Bow called "The Widow's son," a name devoted to the belief in the power of hot cross buns. The story goes that a young sailor on his very first voyage to sea, was lost in a shipwreck and his mother mourned the loss of her son for years after. In his memory the lady baked a hot cross bun every Good Friday for him, and hung it on a cord from the ceiling, until there were hundreds. Years later when the lady had died and her house had been demolished the pub adopted the collection of buns, and the name, and continued to add a hot cross bun every year.

Perhaps more than chocolate and Simnel cake and hot cross buns the most important food at Easter time is the humble egg. It is so taken for granted and yet doing research for this piece I have found thousands of recipes and stories devoted to it. I have done some practicing with the stuff I write here so I hope it works as well for anyone who tries it. I think eggs are

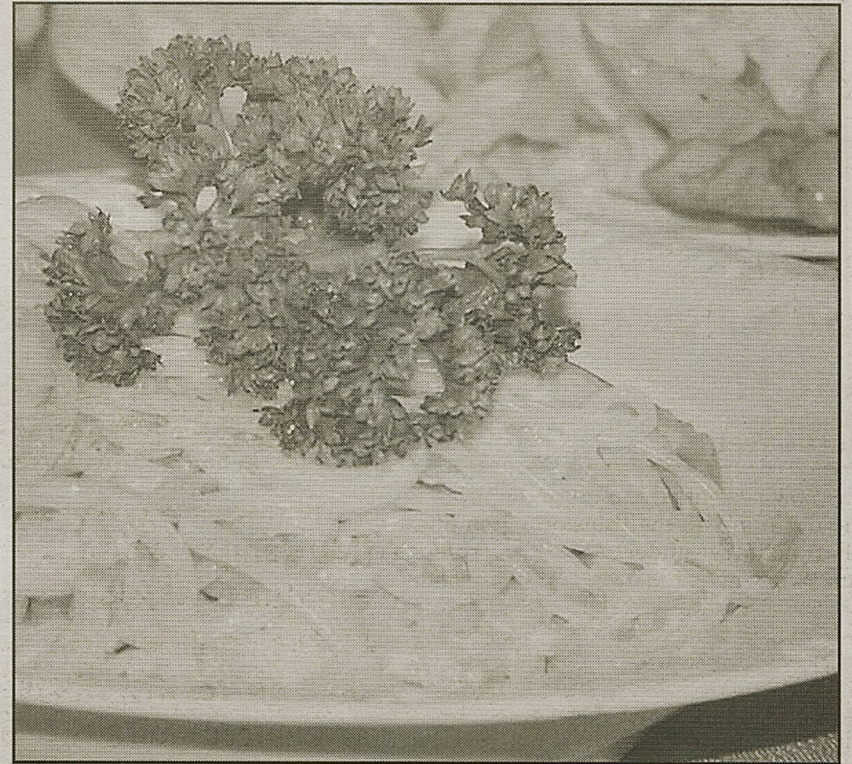
one of the most healthy, well rounded foods there is, and more importantly so does Delia. She starts with eggs at the beginning of her 'How to cook' books and so I feel I'm in safe territory.

The thing here is that there is so much to do with eggs and you don't need loads of pans and utensils. Try this, next time you wake up on Thursday morning post sports night, with your head pounding and that feeling of horror that it could have been you singing "I need a Hero," make soothing scrambled eggs for breakfast. Crack two eggs into a bowl, jug, mug, empty ashtray or whatever's to hand. Add a little milk, water or cream and put in the microwave for 30 seconds, stir, another 30 seconds and stir again and then if you like well done scrambled eggs another 20 seconds. Think of how impressed that random next to you in bed will be. Another breakfast, my absolute favourite and all time top answer to the classy and under rated chat up line, "how do you like your eggs on a morning?" is Eggs Benedict. Admittedly it is more high maintenance than scrambled eggs, but I'm a bit of a high maintenance girl. Lightly toast the English muffin on which you will put your crispy bacon, poached egg (something I confess I haven't mastered- my whites go everywhere) and then hollandaise, which I buy in a jar. Making hollandaise on a morning is just too angelic. There is something so satisfying about Eggs Benedict for breakfast at two in the afternoon.

Back to Easter, there are two methods of achieving the perfect Easter eggs. You can blow them, not oral pleasure for the egg, rather shaking to break the yolk, making a hole in the top and bottom of the shell with a needle then blowing through one hole out of the other, or hard boil them for about 10 minutes. You can then paint them pretty colours and roll them down hills or I think another tradition is to bash them against your mates' eggs. Just take heart in the fact that all is ok in the world; on Good Friday George Bush will be rolling eggs around the garden of the white house with kids all day. Bless.

Spaghetti Carbonara

(serves 2)



Spaghetti Carbonara.

I wanted to include a recipe using eggs and although there was lots of choice, this is one of my favourites. I have priced up how much the recipe costs using the traditional ingredients. All you need for this recipe is a frying pan and a pan to boil pasta in. If you don't have a tablespoon, just use a dessertspoon and double the amounts. It is really simple, only takes ten minutes but will impress.

Ingredients

2 whole eggs
2 egg yolks
Handful of chopped pancetta (I always use streaky bacon)
4 tablespoons double cream
4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
Pasta for two
Salt and pepper

1) Put the pasta on to boil, it should take about 10 minutes. Please make sure the water is well salted and it is boiling BEFORE you add the pasta, men especially never do this, it's a pet hate of mine, be patient.

2) Put the chopped up bacon in a frying pan over a high heat and cook till crispy. You can use some oil but there is so much fat in the streaky bacon that it isn't really necessary.

3) While bacon is crisping up put double cream, Parmesan and eggs into a bowl, season well and stir.

4) When pasta has finished cooking, drain and put back in the hot pan. Add the bacon pieces and then the creamy mixture to the pan.

5) Stir the sauce through the pasta and the residual heat in the pan should cook the sauce through. This should only take 20 seconds, don't leave it in for too long and keep it moving. The sauce should be creamy and coating the pasta, not lumpy and drying up, although if it does, it will

'There are two methods of achieving the perfect Easter eggs. You can blow them, not oral pleasure for the egg, rather shaking to break the yolk, making a hole in the top and bottom of the shell with a needle then blowing through one hole out of the other.'

still taste ok.

6) Serve straight away with a little extra Parmesan and seasoning and a Peroni on the side.

£2.90 per serving based on ingredients from Sainsburys.

I always use freshly grated Parmesan but it can be pricey, if you want something cheaper, try the already grated packs in the supermarket. (the ones in the cooler section, not those on the shelf- they are truly awful) Or, you could try using a mature cheddar, it won't be an authentic Italian flavour but it will taste good.

If you are feeling especially good and own a whisk, make meringues with the leftover egg whites, by whisking till bubbly then adding 2 tablespoons of sugar for every egg white. Then whisk till when you take the whisk out of the mixture it makes glossy white points then make blobs on a greased baking tray, put in oven at 200c till golden on top, serve with fruit and your leftover double cream.

Politics

Saddam and Amin: Lessons Forgotten

Similarities between the reconstructions of Iraq and Uganda abound, but will they share the same political fate?

Elliott Green

It is now nearing a year since the invasion of Iraq and the transformation of that country under American rule began. While much has been written in the mean time about Iraq's reconstruction, little has been made of a very apt comparison with the reconstruction of Uganda after the fall of Idi Amin 1979. This is ironic, since last year commentators such as Lord Meghnad Desai, Frederick Forsyth, Christopher Hitchens, Nobel Peace Prize recipient Jose Ramos-Horta and former Mail on Sunday editor Steward Steven were more than happy to compare Tanzania's invasion and overthrow of Amin with the conquest of Iraq. They argued then that both invasions were illegal according to international law but had good consequences nonetheless.

Yet when it comes to the rebuilding of Iraq both pundits and politicians have ignored Uganda in favour of the more positive examples of Germany and Japan. Of course, as Will Hutton pointed out last year in the Observer, 'Iraq, it is obvious, is not in the same situation as post-war Germany or Japan. Rather, the entire apparatus of a capitalist democracy has to be painfully created from scratch - an exercise in state building from outside on a scale that has never been attempted before.' But Hutton also neglects Uganda, which was about as far away from a capitalist democracy in 1979 as any country could be. It is therefore high time the Ugandan case is examined in detail to see what it can show us about the future of Iraq.

After eight years of destroying Uganda, Amin launched a hapless invasion of northwest Tanzania in October 1978. His move backfired, leading to a counter-invasion by the Tanzanian army which managed to work their way to the Ugandan capital of Kampala in short speed. Amin fled to Libya in April 1979, leaving Tanzania in sole charge of the country. Yet problems with the 10,000 Tanzanian troops occupying Uganda - who were unsupported by any significant UN force, as with Iraq today - began almost immediately. While initially welcomed as an obvious improvement over Amin's thuggish soldiers, the soldiers were 'looting houses and demanding money at gunpoint,' ex-President Yusuf Lule claimed, a point confirmed by Gregory Jaynes of the New York Times, who wrote that the Tanzanians 'use their weapons to commandeer their basic needs from civilians.'

Furthermore, thousands of people in



Uganda had a difficult transition from dictatorship.

'Muwanga halted the counting and took charge of the situation, claiming that no results would be announced until he had personally endorsed them. Thanks to international pressure he reversed this decision a day later.'

the northeast part of Uganda starved to death since the Tanzanian troops could not ensure the safety of UN food relief deliveries, and the Tanzanians were also unable to prevent pro-Amin rebels from Sudan and Zaire from invading and occupying the north-western part of the country. Again, the parallels with contemporary Iraq should be obvious, with both child malnutrition and infant mortality doubling since the war began while unknown numbers of foreign terrorists continue to enter the country through porous borders.

Politically, the fact that Uganda's former President Milton Obote had spent the Amin years in the Tanzanian capital of Dar es Salaam made many Ugandans immediately suspicious of Nyerere, whom they suspected wanted to re-install Obote as President - thus paralleling the Iraqi distrust of Paul Wolfowitz's favourite son, Ahmad Chalabi.

It was in any case immediately apparent that Nyerere held ultimate power over the provisional Ugandan government that took over after Amin fled. The first post-conflict president, the aforementioned Professor Lule, claimed that he was overthrown after only 68 days in office because he wanted Tanzanian troops to leave. When Lule's successor Godfrey Binaisa tried to dismiss the pro-Obote minister Paulo Muwanga from his government in February 1980, Nyerere forced Binaisa to give Muwanga another cabinet post; three months later Binaisa himself was dismissed for trying to replace yet another Obote supporter. Muwanga then took the

reigns for the rest of the year as the country prepared for elections which, most observers agreed, had little chance of real legitimacy due to the chaotic condition of the country. At the time The Economist noted that 'the government's control over the countryside is tenuous; regional administration barely exists; banditry is rife.' Sound familiar?

The election took place in December 1980, twenty months after the overthrow of Amin - exactly as long as it will be in Iraq if elections are held at the end of this year, as called for by Kofi Annan. The leader of one of the four political parties involved, the future and current president of Uganda Yoweri Museveni, attempted to have the election declared illegal since both Obote and Nyerere had already ensured who the winner would be: not only had Muwanga replaced the country's chief Supreme Court justice with one of Obote's former ministers, but, in 17 of the country's 126 constituencies members of Obote's Uganda People's Congress Party (UPC) ran unopposed, thanks to intimidation and violence directed against opposition politicians.

The election itself was a sight to behold. Many residents of the capital city, Kampala, whose residents were largely anti-Obote, had to wait up to 18 hours to vote because the polling stations did not have enough ballots or boxes. When the results started to come in that the largest opposition party, the Democratic Party, was doing well upcountry, Muwanga halted the counting and took charge of the situation, claiming that no results would be announced until he had personally endorsed them. Thanks to international pressure he reversed this decision a day later, but only after his work had seen the UPC regain the lead. And so on: one member of the Commonwealth team there to observe the elections claimed that 'the election commission is the most incompetent that I've ever seen.'

After the election Obote went on to rule Uganda for another 4 1/2 years before being deposed in yet another coup d'etat. Even before the Tanzanian troops left - accused of banditry and cattle-stealing through the end of their stay - Yoweri Museveni had started a rebellion in the central area of the country in response to the corrupt election. The ill-trained Ugandan Army took over from the Tanzanians, and initiated a slaughter of

the region's inhabitants, the Baganda, that ended up killing roughly the same number of Ugandans as were murdered under Amin - some 200,000 to 300,000 people - but in half the time, thereby making Obote twice the killer that Amin was.

Yet comparatively little of this massive violence reached the Western press, largely for two reasons. First, Obote did not eat his captives, as Amin was (incorrectly) reputed to do, and his drinking problems and age did not make him as media-friendly as the buffoonish and boyish Amin. Second, Obote's acceptance of Uganda's first Structural Adjustment Program and IMF loans in 1982 endeared him to the West and was therefore given breathing room to carry out his massacres quietly. It was only thanks to the 1986 victory of Museveni and his National Resistance Army, unsupported by any outside forces for most of its campaign, that Obote and his bloodthirsty army were ousted.

Of course, one wouldn't expect glib media commentators to remember the details of post-Amin Uganda, just as many also seem unaware and uninterested in the intricacies of post-Taliban Afghanistan. They continue to ask the eternally popular question, namely whether Iraq is better off without Saddam Hussein or not. The problem is, of course, that trying to answer such a question is ultimately specious; as the New York Times noted in November 1980, 'a year ago, the question given most currency in Uganda was whether it was actually better off without Amin. It is not asked quite so often now, but is still not easy to answer.' Indeed - although one wonders what the response would have been had the question been asked only a couple of years later when Obote and his army was in the midst of their massacres.

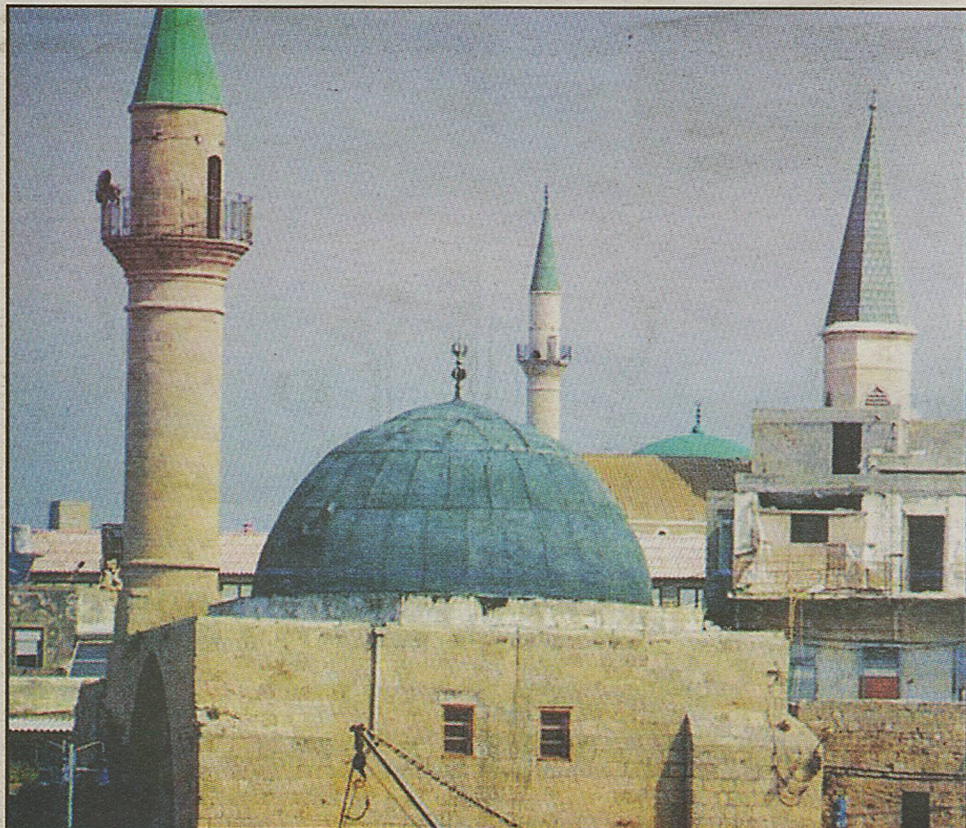
In the end one must avoid such an easy and popular question and instead ask a more difficult one, namely whether the Iraqi people will be allowed to select their future government without it being decided for them by the US. In answering this question one can only hope that post-Saddam Iraq will be spared the fate of post-Amin Uganda.

Elliott Green is a PhD candidate in Development Studies at the London School of Economics. He is writing his dissertation on ethnicity and politics in Uganda since 1986.

Politics

A Single State Provides the Best Framework for Peace in the Middle East

TWO BLINK ARTICLES TAKE VERY DIFFERENT VIEWS ON PROPOSALS



Saifedean Ammous and Yaniv Stopnitzky

The time has come for a radical reframing of how we understand the Israeli/Palestinian conflict. Until now the debate about how 'peace' can be achieved in the Middle East has been dominated by the notion of two states—one Palestinian state and one Israeli. This premise, it is argued here, is fatally flawed both in theory and practice for it necessitates the systematic privileging of one social group over another. This general structure of relative privilege and exclusion has been upheld, until now, by sheer power. Any two state settlement would only institutionalise further these exclusivist claims to land, again backed by power. There does not exist any possible border, along the so-called Green Line or otherwise, that could rectify the moral contradictions that inhere in making exclusivist, identity-based claims to land.

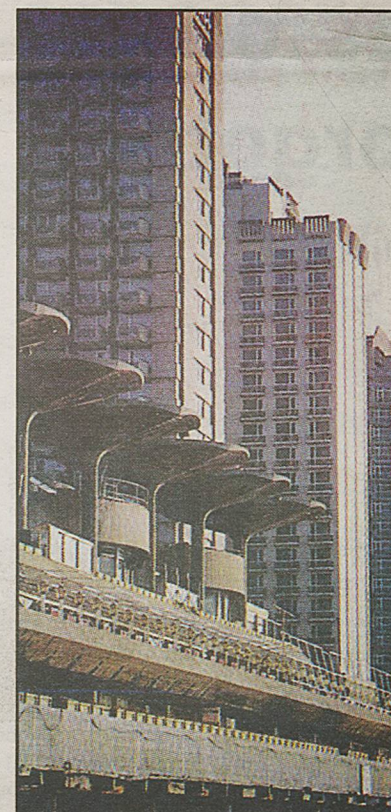
The principal characteristic of all negotiations between Palestinians and Israelis is a dramatic asymmetry of power. On the one hand, Israel possesses unconditional military dominance, both regionally and vis-à-vis the Palestinians. On the other hand, the Palestinian population suffers under constant and brutal military occupation. 'Peace' negotiations occur against this horrible imbalance. These negotiations assume a win-lose scenario that is perhaps best expressed by then Minister of Interior, Ehud Barak: "The Oslo process ensures Israel's absolute superiority in both the military and economic fields." It is virtually impossible to imagine that a just peace can be negotiated in this way, something Nelson Mandela duly recognised. "Only free men can negotiate," he said.

The problem of the Palestinian refugees also poses serious problems for any two state settlement. Even were the borders of a Palestinian state to be drawn along the

Green Line (the internationally recognized borders on June 5, 1967), such a settlement would still violate the legal and inalienable rights of the refugees, roughly one third of the Palestinian population. The 700,000 Palestinians who were dispossessed in 1948 after the creation of the state of Israel cannot return to their homes, for which many still have deeds. This right of return for Palestinian refugees cannot be extinguished, legally, by any treaty or negotiated settlement. It is irrevocable and stands in the way of any attempt at a legal settlement in the shape of two states.

Further, the two state solution faces the problem of the approximately 450,000 illegal Jewish settlers in the West Bank and Gaza that would need to be relocated in order for a viable Palestinian state to exist. In a sense, transferring the settlers, although they are illegal occupants of Palestinian land, is itself a form of ethnic cleansing, and would impair moves toward 'peace'.

Were a two state solution to be imposed (or negotiated), Israel would continue to function as an exclusivist democracy, and the 20% Arab minority would still find themselves victims of restrictive laws that prevent the purchase of homes in Jewish areas and would continue to receive second-class services and infrastructure. It is indefensible that a country that purports to be a liberal democracy can maintain laws that discriminate between its citizenry on religious and ethnic lines. Understanding this Arab minority group is central to grasping the fundamental contradiction of the Israeli state. For example, they are widely referred to inside Israel as a 'demographic problem', as in recent statements by Israeli Foreign Minister Netanyahu: "We have a demographic problem, but it lies not with the Palestinian Arabs, but with the Israeli Arabs. If Israel's Arabs become well integrated and reach 35-45 percent of the population, there will no longer be a Jewish state."



Given the reality of this large and growing Arab minority, Israel will be forced to rely upon increasingly draconian measures in order to maintain its 'Jewish character'.

Lastly, there is the issue of what form would emerge for the Palestinian state. The most 'generous' of 'peace' deals so far, for instance, offered the Palestinians a state comprised by discontinuous and bantustanised pieces of land with Israeli control over its borders, resources, and airspace. The Palestinian state to emerge would have been divided into four separate areas, three in the West Bank and one in Gaza, with all movement from one area to another controlled by Israel. Such a state would be unlike any other state in the world and would not satisfy the legitimate Palestinian claim to national self-determination. Peace cannot come from such a vision.

Whereas the two state solution contains these irredeemable flaws, the one state solution offers the real possibility of a peace based upon the principles of justice, equality and rights. Beginning from the assumption of the fundamental equality of all humans, this one secular and democratic state would not discriminate on the basis of religion, race, gender, or ethnicity. Within this one state framework, the state apparatus would disallow all exclusivist claims. The need to contain a 'demographic threat' vanishes. Resources would be managed according to need and not to ethnicity or religion. This fairness and equity will foster widespread economic development of agriculture and industry. The Arabs of Israel find their second-class citizenship enhanced. Jewish settlers can stay in their settlements, some of which have been in place for decades. All religious denominations would have open access to all religious sites. Palestinians uprooted from their homes can return to their homeland.

Contrary to many Zionist claims, allowing such a return would not imply any Jewish dispossession. Where there are

two conflicting claims to property, this conflict over property rights can be settled by an agreed upon mechanism for reparations, much like property rights claims by Jews have been addressed by European government.

Most importantly, the single state will promote freedom, justice and equality for all, and in so doing, will begin to dismantle the barriers of hatred and divisions between peoples. Hatred is a social construct and is not an innate characteristic of Jews or Arabs. As such, it can be unlearned under the right conditions, such as formal equality and full citizenship in a shared national project.

One frequent argument against a one state solution is that it would deprive Jews of a national homeland, and make them vulnerable to anti-Semitism. This is false. Jews in New York are not safe because they have Israel to protect them, but because a strong state protects the rights of all its citizens, by and large.

