

# The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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Issue number 582



Mourning the decline of McDonald's in blink, Page 10

Kill Bill reviewed in b:art, Page 18



Inquiry result – school absolves SU page 3

## SU Burglary Shock

**El Barham**  
News Editor

The Students' Union was the victim of a planned burglary and a lapse in security last Monday when five offices in the East Building were raided in a brazen robbery that saw valuable union property lost to crime.

The burglars ransacked the PuLSE radio station, the offices of the SU General Secretary, the Treasurer and the General Manager, Gethin Roberts. The Beaver's office was also plundered in the event.

The intruders were able to access the building without passing the Old Building security desk because of an open door to the East Building on Houghton St. Under normal circumstances, this door should be locked at 6:30pm along with all outer doors to the precinct. However, on Monday, the postgraduate welcome party was in full sway, meaning that there was access to the Quad and everything above it through the unsupervised doors into SU Reception.

Items stolen include several Union owned plasma computer screens and PuLSE's digital mixer, as well as two digital cameras and a laptop - all personal property. Offices containing no loot-worthy items were rummaged through, with the contents of draws strewn over the floors. It is estimated that £2,850 worth of equipment was stolen.

Only offices with names labeling the doors were broken into, but SU Treasurer, Jo Kibble, was reluctant to condemn the practice of office titles. He said: "It's trade off between leaving the names off the doors for security reasons and making sure that we are accessible to students."

The break-in occurred between 8:30pm and 9:20pm while SU General Secretary Elliot Simmons briefly left his office. He reported the incident to the LSE security upon his return to a corridor of splintered doors.

Police logs show that security reported the crime to the police at 9:38pm, nearly 20 minutes after the incident was reported to them. After obtaining no response from security after 15 minutes, Simmons again called to find that no action had yet been taken. When finally security staff did arrive, those who had visited the scene left after the end of their shift, before they



**A police officer surveys the devastation in the Beaver Office**

could relay any overview of the situation to their successors or leave witness statements for the police.

Two police officers from Charing Cross Police Station arrived at 11:25pm to investigate the crime, having walked from a previous incident in Leicester Square. They questioned the victims who were on the scene and took details of the purloined articles. They then radioed for reinforcement in the form of a scene of crime investigative officer (SOCO) to examine the area.

The SOCO arrived an hour later and began to dust for fingerprints and ascertain exactly how the intruders had managed to enter the offices. She concluded that the perpetrators had worn gloves and that no instrument had been used to break open the doors. Only brute force was necessary.

The door to The Beaver's office had been kicked, the bottom half lying in splinters across the floor. The other doors had remained intact, with the Yale locks loose in their holdings. The force used was so strong that the lock to the SU Treasurer's

office had flown to the other side of the room.

Speaking to The Beaver, one of the officers said: "This looks as if it was an inside job - the intruders obviously knew the layout of the building and when would be the best time to commit the crime."

"Crimes of this sort are common in the area - we get a lot of calls to university buildings, such as Kings across the Strand. The security systems need to be looked at. There should be some security cameras here."

Not all valuable equipment was taken in the raid. The base stations for the PuLSE and The Beaver offices had been left, along with the network server. However, security was reluctant to secure the area as they "didn't have the staff." It transpired that during the night there had only been four security guards to patrol all 26 of the LSE buildings.

SU General Secretary, Elliot Simmons, was also concerned about the school's security arrangements. He said: "The school must urgently review its security arrangements in light of the events on

Monday night."

Security agreed to try to lock the door leading to the affected corridor at 12:40am, Tuesday. They also put motion sensors, cleverly disguised, in some of the rooms to make sure that the thieves would not be able to make a repeat performance until full security resumed later that day. The sole security officer on the scene then started recording the relevant details at 12:55, noting what had been taken from each office.

Those who were affected had mixed feelings regarding the break-in. Oliver Jelleman, whose digital camera had been stolen, said: "It's an invasion of personal space."

Ibrahim Rasheed, Executive Editor of The Beaver said: "this incident calls into question issues regarding the security of buildings here at the LSE and I hope the school urgently reviews its security procedures in light of this."

Security staff was also keen to emphasise the school's role in securing the buildings. A security officer speaking to The Beaver said: "We don't have the staff. The school is not spending enough money on security and we really need the extra people."

Others however were more philosophical. Jo Kibble LSESU Treasurer, told The Beaver: "This incident is an unfortunate symptom of the society in which we live. I don't blame any individual person. However, it is obviously sad that Union and personal property was stolen."



**The remains of The Beaver door**

Turn to Page 5 for our spectacular new STA Travel Competition

# The Beaver News

## Owen Speaks at the LSE

**Ibrahim Rasheed**  
Executive Editor

Lord Owen, the former British Foreign Secretary addressed a large audience crowded in to the Old Theatre at the LSE last Wednesday. The talk was part of a lecture series entitled 'Developments of British Foreign Policy' for which five former Foreign Secretaries will reflect on their time in government and give their views on the conduct of UK foreign policy.

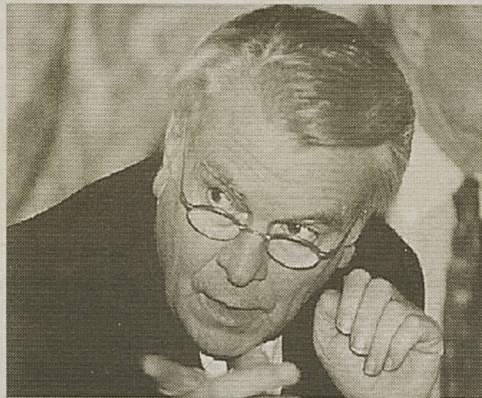
In his lecture on the growing dominance of the Prime Minister over British diplomacy, Lord Owen was highly critical of Margaret Thatcher and Tony Blair's styles of government. He spoke highly of the merits of cabinet government, which he agreed: "draws on a knowledge base that enriches decision making." At the same time he rued the erosion of cabinet government, which he believes started during Thatcher's tenure, and was consolidated by the current Prime Minister.

Lord Owen also argued that when Prime Ministers act in unison with their cabinet colleagues, bad decisions are less likely to be made. He said that further British integration with the EU became more powerful under more dominant Prime Ministers. When only special advisors are consulted, he claimed, they are more likely to make rash decisions, as they are not accountable to the public.

He also made a thinly veiled attack on the premiership of Tony Blair. He said: "We have two large areas of policy outside the hands of the cabinet foreign and economic policy. Tony Blair needs to dominate foreign policy because he cannot dominate

economic policy". This was a reference to the power exercised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer Gordon Brown. The 'duopoly' that runs Whitehall is a hindrance to the governance of Britain, according to Lord Owen. He also made it clear that Blair did not make changes, he risks punishment at the polls. He explained: "Hubris was followed nemesis for Thatcher, and it very well could for Blair too."

Lord Owen entered parliament in 1966 as a Labour Member of Parliament (MP) for Plymouth Sutton. Amongst other positions, he was Foreign Secretary from 1977-79 under Prime Minister James Callaghan. In 1981 he was one of the 'Gang of Four' who left the Labour Party to found the Social Democratic Party and was its leader from 1983-87. The next lecture in the series will be given by Lord Carrington, who was Foreign Secretary at the time of the Argentinean invasion of the Falkland Islands, on Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> October at 6:30 pm in the Hong Kong Theatre.



Former Foreign Secretary Lord Owen

## New Careers Service Launch

**Joseph Dimbleby**  
Careers Service

The LSE's brand new Careers Service was launched last Wednesday evening with a reception co-hosted by the new Director Howard Davies and the head of the service Fiona Sandford.

Among the 100 guests who also attended the launch were senior figures in the school and key graduate recruiters, including Deloitte and Credit Suisse First Boston.

In his speech, Howard Davies remarked on the extraordinary qualities of LSE students in comparison with their European counterparts. As evidence for this assertion, he explained that not only did they take out more books from the library but that they were more likely to have gained some experience of the work place before leaving the university and

expected higher salaries on entering employment.

Davies pointed to the corresponding need for a careers service that is geared both to students and their prospective employers. The dramatic improvements to the service which have taken place over the last few months were, according to Davies, a response to that need.

The Careers Service has moved to spacious and better equipped premises on the sixth floor Tower 2 it has four new members of staff and is offering a much greater range of services to students and employers than in previous years.

The program for this year features an impressive number of events, over 150 in all. The director was pleased to be able to say that there had already been over 2500 visits to the careers service in the first week of term, double the number of previous years.

## The LSE to get TV

**Ibrahim Rasheed**  
Executive Editor

It has been announced that LSESU will soon have its own TV station. The newest addition to student media is set for a January launch date. The venture is going ahead in association with 'jvtv', a company that broadcasts its television channel SUBtv to students' unions across the country. Currently SUBtv has ten-year contracts with fifty unions including the LSE.

Four plasma screens have already been installed in the Quad and in the Three Tuns. Two of these will broadcast SUBtv and the other two will have an auxiliary input allowing cable television or DVD and VHS to be broadcast. The bar managers will be able to control the auxiliary monitors meaning that the Tuns will be able to broadcast live sporting events. SUBtv will set aside ten minutes for advertising whilst the other fifty minutes will be available for programming. In addition, the cable screens will have a side panel covering a fifth of it, with additional advertising using still images.

SUBtv has the ability to broadcast both national and local programs. LSE students will be able to view shows that are locally produced as well as those that are produced centrally by SUBtv to be broadcast to all affiliated students' unions.

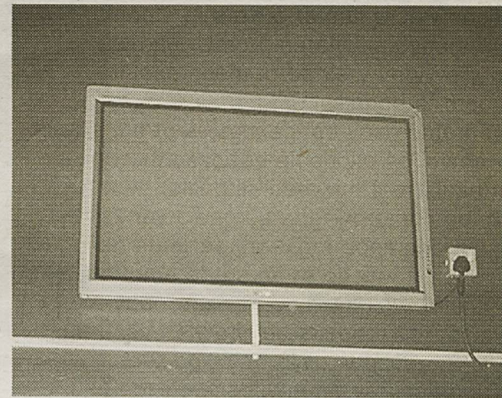
Jonathan Abraham, student representative from 'jvtv' met with union officials last week to discuss how the venture would proceed. He said that given the immense scale of the project, it would take some time before a format for the ratio of national to

local programming could be worked out. It was therefore decided to delay the launch of the LSE programming until next January.

Technical assistance will be provided by 'jvtv' in the initial phase. Abraham said that he would be on hand to help film events such as the AU Barrel, coming up in early December.

There will also be an interesting variety of national programmes that are sure to arouse interest. National film and animation competitions have been organised so that winning entries can be transmitted over the airwaves. A more controversial project is a Mr and Miss University competition, which may risk causing affront to certain sections of the student community.

Though it is unlikely that the Students' Union will be in a position to produce content to fill up the schedule, it is hoped that this additional opportunity for students to vent their creativity and talents will be seized upon with eager anticipation.