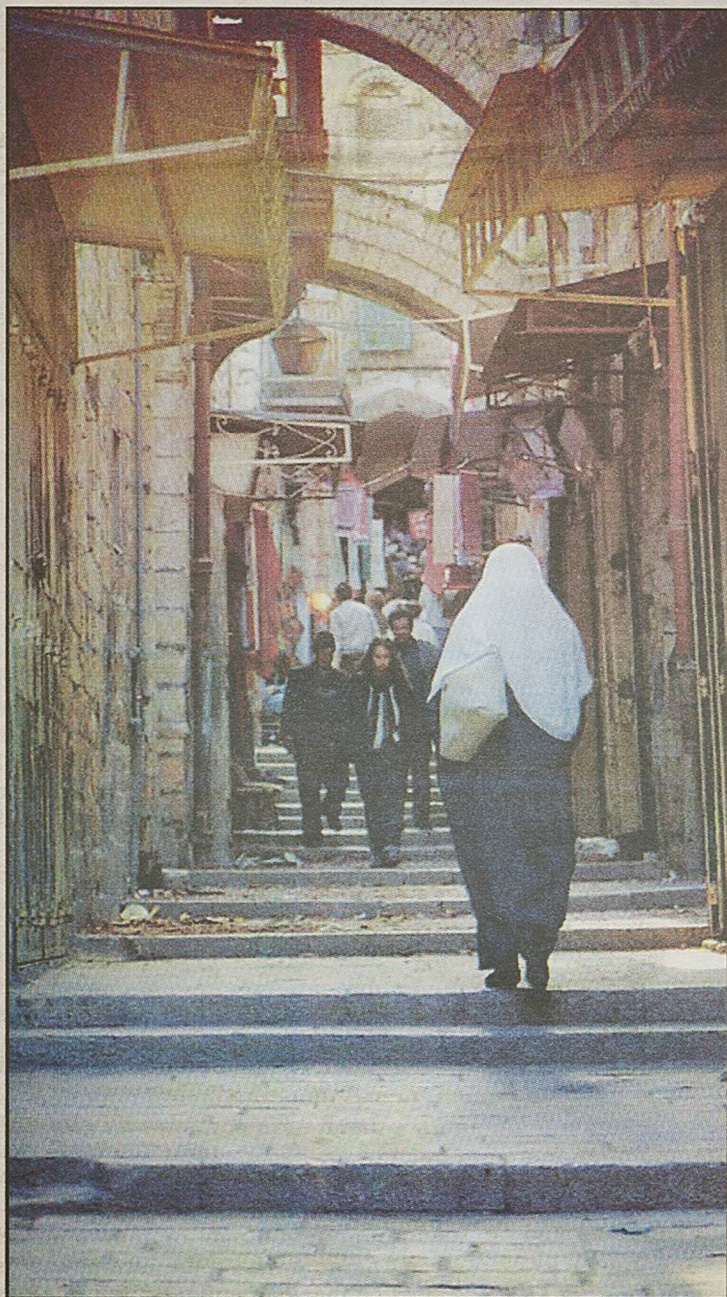
Another criticism may be that the idea of one democratic state in historic Palestine is utopian. In an important sense, however, the opposite is in fact true. It is idealistic for people to believe Israel can continue its current project of religious and ethnic-based exclusivism, systematically subordinating the non-Jewish, and discriminating against increasingly large segments of its population. This strategy has failed to provide security to Israelis.

One can draw an important parallel with South Africa, as the situation of maintaining control over another ethnic group necessitated increasingly violent means. As in South Africa, it is time to reframe the discussion using the discourse of rights and citizenship. This is not about the power of arms. This must be a moral struggle for freedom, full and equal rights for all, and the inviolable humanity of all people. This is the basis by which lasting peace and justice can be secured.

Politics

FOR A SINGLE STATE SOLUTION TO TROUBLES IN THE MIDDLE EAST

The Myth of Justice for All: the Failure of the 'One-State Solution'



Ben Harris and Dan Kapner

It is perhaps testament to the dearth of original thinking in politics that old and discredited ideas are routinely resuscitated and repackaged as novelties. Case in point is the 'one-state solution' to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, an idea that has enjoyed a renaissance of sorts in recent months and is now the focus of a concerted advocacy campaign by two LSE students, spurred on by a grant from the University.

In a recent presentation on the subject, the two students focused the bulk of their energies not on a positive and well-thought out argument in favour of a one-state solution, but on the poverty of the alternative two-state solution, with particular emphasis on the inherent moral and political illegitimacy of the state of Israel. In so doing, they presented nothing of any originality or intellectual vigour, preferring instead to rely on epithets that Israel is 'racist' and an 'apartheid state,' labels that are as offensive as they are unsustainable.

The Israeli-Palestinian conflict is about many things, but race is not one of them. Indeed, Israelis and Palestinians are separated by virtually everything except race. Over a million Israelis are themselves Arabs who enjoy the same rights as Jews. The Jewish community itself is multi-racial - there are black Jews, white Jews, Asian Jews, and Arab Jews. Are there problems of discrimination and inequality in Israel? No doubt. But what multi-ethnic

liberal democracy doesn't have such problems? The fault lines within Israeli society are manifold and they are deep, but in no meaningful way can they be said to correspond with race.

How about 'apartheid,' now so often associated with the security fence Israel is building to protect itself from suicide bombers? While the word is of unparalleled utility as a pejorative, it requires a considerable degree of political myopia and moral imagination to actually believe that Israel is spending billions to build a wall in the West Bank to keep out individuals whose skin is a darker hue.

For the sake of argument though, let's assume that Israel is as racist as the critics contend. If the Jewish state - with its democratic institutions, independent judiciary, and the relentless scrutiny of the outside world - discriminates against its non-Jewish minority, what will guarantee that a state in which the Palestinians are the majority will not? The fact is the Palestinian Authority has institutionalized hatred (with funds provided by the Europeans no less). Palestinian television, educational curricula, and religious leaders have cultivated an atmosphere of Jew-hatred so profound that age-old forms of European anti-Semitism have found new fertile ground. Therein lies the hypocrisy of their argument. It is simple-minded fantasy to believe that some vague rhetoric about the universalism of human rights is sufficient to protect the Jewish population in a single bi-national state.

But all of this obscures a much deeper issue, and that is the willingness of indi-

viduals ostensibly acting in the name of human rights to sacrifice the fundamental right of the Jewish people to a state. As much as the advocates of a one-state solution have cloaked their rhetoric in universalist garb, their ultimate objective is nothing other than the dismantling of the state of Israel and its replacement with Greater Palestine. In less than a generation, there will be more Palestinians than Jews between the Jordan and the Mediterranean. This is not a compromise, but a total capitulation to the Palestinians. Indeed it replaces one vulnerable minority with another. And only a bigot could believe that the Palestinians are entitled to a state but the Jewish people are not.

This hidden agenda explains why so many Palestinian arch-nationalists are suddenly so fond of the one-state solution. Is anyone gullible enough to believe that an autocrat like Yasser Arafat is now calling for a one state because he has abruptly become a progressive liberal democrat? Palestinian leaders are embracing the idea because they recognize what naive LSE students do not - that the establishment of a single state between Jordan and the Mediterranean is but another step on the road to the liberation of historic Palestine and the fulfilment of the Palestinian nationalist dream. This fact alone should give pause to those who see themselves as the vanguard of the post-nationalist era in the Middle East.

Apostles of universalism must be consistent - either Israelis and Palestinians get their own state, or neither do. It is one thing to argue that nation-states are

atavistic creatures of a bygone era. But it is quite another to suggest that the first nation-state to be sacrificed on the altar of cosmopolitanism should be the embattled state of Israel. If the critics of nationalism wish to hasten the onset of the cosmopolitan era, let them begin by dismantling a state with no existential enemies and whose people are in no mortal danger (France, perhaps?).

When all these arguments fail, the one-state faithful play their trump card - justice. The most 'just' solution, they argue, is one in which the two communities are joined in one state with equal rights. But justice is a relative concept, not an absolute one. There can be no absolute justice for the thousands of Israeli victims of terrorist bombings, nor for the Palestinians who have lost and suffered just as terribly as a consequence of the conflict. Justice for some may entail injustice for others, which is on balance not justice at all.

If we are ever to achieve a true compromise, we will have to relativize our concept of justice. Both parties to this conflict have suffered, and both have rights that must be actualized - for the Palestinians, independence and self-determination; for the Jews, peace and security. Neither justice nor peace is served by dismantling the only Jewish state in the world. Only by respecting the basic right of both peoples to self-determination in their own independent states can we hope to build a future that is peaceful and secure.

Politics

It's Only a Bloody Game



Dark clouds are forming over Zimbabwean cricket.

Will Macfarlane

Last Wednesday the International Cricket Council (ICC) announced that the England Cricket Board (ECB) will face a minimum fine of \$2m and possible suspension from the sport's governing body should it fail to honour its scheduled tour to Zimbabwe this autumn.

This is the latest development in the long-running debate over Zimbabwe's suitability as a host nation for international cricket under the tyrannical, torturous and corrupt rule of Robert Mugabe. Last year England forfeited their World Cup fixture in Harare, Zimbabwe's capital city, citing 'safety considerations' as their reason for refusing to travel. Nevertheless, few doubted that player concerns and public doubts over the morality of competing in the nation were of paramount importance. In Zimbabwe millions of people are starving and the government continues to use repressive legislation, arbitrary arrest and torture to restrict the rights to freedom of expression, association, and assembly of its citizens (Amnesty International).

Cricket has taken on a great significance due to Mugabe's role as patron of the Zimbabwe Cricket Union (ZCU) and his past successes in claiming approval and endorsement from nation's - especially England's - tours to the country. Without doubt, especially following the high-pro-

file media debate in this country, Mugabe would win a significant victory were England to travel there later this year. Pro-democracy and human rights groups, as well as leading Zimbabwean cricketers past and present, have led the calls for a boycott.

Yet the ICC and several other test match nation's governing bodies have turned a blind-eye to these calls and to the moral issues and political considerations of touring Zimbabwe. The bottom-line, as in most sports, is money; England are a big ticket wherever they travel and the struggling ZCU are determined to campaign that the ECB honour its scheduled tour. Furthermore, the ICC has grown increasingly frustrated with English indecision on the issue at a time when they are trying to implement a five-year international fixture calendar. Their latest threats are a clear move to force the ECB to commit to the tour or face increasing isolation in world cricket.

However, making a strong statement against a disgraced and undemocratic regime is surely of greater importance than an already overcrowded international fixture-list. Furthermore, financial considerations for the ZCU, an organisation which continues to prop-up Mugabe's profile, must surely be put to one side if touring requires the saluting of an illegitimate ruler clinging to power through electoral

fraud, and the torturing and murder of his political opponents.

These arguments should be enough to lead to the ICC suspending all international cricket in Zimbabwe and condemning its undemocratic government. However, in spite of the ignorance of the sport's global governing council and national bodies such as the Australian Cricket Board, the ECB should act unilaterally and would still make a decisive stand by doing so. There is individual importance with England. As the former governing country its role in establishing Zimbabwe's political and judicial infrastructure was critical, and its withdrawal of support for these institutions in their current form would be significant.

Yet the current British government and the Foreign & Commonwealth Office has neglected supporting the ECB throughout this controversy. Despite repeated pleas from players and officials within the ECB and movements in Parliament - the Shadow Foreign Secretary Michael Ancram introduced an Early Day Motion on the issue in late-2003 - the Foreign Office has repeatedly shirked its responsibility not only to the England cricket team, but also to the people of Zimbabwe. As significant as a sporting boycott of Zimbabwe would prove, restrictions on trade, and sanctions against the companies and individuals bankrolling Mugabe and his regime would ultimately prove most effective in pressurising the Zimbabwean gov-

By cancelling their tour to Zimbabwe England's cricketers can send an important moral message.

ernment into reform. It is puzzling and disappointing considering Mugabe's hostile reaction to Zimbabwe's suspension from the Commonwealth that a more decisive policy from the British government has not followed.

Indeed this would greatly ease the ECB's awkward predicament, as the ICC has made it explicitly clear that it will not punish nations restricted from touring by their national government, as had been the case for several years until recently for the Indian team with regard to Pakistan. This factor only makes the British government's reluctance to stand-up on the issue of Zimbabwe even more deplorable, but does nothing to excuse the stance taken by the ICC in deciding sport, it's own financial health and tackling English 'arrogance' to be more important than the most blatant of human right's abuses.

The ECB should in fact be applauded for continually raising moral questions concerning this tour of Zimbabwe despite support from neither its own government nor its own sport's governing body. Sport exists in the real world and despite its enormous personal importance to so many around the globe and its significant economic benefits, its administrators need to ensure that it remains a force for good and cannot be manipulated by those with ulterior motives.

The case of Zimbabwe is a clear example where sport needs to take a moral stand, because the only alternative is endorsing the unacceptable. The same was necessary in South Africa during the years of apartheid when a sporting boycott demonstrated to the world the despicable nature of that oppressive regime. The reluctance of sport's governors to act in the same manner over Zimbabwe at the present time is an indictment on the decline in moral-consciousness and social responsibility in modern sport.

Will McFarlane is a 3rd Year Government and History Student and will be next years General Secretary.

The Top 5 Places at LSE to... Sleep

Kati Krause and Ajay Patel

5. Orange Armchairs in the Library

Marvelously comfy. If the atmosphere of exaggerated studiousness distracts you, simply grab an edition of "The Accounting Historians Journal", and you'll be knocked out before you get past the Contents page. Definitely recommended for a little recreational study-break.

4. Lincoln's Inn Fields

Only a viable option from late April onwards. Break out of the concrete caves and enjoy dozing off lying on soft grass, listening to the soothing sounds of singing birds, and being warmed up by the beautiful spring sun. Quite a popular option during exam period among the slackers and geniuses.

3. 9 O'Clock Lectures

Let's face it: can you stay awake for an

entire hour?

2. Law Study Room

Located on the 2nd floor of the Old Building, this is the best place for a sleep-over. Live in Croxley, Cricklewood or Clapham and have an early class next day?

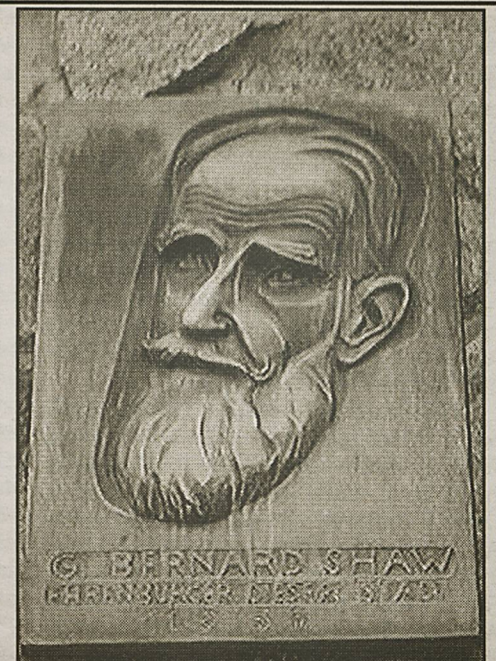
'Live in Croxley, Cricklewood or Clapham and have an early class next day? No worries, just push together some chairs and stay over - it's open all night!'

No worries, just push together some chairs and stay over - it's open all night! You can even go and have a shower in the gym in the morning, be the first to have a Brunch Bowl Full English Breakfast and save a study space in the library.

1. The Shaw Library

The obvious choice - it is virtually impossible not to fall asleep sitting in one of those wonderful huge old armchairs, the absolute silence only interrupted once in a while by a suppressed cough or the creaking of the wooden floorboards when someone is drowsily sneaking towards the exit. Moreover, it has been informally declared the 'no-disturbance zone' at LSE; people even get punished by angry looks for failing to turn the page of their newspaper completely noiselessly.

This is THE best place for a quick after-lunch nap or if you have some catching-up from the previous night to do.



People sleepin his library.

Ending Slavery



Fized nets in Morecambe Bay... a calmer moment.

Anna Protano-Biggs

On February 5th 2004 20 Chinese cockle pickers were found drowned in Morecambe Bay. Morecambe Bay is known for its dangerous and unpredictable tides but cockle picking is free and the trade is worth about £6 million per year. Cockle picking is dominated by gang masters who use cheap labour paying per bag collected which forces workers to keep going whatever the conditions. The average wage for a cockle picker is just £1 per nine hour shift.

A week later 54 Greek migrant workers were found in Cornwall where they had been subjected to forced labour conditions. They were reported to be living in appalling conditions and having to work ten hour shifts picking flowers. When they demanded their pay they were allegedly threatened and told that they had to pay 1500 euro each before they would receive any money. They were also prevented from leaving.

Situations like that of Morecambe Bay and Cornwall are not unusual. Home Office statistics suggest there are an estimated 60,000 migrant workers employed by illegal gangs in the UK alone. Many of those were brought to the UK through use of violence, deception or coercion for the purpose of forced labour, servitude or slavery-like practices. This is human trafficking and one of the most lucrative forms of international crime. Traffickers control their freedom of movement, where and when they will work and what pay, if any, they will receive. Reliable statistics are difficult to obtain in this area due to the underground nature of the activity but a US Government Report in 2003 estimated that at least 800,000-900,000 people worldwide are trafficked each year.

The UN adopted a Protocol on this area in November 2000: the UN Protocol to Prevent, Suppress and Punish Trafficking

in Persons, Especially Women and Children. It represents the first internationally agreed definition of trafficking, distinguishing it from those who facilitate smuggling. Traffickers are those who use "force, deception or coercion" in order to transport people "for the purpose of exploitation" whereas smuggling is "assisting someone for a fee to cross a border illegally". The victim's consent is irrelevant where there has been any coercion, intimidation or deception. The Protocol highlights what is in effect a modern day slave-trade.

Current laws in the UK do not distinguish clearly between trafficking, smuggling migrants and prostitution. The UK has no specific anti-trafficking law and traffickers are usually punished under laws relating to pimping and immigration offences. The Sexual Offences Act 2003 did make trafficking for sexual exploitation an offence but the Government still has to legislate to prohibit trafficking for labour exploitation in order to bring its domestic legislation in line with the UN Protocol.

In 2001 the EU began the process of reflecting the new UN Protocol in its law and practice. It has adopted a Framework Decision on Combating Trafficking in Human Beings which sets out to introduce a common definition of what constitutes trafficking in all 15 member states. However, the decision lacks legal force and fails to look at what needs to be done to protect and assist victims of trafficking or slavery.

There remains a lack of consensus about what should be done on behalf of the victims, mainly women and children, particularly what positive obligations states and governments have towards these victims once they have regained their freedom. The EU Framework Decision recognises the need to uphold the law by seeking to prosecute traffickers but this is not enough. Non-governmental organisations,

'Current laws in the UK do not distinguish clearly between trafficking, smuggling migrants and prostitution. The UK has no specific anti-trafficking law and traffickers are usually punished under laws relating to pimping and immigration offences.'

'Slavery, one of the oldest forms of abuse of human beings by other humans, is considered by many to be a thing of the past. This is simply not true.'

such as Anti-Slavery International, believe a government's responsibility goes much further.

Governments need to start by conducting primary research into the full extent of the problem and the different methods of trafficking. There also needs to be the introduction of adequate specific legislation relating to trafficking and the seriousness of the crime. Victims should be provided with safe houses, counselling, independent legal advice, permanent residency for all at risk, and help with integration into society. There needs to be better immigration checks on arrival with closer monitoring of suspected repeat offenders. Campaigns have to be used to better inter-agency work and raise awareness among the general public as well. Finally, trafficking is often related to conditions of poverty, poor employment opportunities and unstable countries. It is vital to address these areas as well.

Slavery, one of the oldest forms of abuse of human beings by other humans, is considered by many to be a thing of the past. This is simply not true. It is happening, not just in the developing world, but here in the UK and EU. Slavery in the 21st Century has been portrayed as a by-product of globalisation and capitalism but it goes far deeper than this. It is a serious pattern of gross violations of human rights which we have seen before and will continue to see until the world starts to truly address the problem and rebalance society's riches. It is not enough to condemn trafficking, the causes need to be eliminated and proper protection and support given to victims. Human trafficking or slavery may still exist in the 21st Century, positive state action must be taken to ensure it does not continue into the next.

Anna Protano-Biggs is an Undergraduate student and has recently been elected to the LSESU's Constitution and Steering Committee.

B:art

Edited by Carolina Bunting: A.C.Bunting@lse.ac.uk

B:music - P. 22-24

B:film - P. 25-27

B:theatre - P. 28

B:literature - P. 29-30

B:about - P. 31

B:v & B:mail - P. 32

B:music

edited by Matt Boys and Ben Howarth

PHANTOM PLANET

It's inevitable that almost every article you read about Phantom Planet these days starts off mentioning the recent break off of long time drummer Jason Schwartzman (you may know him from classics such as Rushmore, Slackers). But despite the split and almost breaking up because of it, Phantom Planet has come out of it- definitely alive and kicking. With the single 'California' off their second album as the theme song for The O.C (the best show ever!) and an anticipated new album, produced by Dave Fridman, due out in May, they've come to London for a quick show, and I was lucky enough to score an interview with one of them.

Introduce yourself.

I'm Darren Robinson, I play guitar for Phantom Planet.

How are you liking London so far?

We've been here one time before, and we actually played this club, Water Rats. And the hotel we're staying at- called the Sherlock Holmes- is great! Last time we came here though, we didn't really know our way around very well, we'd only been to one or two areas so this time we went to Notting Hill, and some other funky areas like that.

Big Brat is a bolder, more aggressive sound than your previous two albums. What influenced you in that direction? Were you drawing on any particular experiences?
To be honest, I mean, not really. Before when we were touring for the guest, our second album, we went on tour for 18 months, and that was kind of a long time for us. So it was our first, real touring experience. The stuff we're playing on the guest is more poppy than what we're doing now, but we started playing it a little more aggressively. So the music that we wrote now, like Big Brat for example, it's a better representation of where we are now, that's where the raw, energetic aggressive sound comes from, from touring for so long. We were real tired and jet lagged all the time! It just feels natural for us to be doing it like that.

It's unusual for a 3rd album to be self-titled. Is there any reason for not naming it?
There is actually a secret name... that not many people know about. And it's called 'We Win Again.' It's kind of a big joke, that I'm not at liberty to talk about... it's an inside joke.

Phantom Planets style seems quite underground. What's it like working with such a major label?

The music that we're playing just feels naturally what we should be playing. The whole major label thing has never been an issue for us.

You've toured with a wide range and eclectic group of artists to date- from Elvis Costello to BRMC to Ben Lee to Rilo Kiley. What has been your favourite band or performer you've played with and why?

Well my favourite band we actually played with was Superdrag. But they've disbanded; they're not a band anymore. But a really fun tour that we had was opening up for Incubus for 6 weeks. And we ended up playing Madison Square Garden in New York! And that was literally a dream come true. It was probably the most surreal experience of my entire life. It was incredible!

If you could pick any artist to work/ play/ tour with, dead or alive, who would you choose and why?

The most obvious answer would be the Beatles. But I'm not going to go on about that...! I think for me personally and it may sound like a clichéd answer, again, but Radiohead. I love watching them live. We do get to play with them- one show, at Coachella. We get to play also with the Pixies, who also had a huge influence on



us. The Pixies are back! So cool! We're very excited to see them. But if we toured with Radiohead it would be more the kind of thing where I'd be excited to play with them but I'd be more excited to watch them.

You've been in a band for quite a while, and have been touring for a long time. Do you have any anecdotes or stories from the road?

Oh man... I have a lot! I don't know where to begin. I can tell you one story that's really embarrassing for me, but it's a good story.

We were in Indianapolis. We were playing a quick show. And before the show, Alex needed to pee, but there was nowhere for him to go to the bathroom, and there was no time. So he ended up peeing in the tray where they keep the drinks, he peed in the ice. And we all decided we'd made a mental note of that, not to take any drinks out of it. Just let him do what he's got to do. So anyway, after the show we were really hot, and not thinking, and I go back, I dipped my hands in the water, in this pissy water! And I put it all over my face... and Alex looked at me- his eyes were just like wide! And he was like "I can't believe you just did that!" And I totally forgot he had done that, and was like "what are you talking about?" and he was like, that was the water I peed in! And I look at him, and I'm like "it's probably good for the skin..." and yeah I was pretty embarrassed.

So "The OC" just aired for the first time on Sunday... I heard!

If you could be a character on OC, which one would you be?

You know what, it's really funny you're interviewing me! And you ask me that. The reason I say that- you see what I'm wearing right now?! I'm wearing a gray hoodie and a leather jacket and that's what Ryan wears! And the funny this is, regardless of what I'm wearing people say we have a similar look to each other. So, I actually started wearing this purposefully cause people say I look like Ryan. So like fuck it, I'm gonna wear the hoodie, the leather jacket, so people can say I look like him. So I'm Ryan.

MELISSA DE-WITTE

Hi! Welcome to the last issue of B:Music of this year. Next year should see the ever wonderful section ascend to even greater heights, oh yes, we have plans, Me and Him. You can expect such delights as more listings, articles about what the young London based music lover can get up to in his / her spare time, as well as all the usual interviews and reviews you've come to love. If you fancy becoming a star journo, or even just fancy meeting your favourite musicians gratis, start right here by writing for B:Music.

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B:MUSIC END OF YEAR AWARDS

Everyone loves end of year award shows. The very thought conjures glorious images of Jonathan Ross and Angus Deyton. More specifically, thoughts of how to kill them. Anyway, the really sad thing is that they only ever happen at the end of the year. Here at the Beaver we show contempt towards convention, laugh in the face of criticism and introduce B:Music's very own end of (Beaver) year awards.

Mashed-Up Face Award

Jason Stollmeister (pictured). ouch. Never mess with 'Gentleman' Jack White.

Amusingly named cover band

The Red Stripes - a reggae White Stripes cover band. Genius

Award for being a grizzled old delta bluesman when you're actually a young guy from London

Mr David Viner

Sexy hip swinging music award

Hot Hot Heat

Most annoying fashion style

The 'Karen O' look. Get a job...

Band most responsible for deforestation in the developed world award

British Sea Power - obsessive devotion to decorating the stage with foliage.

Most surprising rise to popularity

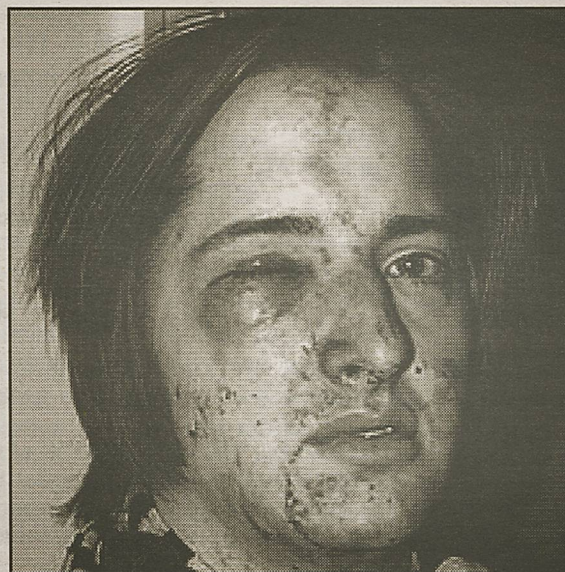
Snow Patrol - who saw that one coming?

Best London Club Night

Friday nights at the Metro

Matt - Some of the best nights I can't remember

Ben - Some of the best nights I've tried to forget



Reflections on a term in office

We asked outgoing General Secretary Elliot Simmons to define his time as a song...

Blur 'Out of Time'

"Songs define moments in time. Last year in the midst of election week hell this song was looped in my head. Although my blur LPs now lie in cardboard boxes waiting for the Britpop revival this song will always remind me of a year seeming played on Fast Forward."

Matt & Ben's Guide to the Summer

Okay, so Summer isn't quite upon us yet, but if you're in need of a little relief from the tension of revision, check out some of these:

All Tomorrows' Parties

Camber Sands Holiday Resort

Weekend 1: March 26 - 28

Weekend 2: April 2 - 4

A quite fantastic line up of bands this year with days curated by the likes of Mogwai, Shellac & Sonic Youth.

Glastonbury

In a field, Glastonbury

June 25 - 27

A perennial classic, consistently better than Reading/Leeds; this year featuring none other than Mr. Paul McCartney.

KaitO

These guys are always playing London. Their shambolic live shows will provide the perfect antidote to revision stress

Green Hornet

Okay, you'll have to go to Holland to see these guys, but who doesn't want to listen to some visceral old-school rock n roll while sampling the infamous Dutch 'culture'...?

British Sea Power

UK tour in April

Counjuring up images of childhood summers past, surely one of the great bands to see when you're feeling blue.

The Stills

UK tour in April

Check out these excellent US types on their low-key solo dates following the tour with the Shins.

Mr. David Viner

The soul of a grizzled delta bluesman in a young Londoner's body. If true musicianship is your bag, catch this amazing one man show at any number of London dates this summer.

South by Southwest

Austin, Texas; March 17 - 21

Okay, this one's a long shot, but if you're not arsed about the last couple of days of term, and can bag both a plane ticket and a pass for the festival, what better way to relax after school than seeing the hottest tips for this coming year?

Singles

Adam Green

Jessica

"Jessica Simpson, where has your love gone?" the Moldy Peach would like to know. While she may never hear the indictment of her "fraudulent smile," you certainly should. The single includes a deadpan cover of "Kokomo" with Ben Kweller, and a recording of a young Green recounting his trip to the Bronx Zoo.

BONNIE JOHNSON

Riverway Don't Start Me Off

Could this be the first harvest of the summer crop? Easy guitar chords, bouncy strumming rhythm and meaningless, indie lyrics..but you've heard it all before, probably in a field somewhere.

SIAN BEYNON

AMY WINEHOUSE IN MY BED

Surprise Brit nominee Amy Winehouse sounds like Lauryn Hill. Come to think of it, where is Lauryn Hill? Hmm. With plastic surgery on the rise (Nip/Tuck; Jade's imminent boob job), I wouldn't be shocked if Lauryn had gone under the knife, got herself a British passport and developed a penchant for mesmerising jazzy melodies, delicate lyrics and rolling beats. Brits, be proud.

JIMMY TAM

Hiding Place No Cure

What Hiding Place (sorry, hidingplace) need is a tune. More than one guitar riff. And a singer who isn't trying so hard to sound like Cave-In. Also - and you can write this down - refusing to put spaces in song titles is not big or clever. Go back to school.

JOË DE-KEYSER

Narcotic Thrust I Like It

Narcotic Thrust are DJs Stuart Crichton and Andy Morris, the guys behind that catchy house hit 'Safe From Harm'. They've done Kylie Minogue. Which inspired this new tune. Just kidding. The ambitiously titled 'I Like It' is a more radio-friendly, poppier sibling to its predecessor. If tunes could be siblings and this was mine, then I'd like it.

JIMMY TAM

The Concretes

Say Something New

This box contains: three new ones from the Swedish band, my favorite of which is "Forces." Precious vocals and pretty arrangements of guitar, horns and keyboard set to tambourines and triangles promise a solid sophomore record. And their version of "I Miss You" is so melancholy and spare, it gives me chills.

BONNIE JOHNSON

Art Brut Formed a Band

Ahhh Art Brut, you brutish arty rocker people. Although this song is inherently clever in idea I feel compelled to hate it. I don't hate it, but I do want to. Its easy to imagine how popular this song will be in Hoxton. Deliberately ironic, or deliberately moronic? It is difficult to decide. This is a song about forming a band. Mission one complete, mission two - to write a song.

BEN HOWARTH

Simply red home

I had no idea that Mick Hucknall was still out there doing damage to our community. Fear for your lives though children, because he is working beyond the dark forces of LSE football sevenths. This is quite the complete tripe that you would expect. It will make a handy present for my Dad mind.

LAWRENCE KAVANAGH

Magnet & Gemma Hayes Lay Lady Lay

Bob Dylan cover in a Groove Armada kind of chilled out electronic style. While probably a sacrilege of the gravest order, it's not all that bad. If only it were summer, and I was on a beach...

MATT BOYS

Thirteen Senses Thru the Glass

Current XFM favourite Thirteen Senses arrive in a hail of falsetto voices, guitar riffs and fun. Easily dismissed as boring, more accurately dismissed as Granddaddy-lite. Pretty good stuff anyway, albeit in an inoffensive way. A good track to listen to with your Grandparents.

BEN HOWARTH

B:film

edited by Simon Cliff and Dani Ismail



Dear all. It's taken me a year to get my picture in the paper and introduce myself a bit. Si unfortunately is moving house so a friend told me to take a picture of a can of coke to fill in for his pictorial absence but seeing as he has a slightly unhealthy fascination with Jack Nicholson as the Joker, please look to his column for that.

I'm sweetly known to my friends as "Dirty" Dani, or Wiggi, and either is good. Simon (doesn't really) like to go by "The Interestingly Vertical One" but he's not here so I can make stuff up. I'm for some reason unbeknownst to me a Geography-Economics student but aside from being a boring full-of-my-own-shit LSE student, I above all love movies, music and men. In no particular order. But enough of that. I want to thank all of you fascinatingly helpful people who contributed this year because you've all

been great and we obviously couldn't have done this without you! Also want to thank Mr. Cliff for letting me sit on his lap despite his girlfriend-baggage and being a brilliant co-editor. I've endured many a good (but especially bad) Beaver joke(s) over the past year and every one I have treasured. So for all you future contributors (and possibly even editors!) keep reading this paper, learn from it, bitch about it and forever think of ways to make dirty Beaver jokes. See you all next year!! Dani and Si xxxx

Released This Week...

Leo

HARRIETCUDEFORD hasn't been affected by LSE airs..

Director: Medhi Norowzian
Starring: Elisabeth Shue ,
Joseph Fiennes , Dennis Hopper
Certificate: 12A

Certificate: 12A
Running Time: 88 min
Release Date: 12 March
(Dani's 20th bday!!)

Leo is one of those irksome films that has the potential to be excellent yet manages to fall just short of the mark. It is clever. It is cleverly shot, with a clever plot line and clever casting; it even has one of those clever twists- yet ironically it is all this cleverness which ultimately lets the film down.

Two parallel stories run throughout the film. One strand is set in the 1960s and follows Mary Bloom (Shue) dealing with her shock and grief at the death of her husband and young daughter. She suffers from extreme guilt after giving birth to a baby, on the night of her family's death, which she believes was conceived out of wedlock. Consequently, her child, Leopold Bloom (who is not accidentally named after a character in James Joyce's *Ulysses*) suffers a neglectful upbringing. At the same time, set in the present day, we follow a newly released prisoner called Stephen (Fiennes) who is struggling to rebuild his life. He begins working in a diner with the kind Vic (Sam Shephard) and psychotic Horace (Hopper). Norowzian succeeds in building the basis of a dual narrative and the two stories begin to converge early on with clues slowly dropped in as to how the two tales are linked. However, some may find this slow paced convergence leads to the film becoming a bit predictable.



attempt to maintain the clever structure, the film has to try too hard to shuffle the plot around. This gives it a start-stop episodic feel and makes it incredibly hard for the audience to build up any sort of emotional attachment to the characters. Consequently, they appear weak and the audience is left with an empty feeling.

It is regrettable that the characters are not given a chance to develop as this detracts from the fabulous acting by a well chosen cast. Shue is suitably affected by the tragedies that befall her with out going overboard whilst Fiennes gives a majestic performance and manages to be contemplative without being boring. Shephard is marvellous and Hopper is delightfully repulsive in his signature role as the psychopath.

The film is beautiful to watch. Norowzian's background in advertising leads to some stunning shots and compositions slightly reminiscent of those in *American Beauty*. The way in which the juxtaposition between the two main characters is reflected in their different environments makes for striking visual contrasts. I came away from the film feeling a little sad. Not only because it is fairly depressing but because Leo so nearly makes it and I can not help but feel that perhaps if Norozian hadn't tried so hard, it would have done so.

★★★★☆

Those who value cleverness in films above all else will find Leo gratifying to watch as putting cleverness above all else is exactly what it does. Unfortunately, in an



the editor's cut

So much to do, and so little time...

With, alas, no B:Film for a whole 6 months, I cast a critical eye of the pick of this summer's offerings...

The British enjoy unpredictability. What with infuriatingly erratic public transport, the hit-and-miss performance of their capricious sporting ambassadors and a seasonal climate as volatile and impulsive as a jittery Johnny Lyndon in the jungle, they really don't have much choice on the matter. On that latter point, last Summer's weather really did kick the bucket as far as the ever-disgruntled Brits are concerned; still, they then complained it was too damn hot. A retreat to the air-conditioned indoors ensued, and cinemas across Blighty did a roaring trade, even with romping dross such as *The Hulk*, *The Italian Job* and *The Matrix Sequels* being the only option. Should the Gulf Stream decide to blister our brows and boil our blood again this year, you could do much worse than the following 5 releases during the vacation:

Van Helsing (May) - *Dracula*, *The Wolf Man* and *Frankenstein's Monster* walk into this bar, and *Wolverine* kicks the proverbial shit out of them. Doesn't make much of a joke, does it? Should be one hell of a good action-drenched caper though.

Troy (May) - I know *Gladiator* was four years ago, but that's how long it takes to script, develop, shoot and polish a Classics-based cash-in of the whole swords-and-sandals genre. Bloom, Pitt, Bana and other big names fight Greek-style in this 'epic' retelling of a story about a war of love and whacking great horse. Laughs guaranteed.

The Day After Tomorrow (May) - Jake Gyllenhaal's first major post-Darko project sees tornadoes, blizzards and tidal waves swamp North America in the first disaster blockbuster since 9-11. Make no mistake here: the weather-agitating special effects are the star of this show. So while I'm sceptical on pure principle and it could be *Godzilla* all over again, it could also be the next *Independence Day*. Here's hoping.

Spider-Man 2 (July) - Come on, the first one was superb! Yes, Maguire is about as hard as a wet lettuce, but Kirsten Dunst gushing in the rain and Willem Dafoe monkeying about on a demonic surfboard makes for a fun-packed combination at any time of year. This one sees Doctor Octopus get all eight mechanical hands on our hero, who's trying damn hard to get his mere two on Mary-Jane. Gripping indeed.

At Five In The Afternoon

MIKEFAUCONNIER-BANK's first instalment this week

Director: Samira Makhmalbaf
Starring: Agheleh Rezaie, Razi Mohebi
Running Time: 105 min
Certificate: U
Release Date: 16 April

Set in Afghanistan, *At Five in the Afternoon* is the first foreign film to have been made in Kabul since the fall of the Taliban. During a period where news coverage of Afghanistan has dropped to almost zero, this film serves to remind us that issues surrounding the country are very much still in existence. The young director, Samira Makhmalbaf, 23, has captured the situation with piercing clarity. Her portrayal of the effects of the regime's fall on the people of Afghanistan - in particular the women - gives us an alternative view to the often politically influenced versions of the mass media.



Her film centres around a small cast of characters, all of whom are played by local actors. Makhmalbaf claims that she found it hard to gain their trust, at first. The women, in particular, were afraid of "performing" as it was against their traditional culture. Only by living amongst them did she eventually manage to convince them, little by little, to step in front of the camera. Most had never acted before. This fact added to the authenticity and rawness of the film.

A fanatical old man represents the traditional culture of Afghanistan. He views the world in black and white, based on rules that have been laid out by others before him. His daughter, the star of the film, represents the new generation. Although she respects her father, the daughter has no such respect for traditional culture, choosing to oppose it, instead. She attends school - which women were prevented from doing by the Taliban - and dreams of becoming Prime Minister.

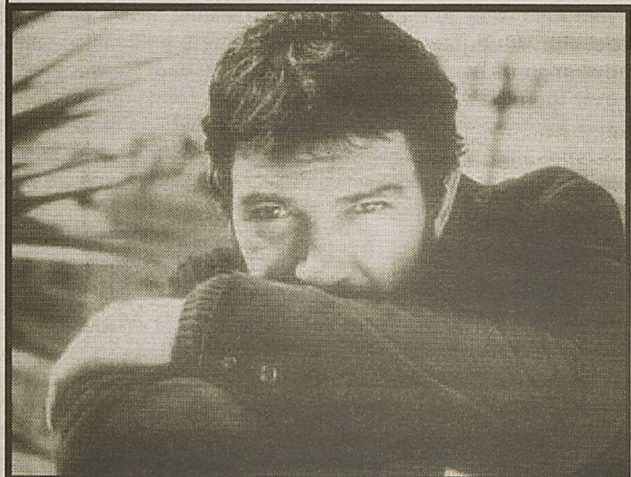
The film is full of dreams and aspirations, yet the audience is never allowed to forget the harsh realities of life. Rather than a traditional "happy Hollywood" ending, Makhmalbaf chose to end the film on a low note. This serves to bring home the very real plight of the people of Afghanistan, reminding the audience that a sudden lack of media coverage does not necessarily equate to a sudden lack of problems. I felt immersed in the story and, leaving the theatre, I had an understanding of contemporary and traditional life in Afghanistan. It was a good story - and a well filmed one at that - but I won't be rushing out to see it again. A one-off, but one worth the watch!

★★★★☆

B:Film Preview...Released Very Soon...

Imagining Argentina

RUKSANAZAMAN checks out Antonio and men in general as usual



Antonio Banderas sporting a whole lot of facial hair and Emma Thompson with a Spanish accent - this film sounded intriguing. As the opening credits rolled in black and white, a grave sounding voice spoke of despair and grimness. I can't remember what exactly because I was busy thinking how depressing it was whilst trying to find my drink holder. I knew this film wouldn't make me as

comfortable as my seat would but that's because this was to be no light-hearted feel good film!

The film is set in Argentina (if you hadn't guessed please pay more attention to titles in future) from 1976 to 1983 when the country was under the rule of someone I can't remember so let's just say a corrupt government who kidnaps and tortures citizens who criticise the way the country is being run. This actually happened during this period as 30,000 Argentinean citizens disappeared without

Director: Christopher Hampton

Starring: Antonio Banderas, Emma Thompson, Horacio Flash

Running Time: 110 Minutes

Certificate: 18

Release Date: 23 April

explanation, and this is a fictionalization of their disappearance.

It revolves around a political writer (Emma Thomson) disappearing, and her playwright husband (Antonio Banderas) discovering that he has a psychic gift that tells the story of other missing children and adults. With his visions he gives hope and closure to the families of those left behind. His images are highly graphic and contain brutal violence made worse by the fact that the victims are often women and children. As he struggles to make sense of his dreams and visions, he still does not give up hope of finding his wife even though all around him the people in his life that matter the most are disappearing too.

This film is highly depressing and there is a real sense of despair, futility and injustice. It's not all dark as you do get glimpses of happier times with funny and touching memories. It's not a predictable film as you don't exactly know where his visions will take him or if he ever will get to his wife. The script is not bad with lines bound to make politics teachers happy such as, 'Politics is like dogshit, don't step in it'. Profound. Emma Thompson displays great acting skills with her tough cookie act although I'm not too sure about her accent, and Antonio Banderas' performance is equally faultless as the sensitive lost soul. Both cinematography and music were hauntingly beautiful. Overall this is a good film and if you want something serious and depressing this is a must see. If however, your boyfriend has just dumped you and ruined your Valentines Day then this is not the one for you. Go to Haagen-Dazs, eat some yummy stuff overloaded with calories and flirt with Billy the waiter - guaranteed to make you feel better!

★★★★★

Exclusive B:Film Preview...

Song For A Raggy Boy

MIKEFAUCONNIER-BANK lyricises about Ireland and mean teachers

Set in a boy's Irish Reformatory School in 1939, *Song for a Raggy Boy* is a powerful tale of hope, courage and struggle against adversity. The film centres around Mr. Franklin, the school's only lay-teacher who took the job after losing his wife and best friend whilst fighting in the Spanish civil war. He arrives at the school laden with emotional baggage, but immediately sets to work putting into practice the principles he had fought for in Madrid. Rather than following the teaching methods of the Brothers, who resort to physical and verbal abuse when disciplining their pupils, Franklin begins to build trust amongst the delinquents. He teaches them to read and write, to appreciate poetry and to take control of their destinies. Franklin ends up openly challenging the actions of Brother John, the cruelest and most violent teacher.



The film opens gorily, with the graphic execution of a soldier in Spain. At first I thought that I had wandered into the wrong theatre after-all, this story was supposed to be about Irish schoolboys. In fact, as well as outlining Franklin's past, the explicit violence set the precedent for the remainder of the film. Recent media revelations relating to child abuse within the church makes the film's forthcoming release particularly timely. Incidents of extreme violence, forced sodomy and murder abound in *Raggy Boy*. One notably brutal scene, showing a Brother savagely flogging two young boys, was so realistic that it was received with audible

gasps from the cinema full of film critics (and a lowly Beaver reporter). Despite the disturbing depiction of abuse, the film does contain moments of subtle humour. These served to lighten the mood of an otherwise gloomy story. Equally heartening were the performances of the child actors. Barring a couple of below-par deliveries, their acting was convincing and enveloped the audience into their world. This was a refreshing change from the bland and unemotional performances that are so typical of young actors. Interestingly, the most impressive characterisations came from the children who had had no previous acting experience, indicative, perhaps, of a need to look beyond drama schools in order to find children with the necessary life experiences to be able to portray diverse characters.

My main gripe is with the film's happy ending that appears to have been lifted straight from the script for *Dead Poets*

Society, a film that it is similar to in many other respects. If the purpose of this film is to shock the audience into recognising the atrocities that took place in Reform Schools, a fairytale conclusion can only detract from that. *Song for a Raggy Boy* is, shockingly, based on a true story and I find it hard to believe that the real ending was as romantic as we are led to believe.

Overall, a powerful portrayal of a touching story, blessed with a cast of exceptional child actors.

Movie Matters with Dani Ismail

I've already said my bit above so here's a list of the UK Box Office as it stands week of 09-03-04.

- 1) Along Came Polly
- 2) 21 Grams
- 3) School of Rock
- 4) The Haunted Mansion
- 5) Torque
- 6) Looney Tunes: Back In Action
- 7) Cheaper By The Dozen
- 8) Something's Gotta Give
- 9) Lost In Translation
- 10) Lord Of The Rings: The Return Of The King

I'm now going to give you a bunch of random top 5's.

Top 5 Movie Soundtracks

- 1) Empire Records
- 2) Grease
- 3) A Life less Ordinary
- 4) Good Will Hunting
- 5) Pulp Fiction

Top 5 Bad Movies

- 1) Titanic
- 2) Godfather 3
- 3) The Scary Movie franchise
- 4) Jingle All The Way
- 5) xXx

Top 5 Crap Movies You Can't Help But Love

- 1) Mannequin
- 2) The Goonies

- 3) Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure
- 4) Dude, Where's My Car
- 5) Desperately Seeking Susan

Top 5 'alone on Valentine's Day movies': blokes

- 1) Wild Things
- 2) Show Girls
- 3) Mulholland Drive
- 4) Cruel Intentions
- 5) Basic Instinct

Top 5 'alone on Valentine's Day movies': girls

- 1) Thelma And Louisa
- 2) Supergirl
- 3) Natural Born Killers
- 4) My Girl
- 5) Beaches

B:Film Preview...Also Released Very Soon...

The Big Bounce

Director: George Armitage
Starring: Owen Wilson, Morgan Freeman, Charlie Sheen
Running Time: 88 Minutes
Certificate: 12-A
Release Date: 30 April

JIMBOALLEN thinly hides a Sarah Foster proposal in the guise of a film review



Before watching, it was imaginatively suggested by some that *The Big Bounce* would turn out to be a porn flick with lots of large ladies jiggling around together. But in fact it was not, and we were all wrong.

It was however, more of a *mainstream* comedy caper. Starring Owen Wilson and Morgan Freeman, the film was set in Hawaii. Wilson is cast as the tempted but likeable drifter Jack Ryan, 'always operating just outside the law'. Where upon looking for better fortune in Hawaii, Jack is tempted by more than just dosh, and stumbles into one of those 'complex Hawaiian scams' - what ever those are. It had a good bunch of other stars, including Vinnie Jones, Charlie Sheen and a 13-out-of-10 Sarah Foster.

A 'complex' scam was neither complex nor particularly clear to those watching. You can tell it was crap by the film being a totally inconsequential cocktail of events, which then is oh-so-cleverly explained in the ending, using a fat dollop of narrative.

'Ah yes, suddenly the whole thing makes perfect sense - my hat, how crafty they all are'. What absolute tripe. The characters are definitely engaging ('cos nothing else is) as well as consistently amazing shots of Hawaii - more like a product

of the Hawaiian tourist board.

It's also given a title of PG13 - 'Parents strongly cautioned' - huh? *What* about the rest of us? More like 'Everyone Caution - may rot brain'. Walking back down Theobald's Road, I was still mulling over what the point of it actually was - maybe I did miss something? Hawaii, as I now know is a pretty chilled-out place, and I can only conclude the story writer spent too much time in a hammock. As the lacklustre plot lulled me into such a peaceful lecture-like state of sedatedness, I actually made my self sit down and hash out a review now. Done chiefly to avoid having all memory of the thing blotted out by one swimsuit-clad Foster skipping along Oahu beach.