Plasma screens - TV broadcast here

## SU Shop

Open Monday - Friday 9.30 - 5.30

Network Cards and Cables

A-Z Street Maps

Discount Newspapers and Magazines

### Special Offers

Niceday Ring Binders £1.35 (2 for £1.99)  
Lever Arch File £1.99 (2 for £2.99)  
Rhino Spiral Pad £2.40 (2 for £3.99)  
Summit 80 Leaf Pad £1.49 (Buy 2 Get 1 Free)

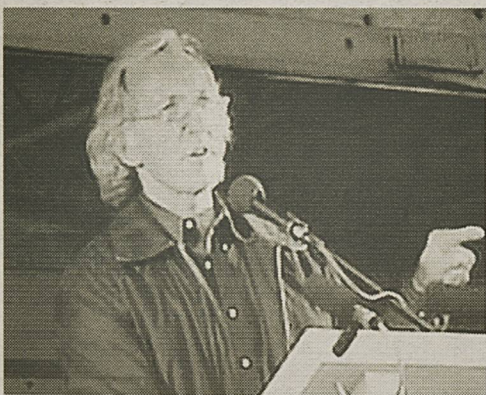
Offers while stocks last



Event	Date	Title	Starts	Ends	Registration	Location
Careers Fair	13th October	Banking and Financial Services Fair	6.00pm	9.30pm	See Careers Service website.	The Atrium
Seminar	14th October	Creating a Good CV	1.00pm	2.00pm	No need to register	G1
Employer Presentation	14th October	Clifford Chance	6.30pm	9.00pm	email louise.mcmunn@cliffordchance.com	See Careers website
Employer Presentation	14th October	Goldman Sachs International	6.00pm	8.30pm	No need to register	See Careers website
Seminar	15th October	Application Forms	1.00pm	2.00pm	No need to Register	S50
Presentation	15th October	Citigroup	6.30pm	9.30pm	Send an email to campus.queries@citigroup.com.	See Careers website
Skills Session	16th October	Deloitte On-Line Applications	1.00pm	2.30pm	e-mail gradrec.uk@deloitte.co.uk	H102
Careers Fair	16th October	Consultancy Careers Fair	6.30pm	9.30pm	See Careers Service website.	Atrium
Seminar	20th October	Convert your US Resume to a UK CV	1.00pm	2.00pm	No need to Register	S221
Presentation	20th October	Linklaters- Law for non-lawyers	1.00pm	2.00pm	e-mail presentationslse@linklaters.com	Graham Wallis
Presentation	20th October	Linklaters	6.00pm	10pm	e-mail unipresentations@linklaters.com	See Careers website
Presentation	20th October	Credit Suisse First Boston	6pm	9pm	By e-mail to lisa.wilson@csfb.com	See Careers Website
Presentation	20th October	Lehman Brothers	6.00pm	8.00pm	krickenb@lehman.com	Hong Kong Theatre

# The Beaver News

## Stop The War! The Coalition pulls the crowds



Pilger addresses the people

**El Barham**  
News Editor

LSE's Stop the War Coalition's (STWC) first speaker event of the year was a runaway success with the overspill from the rally crowding Houghton Street last Wednesday.

The speaker event was organised by the LSE and School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) branches of the Stop the War Coalition. The usual venue for an event of this size, the Old Theatre, was being used for a talk given by former Foreign Secretary, Lord Owen, as part of the LSE public lecture series exploring developments in British Diplomacy.

However, the sheer number of spectators who came to show their support for the Stop the War movement outclassed the competing event. An estimated audience of 300, who could not fit into the space-constrained New Theatre, gathered outside the East Building to listen to the speeches.

Some viewers who were denied entrance to the New Theatre were dissatisfied, as some SOAS students had been allotted tickets by the SOAS co-ordinator

of the rally, Omar Warrich, which enabled them to access limited seats before others who had been waiting in the queue before them.

James Meadway, one of the LSE organisers of the rally said: "We didn't know that some tickets had been issued. We originally arranged the event to take place at SOAS and Omar just wanted to make sure that the people who had helped with the preparations were able to attend."

Speakers Tariq Ali, Dr Ghada Karmi and John Pilger took it in turns to address the crowd gathered outside after speaking in the theatre. Students from across the University of London made up a large portion of the audience, but other interested non-students also arrived in droves to show their support for the movement, including Stop the War veteran Jeremy Corbyn MP.

Spotted by a steward for the Stop the War Coalition on Houghton Street, Corbyn was swiftly ushered into the New Theatre, and graciously agreed to give a short unprepared speech to the eager audience. He added his voice to those of the previous speakers, condemning Bush and Blair's actions in Iraq and urging continued resistance to the US and UK governments' activities.

All the speakers gave a brief synopsis of the arguments against the initial invasion of Iraq and highlighted the dangers arising from the continued military presence in the region, such as an increase in recruitment to terrorist organisations. Tariq Ali explained: "Occupied places are so awful that for many young people it makes no difference to them whether they live or die. It is a sign of desperation."

Emphasis was also placed on the high level of public engagement and awareness the conflict has generated, and students in

particular were encouraged to take their lead. Speaking to The Beaver after the event, Pilger said: Students have to follow the example of the people who came tonight. Other things students campaign against such as top-up fees are important, but war and peace are more important."

Tariq Ali also urged that students become as aware as the public about the issues. In a post-event interview with The Beaver, he said: "There has been a decline in teaching. Students need to be alert and think for themselves and not let their minds be made up for them by their lecturers and course books."

The LSE Stop the War Coalition was delighted with the success of the event. Meadway said: "The whole thing went brilliantly, and it was great to see so many people turn up."

"The high level of attendance shows that people still feel deeply angry and that something can be done. LSE students have taken a lead in protests of this sort before and tonight shows that they can do so again."

However, Meadway acknowledged that not everyone would be pleased with the success of the meeting. He said: "There is the potential of a flare-up on campus because these are such emotive issues."

Proof of these fears emerged the Friday following the event. Anonymous posters were displayed on campus last week alleging that comments in support of suicide bombers had been aired during the event, and urging readers to email Howard Davies to halt the activities of the Stop the War Coalition.

Organisers of the event and many other listeners deny that any comments of this nature were made either inside or outside the New Theatre.



Union Jack

Tally ho! What a sham! New year, same old charade, it seems, for the UGM. After four months of tiresome socialising at the summerhouse, Jack was greeted with a damp squib.