To sound witty, I would have liked to rhyme 'Bounce' with something derogatory, but nothing goes. So in conclusion, this film was more like 'The Big Disappointment' - just plain air-headed-silliness.

(The five stars I'm allowing it go solely to Sarah Foster; these go out to you gorgeous...)

★★★★★



Yet another B:Film Preview to feast ye eyes on...

Bus 174

Director: Felipe Lacerda, José Padilha
Starring: Yvonne Bezerra de Mello, Sandro do Nascimento
Running Time: 150 minutes
Certificate: 15
Release Date: 30 April

And MIKEFAUCONNIER-BANK earns the respect of being in the collective in one issue!

June 12th 2000. A bus is hijacked by a lone gunman in Rio de Janeiro. The events are broadcast live on Brazilian television for 4½ hours, attracting a record number of viewers. *Bus 174* is no glamorised Hollywood movie, however. The gunman, the hostages, the bus - all these were real. The film presents an award winning investigation into this crisis. Using original news footage, this cinematic documentary covers the police's failed attempts to handle the situation. The film is more than a storytelling piece, though. It also delves into the amazing life story of the hijacker; a story that, sadly, appears to be far from unique.

Bus 174 puts this story into its proper context. Over 18 months of research culminated in interviews being granted with the perpetrator's family, the hostages he took, police gunmen who were present at the scene and, most shockingly, some of his old friends from the streets. As a result of these interviews, a picture begins to appear, depicting an epidemic of street-children - some as young as 6 years old - abandoned by the state, shunned by citizens and forced to rely on their wits and on crime, simply to survive. Yet, the film does not judge. The facts are presented in a wholly unbiased manner, leaving the audience free to draw its own conclusions. This must have been hard, given the delicate conditions under which *Bus 174* was filmed.

The nature of the documentary meant that the filmmakers had to mix with some of Rio's most ruthless street criminals. During one such interview - with a

thug who talked of slitting the throats of policemen, drug dealing and setting robbery victims alight - the director found out that one of his colleagues had, without consulting anyone, presented the man with the home addresses of all those involved with the film, which he had demanded in case anything happened to him as a result of the interview.

In addition, a number of threatening phone calls were received by the team whilst the film was in the production stage. As the film contained interviews held with Rio policemen - who had been formally forbidden by the Rio de Janeiro governor from discussing the issue - the production team took these threats seriously. Security measures were put in place to protect the editing room and phone lines were checked for tapping devices.

I am not usually a fan of documentaries that are released onto the big screen, but *Bus 174* stands apart from the rest. In fact, thinking about it, I really enjoyed this film. Its running time of 2½ hours might lead some to say that it could have been cut down, but the little gems more than make up for this minor point. The soundtrack adds an unconscious atmospheric level to each scene. The spectacular opening aerial shots of Rio provide a stark contrast to the dark reality of life on the streets that the film presents.

OK, it wasn't perfect. The yellow subtitles tended to get lost in the light background footage and the film did drag in parts. Yet I would watch it again. And

Good 'first-date' subtitled French movie..

Love Me If You Dare

Director: Yann Samuell
Starring: Guillaume Canet, Marion Cotillard
Running Time: 93 Minutes
Certificate: Don't know
Release Date: 30 April

Wejdan aka DANIISMAIL signing out

I had a lot of trouble dragging someone along to watch this with me, but they eventually regretted all the whining and bitching about not wanting to watch a French flick - that's how good it was. You know how boys don't like to read in movies, therefore as a general rule don't like foreign films? The girl I took along with me is pretty much like that. She ended up crying. *That's* how good it was.



Aside from that.. Two little kids, a girl with buck teeth who turned out gorgeous (French women and their pouts! So terribly jealous I am) and a messy boy who turned out even more gorgeous, met while catching their bus to school. She was the quintessential damsel in distress - being called a dirty polack by mean school children, and he heroically won her attention and love by shifting the (driverless) bus's gear into first and watching it roll down the

hill as the fat driver chased after it, raising a French angry fist at them simultaneously. All very lovely and whatnot. They grow up constantly daring each other mad (pissing in front of your principal), dangerous (being tied to train tracks) and oftener than not pretty embarrassing (wearing your underwear on the outside to your maths exam) dares, with the one holding some sort of magic box doing the daring and then switching it over.

It sounds inane but it's actually quite emotive viewing, and the obvious underlying sexual tension makes for some interesting moments fuelled by jealousy and lust. Haven't really got much space but it's definitely a movie of which I haven't seen the like of in a long time, if ever. And with the tepid trite we are subjected to these days, it's refreshing to see some originality in cinema.

★★★★★

B:theatre

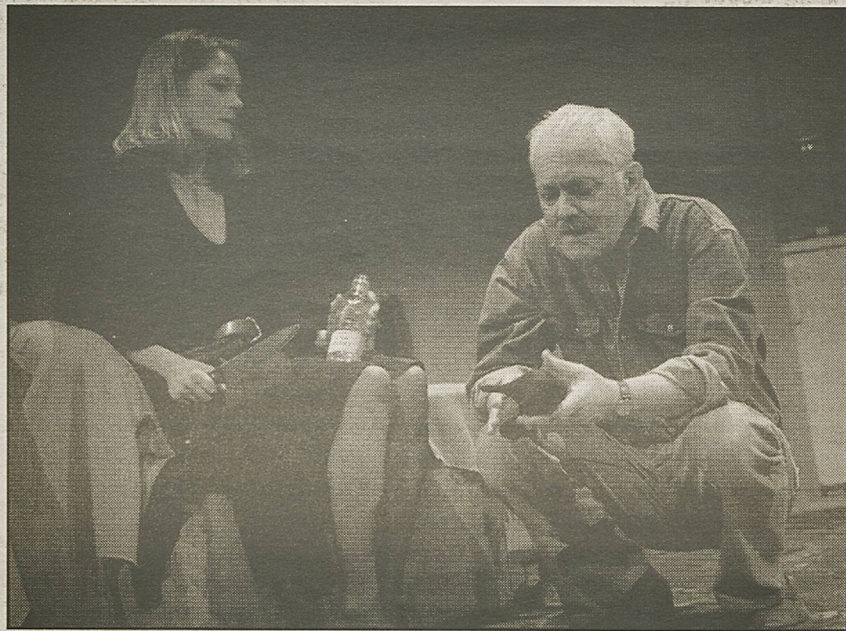
edited by Carolina Bunting and Keith Postler

STEPDADDY DEAREST

When the Night Begins

Playwright: Hanif Kureishi
Venue: Hampstead Theatre
Running Time: 1' 30"; no interval
Rating: 3.5 out of 5 stars

Play: Psychological Thriller
Ends: May 03, 2004
Curtain: Mon- Sat 19:45 Sat 15:00
Cost: Mon £12.50, Tue- Fri £ 16, Sat £19.50, Concs. £9



Hanif Kureishi's new psychological thriller will hardly have anyone gripping onto their seats in suspense. *When the Night Begins* is the story of a rich young widow who decides to visit her stepfather, the tormenting ghost of her past, to set things straight. The formula is not a new one and the play not the most enticing. However, *When the Night Begins* is not about getting white knuckles. What disturbs the audience member lies in the implications on the nature of human relationships and the role of the father figure.

When the Night Begins has everything to be a high flying crowd pleaser. Hanif Kureishi has an enviable record of award winning novels and screen adaptations such as *The Buddha of Suburbia*, *My Son the Fanatic* and *Intimacy*; his films *My Beautiful Laundrette*, *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* and *The Mother* which won the Cannes Film Festival's European Cinema Award. Kureishi is a thoughtful writer who focuses on the marginalised members of society and slowly picks them apart revealing all the dark contradictions that make-up the seemingly most ordinary individuals. In spite of his deep insights into the human condition, the play is predictable and incredibly slow paced; perhaps both Kureishi and director Anthony Clark are at fault for this.

The casting is impeccable. The stunning Catherine McCormack gives a neurotic rendition as the haunted Jane. You will probably recognise her as Mel Gibson's beautiful wife in *Brave Heart*, or from *Shadow of a Vampire* and *Spy Game*. She easily comes across as a disturbed over-anxious woman in *When the Night Begins*, but has great difficulty in moving beyond that point. It is impossible not to sympathise with this poor girl in the face of the monster she decides to confront; McCormack's ability to reveal her character's vulnerability is remarkable. However, she fails to work with the varying pace of the play; instead she remains high-strung and tense

throughout the first hour, in spite of the perceptible changes in tone. McCormack's inability to fine tune the degrees of tension tires the audience and reduces the effectiveness of her otherwise impressive technique.

Michael Pennington plays Jane's aged stepfather and does a fantastic job at that. This accomplished British actor has played a variety of leading roles in the West End, for the RSC and the National Theatre. He carefully reveals all the subtleties of the role. At first Pennington's character, Cecil, seems a sweet old man, undeserving of Jane's uncontrollable resentment. Slowly as the two pick away at the past, revealing the awful truth that keeps Jane awake in her troubled Venetian nights, that dear old man turns into a revolting but sympathetic monster; for which reason you will undoubtedly guess within the first ten minutes of the play.

However, the source of Jane's hatred (as taboo a subject as it may be) is not the main theme of *When the Night Begins*. Instead, Kureishi wisely focuses on the moral ambiguity of Jane's warped relationship with her stepfather. This play will please all of you with an interest in the dark side of filial affairs.

CAROLINA BUNTING

GET STONED?

Stones in his Pockets

Playwright: Marie Jones
Venue: New Ambassadors Theatre
Running Time: 2' 10"; 20" interval
Sat
Rating: 4 out of 5 stars

Play: Comedy
Ends: May 15, 2004
Curtain: 19:30, M-

'Stones in his Pockets' reminds us how simple, intelligent productions are just as enjoyable as the brassy West End shows. Written by an Irish authoress in 2000, it has received glowing reviews and won both the Olivier and Evening Standard Award for best comedy.

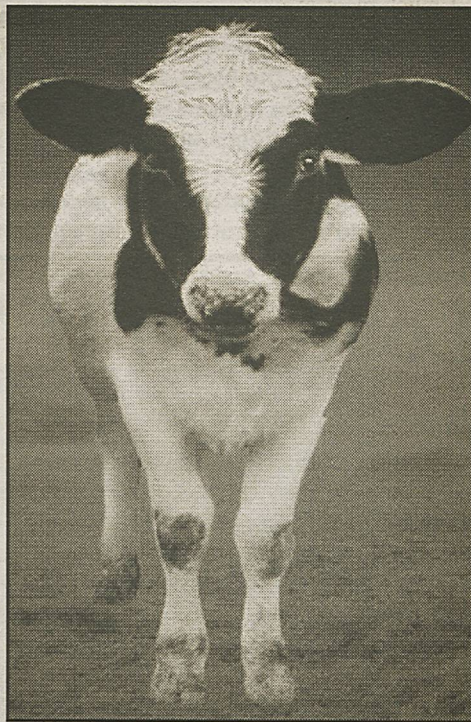
The story is simple: Hollywood descends on County Kerry in rural Southern Ireland to film the latest Irish epic and brings with it all the typical stereotypes. The film clearly satirises *Far and Away* - aristocratic girl falls in love with handsome Irish farmer, and the films cast and crew are just as predictable. Introduce an archaic British director, and a Jenny-from-the-block type American diva to the small town locals, and hey presto, there's your comedy. J.Lo 'goes ethnic' with the natives, the director cannot be bothered with such minor details as historical accuracy and an inebriated Irish pensioner wanders around set causing havoc and blurting out random profound statements. I spent the first half at least, in hysterical fits and starts and loved the fact that Jones was getting her own back on Hollywood after the Irish have spent years of being caricatured in the movies.

With a cast of just two actors taking on 15 parts, the play is any acting virtuoso's dream. Brian Doherty and Rupert Degas do not disappoint, switching effortlessly between characters, and playing each so utterly convincingly that you get the impression the stage is full of people. The neat choreography assists in the character changes, allowing costume and set alterations to be kept to a bare minimum,

indeed the play could just as effectively be shown in the backroom of a pub as on a West End stage.

In the 2nd act the mood subdues somewhat as one sees the more sinister side of the cinema industry affecting small town life. There is a tragedy that brings home reality for the two main characters, and their inability to move out of their positions attaches a deeper relevance to the title of the play 'Stones in his Pockets'. The introduction of a serious level to the plot, and indeed its moral, is conveyed poignantly and is perhaps a welcome reprieve from the intense entertainment of the first half.

'Stones in his Pockets' is a simple play about simple people, mocking the pretensions of big budget productions both directly in its content and indirectly by its own minimalism. There is, however, an unintended irony in the fact that it has been such a runaway West End and Broadway success, as it now resembles the kind of blockbuster hit that Jones first set out to parody. I also read on the Internet that after going down a storm with the Americans, Hollywood is all set to make a 'Stones in his Pockets the Movie.' I wonder if Tom and Nicole will be at the castings.....



REBECCA MICHAEL

B:literature

edited by Dalia King

Taking a Razor to the Euro!

By Ruby Bhavra

Setting: Hairdresser's Salon

Narrator: (off-stage) Since January 1st 2002, over 330 million people have been using some funny looking money. Across the continent, they're squinting suspiciously at their new cash, as if they've touched some exotic new land. This funny money is called "euro": the single currency finally exists! Britain is yet deciding (always the late one) whether it should adopt the new currency or keep the pound.

(Enter hairdresser with customer)

Hairdresser: So what do you think about Britain joining the Euro?
(Waving razor legitimately around customer's head)

Customer: Well, I'm strongly in favour of Britain joining.

Hairdresser: What did you say? Give me reasons for your deadly views.

Customer: I support the euro because... Price transparency! Don't we all hate maths? Working out how much cheaper or more expensive a pair of socks is in France compared with Britain is extremely boring. I mean watching Lost in Translation would be much more enjoyable.

Hairdresser: Tell me about it! I mean... get on with your pro-euro reasons.

Customer: Well if Britain joins the euro, you and I'll be able to compare prices much more easily!

Hairdresser: Wow! (Sarcastically) What about our loss of individuality? The pound represents us Brits. With the euro, we one become one of them. (Frankenstein music in the background)

Customer: One of them?! The euro also benefits us in terms of costs, such as riding transaction costs. Surely this is beneficial? Euro Disney?

Hairdresser: I am little to old for Mickey Mouse. Anyway, the euro does cost. One size fits all? If we were all to join, we'd have the same interest rates as France and other Eurozone countries. Then when their inflation rise, so would ours.

Customers: True, that's a problem, but what about certainty! Fixed exchange rates will stimulate trade as certainty will lead to more trading. We can create more employment with a wider range of

goods and services.

Hairdresser: Yes, but the pound is just too loveable, popular and successful! Why should we change now?

Customer: Attraction! If we have the euro, we'll attract more people to the UK and to invest and sell products to us. There'll be more competition as well, leading us to produce better quality stuff! I mean look at Japan and all that technology. France and Germany have good stuff! Metro? Cheesel!

Hairdresser: Increased competition! This will lead to fewer jobs for us! This issue is more important than cheese! Joining the euro means Europeans can come and have a job over here. I could be out of job because of the euro!

Customer: But you could go over there?

Hairdresser: Yeah, but I don't speak any other European language.

Customer: Not even French?

Hairdresser: No.

Customer: German?

Hairdresser: No.

Customer: Italian?

Hairdresser: (Mumbles) A little.

Customer: Well what about the convenience? With the euro, it'll be easier to travel around Europe: no need for exchanged money or lots of currencies.

Hairdresser: Well...

Customer: Continue? It's got to be good for the union too. If we join, we'll be part of...Europe, funnily enough. That's not too different from now, is it?

Hairdresser: Well, I still believe that we shouldn't join.

Customer: Fair enough: you're entitled to your views. (Razor put away; mirror held in front of customer) Thanks: that's just how I wanted it. But it does look a bit wonky on the left side...I hope your views didn't extend down your arm.

Hairdresser: No, not at all. (Accepting payment from customer).

Narrator: The moral is never to talk about politics with your hairdresser. One thing for sure is that you will never get a decent haircut, even though you might get a decent debate.

Filters

by Bonnie Johnson

Celestial names
on celestial stones,
like the airplane
on the bus ride home,
crack the seeded clouds
spitting acid. Rain

filled the filter in my mouth
that broke off in my hands
the night I lit up
in your kitchen and danced;
I was a shuddering moth
(you were God).

And all that I wanted
was everything;
wanted you to want
to tear off my wings,
just to play your blank
pages

upon my warped strings
and to play at returning
to atonal things:

like the filter that sticks
at the front of my mouth;
little pieces break off,
and still nothing comes out
through these butterfly
nets
crossing islands of flesh.

I'm caught
in the shapeless days
where numbers
disappear like rain
to make clouds of cold
smoke
that obscure you,
sublimed so high
(I don't even hear you.).

But the wrong people came
when my smoke signal rose
through discordant notes,
like earth-covered stones
I shot through stained
glass
and dry gin tears
at the church and the
school.
I called home

from the island
of that chrysalis,
the prescribed
metamorphosis,
broken in
its filters:
angel dried out on a pin,
alongside countless others.

Little Island

by Laura Rose

The minutes climb on board
while the seconds push the
sixty out to sea
And every hour that escapes
from these shores steals
another fragment of you.
But this land will not give you
up,
This land that rages and
weeps in equal measure,
Against the rising and the set-
ting of the sun,
The waxing and the waning of
the moon,
The passing dates which once
bore significance.

She will not forget you.

These firm fields of crops,
sown over years half cast in
shadow, are only food for you,
Beyond the naked eye her
weaknesses suddenly run
clear,
Under one intoxicated dark-
ness,
She lies silently, one boat away
from collapse,
Every side eroded by the seven
lapping seas.
"Nothing left to see here
folks", not since our fragile
July,
Yet though Little Island is bar-
ren now,

She will not forget you.

Words Mean Nothing

by Aslan Saleh

Words mean nothing
nothing alone.
Elements of illusion
poison the truth.
Now bear this in mind
as you continue to read on.
I'll paint my feelings
on your lovely façade.
Here, where thoughts flourish
words are rare
and carefully used.
Because words mean nothing
nothing alone.
Lies deprive the truth
sanity bursts.
Screaming for help
you're falling deeper within.
Surrounded by images
described by words.
Words
which mean nothing
but nothing alone.

Something Wonderful

By Karen Lee

The little girl lived in a box.
All 6 walls surrounding her;
she never knew which way
was up.
It was dark in that little girls
box, and it was a lonely life
for her.
Empty and alone, she sat in
her corner to wait. For what
she did not know, but she
knew it had to be something
wonderful!

The little girl lived in a box,
and what a lonely life it was,
for no one ever came to visit.
Yet patiently she waited, for
something wonderful to come.
Things were not so bad for
that little girl, for once in a
while someone would lift the
lid to let a little light in.
What a rush of air that little
lift of a lid did give, enough to
keep her content till some-
thing wonderful came.

The little girl lived in a box,
and oh how hard life became.
As time went by, a year or
two, or maybe three?
It became difficult for that lit-
tle girl to be patient, waiting
for something wonderful.
Those brief breath's of air and
light, were no longer enough.
She wanted out!

The little girl lived in a box,
and what a discontented life
it was.
"let me out!" she wailed, and
banged her fists.
With nails and feet she
crawled,
up or down or side to side,
she did not know which way
was up.
And soon, with years of climb-
ing and still no end in sight,
water began to fill the box.
Higher and higher it began to
climb,
as the little girl struggled
harder to reach the top,
finally being revealed which
way was up.
Yet the walls were slippery,
and the lid to high.
The water climbed and
climbed,
and the girl began to drown.
Down and down she fell,
and no longer did she wait for
something wonderful to come.

The little girl lived in a box...
the little girl died in a box...
and something wonderful
never came...

DEAR DIARY,

Spent yesterday dodging pigeons in Trafalgar Square. They're still there, despite the fines and hawks and loudspeakers. This calls for a more radical approach, and after a day of brainstorming, here's what I have in mind:

On Sundays we could rent BB guns to the tourists on the balcony of the National Gallery, along with hunting berets and dark green wellies to complete the picture, and for ten shots a quid, they could target practice on the pigeon flocks below. Sure, that kind of carnage would in itself 'cause a nuisance and damage the square', but it would be a one-off sort of deal-we'd turn our eyes, cover our ears, and by the next morning, the only birds perching on the base of Nelson's Column would be girls' football teams on excursion from Birmingham.

The idea has merit, but this isn't about taking credit. Anyone willing to have a go at this project will not hear a peep out of me about patents and royalties. I'll be happy enough to be rid of the things. I'll even supervise, directing fire from atop one of the bronze lions, muttering 'hear, hear!' and 'good show!' as paying customers pick pigeons out of the sky.

These birds are messy, noisy and cocksure. But what really turns

my stomach is how nakedly they act out the ugliness of my id. I see how they puff and prance in attracting each other, how brutishly they battle over crumbs, and how frighteningly they conform, swooping down in a flock of hundreds to obscure the land and eat the sun. I read the suffocating soot of industry in their filthy feathers. I am also worried they will crap on my head.

It is true that we must be careful of defamation. Pigeons, like Mr. Blair's government, are not responsible for all of society's ills. But they sure do freeloader. Have you ever seen a pigeon do an honest day's work in its life? No, my friend. They loiter in parks like unemployed young men, and like unemployed young men they sometimes turn up belly-up beside the curb. And that's all right, that's the law of nature.

All the same, we mustn't let ourselves be intimidated by these vermin. Just the other day, a pimply boy nervously approached a bobby in the Square, asking "Is it true, sir, that the pigeons are venomous?" to which the officer recited Mayor Livingstone's official line, "Rats with wings, m'lud, just rats with wings." However, with the proceeds of the hunting scheme helping to pay for Crossrail, even Red Ken will soon have something to coo about.

Anonymous

Bridge Over Houghton Street
by Simon and Hidefunkel

Bridge over Houghton Street
When you're hungry, the
shop's small,
When chairs aren't in your
eyes, don't stay there at all.
Go to other side. When train-
ing was tough
And decent food can't be
found,
There's a bridge over
Houghton Street.
It won't let you down.
There's a bridge over
Houghton Street.
It won't let you down.

When they are down and out,
When they're on the street,
When raining falls so hard,
It will comfort you.
It won't fall apart.
When lifts are crowded
And people are all around,
There's a bridge over
Houghton Street.
It won't let you down.
There's a bridge over
Houghton Street.
It won't let you down.
Walk on economists,
Walk on by.

Your salads have come to
shine.

All your pizzas are on their
way.

See how they line.
If you need a stir fry,
Just queue right behind.
There's a bridge over
Houghton Street.

It will ease your mind.
There's a bridge over
Houghton Street. It will ease
your mind.

Thanks to everyone who
has ever submitted
reviews and original
pieces to the Beaver
Literature section over
the past couple of years.

I hope more people send
in their work or get
involved with B:art in
one way or another. Even
the most serious of
broadsheets have their
'arts' section and the
average LSE student
does not live on politics
alone - or at least,
shouldn't!

Next year Ion Martea
takes over and hopefully
he'll be inundated with
submissions, making it a
weekly chore to get
everything to fit - it's
what every editor dreams
of don't you know?

DANIEL'S BREAST

By Jason Tsai

At age sixteen, Daniel developed a breast. That is, this is what they called it - the doctor, the nurses, the technicians, the pamphlets he read, the websites he visited, even his own parents. "What did you just say, Beverly?" his dad questioned when Daniel and his mom got back from the pediatrician's office. "Daniel, you've got a breast?" His dad pored over the doctor's printout until he had enough, then took off his glasses and said to himself, as if he'd just bitten into an apple and tasted lemon, "What the fuck?"

Daniel disliked how his pediatrician started it all by calling it a breast. He also disliked how he still went to a pediatrician. He would much rather have heard from a regular doctor that he had an abnormal chest enlargement or something else that sounded scientific and confusing. But Dr. Heeb, with his thick mustache, barrel chest, and closet full of temporary tattoos and white lollipops ("It's the flavor the toddlers don't like!"), had insisted on calling the slight fleshiness surrounding Daniel's left nipple a breast, and against Daniel's wishes, the label stuck.