In retrospect, Jack may have been a tad eager to jump back into the heady world of the UGM without due consideration to how mind-numbingly boring the whole debacle can be. The political wannabe's kicked-off the shenanigans with, as predicted in this column last week, Evil K being the only hack standing for chair as Patronising Dave and Nolan watched on in silence- you heard it here first. Fix! Fix, Jack cries!

The feeling of dejection at this brazen display of electoral fraud was quickly soled by the elections for vice-chair. Samantha Nicklin returned to the stage after a year in hiding to challenge Danish Dave Willumsen. But what was the aubergine all about? Maybe it was the memory of Peach Bellendi's defeat by a Wright's Bar mixed grill? Needless to say the village idiot was swept away by a landslide to rival that which befell Sodom and Gomorrah. Though clearly not wicked, Jack would like to remind the world, that Danish Dave is, ultimately misguided. So, perhaps it was all for the best.

Jack would like to apologise. It is not often that Jack finds himself in the wrong but a mistake has to be acknowledged. There was a decent number of Freshers in attendance this week and Jack feels that his praising comments last week may have bolstered the numbers. The poor puppies had to sit through forty five minutes of reports before the UGM even got onto the motions, and were then forced to put up with two, count them - two, bile-worthy proposals on badgers by Matt Shit-for-brains Sinclair.

Jack is also devastated by the absence of the Balcony Boys. Where were the Rugby shirts? The paper throwing? The moronically unfunny jokes? Jack longs for the days of Supertramp and Charterhouse when the likes of Shit-for-brains Sinclair would have been put in their place. Happily this week, the void was filled with the Beaver's very own Just-in Nolan. Nolan was not taking any shit from the Badger lovers and humiliated the proposers by pointing out that what they thought was a witty motion bound to have the little Freshers pissing themselves in their seats, was in fact, crap. Jack hopes Shit-for-brains Sinclair crawls back into whatever hole he came from.

Polytechnick' Spurrell also seems ready to adopt the throne of Fudge Packer, that great flailing tub of Tory lard, being as he was this week, the only member of the UGM voting against a motion to support the erection (giggle) of a statue of Nelson Mandela in Trafalgar Square. Unfortunately Polytechnick is way out of his depth. Though Fudge was held in as much contempt as his heir apparent is now, he also managed to charm unassuming Freshers into thinking that he was harmless and that his fascist views were just a bit of a laugh. Polytechnick desperately needs to work on his image, as at the moment he just comes across as callous and thick.

Finally, Jack would like to apologise for his ill temper this week. But with the UGM giving him little to smile about, it's all that could be expected really. Jack is seriously considering not bothering to turn up next week and would advise you to do like-wise. Ha! That will learn 'em.

## Constitutional Controversy

**Mark Power**  
News Editor

The school has announced that the result of its investigation into the controversy surrounding last year's constitutional review is that the complaint was unfounded.

The complaint was raised by Peter Bellini, last year's Students' Union Treasurer, who took issue with the way the Union changed its constitution on five grounds. He alleges that the Constitutional Review Taskforce (CRT), the body established by Union Council to propose changes to the constitution, went beyond its remit in terms of the proposals it submitted to the UGM and was at fault in its meeting procedure, failing to take minutes. He secondly challenges the actual process of voting upon those changes in the UGM, that the UGM meetings were not properly convened, and that the then General Secretary made inappropriate use of the Global email to advertise the review.



Council Peter F Bellini

The claims were investigated by Adrian Hall, School Secretary and Director of Administration. He found that whilst the complaint was "substantively unfounded", he nonetheless remained "concerned about the shortcomings which marked the process." He found the absence of minute taking in CRT meetings particularly alarming and urged the Union to review its committee procedures in order to prevent repeat occurrences of this controversy.

Responding to the outcome of his complaint, Peter Bellini confirmed his intention to pursue the complaint further, and take it to an appeal to a Lay Governor of the School. He went on: "Whilst I am disappointed that the school has not upheld our appeal against the CRE, the comments on the conduct of the CRE from the school are significantly damning given the tendency of the school not to wish to rock the boat with regards to the way the Student Union conducts itself." He reiterated that he expected a very different result when the complaint is pursued further.

Responding to Bellini's statement, LSE SU General Secretary Elliot Simmons commented "Bellini has raised his concerns during the Summer UGM, yet failed to change the vote. I understand that despite failing to convince the student body and the school of his arguments, Mr Bellini now intends to appeal to a Lay Governor. I'm confident they will agree with the findings of the school and uphold the judgement of our sovereign decision making body - the UGM." When asked as to whether the Union would be following Hall's recommendations and organizing a review of Union

committee procedure, Simmons replied that he would be raising all of the issues at Monday's Constitution and Steering Committee meeting.

It is expected that this term may see a return of the rancor that surrounded the summer UGMs, called to push through the constitutional changes at the end of last year. Both sides had become bitterly entrenched in the dispute which resulted in the then General Secretary, Tuuli Kousa, making a tearful appeal to the UGM after opponents' attempts to sabotage the meeting by pulling out their supporters in order to make the meeting fail quoracy - a minimum number of people required to run the meeting. The opponents had also called a number of Constitution and Steering Committee emergency meetings in order to challenge the changes on technical grounds, all of which failed to produce the required result.

Many Union insiders have denounced the efforts, led by Bellini and his erstwhile colleague Tom Packer, to derail the constitutional changes as churlish and petty. Indeed, with the new constitution being phased into effect over the course of this year, one union insider commented that "it would be much more constructive for Bellini to seek democratic remit to amend the new constitution to his liking, rather than dwelling on the petty squabbles of last year."

Whatever the opponents' personal motives in this saga, the UGM looks set to become the battle ground between the forces of change and those of conservatism.

# The Beaver News

## Killing with Kindness - a tough stance on begging

**El Barham**  
News Editor

Camden and Westminster councils have launched a new campaign discouraging people from giving cash donations to beggars in the area.

The 'Killing With Kindness' advertising campaign, commissioned by a partnership of numerous agencies, comprises a series of posters designed to demonstrate the dangers of bestowing money to street beggars.

Police officers will also be participating in the campaign warning people who beg about their behaviour and advising them about the help they can seek.

Partners in the venture include charitable organisations The West End Drugs Partnership and Thames Reach Bondway as well as government departments, borough councils local businesses and societies and the Metropolitan Police. They aim to reduce



For the scheme - Councillor Bradley

the numbers of street beggars by advising people to refrain from sustaining their lifestyle by denying them a source of income.

The thrust of the campaign is that to give money to those on the street is not an act of kindness but actually does more harm than good. This is because it is claimed that money donated to beggars is likely to be spent on drugs and alcohol.

According to a recent survey in the City of Westminster, 86% of beggars were trying to obtain money for these substances. Police statistics show that 64% of those arrested for begging in the borough of Camden have a conviction for the possession of class A drugs.

It is claimed that sustaining the lifestyles of beggars prevents them from seeking the help that could improve their lives in the long run. Victoria Walker, press officer for Westminster Council explained: "The scheme is about helping - we want to make people aware of the services available for the genuine homeless."

"We believe that a large number of beggars are feeding their drug habits and we want them to be unable to do this so that they seek professional help."

Westminster Council believes that discouraging people from giving money to beggars will improve the safety of the area from other visitors and residents. Councillor Alan Bradley of Westminster, cabinet member for community protection said: "Begging, and in particular aggressive



Thames Reach Bondway Chief Executive  
Jeremy Swain

begging, is an anti social welcome to Westminster. We want to take people off the streets and into the right care and this partnership campaign is part of that."

His sentiments were backed by Jim Murray, a member of West End Drugs Partnership and a Camden resident.

He said: "As a person who is a resident, worker and as someone bringing up three children in the West End, I am encouraged by this campaign. This will help to educate people about giving money to beggars and works towards making our streets safer for residents, workers and visitors to the area."

Those backing the campaign argue that the fear of violence from aggressive beggars who are refused cash should not dilute its message. Mike Nicholas, communications officer for homeless charity Thames Reach Bondway said: "There is a problem with anti-social behaviour and aggressive begging and we obviously don't want to

cause harm through our advice.

"However, although this campaign is quite controversial, we felt the message that giving beggars money is misguided needed to be said."

Campaign posters will appear throughout the West End in bus shelters, tube stations, bars, clubs, restaurants, theatres, banks, shops and student unions as well as in the print and broadcast media.

The SU Executive have decided not to support the campaign, so posters will not be distributed on the LSE campus. SU General Secretary Elliot Simmons said: "The campaign does not put anything forward about helping people with drugs problems on the streets."

"Also we do not believe that the focus of the campaign is on helping people who are genuinely homeless and rely on people's kindness."



Refuse them money? Camden says yes

## Societies Listings

Next Week The Beaver brings you an all new listings page, incorporating societies listings

To advertise your Society events in the Societies Listings each week in The Beaver please contact the Societies Officer at his email address: [w.d.macfarlane@lse.ac.uk](mailto:w.d.macfarlane@lse.ac.uk).

Each week upcoming events - time, location, and brief description, shall be listed here in The Beaver. The Societies Officer shall also send out listings of events he is notified about in the LSESU's weekly global email.

It's not too late to join LSESU societies. Fresher's Fayre may have gone for another year, but all students are still free to join any LSESU society they wish.

To do so get in touch with that society by searching the LSE email database - all society email addresses take the format [su.soc.\(society name\)@lse.ac.uk](mailto:su.soc.(society name)@lse.ac.uk) - or contact the Societies Officer if you have any problems.

Furthermore new societies are launched throughout the year, so keep an eye out. Current societies in the pipeline include Chess and American (both being relaunched), and, of course, LSE TV Society.

### The Listings:

**People and Planet Society Welcome Party**  
Underground Bar  
Tuesday 14 October - 7.30-11pm  
Live Reggae acts followed by drum and bass DJs.

**French Connection Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Tuesday 14 October - 6pm in D311  
**Cypriot Society**  
Annual General Meeting

Friday 17 October - 5pm in S75

**Italian Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Wednesday 15 October - 4pm in D302

**Opera Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Monday 13 October - 5pm in D502

**Entrepreneurial Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Monday 13 October - 1pm in S78

**Live Music Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Monday 13 October - 1pm in H102

**Student Action for Refugees**  
Annual General Meeting  
Monday 13 October - 6pm in H103

**History Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Tuesday 14 October - 6pm in D202

**Friends of Palestine**  
Annual General Meeting  
Wednesday 15 October - 1pm in H102

**Indian Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Wednesday 15 October - 1.30pm in G108

**Jewish Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Wednesday 15 October - Midday in D502

**Malaysia Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Wednesday 15 October - 2pm in D602

**Singapore Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Wednesday 15 October - 2pm in S50

**European Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Wednesday 15 October - 1pm in D202

**German Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Thursday 16 October - 6pm in D302

**Grimshaw Club**  
Annual General Meeting  
Thursday 16 October - 6pm in D502

**Spanish Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Thursday 16 October - 5pm in H103

**Swiss Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Thursday 16 October - 6pm in H101

**Thai Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Thursday 16 October - 5.30pm in S73

**People First Society**  
Annual General Meeting  
Friday 17 October - 1pm in D106

**Private Equity Club**  
Annual General Meeting  
Friday 17 October - Midday in S78a

**Liberal Democrat Society**  
Charles Kennedy MP to Speak on Higher Education  
Monday 20th October, 1pm Hong Kong Theatre (D1)

## Get Paid

### Part-time job shop

The Students' Union (SU) in partnership with the LSE Careers Service is delighted to announce the launch of an online Part-Time Job Shop for LSE students. This service will advertise part-time jobs within the LSE community and also from outside employers, which pay £5 or more an hour.