The scientific and confusing term for his ailment was *gynecomastia*, though apparently everyone had an affinity towards breast. Gynecomastia not only sounded better, Daniel thought, but it rolled off the tongue. Gy-ne-co-mas-ti-a. He thought it was one of those words that become pleasing to say, once you've learned the correct pronunciation. Bienvenidos. Mienkewicz. Gynecomastia. If only everyone could just appreciate the scientific term. Instead, they were drawn to the monosyllabic and, let's face it, incredibly emasculating word: *breast*.

Not that gynecomastia was really any better. "I'll tell you about the origins of the word," Dr. Heeb had cheerfully volunteered, as

he wheeled his stool over to a dry erase board and wiped away an orange stick-figure cat with his sleeve. Daniel imagined Dr. Heeb's delight stemmed from the fact that (1) Dr. Heeb rarely had patients who were old enough to understand anything, much less appreciate root words, and (2) evidently all Dr. Heeb had ever wanted to be was a scholar of dead languages. Daniel imagined Dr. Heeb as a young grammar school student, sitting front and center, gleefully repeating choice Latin phrases.

"Gyne- or Gyneco- is from the Greek meaning woman or queen," Dr. Heeb said, pointing to the orange word, "and the mast is from the similarly Greek *mastos*, or breast." There it was again. "Finally, the ending *-ia* in *gynecomastia* is a suffix for feminine nouns, such as *hysteria* or *suburbia* or *fuchsia*. See? *Gynecomastia* or, *woman-breasts*. Not that you have woman-breasts," he said, laughing. "Actually, it's a common enlargement of the breast in boys during mid-puberty," he stated, much more seriously. "A response to changing hormones and such. Don't worry. It should be gone in a matter of months. Now who wants a lollipop?"

"Well, there you go," Daniel's dad said back at home, throwing up his arms in disbelief, "He's got boobs." He said this as if it were the nail in a coffin that contained all the disappointments he had of Daniel: not making the football squad, taking up vegetarianism, landing the lead role in the school play, and now having breasts. Later that night Daniel locked himself in his room, took off his shirt, and stared at himself in the mirror. "What's in a name?" he mused to himself, memorizing his lines. He cupped his breast and squeezed it like the way his mom squeezed mangos in the supermarket. Then he thought of the way his dad had called it a boob, rather than a breast. "This isn't so big after all," he thought to himself, "And even if it did get any bigger, it would kinda be cool to play with, I guess."

how empty and devoid of meaning her life was.

She thought she had found happiness. After years of being alone, she thought she had finally found the one person in the world who could understand her, appreciate her for who she was. But she was a fool to believe that it'll work. She had always been such a fool.

Such a naive, gullible fool.

He was gone now, she was sure of it. He was gone forever and she was left with nothing. She had stupidly constructed her life around him and now that he was gone....

All she had left was the broken and shattered fragments of the fairytale she had created.

She couldn't go home. All that waited for her there was another sleepless night, crying into her pillow, trying to drown away the pain and the isolation. Of sitting by the telephone, hoping against hope that it'll ring and she'll hear his voice and everything will be fine...

No, better to just keep walking.

Better to feel numb than to feel any kind of pain.

Better to feel anonymous than alone.

So much better...

LET THE RAIN FALL

By Xylia Sim

She just needed to walk.

She moved forward quickly as the traffic light changed, her head huddled in her coat, her hands tucked into her jacket for warmth. She walked with purpose, an illusion created to hide just how lost she felt inside.

She needed to forget how to think.

She walked faster, lost in the crowd and the bright lights of the city, losing herself in its anonymity. Here, nobody really looked at you, nobody really cared. They were all too busy walking to their own destinations, with their own thoughts, with their own screwed up lives. Here, she felt safe.

The rain began to fall. She closed her eyes briefly, savouring the numbing coldness of the rain drops on her face, emptying her mind of everything except the patter of the rain.

She needed to feel numb.

She just kept walking, faster and faster, yet she moved without direction, simply turning at random. It didn't matter where she ended up. The only thing that mattered was that she kept moving. Because once she stopped, she'll realise just how alone she was,

B:about

edited by Sarah Warwick and Joanne Lancaster

Ooh La la: Clubbing Competition!

BOUTIQUE

Those lovely people at Turnmills are giving you a chance to win a pair of free tickets to the Birthday of the best club in the world! Boutique, which has been the favourite club of all those cool clubbers in Brighton for years and years is celebrating it's 8th Birthday at Turnmills on Saturday 24th April and you could be there. Just read all about the night and answer the question below to win a pair of tickets worth £30!

There are only a few clubs that can lay claim to have seriously changed the face of clubland. Brighton's Big Beat Boutique is one of them. Located down on the south-coast, The Boutique championed the original 'Big Beat' sound in the late 90's and in the process catapulted the careers of DJs like Fatboy Slim and Jon Carter to super stardom heights.

The Boutique is very much a night for the cool and the diverse, attracting lovers of music right across the dancefloor spectrum. In fact the music policy is more of a 'anything goes' type affair, with people jiggling away to everything from house, breaks and techno, to hip hop, funk and soul. Phat beats and basslines are definitely a must, as is The Boutique's 8TH BIRTHDAY. This special night also marks the first of many occasional parties to be held in London throughout the year. Last year's line-ups featured a diverse mix of Fatboy Slim, Justin Robertson, Jon Carter, FreQ Nasty, Arthur Baker, Timo Maas, Ladytron, Phil Kieran, Dan Ghancia, Southern Fried Records, Joey Beltram, Tom Middleton and FC Kahuna... and the Brighton boys (and girls) certainly aren't resting on their laurels as they showcase a glittering array of talent for the big birthday bash.

At the top of the stack and making their Turnmills debuts will be the AUDIO BULLY, who've taken clubland by storm since releasing their pioneering debut album 'Ego War' last year. West London bad boys aka Simon Franks and Tom Dinsdale, will be showcasing their unique sound, live and exclusively at The Boutique's Birthday, so expect all the usual elements of breakbeat, house, garage, hip-hop and live MC vocals as they perform this very special club set. Also laying down the eclectic sounds in the main room will be Boutique resident TOUCHE, plus LAIDBACK LUKE and RADIO SLAVE. Ex-Wiseguy, Touche is on fire at the moment with the recent release of 'The Paddle' on Southern Fried Records. It's a sonic avalanche of electro-house, which represents the sort of party sound he's become accustomed to get the crowd jumping to at The Boutique. Laidback Luke meanwhile, will be offering a smattering of Chicago House

laced with minimal techno, whilst Radio Slave (aka Serge Santiago and Matt Edwards) will undoubtedly spin one of their exclusive 2 hour sets featuring all the various remixes and re-edits - ie, X-Press, Fischerspoone, Justin Timberlake, Christina Aguilera, Britney Spears, Benny Benassi, Bob Sinclair and FC Kahuna - that have made them the UK's hottest producers right now!!

So that's the main room taken care of, leaving three red-hot DJ/Producers to look after proceedings in the backroom, kicking off with THE PSYCHONAUTS. You probably know Paul Mogg and Pablo Clements for their deck skills and previous association with Mo' Wax. They are producers of pulsing electronic funk, lush pastoral pop and cinematic disco funk, and as DJs warmed up for The Chemical Brothers no-less at Together, Turnmills on NYE. The influential CHICKEN LIPS are special guests No.2. Previously known as Bizarre Inc in the 90's, Chicken Lips are one of the most well respected acts in dance music and have worked their magic on tracks for the likes of Underworld, Stereo MC's and FC Kahuna. Look out for their 3rd artist album later on this year. Completing this very special Birthday line-up will be two German brothers, Ali and Basti Schwarz, better known as TIESFSCHWARZ. The name Tiefschwarz stands high alongside other legendary German acts such as Boris Dlugosch, Mousse T, Knee Deep, Ian Pooley and you can expect deep house galore from the boys from Stuttgart.



What is the 'Boutique's' home in Brighton?
Email your answers to s.l.warwick@lse.ac.uk to have a chance to win
2 tickets to this fantastic night. Good Luck!

Clubs, pubs, shops, galleries, restaurants: Been anywhere nice recently?
B:About is coming under new management! Email reviews, ideas and not-to-be-missed experiences for next year
to j.k.lancaster@lse.ac.uk
And remember the golden rule: It looks good on your CV...

B:media

edited by Eliot Pollak

As the observant amongst you may have noticed, B:Media has been absent from The Beaver's hallowed pages for the past fortnight. Scurrilous rumours have been flying as to the possible sacking of this newspaper's media correspondent, but I am pleased to report that B:Media is alive and well having had a refreshing two week holiday.

And whilst we're on the subject of holidays, thoughts immediately turn to La Manga, the holiday resort where nine Leicester City (or Molest-her City) players were arrested for a combination of offences against a trio of German women ranging from 'failing to aid a victim of crime' to the more serious 'sexual aggression'. Leicester City Football Club as a result have suffered enormously, both with regards to the reputation of the club, as well as financially through huge legal fees. On the plus side of course, unlike Manchester United, they're still in Europe. It is not the ins and outs (literally) of the case I wish to discuss, rather the hysterical reaction of the British printed press.

SOCCEERS SHAME screamed the Daily Mail headline, and this indeed was the general consensus amongst all newspapers both tabloid and broadsheet. After all, this season alone has seen the Leeds United player Jody Morris accused of rape, six Newcastle United

footballers alleged to have been involved in gang raping women, and now this infamous Leicester City trip. Fast forward seven days and the story had immediately changed. The very same newspapers reported that these 'victims' were of dubious repute, had lured the players into a honey trap and were another example of sleazy women trying to profit out of millionaire high profile footballers. By the time you read this piece, no doubt there will have been even more twists and turns to the saga. These latest revelations of course are of little consolation to Messrs Dickov, Sinclair and Gillespie whose reputations are now forever tarnished. Indeed, the last footballer accused of rape, the aforementioned Jody Morris, has subsequently been released by his club and is currently unemployed.

Of the three major sex cases brought against British footballers this year, there has not been one guilty verdict passed. A verdict in the courts that is. The guilty verdicts are passed in the newspapers virtually before the police have even been informed. Seemingly the old maxim of 'innocent until proven guilty' does not apply if you are a young and obscenely rich footballer. The press must leave the justice to the courtroom.

And on the subject of footballers, sex and the media, spare a thought for poor Stan Collymore, the former Liverpool and Aston Villa star and as of last week BBC Radio 5Live football pundit. Collymore has been sacked after accusations of dogging in car parks surfaced in the Sun newspaper. (If you're not familiar with this story, don't bother looking the word up in a dictionary; it won't help!!!) B:Media doesn't understand the problem. Surely Collymore has been having sex in a public place ever since he started dating Ulrika Johnson (think about it!!)

B:Media Recommends

Television - Shameless, Ch4, Tuesdays, 11:05pm. For those who didn't catch this excellent comedy drama the first time around, Channel Four are rerunning the whole series again. Which is nice of them.

Radio - Hawksbee and Jacobs, TalkSPORT Radio, Weekdays, 1-4pm. For all sports fans this is the only show on the radio worth listening to. Both presenters have a history of creating quality publications and television shows but this format suits them both perfectly. A great combination of relevant comment and humorous banter.

Newspaper - Howard Jacobson column, Independent on Saturday. For many the only reason to read the weakest of the Saturday broadsheets.

B:Media will be back in the new year, bigger and better than ever. As if you had any doubts!

B:mail

Subject: Celestino

It's true; LSE really does have talented students. For all of you who showed up Friday night at the Shaw library you know what I'm talking about. Trumpets, whistles, violins, cellos, guitars, drums and the lot... it would be easier to name an instrument they couldn't play. Keep your eyes open, these guys will be big (that is, if three of the band members decide not to fly half way across the world to go back home). Smile in the dark Anonymous

600th edition!!! Thrills, madness and hysterias... yes we've pulled through all of this (and a little more on the side). But believe me, there's a lot more in store for next year; so get ready to be wowed out of your boots. Till then enjoy the break and remember: exams aren't all they're cracked up to be so chilllllllllllll...

Spread the love

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

Netball Seconds Bitch-Slap Gimperial to Become Champions!

LSE Netball Seconds.....	44
Gimperial Medics.....	21
Lincoln's Inn Fields	

**Alison
'Champion'
Blease**



On Wednesday after the whole netball club had gathered for their photo (in the SNOW no less!!!) the rest of the club disappeared off to straighten hair, apply false tan/nails and generally preen themselves up for the ball while the seconds proceeded to play their arses off in Lincoln's Inn against a team who were somehow leading ULU league despite the fact that we had already beaten them this year in BUSA (and they are shit!). This was more than likely going to be our last match (RVC are still left to play but they have disappeared off the face of the earth) and that meant it would be the last match ever for the two Rachels, Louisa and Krystal. This made us even more determined than usual to whip the opposition to within an inch of their lives especially as the league title was up for grabs.

We began well and quickly took the lead turning it into four goals by the end of the first quarter. However this did not nearly reflect the sorry state of their netball skills and the com-

plete ass wuppin' that they were receiving. We stepped the game up a gear and doubled our lead by half time. Clearly the match was in the bag so we started to have a bit of fun - well especially Lou and Krystal who seem to shoot EVEN better (if it is at all possible) when they are pissing themselves laughing. The entire team was on top form with Laura really tightly marking their shooter who actually was an amazing shot - when she got the chance! - and Aine made some brilliant interceptions. In the centre court Captain Fiona finished the season with a flawless performance at centre and the two Rachels wiped the floor with their WD. Even Marie joined in the action with constant compliments and advice for us, and demoralizing and humiliating shouts and jeers at the gimps from the sideline.

There was nothing that the Gimps could do as the more they tried to get back into it, the more we laughed in their faces at their paltry and pathetic efforts and proceeded to take the piss and score even more. Even Olivia couldn't be arsed to pull up all their clumsy infringements of the rules towards the end cos quite frankly they could do FUCK ALL to stop us now and they knew it! Even their Goal Attack pulling faces like a slapped arse at every (correct) decision could not cajole the gimps into anything other than their natural shit form.

Despite the incompetence that is the ULU league organisers (who are still trying to maintain that the seconds have only played two matches), here is the real picture:



REACHED the semi-final of the ULU cup going further than anyone in our league.

THIRD in BUSA only losing two matches all season.

UNDEFEATED in ULU and as this match saw us kick the arse of our nearest rivals in the league, making us....

LEAGUE CHAMPIONS!

The seconds have whipped all the opposition this season and thoroughly deserve the awesome hangovers we are all currently experiencing in the aftermath of the ball last night. I have spent all year telling you all how utterly amazing and stupendous the seconds are and now I have the evidence to back it up. LEAGUE CHAMPIONS and a few pictures of us when we are all scrubbed up nicely. The photographic evidence is good cos it doesn't happen very often.

Oh...and one final word regarding the rumours - leather's great but rubber is really more my cup of tea.

Holloway Prison Dykes Molest LSE Babes

LSE Netball Firsts.....	18
Royal Holloway.....	26
Lincoln's Inn Fields	

**Olivia
'Pamela'
Schofield**



Walking towards the netball courts on another freezing Monday night, the mighty LSE 1st netball team prepared to do battle for the final time this season. Emotions were running high, for Siobhan, Maame, and Fabs it would be their last game for LSE.

We arrived at the courts nice and early and had a proper warm up before Holloway emerged. Everyone seemed to be on form and team spirit was as high as ever especially with Bushy's promise of cup cakes and pinot at her house afterwards! We got on court and the starting whistle blew. It was our centre pass, Jade dodged doing a fantastically complicated move which sadly confused Siobhan and the ball went into Holloway's hands. They passed the ball smoothly down to their goal when Maame leapt into the air to do one of her amazing interceptions which defies gravity and most people's physical capabilities, but simultaneously their rather large goal shooter leapt for the ball too, sending Maame smashing down to the ground. Our team froze; she didn't get up. Shit. It was our last game of the season and within 20 seconds of play our star goal keeper was down and unfortunately out. Since our squad has slowly thinned out over the year, we had no reserves. Just at the moment an unsuspecting Amy (the prettiest face on the new AU Exec) walked round the corner to support her Bushy flat mate. She was stripped of her clothes, given some form of kit and then before she knew what happened was trans-

formed into a first team netballer as goal attack, a tactical change allowing Jade to cover the defence. The transformation of Amy really worked, within minutes she was dodging, passing and shooting as brilliantly as the rest of the team.

We all played really well but unfortunately after the loss of Maame our hearts weren't really in it and we weren't as hungry for victory as we perhaps should have been. The shooting was surprisingly pretty good considering an overdose on caffeine before the match made the shooters have a little bit too much nervous energy! The final whistle blew and our last match was over. CAPTAIN PHOEBE shouted her "three cheers" for the last time and with a little sadness we left the pitch. Maame then got carted off to the hospital and obviously found herself with some of our St. George's friends who knew shit about shit. 50% of the doctors thought she'd broken her ankle, the other 50% thought she hadn't, and none of them could tell if she'd broken her actual leg. What the fuck is that about? I'm only a law student and have no idea about medicine but how hard can it be to see if it's broken? Anyway, Maame's injury could be seen as a blessing in disguise because it meant that CAPTAIN PHOEBE got to eat the extra cup cake! After a couple of glasses of pinot, a lot of gossiping, and catching up on this week's Sex & the City episode we thought it was time to go.

The season is officially over and it's been brilliant. We didn't conquer both the leagues like we should have done, but 3rd out of 9 in the BUSA premiership and 4th in ULU is still pretty damn good. Like with anything that comes to an end, the highlights always need to be recapped, so for those of you who haven't become familiar with us netball goddesses, here's one final chance to become acquainted....

CAPTAIN PHOEBE - the self acclaimed 'ginger ninja'. An expert in defence, well known for her gobby mouth and arguing with both her opposition and the umpire. But a great captain who always looks after the teams interests and takes no shit off anyone.

Maame - "Sportswoman of the Year" "Netballer of the Year" and basically just the most amazing netballer LSE is ever likely to be blessed with. Her evil twin 'maame-in-a-box' is also quite a good player too!

Fabs - A brilliant defender who is a vital part of the team. Fabs will be remembered for always being cold and her amazing hairdressing skills on Jade!

Siobhan - Effortlessly brilliant in whichever position she's put in. Always calm and collected on court which makes a nice change from the rest of the team!

Ash - also known as Ashie Washie and Bushy (not quite sure why, Phoebe discovered it so it's probably better not to ask). A sneaky little player with amazing spring who always fools her opposition into a false sense of security. Famous for her Essex girl white shoes and being the most 'bed-able' member of staff at Ted Baker.

Jade - moved from defender to star shooter, her brilliance translates into any position. As soon as her addiction to pinot is sorted out I'm sure she'll get much better at turning up on time. We'll never forget that afro Jadie....

ME - well what can I say, my *Beaver* writing skills should win me an award and if I get a choice in prizes I think I need a book on hairdressing. Although Fabs, Jade and Maame have been very patient in answering all my questions.

And we can't forget **Becca, Nicola** and **Cat** who were vital to the team while they played for us, but since they didn't like Phoebe they quit the team. Sorry Pheebies.

Playing on the first team has been brilliant this year and so it will be sad next year when only four of us remain to keep the team alive! To use a much too quoted quote, "it's been emotional..." Well done to us! WE ROCK! xxx

Meet The New Sports Co-Editor!



Louise 'Tasty' Hastie

After two harrowing elections against some mighty competition, Louise is finally co-editing *Beaver Sports*, continuing the presence of women's rugby on the editorial team. A short introduction would be useful since, like Ellie, she will be adopting the role of the woman behind the scenes, silent and un-attention grabbing, but the one who really keeps things going. She is more affectionately known as Tasty Hastie on the women's rugby team, probably due to her knack for getting picked up by the opposition linesmen at matches. Judging by her success at getting footballers into bed (two at a time I might add, as Barrel rumors have it), it must be true, though contrary to popular belief, communal shower action isn't kinky enough for an opinion to be given. She's displayed a remarkable knack for avoiding involvement in AU scandals, though there is plenty to be said for her reputation back home in Bristol! There is no one more deserving than this feisty strawberry blonde to continue Ellie's invaluable contributions to the *Beaver sports* pages, and with her envied position in the middle of the gossip circles, who knows if any secrets might just start to slip out right here. That wild head-shaking dance she does regularly at Walkabout isn't a sign of intoxication as you might think; this Lois Lane misses nothing, so stay tuned for more exciting, explosive reporting!

Stocker Brings Out the Goat to Goad RVC

LSE Football Fifts.....3

RVC.....2

Fortress Berrylands, Surrey

**Drew
'Pink Lady'
Soffler**



As we began assembling at Waterloo Station things weren't looking good for LSE 5th XI. Not only were we missing keeper DJ Dom through Dirt inflicted injury, the Beave due to course work, and Samadeus as a result of a rendezvous to visit his non-existent girlfriend (to be fair this wasn't a loss), but we also learned we'd be without the services of the Gazelle who was plagued by an explosive case of the Hershey squirts. Those in attendance were either extremely hung over from an evening of wrongness at Crush, tired from an evening of wild sex, or for one member of the fifts, a combination of both. Unlike Tony Blair dealing with mouthy gash Claire Short, however, the fifts know how to deal with controversy.

It didn't take long for us to come to an obvious conclusion regarding our tree-hugging, animal-loving hippie opposition; they were a bunch of fucking cunts. After elbowing Shandyman in the chest, their twat American right back let out a screech worse than the victims of Leicester City Football club. Then after 'losing out' on another refereeing decision, the

Yankee minge attempted to start a fight with guest player Taffy, with constant challenges of, 'Don't be a pussy, dude.' Though cooler fifth heads prevailed, the Doctor Doolittles of RVC were visibly rattled.

Nonetheless, we went into halftime trailing 1-0 after an attempted cross from the left flank unexpectedly lobbed into our net. It was clear from the halftime talk of Captain Commie and Gus' constant claims of, 'We're controlling the game lads, we're controlling the game,' that the contest was far from over. About fifteen minutes into the second half, however, an impartial onlooker would have thought differently as Taffy made his LSE goal-scoring debut into our own net. 2-0 to RVC.

Luckily for the home side, RVC were as good holding onto a multi-goal lead as Tottenham and the fifts were soon to find their way onto the scoreboard. After hard working efforts from our midfield of Not-Gay Ben, Minibus, and Shandyman, Moks was able to craft a goal that was pure football genius. After jockeying through their entire defense with Cristiano Ronaldo-like flair (minus turning the ball over to the other team after his seventieth consecutive step-over), Moks soundly slotted the ball into the bottom right corner, leaving their netminder helplessly watching on. As if one dazzler of a goal wasn't enough, Moks repeated the feat five minutes later with a vicious strike from thirty yards out. The fifts were back in action.

Though bravely clawing back from a two-goal deficit, the fifts were not satisfied. If the match concluded in a draw, RVC would leave Berrylands ULU League Champions. After a strong performance by Ponce, the Dirt and Irt striker combination was re-united and they

were soon to reap rewards from terrorizing the RVC defense. After Moks was savagely hacked down just outside of the eighteen-yard box, him and Dirt executed an absolutely brilliant free kick which concluded in Dirt rifling a bullet into the RVC net, placing him one goal shy of Yaz's goal tally from last year. The fifts went crazy in celebrations that included a bout of the goat celebration in order to taunt our animal sodomite opposition.

Whilst preciously guarding our one goal lead, one of their central midfielders busted down the center of the pitch. As he maneuvered close to the area, it looked as if a strong, pain-inflicting challenge could be administered. The Pink Lady did just this. Unfortunately, the challenge consisted of 100% RVC cunt and 0% ball. As he laid helplessly in a heap, blood began emerging on the pitch. While our initial conclusions were that one of their cunts had their period on the pitch, it became obvious that the source of blood was an RVC nose.