The number of jobs advertised on the website will increase over the coming weeks and useful information for employees will also be added, following the appointment of a new member of staff last week with responsibility for this area.

#### To use the Service:

- (1) Visit the LSE Careers homepage - [www.lse.ac.uk/careers/](http://www.lse.ac.uk/careers/)
- (2) Select [LSEJobOnline](#)
- (3) Enter your Username and Password when prompted
- (4) On the next screen select 'Part-Time' for type of 'Vacancy'. Then select 'Search'
- (5) Select 'Organisation name' for more details on the job you are interested in

Please direct any feedback of the new service to Elliot Simmons at [su.gensec@lse.ac.uk](mailto:su.gensec@lse.ac.uk).

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# The Beaver

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The Beaver

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# The Beaver Comment and Analysis

## Barham Bites Back



So work proper started this week and lecture theatres throughout campus were inundated with students eagerly awaiting to fill freshly purchased notebooks with oodles of facts. Others were asleep but that's beside the point. Rooms were full – too full. In fact, I couldn't get a seat for one of my classes and on other occasions only avoided squatting on the floor by turning up a bit early. There is a noticeable and concerning trend with the number of students augmenting each year. Resources are not being expanded to match, with space on campus severely limited. Halls are also overflowing and there are not enough rooms for incoming students. The school is currently looking at prospective buildings to serve as future residences and rumour has it that the campus will extend northward at some point, but until then, it looks like the early bird will catch the worm. Or seat.

Space constraint has been a feature of the LSE all round. After last weeks' Crush debacle, it was hoped that we would no more be subjected to the sardine-can policy of trying to squeeze more people into the Quad than is feasibly possible. But no. Chuckle Club this week was 30 people over capacity, which meant punters trying

to quench their thirst at the bar had to negotiate a strip of floor mere millimetres in width as people crowded on the stairs. Ents events are supposed to be fun, so marring them with unnecessary difficulties seems a bit pointless. So stop over-booking.

Eager crowds gathered for the Stop the War Coalition's rally held in the New Theatre were also victims of the too many bodies for too few places problem. Around 300 individuals felt so dedicated to the cause however, that they deemed it worthwhile standing about on Houghton Street to hear the arguments made for further demonstration against Blair and Bush. Fortunately, the various speakers were able to save the situation by delivering their pieces twice, both inside and outside the building. This proves claims that the movement has had its day are clearly a nonsense. The magnitude of enthusiastic individuals who participated and spoke at the meeting, and the numerous plans for continued resistance reveal that students are prepared to continue fighting against the continued occupation of Iraq. It is likely that we will see a return of the tensions that plagued campus last year, in the form of a racist email to Muslim students

and a frenetic UGM debate over the policy of boycotting Israeli goods. Throughout all this, it must be remembered that disagreements with a government's policies is not the same as discord with different racial and cultural groups. If students can co-exist on campus, then we are some way to winning the battle to achieve harmony in the wider world.

And finally, for a little light relief, there is only one thing to say. Badgers. Various complaints have reached my ears about the submission of two badger related motions to the UGM last Thursday, most of them taking the form of "It's just not funny, the first one yes, but Freshers will have just found the repeat too boring and won't bother coming back." I agree that it was just not funny – leave Delaney alone Sinclair – but this is a blatant underestimation of First Year brainpower and mentality. You'll come back, won't you? If anything has put people off from returning to the hallowed venue, it was the all-too-obvious self-promotion speeches given by some members of the Exec. Elections aren't for a bit guys, relax. Don't tell us what you want to do – tell us when you've done it. Thanks; I hope I don't have to see it again.

## Delaney's Diary

### A sidelong look at headline issues

So here we are again. My third witty, incisive piece of the year is due and its time to set finger to key and give you all the heady mix of gossip, good humour and tales of bad, bad behaviour that I know you've come to expect from 'Tom The Torch'.



Miss T? Work on your chat up lines

First things first, I'd like to thank the young lady, lets call us her Miss T, who dropped me a line last Tuesday. It's always good to hear from the fans! Indeed, as a young singleton, cast onto the exotic seas of London life, this particular email made my pulse race. Until I reached the end of the email that is. Dear readers, what would you make of this as a chat up line? "I see you're reading a set text...would you like to take me out for the night?" Sarah, my dear, you'll have to try harder than that to net one of the Beaver's finest!

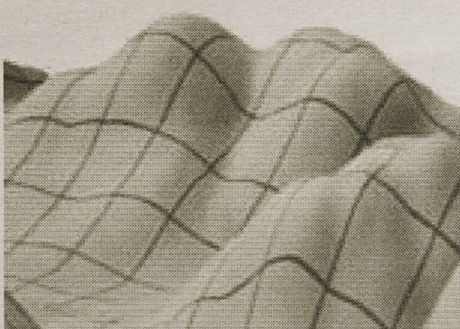
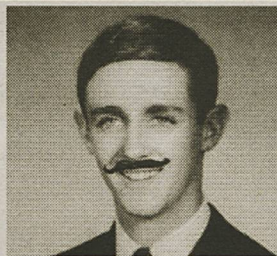
On a related note, yet more filthy news from the inner sanctum of the free press that is the newspaper of the LSESU. And surprise, surprise, it relates to another one of these drunken media parties that parts of the Senior Editorial team are so in to. Delaney's spy reports back that this shindig, a stones throw away just past

Holborn, was the scene of much heated drunkenness and chocolate eating. But best of all, my reporter tells me that it was also witness to one of the funniest events yet to be visited upon the world. For much of the party, LSE SWSSnik par excellence, the Champion of Workers and tireless partisan for a sweeping global reformation that will place the means of production in the hands of proletariat, Mr James Meadway (I hope the bourgeoisie handle doesn't cut too much Jimmy) was in the kitchen regaling the assembled old hacks (emphasis on the old for some of those boys – come to terms, it's over). His line of fiery, revolutionary rhetoric? 'I don't answer hypothetical questions. . . James, please, stop it. I'm begging you. I've got tears in my eyes.'