Bloody noses and loose teeth were all that RVC was to leave the Fortress Berrylands with on this faithful Saturday, however. Gus, Captain Commie and Taffy held off the remainder of the RVC onslaught, and Big Ben finished off his solid performance between the pipes. The final whistle blew and the fifts had savagely (but enjoyably) ruined the title winning dreams of the homos from Potters Barn. The locker room victory celebrations, unsurprisingly, consisted of a bottle of Pink Lady, with MOM Moks receiving the honor of uncorking the fine bottle of champagne-like perry in spite of not being able to drink any.

Paddy's Piece

So, it's the Sixth Hundredth edition of The Beaver. The very first edition of this fine newspaper, which came out in 1949 (two years after Caustic began his degree), had a Sports section entitled 'The AU Page'. A copy of the first ever issue is locked away in the Library archives, and is as dusty as Anne Widdecombe's hymen. But, having seen the copy, I'm proud to report that our forefathers at LSE were just as dedicated to the AU cause as we are today, as on the sports page of the very first issue is the headline "Rugby and Cider". Evidently the BeaverSports team back in 1949 were able to look to the future and predict that one day, a man called Matt 'FC' Trenhaile would play for LSE. Magic. Myself and Louise are very proud to be at the helm as BeaverSports rises over and above its Sixth Hundredth edition, and hope that in 2059 or thereabouts, when the 1200th edition of the Beaver comes out, LSE students will still be vomiting in the toilets at Limeabout, will still be bringing trophies back to Berrylands, and that the Barrel will be continuing to hospitalize three people every December.

The very plush Connaught Rooms were raided by LSE marauders last Wednesday, as the AU Colours Ball descended upon Great Queen Street. Pre-ball cocktails were enjoyed in the sumptuous surroundings of The Tuns. Craig Harris lead a charge for drinks to Sway, a move which he was later to regret as he vomited his dinner over the shagpile carpet in the Connaught Rooms. I can't remember much of the dinner, other than thinking some cunt had stolen my jacket, before I realised I had left it on the back of my chair. Crush classics echoed through the marble halls as Jimmy B entertained the masses. 'One More Time' ended the night, and a late surge for the free wine and free cloakroom lead the sumptuously dressed LSE crowd onto the street outside. Many made it on to Walkabout, where Silver Mike Carlton got in an altercation with the bouncers, leading him to utter his famous phrase "You Can't Afford Me". The truly dedicated made it to the Cock Tavern to see the sun rise on Thursday morning, and the truly insane managed to keep going to the UGM on Thursday afternoon. What summed the Ball up for me was seeing Pete Davies in the Tuns at 2pm on Thursday, still in his tuxedo, muttering "I do what I want", whilst attempting to wipe Craig's vomit off his shirt with his own saliva.

This is the final issue of the 2003/2004 academic year - you won't get to read more stories about spitroasts, vomiting and winning trophies until next October. It's been a good year for the Athletic Union, with the Firsts Football Team winning the ULU Cup and the Seconds winning their League, and the Champagne Sevenths are the Division 4 champions. Womens' Rugby went the entire season unbeaten in the League to emerge as champions and Netball Seconds won their league. The lesser-known sports like Golf did us all proud by winning ULU, and Karate came back from the National Championships with a haul of gold to make Christopher Columbus proud. We should be fucking proud of what the AU is - a cosmopolitan and welcoming society, at one of the best universities in the UK, who regularly school other lesser establishments in all manner of sports, and, most importantly, know how to have a fucking good time. Enjoy the Easter break and good luck in the cunting exams.

Paddy.

PS - I forgot, something called 'Calella' is happening in ten days.....

Badminton Say Hello

**Mun
'Strong Wrists'
Liu**



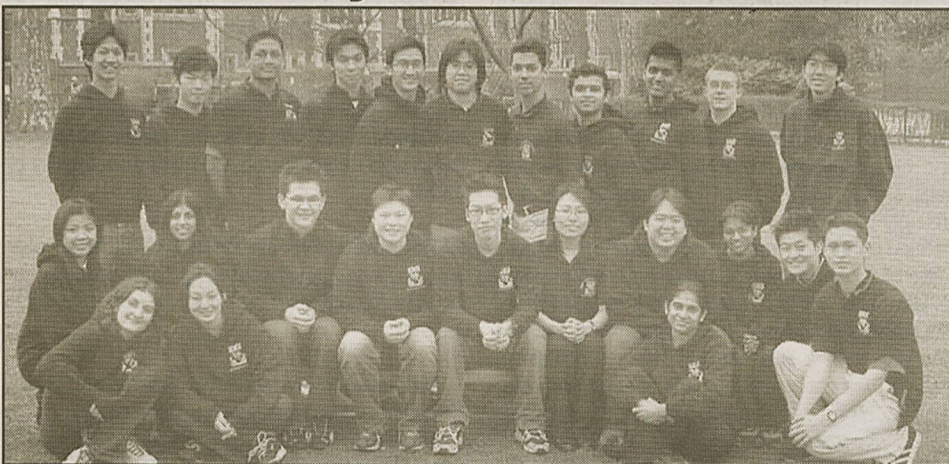
Hey all, Mun here writing from deep down in the basement of LSE - home of the renowned badminton team - giving you all who read *The Beaver* a chance to finally know who the bloody hell we are.

Our sporting year began as ever cramming 200+ members into the court to try out for the team - not a pretty sight! Of those that tried out, two players dwarfed the efforts of everyone else, our golden boy Daniel-son and "super-bouncy" Deni. Straight onto the team for them then.

As usual, the season went off on a rocky start - men's 2nds losing to rubbish like King's is unforgivable - thanks to half our players still being in the far east when the season started, but after that we smashed through the opposition like no one's business.

Men's first were up against Kent, Essex, City and GKT. GKT and their big-mouthed, cocky captain didn't stand a chance against us. On the return game they didn't even show up. Something about not being able to raise a side... Yeah, sure... City proved even worse - besides from one decent player, the rest could have been beaten by our ladies squad without raising a sweat! Kent and Essex proved to be the only decent challenge in the league, with Essex the only ones managing to beat us, but we had our revenge when they came to us. Dan reigned supreme through the entire season, unbeaten for all games, and our good captain Andreas providing the goods - and the bananas - without fail.

Ladies were strong. No shit. This had to be the strongest team we've had for years. Even Imperial



couldn't stand a chance against us. Reading were the only team able to stop us, but we got even with them as usual when they came to us. Surrey and Royal Holloway provided the rest of the canon fodder for our team - with the slight hiccup at the start of year causing us to lose out on winning the division. Mei's leadership was excellent, and Deni and Yuru proved to be the strongest pairing in London, and it is sad to see Deni go - why couldn't general courses last longer than a year?

Men's seconds had a bad start. Under-strength, lack of players, and trials still being held for the team when we were two games into the season. Our captain Chris could hardly believe his bad luck, but managed to pull a squad together to compete for us under these bad circumstances. Once our team was ready though, nothing could hold us back. Pairing Abi and Gerald kept up their reputation as the no.1 in the second team, rallying the rest of the team all the time with their "expert" advice - free drinks for the winners in the Tuns. By December, we already guaranteed ourselves a promotion to the 1st division, albeit the bad start, we could have won the league and entered the BUSA knock-outs as well, but as the modest people we are, we'll let the small fry take glory for once. Our favourite victory had to be against Royal

Holloway. They are shit, No other way to describe them. In my history at the LSE, there is no worse, unsportsman-like team ever. They cannot win, so resort to using the rules to stop anyone gaining points from them. After last year's mishap, we came prepared. Arriving half an hour before the game was due to start, we prepared ourselves to send the lambs to the slaughter... No mistakes this time.

Honours go out to our entire squad:

Men's First Team: Andreas (Captain), Zhaotan, T.J, Raymond, Daniel, Liam, Leon, Jeff Li, Kanshik.

Women's Team: Mei (Captain), Yuru, Deni, Christelle, Fang Ting, Viola, Ling, Dipali, Edith, Kelly, Cecely, Ruchica, Kanika, Shyamala.

Men's Second Team: Chris (Captain), Abi, Gerald, Jeff Wei, Gee, Mun, Jeet, CK, Kenny, Suraj, Kevin.

So next time you're in the Tuns, look out for that small table where all the rackets are. We're playing just as hard as Rugby and Football are, and we get the results just as they do.

LSE Rugby Starlets Remember the Sexiest Season Ever

Van and Tasty



BUSA Champions 2003-2004 has such a great ring to it, don't you think, it just sends shivers down your spine and creates that warm fuzzy feeling inside. It has been a fantastic season in so many ways and we just wanted to review those moments which made us laugh, smile and cheer because if we're brutally honest we kicked ass!

10. Beating Kent

Now Kent was a thorn in our side last season and this year we were determined to goddamned "slam'em", as Kelly Coyne would say. So for this game we brought out the big guns but as fate would have it the Kent "whore's are us" freak show did just that they freaked out and were as organised and successful as Caustic Steve in the AU elections!! As instructed by Hanimal we pissed all over their open wounds with an equally satisfying scoreline. Mmmmm

9. The Bulldozer of Royal Vets

Many of our games have been reminiscent of Fly-on-the-Wall University Fat Club but this poor love, named the bulldozer by Bang Bang, just got given the ball and told to waddle towards the athleticism of the LSE Baywatch Babes. It's hard to do her size justice but think Se7en, you know the obese guy who rather than eat all the pies had rotting food between the flab (eek) and you are kinda almost there...

8. Lizzie's Bitchslap

Now this hasn't been included because we dislike

the recipient of the aforementioned slap but it is pretty funny that our normally delicate and refined Miss Walsh, enraged at typically male behaviour (what else?), turned into her alterego Janine Butcher. Don't mess!

7. Beautifulness at the Ball

It is quite hard to remain so glamorous whilst playing rugby but we have picked up a few tips from Jonny and our own LSE Men's 1st team (whatever!) but the Ball revealed true team sex appeal. Laura looked wonderfully svelte in her red dress as did the ever demure Jane, Van perfected the champagne look, Jojo had an Athena-like air going on, Sexy Kate reiterated why she was so-named, Kelly looked pretty in pink...the list is too long to mention everyone but all pulled a winner out of the bag.

6. Redefining the tackle

Wham-bam-slam-with-a-bit-of-glam is the usual way we approach the game and despite petite-ness certain team legends have hit hard: Special K is the PMT monster, Johanna an absolutely terrifying but stunningly beautiful demon, Isabelle a tower of Scottish strength, Jen Bush takes no prisoners, Ellie uses her miniature proportions to inflict serious pain and Nellie dashes along the wing to smack huge man-beasts into touch. (Lizzie is currently teaching us the more elegant bitchslap.)

5. The Cheeky Try between the posts

It is difficult to explain but do you remember Chucklevision as a kid, you know 'to me, to you'? Well our little strike force had notched a great many number of tries individually and thus when they got the ball across the touchline, they preceded like total arses to argue over who should score the try.

4. Canterbury Clodhoppers

Now this game was the epitome of slam-dunking sexy tries. We were as hot as Britney's crotch-skimming panties scoring 8 tries with Gibson the 'hole' scoring two and Isabelle and Arkell getting their first LSE 'eat my dust bitch' tries.

3. If you Wannabe My Lover

RAG Week Stars in Your Eyes: the singing was shit, the dance was similar to Steps and Aisha described us as funny when she really meant that we looked like total tits. Scary Hannah's hair defied gravity, Ginger Hester kept grabbing her rather ample bosom, Sporty Isabelle campaigned for 'dyke power' by drunkenly somersaulting into Ginger, Baby Louise wore sickly pink and high bunches (need any more be said) and Posh Ellie forgot to wear any knickers! We are currently looking for a record deal, so any offers for a Cheeky Girls tribute band?

2. Winning the League

Now this one is quite self-explanatory! The victory was even sweeter because we beat the Strand Poly and their huge-arsed self-named Tank to take the title. How better to celebrate than spraying cheap sparkling wine over the team and enjoying the good stuff later on...BUSA Champions for a fledgling team is fecking 'who wants it' marvellous.

1. The Barrel

The Cavewomen fun at the Barrel is without parallel for team excitement. We made animal print and bones look sexy, flirted with Nemo's and Guantanamo Bay prisoners alike, got hideously drunk on stale beer, rightfully fined Sandy for pulling Ballsucker and Lauren for betraying us for Netball and Callela, and woke up the next day with two footballers in my bed but I think that was just me.

Golf Goof Around With Arse-Whipping and Sacrificial Lambs

Stuart 'The Caretaker' Millson



On the surface, LSE golf has not made a great deal of progress this year. In our first match of the season we journeyed to a shit hole (Wycombe) in order to play a bunch mentally retarded wankers whose presence at "university" serves no purpose other than to waste tax payers money that could otherwise be used to give me a loan on which it is possible to live in London, only to return with the kind of bruising more usually associated with a pregnant princess who has thrown herself downstairs. In our last match of the season we travelled to a shit hole (Swansea), played another bunch of wankers wasting my money, and returned with the kind of bruising more usually associated with getting your arse kicked at golf in Wycombe.

However, such a simplistic overview conceals the true facts. The first bunch of arse-whippers, despite doing a degree which consists of two days of mowing grass and raking sand and 3 days of playing golf - golf course management (gardening), in case you ask - were actually pretty shite. The second bunch of arse-whippers included someone who was due to be playing in the Portugal amateur at the time, but was so fearful of our ever-growing reputation that he stayed behind to ensure they scraped through. And the first game was a bog standard Southern league game, while the last was in the national quarter finals. So, I hope you would agree, our improvement over the season can be clearly measured by the increased quality of arse-whippings that we receive.

And so arse-whippings complete, whether received or administered (I trust you all recall the legendary "Drubbing at Denham," where



Gimperial were made to endure, in purely golfing terms I hasten to add, a torture which can only be described as equivalent to attending a 4 hour Fight Racism Fight Imperialism sit in while having your testicles removed with a rusty spoon) the time comes to review the season.

First of all, we have decided that in terms of talent we are a pretty good team, something that was backed up by compliments we received in Swansea (very flattered boyo, and I'm sorry that Daisy died giving birth to her lamb, but I'm not sleeping with you, and I won't push back harder if I'm on the edge of a cliff.) Seriously though, they said, and frankly we're not disagreeing, that if we had the facilities of universities such as, for example, St. Andrews, we'd be a real force even on a national level. So as a result we are petitioning the director, clearly a golf fan since what else does the Head of the FSA do - he doesn't regulate Equitable Life clearly - to take out a loan against future top-up fee income and

convert Regent's Park into 3 championship golf courses. I trust this will find support with the entire Beaver readership.

Secondly we need some replacement players next year. Players are wanted to fill the following categories:

Best Player: A role traditionally played by a Californian studying at LSE for one year. Candidate requires a large degree of natural talent, but rustiness is not only acceptable, but positively encouraged, as previous incumbents eschew the opportunity to play golf on some of the finest courses in the world with the sun on their backs, but when embarking on a 12 hour flight to one of the largest cities, with the worst weather and total lack of anywhere to play golf decide to grab their clubs for a few rounds. This shocking decision-making suggests that entrance to LSE for general course and overseas masters students places more emphasis on ability to write 0's on cheques than intellectual ability.

Sacrificial Lamb: Difficult to understate the importance of this role. Without a sacrificial lamb, one of our good players has to play the opposition's best player, and invariably loses. The best sacrificial lamb will demonstrate such astonishing levels of ineptitude that his partner's opponent is reduced to helpless bouts of laughter, allowing the partner an easy win. I have been proud to perform this role with distinction, but sadly am now graduating.

6th player: Previously a position filled by the enigmatic N.O.Body. However, since he consistently loses to their worst player, we fired the incompetent twat.

For those concerned that joining LSE golf will somewhat diminish their social life, you're probably right, but Lee has promised that every Wednesday at 4pm next year we will congregate in the Tuns (or whatever the fuck its going to be called. Actually, thanks to the Pirate's glorious coup against the Chairman of the People's Republic of Houghton Street it might still be the Tuns) to prepare for the familiar Limeabout, kebab, night bus, Bollocks not fucking Lewisham again, night bus, home routine. In addition, come the barrel, 6 blokes armed with golf clubs aren't going to have to wait long to get served. Also, playing golf is a lot less tiring than playing a proper sport, and I don't think its possible to get injured playing golf. Finally since Annika Sorenstam, Michelle Wie and Laura Davies have started playing golf, we welcome women. Particularly if you can play like Annika Sorenstam, Michelle Wie or Laura Davies. Or even more particularly if you're fit.

LSE 4 Gimperial 2. ULU Champions. Come on!

BeaverSports

Tuesday 16 March 2004

Issue 600

Meet the new
Co-Editor
inside - see
page 33!

The First Team - ULU Cup Champions 2004!

LSE Football Firsts.....2
Royal Holloway.....1
Motspur Park, Surrey

Nimesh 'Motty'
Mistry



LSE First XI schooled the pikey prison scum of Holloway in the ULU Cup Final. It was a match that LSE dominated from start to finish and should have won more comfortably. Although the sun shone on Fulham's ground for most of the match there were flickers of heavy rainfall. Similarly, our boys were dominating the whole match save for a few lucky chances falling to Holloway. The mid-field was dictated by the central midfield partnership of Captain Gaz 'the Pirate' Carter and Mikey Turner as Holloway looked shaky and unsettled from the off.

The first real chance came ten minutes in as Scott released wing wizard Dom Rustam on the left. Rustam, who was to turn in a Giggs-like performance down the left wing all game, repeatedly mocked the Holloway right back, much to the delight of the sizeable LSE travelling support. A particular target for abuse was the Holloway goalkeeper, who evidently works in the prison canteen, as he was the



fattest man seen on a football pitch since Paul Gascoigne retired. However, the most hated man on the Holloway team was their ginger number eight. No photos exist of this twat, but the best way to describe him is to say his mother must have smoked during pregnancy. Repeatedly he dived, winning free kicks and acting like a nonce. The LSE supporters were incensed as right-winger Shiva 'Cyril Sneer' Tiwari was cut down with a shocking tackle. Scott was heavily involved forcing yet another save from the fat prison goalkeeper. The LSE supporters turned in a fantastic vocal performance, with chants ably conducted by Jarlath 'Toilet Brush' O'Hara and Craig 'Taffy' Harris. Highlights included "You're just a shit womens' prison", "Your dad works for my dad" and the classic "You're shit, and you know you are". John McDermott was booked for a

foul on the stroke of half time as the first half ended.

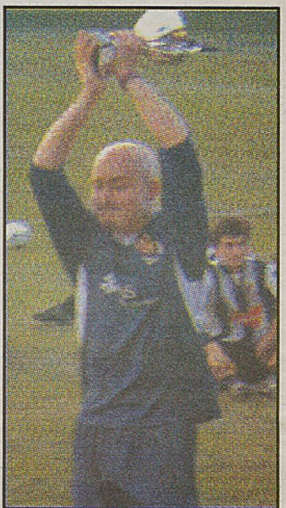
The breakthrough finally came on the hour mark as Little fought hard to try and win the ball back in Holloway's third and the ball broke loose. Little ran on to the loose ball and applied a finish as deadly as a home visit from Harold Shipman - one nil to the LSE. Turner tried an ambitious volley from thirty yards that just went wide. The LSE faithful continued to mock the Holloway crowd, who were about as loud as Steven Hawking playing the drums.

It was now end-to-end stuff as the Guvnor Gaz released Shiva down the right wing. A quick one-two with McDermott culminated in a corner. But in the 80th minute the ball was in LSE's area and a scramble ended in Holloway's No.8 scoring an

unlikely equaliser. Illustrating the true pikeyness of Holloway, the goalscorer and fat bastard keeper raced over to goad the LSE support in the stands. In what surely should have been a red card, the supporters positively reacted to the decision by chanting louder for the LSE XI. The support paid off as seven minutes from the end, with the game heading for extra time, commanding centre-back Dudu played an amazing through ball which split open the Holloway defence and Scott finally got his reward with a calm finish to give LSE the lead again.

There was still time for more action as the hated No.8 got an opportunity to score again, only for Dudu to come in with a solid and uncompromising

challenge to save the day. In a frantic finale, the rapid Rustam could have scored after a one-two with Scott. The game ended with LSE the victors. A great fortnight for captain Gareth Carter, LSESU's treasurer-to-be, was capped off after he lifted the trophy and got a standing ovation from the LSE fans. Celebrations continued long into the night at ULU. The First Team - ULU Cup Winners 2004. Sounds good doesn't it?



Tantrums, Tiaras and Taffy Being Sick - It's the AU Ball!

The Sports
Editors



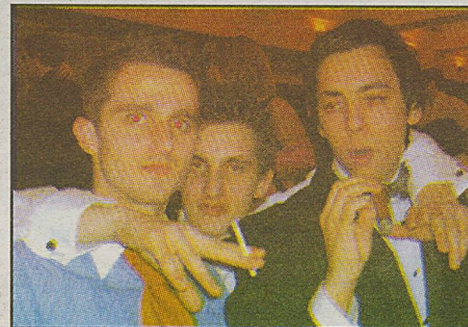
The AU social event of the year, the Colours Ball, was held last Wednesday evening in the nearby Connaught Rooms. LSE's answer to the Oscars had quickly sold-out and many were left sorely disappointed at missing the hottest AU event other than The Barrel, but for those lucky attendees there was free alcohol, glitzy outfits, cheesy music and the always funny in the morning drunken bickering.



Dress to impress seemed to be the motto of the evening. The ladies as per usual looked foxy. Chrissy Totty famous for her smaller outfits such as last year's white figure-hugging number and the rubber dress of the Barrel, looked stunning in a classic strapless black dress. New AU Liaison's Officer Amy Mahony also stood out from the crowd wearing a beautifully tailored white pinstripe suit. Most of the

girls made great use of their fantastic assets, many choosing to employ two large strikers up front.

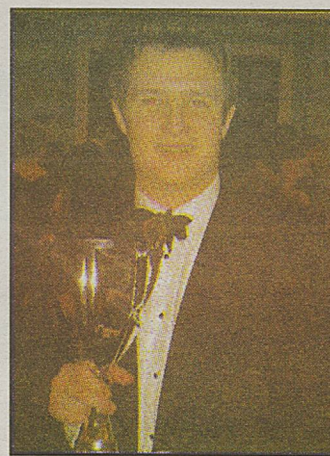
The guys were not to be outdone either. Tom Winstone's orange tie and blue shirt combination looked rather devilish. 'Big John' pleased many adoring females by wearing a sexy green kilt, flashing his legs and now we discover no undies. Lucky for the remaining red-blooded males, and and after so much free wine, many a wankered young lady started to forget their promises and dignity and woke up in shame, oh well!



Food was served and the alcohol flowed and our very own Paddy and co redefined rowdy hooliganism. The king himself Mr. Darius Tabatabai then preceded onto the AU colour awards, which are listed earlier in the Sports section.

Sportsman of the Year went to Phillip Raddant for his fantastic contribution to both the hockey and tennis teams. Sportswoman was awarded to netballer and fill-in coach Maame Djan who unfortunately could not collect her award due to a broken foot. The Three Tuns Award went to Matthew 'FC' Trenhaile for his consistent Wednesday night attendance,

incredible drinking skills and his unbelievably crude comments. Matt turned in a Paltrow-esque performance with his speech, reducing both himself and onlookers to horrible, horrible tears.



The highly prestigious Brian Whitworth award for overall contribution to the AU was given to Chris Emmerson (pictured above) who was a fill-in goalie for football, stand-in Ref on many occasions, captained boxing, and was Rugby Club Captain this year, and importantly has contributed many a 'fucking' funny article to these pages. Everyone was more than happy to fill his trophy with their unfinished stale alcohol and in true AU style he was wasted.

Equally drunk were former AU President Rex Walker and Ents guru Jimmy 'One more time' Baker who spun some classic cheesy tunes to the delight of the AU. But to think of the night as so smooth running and effectively boring is to detract from the behind the scenes underlying alcohol fuelled ten-

sion. Freddy was kicked out for throwing a vodka bottle out onto the street below. A certain male ginger rugby player was seen about LSE sporting a black eye but despite further probing we couldn't find out why. You can take the AU out of the Tuns but not the Tuns out of the AU. Taffy Craig Harris adapted to the very plush Connaught Rooms by behaving exactly as he does in the Tuns - in other words, spewing the contents of his stomach over the carpet. Applause however to Welsh Zac who kept both his modesty and his clothes on for once.



Drinking, dancing, vomiting, limeabouting then continued to fill the Connaught Rooms before Carriages (or illegal cabs) arrived at the rather early 1.30 am. Many hit Walkabout to round-up the evening but some like new AU President Pete 'Shettters' Davies were still drinking legless in the Tuns midday on Thursday.

Congratulations to everyone who received Colours this year and good luck from the Sports Editors for next season's fun and games.

Union slams Director

October 20th, 1966

If the offence is established, they face a fine of up to five pounds, suspension from some or all privileges, or expulsion from LSE. Council intends to argue that members have no case to answer.

The issue dominating the political landscape of the LSE in 1966 was that of the appointment of Dr. Walter Adams to replace Sir Sydney Caine as Director of the School. The October 20th Edition of *Beaver* reports on the sale of a pamphlet opposed to Adams's appointment, whose 700 copies were sold within 15 minutes under the watchful eye of *ITN News*. The pamphlet, called the 'Agitator Report' argued that Adams was unsuitable for the role of Director. *Beaver* described the contents of the pamphlet as suggesting "he was unwilling to take a stand on the issue of academic freedom, avoided important decision-making, isolated himself from students and staff, and was administratively inefficient." It also suggested that Adams's lack of reaction to the Smith regime's interference on the University College Rhodesia, of which he was then Principal, meant that he was "not a fit person to take over a large multi-racial college such as LSE."

Beaver of November 3rd 1966 leads with a story of how then President of LSE SU, Dave Adelstein, and the rest of Union Council, faced the School discipline board and possible expulsion for writing a letter about Adams' appointment to *The Times* without the official permission of the School. In an ironic reversal of this year's controversy over Sir Howard Davies's letter to *The Times*, it appears that Sir Sydney Caine invoked a regulation prohibiting the use of the name of the Students' Union in communications with the press. The resulting controversy sparked controversy surrounding the Union's right to free speech and representation. The resultant "brouhaha" caused a protest of 100 students, and a widespread boycott of lectures and classes by both lecturers sympathetic to the plight of Adelstein and students themselves. November 4th *Beaver* leads with a picture of a crowded Houghton St., and stories of students occupying Connaught House, then the site of the LSE Administration and protestors addressing the crowds through loudspeakers set up from the then Union Buildings in S100, now IT Services.

What began as seemingly routine student activism in opposing the appointment

Crisis in the Union (no, really)

February 20th, 1972

When Adams cut off funds to the Union, he said that societies, secretaries, etc. who were prepared to work under the now defunct Constitution would be financed directly by him. He specifically excluded Beaver from any further association with either the Union or the School. Support your local, underground, subversive, paper by paying for it.

In possibly the most chaotic period in the history of the LSE Students' Union and its relationship with the LSE itself, Director Walter Adams, who was awarded the directorship of the School amidst wide student protest (see "Adams arrives amidst troubles"), seized the funds of the SU after they had passed a new constitution which he rebuked.

On January 14th, the Union passed a Unilateral Declaration of Independence, which means that it then became a legally separate entity from the LSE as an institution. Three days later, however, Adams informed National Westminster Bank of this action, and the bank immediately froze the Union's funds.

On the 21st of that same month, when the case was taken to a judge in chambers, it was ruled, after much persuasion from the School that the Union be allocated

of the new Director seems to have taken a tragic turn on 2nd of February, 1967. Although the *Beaver* recording the issue has been lost from the library archives, contemporary reports in *The Times* detail how Caine's attempts to block a meeting to discuss the appointment of Adams resulted in a stand-off between School employees and students, and the unfortunate death of a porter in the stand-off. *Beaver* of February 9th 1967 details a further escalation of what have been referred to in LSE history as the troubles. The paper reports that Adelstein received several letters bearing the threats "We're going to get up a mob to kill you," and "Jews and Niggers should know their place." As the situation in Rhodesia took a turn for the worse in 1967 with a deepening of the crisis between Smith's rebels and the British government's attempts to control them and their determination to impose an apartheid regime in Rhodesia.

The controversy continued throughout the year with Adelstein being found guilty of a breach of the School's regulations, but with no penalty being imposed. Adams went on to become Director of the School between 1967 and 1974.

£1,500 for its immediate day-to-day operations on the condition that they revert to, and hold new elections under, the old Constitution.

The court order, however, was given verbally, and no written contract was signed, which led to the Union not realising the all-important clause until a couple of days later when they were informed of its implications, having already spent most of the allotted money.

The SU immediately refused to revert to the old Constitution, which led to Adams refusing to provide the promised £1,500. In effect, money made from the SU Shop, the Café, the Three Tuns, and other SU operations was going into the SU's bank account, but no money could be withdrawn for running expenses.

Such was the confusion that Union elections were delayed ten days to clarify the facts.

The Director also excluded *Beaver* from any association with either the SU or the LSE, leading to a magazine-style cover with a nothing but a fist under the header "Liberated Beaver", calling for students to support their "underground, subversive, paper..."

Adams, former Principal of the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland from 1955-1967, was accused, by many, including *Beaver*, of "attempting



The cover of the famous 1972 issue of the "Liberated Beaver".

to maintain his political power over the Union in order to prevent [it] from acting as an autonomous body, completely external from any legal constraint on him."

Saunders hires stripper

November 10th, 1986

The fact that strippers were to perform in one of the School's Halls of Residence very quickly created some strong feelings from all sides as the argument started to rage, on not just whether the act should take place, but, also whose final decision it should actually be.

In a bizarre turn of events, the hiring of a male stripper by the Carr-Saunders Hall Committee for a Halls' party threatened the job security of the General Secretary, Pete Wilcock as he allegedly exercised too much authority over the running of Carr-Saunders Committee.

Movements to stop the event were initiated by Wilcock, who was implored to do so by members of Women's Group who felt strongly enough about the hiring of a stripper to take action. They went so far as to threaten to picket the entrance to Carr-Saunders.

A meeting of the LSE Students' Union Executive was soon convened to decide on a stance for the Union, and it was decided

that the SU would send a letter to the Carr-Saunders Committee and distribute leaflets discouraging students from attending the event.

Following the meeting, Wilcock made a phone call to Hall Warden, Ed Kuska. Wilcock claims that the call was made simply to find out what the status of the event was at the time, but members of the Carr-Saunders Committee claim that Wilcock called "purely to further his own personal desire to stop the event by threatening a picket and potential violence."

Due to the intense pressure being placed on Kuska, the President of the Carr-Saunders Committee took the decision to cancel the event and a bar subsidy was introduced in its place.

Major questions were raised, however, as to how much control the SU could, and should, exercise over individual Halls committees and in what situations it could exercise this power. Though a motion of censure was called for against Wilcock, it fell.



What if the Tuns refurbishment gifted us with this gem? No trendy wine bar here: The Three Tuns as featured in *Beaver* on February 16th, 1956.



Some things just never change - The Economist's Bookshop as featured in *Beaver* on December 9th, 1971, before Waterstone's took over.

El Beavah

Swizzers 68 Silliness

Commies go back in time to seize Revolutionary Spirit

Members of the LSESU Socialist Workers Party, trustafarians and other associated soap-dodgers, have decided to reclaim the spirit of revolution by literally turning back the clock to 1968. In an edict passed this week they will regard 2004 as that fateful year in an attempt to recreate that high watermark of youthful rebellion by becoming hippies, professing free love, and demonstrating against the Vietnam War.

Speaking from a tent on Lincoln's Inn, Swizz spokesman James Spartway declared "We've been banging on about bringing back 1968 for a while, but people have always said that conditions these days are not conducive to that era of protest and rebellion. But by accurately re-enacting that time, even down to having awful cheese halitosis, people have no excuse."

The workshy reds have set up a

commune on a field near LSE but so far results have been mixed.

A source from within the camp (Omar Srouji) told El Beavah, "It's been a bit disappointing so far and people keep mistaking us for Gypsies. We thought one person wanted to join us but in fact he wanted his drive tarmac."

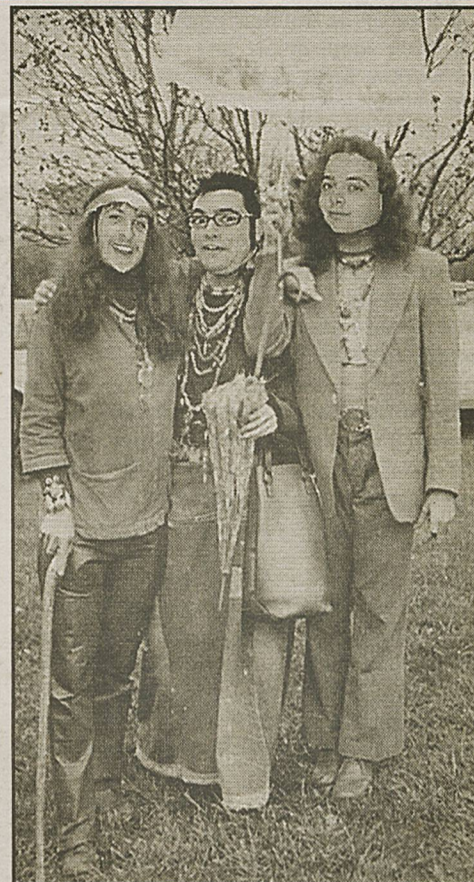
"Also, all the drugs that have been flying about have meant that the only thing we have managed to occupy is Sainsburys because we've been munching our tits off. We also had an unfortunate episode with LSD where we space hopped on the cheese-topped Himalayas, made of spanners," he added before staring into the distance for a seemingly limitless amount of time.

LSE reaction has veered from the incredulous to the downright baffled. The president of the Vietnamese Society declared, "I was pleased at first

when our membership trebled. But then they wanted to change our name to the Viet Fuckin Nam society and our motto to 'You don't know man, Cos you weren't there.'"

Members of the Three Tuns barstaff have also complained. "It's not the fact that they keep asking us how Bob Beaman is doing in the Longjump or when we are showing the Manchester United-Benfica European Cup Final is being shown, it's more the fact that they keep trying to pay 14p for pints of beer. Mind you they've always done that the dirty bastards."

Conditions on the camp are said to resemble Passfield Hall on a good day, with sweetcorn permanently on the menu and everyone apparently suffering from borderline legionnaires disease.

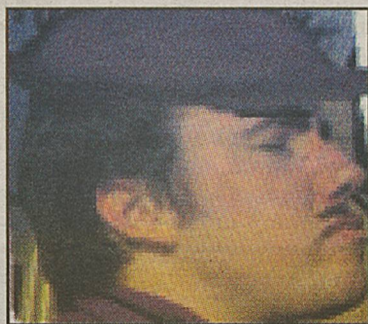


Merry Pranksters Vlad, Omar and Jo get involved.

El Beavah is 600! We continue our birthday celebrations with the first ever Sports report from 1940!

LSE Rugby Roger Ghastly Boche

Lord James Eyton-Farquad's brave boys put one over on frightful Kaiser's College boys.



The unspeakable frightfulness of those dastardly Jerries was dealt a massive blow this weekend when the courageous strapping young lads of the LSE rugby team defeated the crack Kaisers' College team.

Captained with magnificent fortitude by Lord James Eyton-Farquad, had to overcome some early pressure from the dreaded Huns, who used a new Blitzkrieg tactics that quite frankly weren't in the spirit of fair play.

Team member Will Jordan-Pants said "They tried hitting us quick and hard round our flanks, bypassing our stationary Freanchmen in defence.

We were all spoiling for a good clean fight but those sneaky underhand Germans just weren't playing cricket."

But our brave boys conducted a last-ditch defence in the best traditions of upper class stiff upper lip, dropping those useless Frenchies before hitting the krauts with deadly airborne attacks.

With most of team being educated at public school, they were no strangers to having their backs against the wall and once the wing attack of Herman Munster-Goeing was repelled the Jerries knew that it was just a matter of time before the game was finally up.

Speaking through some extremely polished teeth, Eyton screamed, "We kept probing and making inroads round the edges but it wasn't until we brought our American substitutes on that we finally pressed home our advantage. Tally Ho!"

Despite reports that our Yankee cousins have been claiming victory exclusively for themselves, their oafish loutishness has largely been forgiven. "Their bravery will never be forgotten and we will support them in whatever enterprise they choose to do next, no matter how ill-judged and ludicrous", Eyton added.

The Americans have apparently promised us that they will hold Eyton to his word.

Other famous 600s in our zany list !!!

600 PEOPLE

The number of students Jo Kibble claims formed the Human Chain

600 POUNDS PER WEEK

How much the Three Tuns will lose in takings when Jimmy Baker leaves

600 YEARS

How long it will take me to pay off my student loan

-600

My Credit Rating when I graduate

600 YEARS AGO

It was 1404 and people smelt and had bad teeth

IN 600 YEARS TIME

It will be 2604 and people will fly about on hover scooters

THERE'S NOT TO REASON WHY, THERE'S BUT TO DO AND DIE, INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH, RODE THE 600

Is from a very good poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson

^))

Is 600 when you press the shift key on a keyboard

Advertisements

- Next Man seeks Next Chief for Bare Tings in the Underground on Friday
- English lessons for LSE Teachers. I will pay you to speak proper English because I can't understand a fucking word you're saying. Contact J.Z.Skipton@lse.ac.uk
- Columbia Bar for sale. 250,000 O.N.O contact K. No time wasters.

LSE Gripped By Election Fever!

- 5 Dead.

5 people are dead, and dozens more have been quarantined as Election Fever gripped Houghton Street last week.

Fear spread throughout the student body that this strain of Election Fever was highly contagious as well as particularly virulent.

General Secretary Ian Brown responded quickly to calm worried students. "The outbreak of Election Fever is a myth and it is unwarranted to call it an epidemic" stated Brown. "It has affected only a very small number of students, and has left the vast majority of the student body entirely unaffected".

Brown continued by saying that 'perhaps it is a good thing that some students have fallen foul of Election Fever as it'll help to clear some of the dead wood'. When asked if his comments were entirely suitable for the leader of the LSE Students' Union, Brown responded by saying 'of course they are, you imbecile. Anything that decreases the number of people who can question my decisions is welcomed' although Brown did concede that finding quorum for UGMs may pose a bigger problem in future.

In a late blow to the Union, news reached Houghton Street that James Madway had unfortunately made a full recovery from the Fever. 'This is a devastating blow to everyone, but we've got to move on' said one tearful student.

In El Beavah this week. News 1-4 A report on the Bulgarian Society's Fondue Night. B:Link 5-28 A special report on the crisis in the Middle East from the So Solid Crew in "9/11 an shit like dat". B:art 29-31 Reviews by desperate people who want to see their name in lights and send copies of the paper home to their parents. Sport 32 Tosh, Wosh, Gosh and Strangely Brown give you the lowdown on how to stop your roommate from finding out you've pissed and shit yourself, fingered his girlfriend, and sent his tutor child porn from his LSE e-mail account, after a night of paying way over-the-odds for pisspooor alchopops in the seventh level of purgatory that is Walkabout on a Wednesday night.

MAY 5th, 1949

Controversy

As the formation of the University Training Corps—and allied to it the general question of National Conscription—become an important domestic issue at the close of the Lent Term, we invited two of the leading protagonists to express their views. We must emphasise that the opinions expressed are personal ones and do not in any way commit the political societies of which our contributors are members.

CONSCRIPTION: WE SAY NO!

As one who publicly expressed disapproval of the recruiting visit to the L.S.E. I am glad of the invitation from "Beaver" to explain the fundamental reasons for my opposition. Of course, political opponents will take the opportunity to attribute the Communist attitude to lack of patriotism, and this charge by unending repetition in Press, radio and elsewhere has taken in many people. Yet a moment's reflection should show that this charge is groundless; why should we Communists struggle so hard and so devotedly if not to improve the conditions of our country? Of course, we feel strong bonds with our comrades in other parts of the world, but they are already successful or no, but this is precisely because they are trying to do for their country what we hope to do for ours—build socialism to ensure peace and well-being.

...cient"; we cannot believe that our conscripts sweltering in Akaba are defending any real interests of the British people; our opinion on the use of "defense" (sic) forces in Malaya is well known to readers of the mural "Beaver". Troops maintain a corrupt black-marketing regime of ex-Mussolinians in Trieste against the wishes of the Slavian and Italian workers alike. Battleships are sent blundering into Chinese battles to "show the flag," and create yet more incidents. And yet people have the cool cheek to use the word "necessary".

U.T.C. MILITARISATION

With the increase of scope and the time-limit of conscription, the formation of the University Training Corps is the thin edge of the wedge—a step towards the militarisation of our Universities. The Officer who spoke at the L.S.E. admitted that all those who came up after their conscript service will be forced to attend compulsory parades. Like the pioneers of the slogan, "Christian Civilisation and Western Culture," the Military and their abettors will eventually turn the Universities into barracks.

BLIMPOCRATIC

The peevish threats of a Pecksnifian puppet at the War Office and the insatiable greed for toy soldiers of the anti-socialist blimpocracy are already too obvious to be ignored; once they lay their paws on the Universities nothing short of a cataclysm will pry them loose. We had better fight back now, following the lead given by the Aberystwyth students and by the N.U.S. Council.

ARROGANT AMERICANS

I insist that real security for Britain lies not in the direction of endless military expenditure, nor in satellite status to arrogant American psychopaths who alternately boast about atom warfare and hide under their beds at the strengthening of our economy, the achievement of real independence, friendship with the Soviet Union and the socialising countries of Eastern Europe and China, and by making it plain to the Yanks that if they want another war they would have to fight it themselves.

Meanwhile, let us tell the Brass-hats, "Hands off the Universities."

A. V. SHERMAN.

THREATS TO THE U.S.S.R.

Our opposition to the Government's recruiting policy and extended conscription is based not on abstract and impractical idealism, but on opposition to the policy which has led the Government to an unprecedented increase in the provision of finance and man-power to the armed forces. Theory, practice and common sense all lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the word "defence" in the mouths of Mr. Bevin and his accomplices is a euphemism, hiding the ugly reality of threats to the U.S.S.R. and the other countries where capitalism's hold has been weakened or sloughed off, and unprincipled aggression against the colonial peoples, either directly, or by the hand of the Dutch stooges.

CREATING INCIDENTS

We cannot believe that our huge expenditure in equipping and training the Dutch was a significant contribution to the defence of our Western way of life, or a satisfactory use of men and resources; we oppose the lavish use of man-power and materials on an Air Force when planes are sent and shot down over the Sinai desert inflaming public opinion and creating a convenient "in-

CONSCRIPTION: FAUTE DE MIEUX

In Great Britain today various voices are being raised against conscription. Some people oppose it because they are, in reality, against our maintaining any armed forces at all. Fortunately, these are only a small proportion of the population. Some are Communists, who would like to see this country unable to resist an attack by the U.S.S.R. on ourselves or our European allies. Thorez, Togliatti and Pollitt have confirmed that they would help the Russian invader. The Communists know that their party will never come to power by constitutional means in a country like Great Britain, where the result of elections cannot be "rigged" in advance. Their only chance would be a Russian occupation, as in Poland, or an armed insurrection against the government, as is being tried in Greece. An insurrection could only succeed here if our forces were very much weaker or already engaged against an external enemy, as was the case in Russia in 1917.

SINCERE PACIFISTS

The other people who oppose the maintenance of armed forces are usually quite sincere pacifists. They remember the Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." But that same God of the Old Testament gave mighty support to his prophets on earth and to the armies of his chosen people in their battles with the ungodly. Isn't Communism—in its applied form, with concentration camps and religious persecution, like Nazism—the false god of modern times against which defence at least is justified?

Those who accept the need for armed forces must be asked to excuse the foregoing digression. But the questions arise, "What forces do we need, what forces can we afford, and how are we to raise them?" The 1948 White Paper on Defence recognised that "the basis of defence is a strong and sound economy with a flourishing industry." It is obvious that we must seek a balance between maintaining such large forces that the economy is dislocated and so reducing the forces that every man is productive—in the narrow sense—but the country is defenceless. The solution dictated by this and other considerations is that, firstly, we should maintain fully-equipped forces just strong enough to meet our commitments; secondly, there should be a trained reserve ready for immediate service, principally for home defence; and thirdly, we should maintain cadres of men and equipment ready to absorb and train in a minimum period the three or four millions who would be mobilised in the event of war.

BRITAIN'S COMMITMENTS

Our commitments, actual and potential, may be summarised as follows:—1, Defence of Great Britain; 2, Keeping open the sea lanes; 3, Occupation duties in Germany, Austria and Trieste, including the Berlin Air Lift; 4, Treaty obligations for regional defence under the Brussels Treaty and the Atlantic Pact; 5, Treaty obligations to Greece, Turkey and Middle Eastern countries. These may soon be extended and formalised under a regional defence pact; 6, Strategic commitments for defence of the semi-circle of Commonwealth countries bordering the Indian Ocean, from Africa to Australia. This and the Pacific area may soon form part of new regional defence pacts. Such pacts are provided for in Articles 51 and 52 of the U.N. Charter. Their extension should provide some net relief to us when other countries take their share of the burden. Only then could we consider reducing our own duties in these areas without risking invasion or the resurgence of former enemies.

The methods of recruitment and the estimated size of the forces needed to meet these commitments have varied over the last three years. In 1946 it became apparent that the end of war-time conscription would leave the forces short of several hundred thousand men. Even if regular recruiting had been continued during the war, modern military methods require many more men than before. A heavy bomber in 1939 carried a crew of four or five. Today, as a result of technical advances, it may need 10 or more. And it now requires a very much larger ground crew to service it.

LABOUR'S POLICY

In order to make good the shortage of recruits, a Bill was introduced into Parliament in November, 1946, providing for a system of conscription till 1954, extendable by Order in Council. There would be 18 months full-time service and 5½ years on the Reserve with part-time training. On March 31st, 1947, in the Committee Stage of the Bill, the Minister of Labour defended the 18-month period on the grounds that an adequate period of training was essential and that the trained conscripts would afterwards be needed to help meet our commitments. On the following day, April 1st, the Minister of Defence endorsed these arguments. But on April 3rd the Government tabled an amendment reducing the period to 12 months. They had yielded to political pressure, but tried to save face by claiming that the Chiefs of Staff had revised their

estimates. By November, 1948, the steadily worsening international situation had convinced the Government of their mistake and the 18-month period was restored. What was needed, however, was not so much extra men as the retention of serving men for longer periods. Future intakes would be reduced by means of stiffer medical tests and deferment.

VITAL FOR PEACE

In 1945 there were five million men in the armed forces; in 1946, two million; in April, 1949, 793 thousand, and in March, 1950, the estimated total will be 750 thousand. This does not look like "preparation for an aggressive war." It is now held that conscription is only a method of filling the gap until the regular forces come up to strength. But at the probable rate of recruiting the regular army alone would take 17 years to do so. Even if living and working conditions could be improved, the services would still be an unattractive career in a period of full employment and an inflated currency. For present pay rates are a positive deterrent to recruiting. Privates' pay is supposed to keep pace with that of semi-skilled workers in industry but has not done so. In some cases regulars are actually receiving less now than they did before the introduction of the much-vaunted new pay code in 1946.

FAUTE DE MIEUX

At the same time, nobody likes conscription. Civilians dislike it because of the arbitrary social and economic dislocation and the curtailment of individual liberty. The services themselves very much dislike conscription because it forces unwilling and often unsuitable recruits upon them for a period of service which is still quite inadequate for training and experience in the technical arms; and "technical" is coming to mean nearly all branches. All the evidence points to an overwhelming case for regular forces with adequate pay. But if for political and other reasons, the Government cannot agree to higher pay—Great Britain has always over-economised on her armed forces in peace-time—conscription will stay, *faute de mieux*.