I've decided not to say anything more about the Badger Liberation Army. No, not a shameless climb down, even the would-be-McCarthyites of the LSE won't trample on my editorial independence! But you see the thing is, that after last week's UGM, the Badger Group appears to have been so comprehensively cowed (I'd say culled but that would be in bad taste. Ooops. . .) that they're no longer



Much better than badgers



Over the Hill and far away

worthy of my literary heavy artillery. On the other hand, if anyone has any funny stories about fox hunting do get in touch!

Another tidbit that reaches my ears, and the woman in question assures me that that's very much the right word to use. Lustin Justin Nolan got happy and very, very lucky last Friday night. Beaver hacks tell me he's been a smiling and smirking around the office, rather like a man dying of thirst who's just found some pure, invigorating spring water to drink. Let's hope this puts an end to all those tired jokes about our Justin having been over the Hill.

Cheers to the chappy who emailed about shenanigans at Passfield. I'd love to print it but there are in truth, some corners too dark for even my torch. And what the guy who lives next door to you does with Tabasco source is entirely a matter for him.

As ever, any news, gossip or intrigues then email it to: [delaneysdiary@hotmail.com](mailto:delaneysdiary@hotmail.com)

TD out. For now.

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

# The Beaver Comment and Analysis

## Editorial Comment

### Shut the open door

The Students' Union (SU) was a victim of a serious crime this week. Thousands of pounds of equipment were stolen from SU offices, including those of the Beaver. Though victims of such crimes get understandably upset and look for the most obvious person to blame as a sort of therapy, it is clear from the evidence that serious flaws exist in the provision of security at the LSE.

It took the security team nearly twenty minutes to inform the police of the robbery. This is in itself a disgrace. As SU General Secretary Elliot Simmons pointed out, it took SU Treasurer Jo Kibble, who was at a bar in Chancery Lane, arrived on the scene earlier than security, though he was informed of the crime later than they were. Even the most sympathetic reading of the situation exposes serious problems with the response of the security team.

Though it is easy to blame the security team that was on duty during the crime, it is more reasonable to examine the School's role in the allocation of security. The security budget has not increased over the last ten years, despite the number of students rocketing. There have been five hundred extra students crammed into the School during this academic year alone. Moreover, improvements in technology and their wide dissemination across campus create more targets for would be thieves, and consequently justify increased expenditure on ensuring these valuable resources are protected.

There are only four security guards that patrol the buildings at night. Some may view this as adequate protection for an institution located at the heart of London, but in light of last weeks burglary, it appears that this is not the case. It can be argued that in order to tighten up security, freedom of access to buildings need to be restricted. Students will know that when trying to work after hours or during the weekends, they need to make their entrance through the Old Building, and a valid

LSE identity card needs to be shown to security. If more stringent security measures were to be introduced, surely would this make the LSE a very difficult place to work in? The School prides itself on the fact that it is a very informal place. Would this be lost if the level of security were to be upped?

LSE does not need to be remodeled into a Stalinist state for adequate safety to be provided. When the SU offices were broken into, they could not be left unattended because the locks were now useless and one door was completely shattered. There was a lot of interesting equipment for any one who happened to be passing by the area to chance upon. When the shift manager was requested to make sure the offices were guarded properly overnight he replied that he could not spare any of his staff as they had to be on duty elsewhere. Thus, ensuring enough staff are on duty to deal with situations like this would be a start. This would also lead to better patrolling of the grounds. CCTV's make everyone nervous, but remember, this includes thieves. Some provision should be made for their use inside buildings, at least after hours and on weekends. They may not be aesthetically pleasing, but they are certainly necessary.

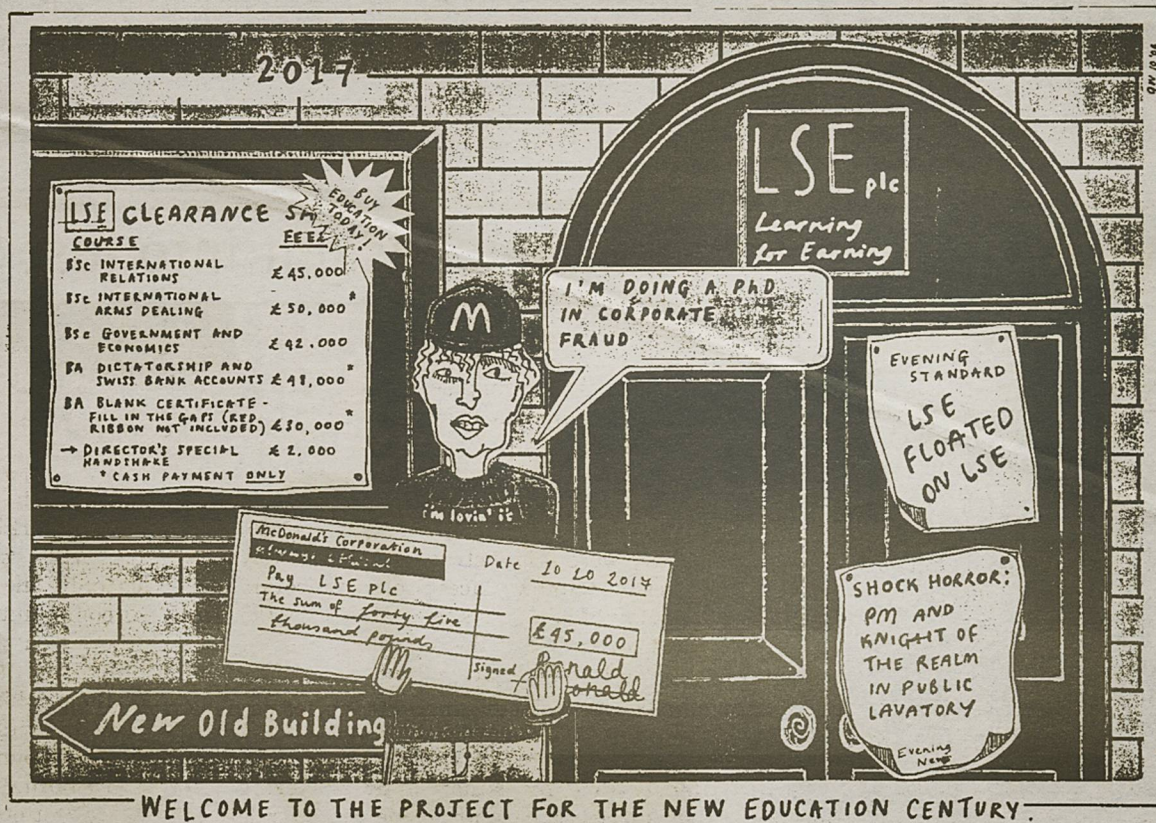
Of course, it will be impossible to eradicate crime on campus altogether. There will be petty crimes involving thefts of items such as mobile phones and wallets. Such incidents are unfortunate when they occur and have to be accepted as unpleasant features of the society we live in. But, when it comes to a planned burglary of thousands of pounds of electronic equipment from supposedly secure offices, that were perpetrated by individuals who had a clear knowledge of the buildings and their exits, we are talking about a much more serious problem. The School needs to sit down with the security staff and work out a scheme where this can never happen again.