THE U.T.C.

If you oppose armed forces in general, because you are a sincere pacifist or because you would like to see this country defenceless, you will oppose also the U.T.C., Sea Army and Air Cadets, etc. If, on the other hand, you agree that Britain must have armed forces, you will support the U.T.C. as a useful voluntary organisation in which the future soldier can obtain pre-entry training that will enable him to make the most of his Army service.

NEVILLE BEALE.

GERMANY and its STUDENTS TODAY

By Klaus Herborn

Klaus Herborn, aged 23, was educated partly in Gt. Britain and partly in Germany. He served in the Luftwaffe during the war and is now in his third term as a student of English at Heidelberg University. He was invited to attend the Bangor Congress as a representative of German student youth, and he gave a most impressive account of conditions in Germany. At my request he has contributed the special article to "Beaver."—Ed.

In trying to assess the conditions of students and their universities in Germany today, one has to bear in mind three things. First, that the real state of the students has only become apparent since the separate currency reform in the West of Germany last summer; secondly, that the development of the universities in Germany is being pursued on different lines in East and West; and thirdly, that all these problems are closely interwoven and overshadowed by the occupation policy of every one of the four occupying powers.

As in every other country, the number of students in Germany has greatly increased since the end of the war. Before the currency reform the main difficulty for German students was to procure sufficient food—legally or illicitly—to maintain a minimum standard of subsistence. Textbooks and notebooks were practically unobtainable. The term's fees could be paid by selling 40 cigarettes on the black market, and one pound of coffee went a long way towards paying a month's board and lodging. The housing situation was very acute and this in many cases prevented students from taking up their studies as no Bigs could be had in the respective university town. Now in Heidelberg, where I study, the students' council took up this matter with the local authorities, found them very unco-operative, and decided after some discussion to call a general meeting of protest. This was billed widely throughout the university, a representative of the local authorities invited to attend, but those who did not turn up were the students. Apart

from a handful, none of them seemed to have any hope of achieving anything through organised, concerted action. The habit of isolated action acquired during Fascism is still a great hindrance to any democratic movement in Germany.

CURRENCY REFORM

Then came the currency reform. It was found that quite a large percentage of the students in Heidelberg had to leave the university immediately, though they returned again at the beginning of the next term with the money they had earned during the vacation as miners, bricklayers, handymen, etc. The student body was bravely concerned with the stability of the university's finances, since all the assets of public bodies—and in Germany the universities rank as such—had been annulled as a result of the currency reform. It was found in Heidelberg that only 5.1 per cent of the students received grants from local authorities towards their keep and 20 per cent had been granted a reduction in fees. These figures, one must remember, apply to a time previous to the currency reform, since when all funds for this purpose have been annulled or greatly decreased.

In Western Germany at present there is virtually no system of grants for students at all. This, of course, largely goes to make education a privilege of the rich, though I would not say that only the children of wealthy parents study at our universities. Many students are working their way through college, and will

do so long as sufficient vacancies in industry and commerce remain to be filled by part-time student workers. Indeed, this system is presented by some West-German papers as the way of studying.

SOVIET DEVELOPMENT

University education in the Soviet Zone has developed on entirely different lines. In the initial stages it had to cope with great difficulties. Apart from material needs there was a grave shortage of staff, since the Soviet authorities refused—very rightly to my mind—to sanction the appointment of any professor or lecturer previously a member of the Nazi Party. There was agreement amongst the authorities concerned that it would be impossible to achieve a democratic outlook at the universities without admitting sufficient numbers of working-class students and subsidising them according to their representation in the community. This measure was met with fierce criticism and attack by reactionary circles, branding it as communist infiltration and destroying the freedom of learning. Differences on this matter led to various crises in Soviet Zone universities and resignation of oppositional professors.

Every student admitted to a university in the Soviet Zone is, on application, entitled to a Government grant, varying according to his personal abilities and the income of his parents. In addition to that he is allowed a substantial reduction in fees. These grants are awarded on merit only. Attached to every university are pre-university study centres, at which boys and girls, who have not had secondary school education, can qualify for admittance to the university by a two-year course. The standard at these institutes is high.

The currency reform carried out in the Soviet Zone subsequent to that

in Western Germany had no substantial effect on the finances of the universities, since their assets were not devalued. It was thought that the greater flow of currency in the Soviet Zone after the reform could be met by ever-increasing production.

DIVERGENCE OF METHOD

The wide divergence of university education in East and West Germany is significant of the political situation. In the Western half the *laissez-faire* policy is steadily restoring the old capitalist system, restrained as yet from becoming imperialist. While ever-increasing profits flow into the pockets of capitalists producing luxury goods and their taxation is modest, the government's pockets are empty. Hence the student goes without. From the diminishing governmental assets, however, sufficient money can be drawn to provide ex-Nazi permanent officers—now happily jobless—with a pension, as done in Bavaria (U.S. Zone).

Fascism could only arise at a certain stage in a capitalist society. Therefore to do away with capitalism means destroying fascism at its roots. A capitalist economy being rebuilt virtually on the ruins of a preceding one will mean toil and privation to the majority of the people, the students among them. Once we German students have grasped this, we have gone half-way to alter our somewhat desperate situation.

COMMEMORATION BALL

FRIDAY 13th MAY
8.30 p.m. — 4 a.m.
— TWO BANDS —
MIDNIGHT CABARET
Running Buffet Breakfast
TICKETS ON SALE SHORTLY

BRIDGE TABLE No.1

A nice easy problem for a start. Solutions should be sent to the Editor by May 12th—the first three correct ones will be rewarded by a pat on the back.

N.—S. are to make four out of the five tricks; South has the lead and Clubs are trumps.

NORTH		EAST	
S — A		S — —	
H — K		H — 7	
D — J97		D — AKQ	
C — —		C — 8	
WEST		SOUTH	
S — 235		S — 468	
H — Q		H — J	
D — —		D — —	
C — 9		C — 10	

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MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION

REVIEWS

CYNIC'S NIGHT OUT or THE FOLLIES AIN'T FASHIONABLE

"Très excitant," said the man, nodding for emphasis, and pointing to the entrance of the Folies. He had slithered, this small, griny individual, from somewhere below the kerb, and was now standing with a small cardboard packet clutched in one hand, which he brandished and flapped to make us realise that absolutely everybody who went to the Folies purchased samples of his pornographic photography. But, moral faith and ethical codes, etc., unswerving, etc., we again refused, saying that we might be on a B. Com. course, but that accounting and accounting were not popular in leisure hours. Smut-vendors, as we found to our cost, are terribly persistent, however. We turned round to ignore him—he still faced us: we looked at, and spoke to, each other—he bobbed up between us, still gesticulating with the wretched packet. In hane French we said that we were not interested in dirt: we were normally inhuman theatre critics, representing a very said English journal. Our purpose, we said, was twofold: to seek a new "L.S.E.—er d'Amore," and to discover whether Josephine Baker looked better in lizard-skin tights than her American counterpart, Dino Saur. Having said our piece we fled through the entrance doors—and, in any case, his pictures were very poor!

One should mention here that audiences at the Folies do not consist entirely of English visitors; one or two Americans are to be heard at most performances, and notices are posted everywhere: "Ici on parle français," in case any foreigners drop in. For the first half-an-hour we were interested in the wonderfully glittering spectacle of costumes; in the gaily artificial atmosphere; in the bright colours and the catchy tunes, and particularly in our neighbour, who three times in succession screwed the end of his opera glasses while trying to bring the chorus girls into focus. Even to us frigid critics there was great interest in speculating on the cubic capacity of the costumes which, we're given to understand, were fashioned and held in place by a Mr.

Will Power (no relation to the "Razor's Edge"). The décor changed swiftly and frequently; colours glowed richly and girls passed across the stage in smooth, endless pageants. There were "diseases" singing, and a droll little comedian who clowned and cracked unintelligible French jokes in front of a fluttering backcloth. Then, unexpectedly, and to the accompaniment of a loud crash from an overwrought pair of cymbals, Josephine arrived. She waved confidently to the crowd, some of whom nearly took off from the gallery in their enthusiasm. My vigorous clapping covered effectively the scraping of my feet as I kicked my neighbour's opera glasses (dropped accidentally) three rows forward. From that point onward, Josephine Baker *ad nauseam*. The curtain ascended to reveal a long flight of stairs, and at the top—Josephine Baker. Did she fall, or would she swallow-dive? No, she descended step by single step, bowing and crooning *en route*. The next scene consisted of a ballet of sorts danced to the (revised) accompaniment of "A Night on the Bare Mountain," although we failed completely to understand how the mountain came to be involved. Everything apart from the mountain was... well, not over-dressed. Who was the leading light—apart from the Chief Electrician? J.B., of course. The interval was heralded by the most un-Scottish rendering of "Vieux Lang Syne" and "Just a vee doch et dorris" that we remember.

You may be interested in the new light thrown upon history by the Folies scrap-writer. Who really was Mary, Queen of Scots? Not J.B.? But, yes, J.B. it was. Who did Napoleon fall for? Three guesses! By the time that the climatic and melodramatic strip-tease took place we were honestly not interested in Jo. any longer, and by the time that both Ave Marias had been reset to fit in with her dances we were distinctly yawful. There was a final ballet about Adam and Eve and the Devil. No names, no mud-packs necessary, but we do feel that the Devil and Eve might be recast into the opposite parts. If we might suggest further, it would be to add that if you happen to visit Paris, you might take the kiddies along to the Folies if you want a quiet but not too tame time, and if they become bored during the three-and-three-quarter long hours, let them trot up to the gallery and see who can count most wrinkles on Miss Baker's face.

SMARTIE.

DEVON: SOCCER AND CIDER

"THEY may be good economists, but they ain't footballers," was the touchline verdict at Clyst St. Mary, Devon, on Saturday, April 16th, when the L.S.E. touring team was defeated by five goals to one. Not a very encouraging start to the Soccer Club's first Easter tour since the war. Ominous, too, for the remaining games with Budleigh Salterton and Lymptone were also lost. However, as Jim Hillan, A.U. President, said after the match (we quote the "Exeter Express and Echo"):—"A sportsmanlike approach to the essentials of life would result in more tolerance being shown, not only between individuals, but by nations." Chewing this over thoroughly, we can only hope that when next our hosts in East Devon read of the outrageous goings-on at the London School of Economics they will say to themselves, "Well, those we met were half human, anyway."

Arriving in Exeter on the evening of the 14th, the tourists were forced to change their quarters the same night, due to excessively cramped accommodation. Thanks to Derek Jakes' efforts as billeting officer, homes were found for everyone.

At Exmouth on Good Friday there was light training on the beach before lunch. Two practice balls were used, the first being carried away by the tide before anyone could say "Jack Sheard." In the afternoon the team went round the miniature golf course in a steady procession of fours. Later, tactics for the following day's match with Clyst Valley A.F.C. were discussed in the lounge of the "Ship."

Perhaps this rendezvous contributed to L.S.E.'s defeat. But the main cause undoubtedly was the home team's all-round superiority. Jim Hillan scored a fine goal—his fiftieth of the season, and had the ball run more kindly for them, both Jack Honeysett and Dave Worrall might have scored. Clyst Valley, however, had the game well in hand after the first ten minutes. The home team's wingers, Collingwood and French, were outstanding, and F. Causley, at centre-half, gave very little away. Hillan and Honeysett were the pick of the L.S.E. forwards, and skipper Colin Furlong's first-time clearances were excellently judged. The match was followed by tea in the British Legion Hall and later by a concert. During the interlude some of the visitors performed to good advantage at the "Half Moon." On the dart-boards, of course.

Most of the team went down to Sidmouth on Easter Sunday in preparation for the next day's game at Budleigh Salterton. The remainder crossed the border into Somerset to take lunch with Miss Polly Cooper, whom older readers will remember as Union Minute Secretary when Frank Cummins was President.

The Budleigh match once again showed up the tourists' limitations when confronted with teamwork and hard tackling. L.S.E. should not have been two goals down at half-time,

and when, shortly after the restart, Hillan scored, there seemed to be a chance of saving the game. Budleigh came back, however, and with the slope against them, the visitors' hopes faded. Seven goals to three was the final score, Jack Sheard nodding L.S.E.'s second from a Hillan corner kick and the home team's left-back providing the third. Hillan and Sheard were the best of the School forwards, and in defence only Tony Wright, at centre-half, appeared to be at home in this class of football.

PLAYING TWO BALLS?

The third and last match of the tour was played on Tuesday evening at Lymptone's picturesque cliff-top ground overlooking the mouth of the Exe. Lymptone, local champions for the past two seasons and assisted by a former Exeter City player, Challis, were the most polished team the tourists met. They were a shade unwise, though, to rest content with a one goal lead, obtained after 25 minutes of the first half. With a quarter of an hour to go, L.S.E. equalised through Brian Rowntree from the right wing. Lymptone, who were unlucky when their second goal was disallowed because of another ball on the pitch, hit back and scored just before time. Honeysett foraged tirelessly but the L.S.E. attacks rarely looked dangerous. Centre-half Tony Wright, supported by two backs, Worrall and Morawetz, who believed in offence as the best means of defence, had often to do three men's work. Peter Ritterman, in goal, made some splendid saves after a shaky start.

Despite their lack of success on the field, the Soccer Club tourists had every other reason for enjoying their trip to Exeter. The sun shone for them, and the beer and cider flowed in hospitable measure. Our thanks are due to the officials and players of the three clubs and to Jim Hillan for enabling us to spend Easter on tour. May this first not be the last.

ANGELINA

Directed by Luigi Zampa. Photography: Mario Craveri. Script: Piero Tellini. A Lux Film production released in the U.K. by Film Traders. Academy Cinema.

The Academy Cinema in its hand-out makes the claim that the current Italian film "Angelina" ranks with the Jacques Feyder motion picture classic "La Kermesse Heriotique." This, however, is mere film traders' sales talk and must be dismissed as such. Feyder is acknowledged as one of the great creative minds of the cinema and a number of movies ably demonstrate that fact; on the other hand, Zampa has so far directed a competent film on the impact of war on an Italian peasant family ("To Live in Peace"), and an opportunist, aid-begging quickie. His current offering, "Angelina," is based on a trite script given a social twist as it has the slums of Rome as its setting.

Angelina (played by Anna Magnani, Italy's leading movie actress), the strong-minded, sharp-tongued wife of a police sergeant (Nando Bruno), leads a successful looting of a spaghetti store and then a squatting incident in a block of luxury flats. As spokeswoman of an Italian equivalent of the Housewives' League, she turns to politics, becomes the local Mayoress and candidate for Parliament only to land herself in prison for three weeks following a clash with the police.

At this point the mood of the film changes with almost, but not quite, the same speed as the Italian conversion from Fascism to Democracy. On her release the scheming capitalist (Armando Migliori), magnanimously hands over his block of flats to the workers, his son becomes engaged to Angelina's daughter, and Angelina herself forsakes politics for *Kirche und Kinder* (the third K—*Kirche*—I assume, had partly influenced the decision). All my sympathies were there and then with her husband. Needless to say, this attempt to please all political masters, both domestic and foreign, is completely unconvincing and makes a mediocre film so much worse.

This film is slackly directed, loosely constructed, and unduly repetitive; it is technically appalling, even for an Italian production, and weighed down by an excess of dialogue. Italian is shouted at one from beginning to end and those who have learned the less volatile languages will be obliged to spend almost all their time reading sub-titles—with the consolation that they will be missing some of the poorest photography for many a long film. Credit, however, must go to the wardrobe department (unnamed in the credit titles). For once actors look working-class—Signora Magnani appears in worn-out skirts and ill-fitting cotton blouses, which do absolutely nothing to flatter her figure: this is so sudden a deviation from the wardrobe policy of the current cinema that it demands mention.

P. E. B.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

Women who play hockey are usually thought of as hardened Amazons. Ordinary folk shudder to think of them, these immensely strong and amazingly hearty females. Nor, indeed, is their effortless wielding of that dangerous-looking stick at all calculated to put the onlooker's mind at ease. But the L.S.E. Women's Hockey Team hardly conforms to this standard. Its members err, if anything, in the opposite direction. Yet it has, this season, achieved a considerable measure of success and this is certainly not due to any muscular superiority. It is much more a product of quick, aggressive play, neat slickwork and passing and considerable enthusiasm. It has won many more matches than it has lost, and it has travelled as far afield as Oxford and Southampton.

In the Intercollegiate Tournament, in good measure a test of hockey prowess, it had the misfortune to be drawn against Bedford College in the first round. Bedford, who eventually emerged victorious, traditionally produces first-class hockey. If recruits to the L.S.E. team are many next year, however, the results at Mospur Park may perhaps take on a different shape. The most disastrous handicap this year has been the limited number of members in the Club and its consequent inability to raise two teams.

N.U.S.S.A. — continued. regarding the suitability of present training." Another resolution concerned the teaching abilities of University lecturers and their salaries. It is in this way that we hope that N.U.S.S.S.A. can do something which will be of real value to all of us, and it should be given our wholehearted support. We must not worm our way out of our responsibilities, and if you have any helpful suggestions for reform of the curricula send them to Fred Jarvis, at Liverpool. George Marlow, the L.S.E. representative, is responsible for the collection of information concerning the employment prospects of social scientists. The success of N.U.S.S.S.A. will depend on the interest which you and I take in it and on the amount of work and thought we put into it. RENEE NATHAN.

JOAN OF ARC

Directed by Victor Fleming, from the play "Joan of Lorraine" by Maxwell Anderson. With Ingrid Bergman.

"If ever an actress seemed destined to portray a given character," says the publicity blurb handed to "Beaver" at the Press showing, "that actress is Ingrid Bergman. And the part is that of Joan of Arc."

Well, here is Miss Bergman, face to face with Destiny, and in a pretty distressing situation, despite the support of a £1,250,000 production, 10 months' research, and a script from a play—Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine"—in which she herself had starred with great success on Broadway. The result of two years' production, the film as a whole, and Miss Bergman's attempt at Joan in particular, is timid and disappointing. The dreary and pretentious script proves too much for most of the cast, and must take its share of the blame, but surely the greatest handicap is Miss Bergman herself, who is far too attractive to play a sexless mystic. "She's just a pretty girl in armour," observes one of the more astute bit players, and this is almost the last word on the Bergman Joan. As Joan the Martyr she does well enough, but as Joan the Warrior—who was, after all, the pre-condition of Joan the Martyr—she never convinces: the suit of armour (a delightfully fetching little creation in aluminium by the New York Metropolitan Museum) is an obvious embarrassment to her although, the blurb tells us, it is only one-quarter the weight of the real Joan's battledress.

Joan's trial is given a conventional Hollywood treatment, being represented as a struggle between the wicked Bishop and the entrapped maiden, which means that "Joan of Arc" will probably give a new lease of life to the legend which Bernard Shaw tried so hard to destroy. In this picture the political and religious forces which made Joan's martyrdom inevitable are never given anything approaching their true significance: the one aim seems to be to get that technicolor blaze going in the market place at Rouen. This in an epic, however, so there are two-and-a-half hours to crawl through before that: the result is one of those lavish "pains-takingly accurate" and completely tasteless historical pageants of which it seems that Hollywood will never tire. Indeed, the production is sufficient proof that, even in these days of crises, Hollywood still believes that Big subjects need Big budgets.

Out of the cast of thousands which always goes with such things, Jose Feuer stands out as the Dauphin and Francis J. Sullivan, as usual, is considerable: the honours, however, go to J. Carol Nash as the villainous Duke of Burgundy, who manages to convince, despite some gruesome make-up and such medieval idioms as "to get the boot" and "what's in it for me?"

"This," the blurb solemnly assures us, "is how people lived and ate and walked and rode horses, dressed and talked in France in the time of Joan"—which clearly shows that there are no limits to Marshall Aid now that it's got going.

J. H. S.

THE N.U.S. SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The first Annual General Meeting of this new faculty association was held in Bangor during the N.U.S. Congress and after several false starts it was decided to call it the N.U.S. Social Science Faculty Association — which abbreviates to N.U.S.S.S.A.

The main business before us at Bangor was to introduce N.U.S.S.S.A. on a firm basis, and to give it a useful programme of activities to be carried out over the coming year. The Committee which was elected is widely dispersed over the country, having representatives from Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Nottingham, Newcastle, Oxford, King's H. & S.S. (London) and the old faithful, L.S.E. We spent a lot of time ironing out loopholes in the draft constitution. There seemed to be a widespread fear of L.S.E. domination, which we, of course, could not understand, but we managed to live this down—and no one at any time suggested the introduction of veto powers!

There was a lot of discussion on financial matters. N.U.S.S.S.A. needed £100 per annum and the original plan of a *per capita* rate of 6d. meant that the L.S.E. would be providing £90. Finally, we settled on a sliding scale, in which L.S.E., if the Union affiliates as a whole, will be paying roughly £35. It starts at 6d. per head for the first 250, then 4d. per head for the next 500, and then 2d. per head for the remainder. Most of the other faculty groups fall into the first group—having under 200 members: it is abundantly clear that the L.S.E. will be by far the largest constituent body.

The work of the association for the coming year is embodied in this resolution:—"N.U.S.S.S.A. shall undertake a survey into the curricula of courses and schemes of practical work undertaken by degree, diploma and certificate by social science students, in relation to the whole employment problems facing social science students, and to make recommendations

BANGOR CONGRESS

(continued from front page)

LYSENKO and 'VINTAGE KEN'

After five days' concentrated listening, it was a pleasure to hear the human voice in its pure harmonic form. The singing of the Welsh Choir that Sunday evening was undoubtedly the most appreciated single item of the Congress: of it "Congress News" remarked, "We thank those who gave us the experience—the hush of the student audience while it listened, and its amazing applause after each item..." provoked the exclamation, "... Who said that the 'Common People' had no culture!"

On Monday we were jostled back to reality and commenced with a plenary session, at which Mr. John Lowe, of the Conservative Central Office, delivered a weighty address on "The Student, his Nation, and Peace." An amusing diversion followed when one student indignantly declared that Mr. Lowe had underestimated the intellectual attainments of his audience, and Mr. Lowe, in return, claimed that he had not consciously thought of it and that he "spoke as he always spoke."

In the afternoon, Professor Jenkin, a noted Welsh biologist, confounded the members of one of the faculty meetings with a most learned exposition of the contentious factors in the present Lysenko controversy; so learned, indeed, that very few of those present understood more than his opening remarks. In the debate which followed, however—"That Lysenko and his followers are acting in a manner detrimental to the cause of Science"—the proposer, a Cambridge research worker in plant breeding, explained the position in elementary terms and the general debate took the form "As an engineer interested in biology..."

In the evening students from many parts of the world participated in an International Youth Concert, and it was followed by a traditional "Student Sing-Song" and a sort of informal dance.

VINTAGE KEN

The last plenary session was addressed by Mr. C. R. Morris, the Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, and was perhaps the most interesting from the student's point of view. It was, in effect, an introspective examination of the aims and customs of student life, and the contributions, particularly those from students at training colleges, made one realise how easily one accepts the near-autonomy allowed in the older colleges without fully appreciating its value.

The main event in the afternoon was the discussion held by the Communist Society, in which Ken Watkins gave an analysis of Britain's Economic Crisis. This followed a discussion held the previous Wednesday entitled, "The Communist Alternative," and it is true to say that many who came to jeer stayed to listen. Indeed, this tolerant attitude among divergent views was general, although one could not resist the impression that the Communists as a body displayed a standard of objectivity which might well have been copied by some of their opponents.

The Congress concluded with a Farewell Carnival Dance. Student ingenuity is rarely taxed to a better purpose; male women and female men disturbed our normal equanimity; and pirates, cowboys, Indians (comic-opera) and other motley students pranced or danced their way through the evening to the general amusement of all.

Thus it ended. Our gratitude (and sympathies) are due to those students and paid officials whose tenacity made the Congress a reality.

And so to Brighton—in 1950.

ATHLETIC UNION

SPORTS DAY at Malden Saturday May 7th

To be followed in the Evening by a DANCE in the Sports Pavilion