### End of an era

The Beaver is soon to find itself looking in the face of some serious competition. In the past, your ever reliable student newspaper managed to exist in relative comfort, assured of a place in every students heart. PuLSE rarely hit the airwaves, and when it did, was rarely listened to. There was a brief period of panic when it was announced that a new journal was to be launched. Beaver hacks issued

a collective sigh of relief though, once they had actually seen a copy of the Script.

Mr. Beaver is quaking in his boots at the prospect of SUBtv. Having successfully headed off a challenge by badgers (believe it or not), this new menace may just be the straw that breaks the camel's back. All will be decided when the Mr. and Miss University competition makes its debut.



## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

In response to Delany's slugging of Brockley Where I live, I feel it is my duty, as one of its citizens, to avenge its shameful defamation.

If you go to a party somewhere one dark night, it's not funny or clever to pop it into the same class as the slums of Turnpike Lane or Wood Green (where I have had the personal misfortune of formerly living...) on the basis that you came across debauchery and hacks on your first encounter with this wonderful suburb...

I wouldn't call it fashionable... But that doesn't mean its not victorious... Tell me somewhere else in inner London you could find a coffee shop that contains a shoeless magician who lives in an ambulance and

can do a Guardian crossword in under five minutes. Also, how could anywhere that a park called Hilly Fields be nasty.

No, no, no., it's lovely, so there... The most important reason for not knocking Brockley (and here's the serious bit) is because it is one of the very few places in Zone 2 London that is 'successfully' culturally diverse... a mass of races and classes are represented and its got a stupidly low crime rate... and a really big Sainsbury's.

The moral of my story is, don't equate places with vegetables, just because its green and leafy... Brockley is the forward.

Yours Sincerely,  
Bird

Dear Sir,  
I write to object to the whoaring

of *The Beaver* to the global capitalist conspiracy, personified in this instance by the disgraceful full page colour propoganda advert placed on page three. The continual degradation of this Union and its journalistic integrity seems to know no bounds! By dedicating such a prime spot to such trash, you imply that it is more important than the wonderfully informative columns by union officers on the following pages. I can tell you that despite vocal objections from some of your editorial staff, i enjoy the lengthy and long winded reports from executive officers who seem strangely interested in self publication and ego flattery.

Thank you,  
Yours Sincerely,  
Julius Finch

**BEAVER COLLECTIVE  
MEETING NEXT MONDAY  
6PM  
UNDERGROUND BAR**

**blink**

Features and Politics

Surfing for Survival  
Is McInternet really the way  
forward for McDonald's?  
page 10

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

**Musings**

The three Stevenagians

**Matthew Sinclair**

If you pay much attention to the Conservative party for any period of time it doesn't take long for the frustration to mount at a tendency to exhibit the Lovejoy complex ("Won't someone, please, think of the children?").

A more thorough example than Iain Duncan Smith's speech in Blackpool would be hard to find. He exhorted us to think of the children, their mobile phones being stolen, the elderly and their lack of hips, and poor middle class students who might have to pay for their university education.

I am not a fan of the Lovejoy complex. If you base your politics on anecdotes they had better be horrifying enough to make people forget that you've decided to avoid more general facts. All of Duncan Smith's anecdotes were a little, well, weak. Mobile phone theft, oh the humanity.

It is telling that the most successful members of the Tory party have been those who have, most powerfully, rejected the temptation to cry out in horror.

Thatcher was hardly one to play the emotional heartstrings; Churchill was a drinker. He responded to the advocates of temperance (the drug warriors of their day) with trademark amusement. Montgomery's statement "I neither drink nor smoke and am one hundred per cent fit" received a response of "I drink and smoke and I am two hundred per cent fit".

"He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire". Oh for Duncan Smith to show that kind of appreciation.

Finally Disraeli: an example of the wit that could make Duncan Smith sound less whiney and uninspired and a little more like the kind of success story who can hire a decent speechwriter.

In an exchange Gladstone predicted, "Sir, that you will die either by hanging or of some vile disease," Disraeli's reply: "That all depends, sir, upon whether I embrace your principles or your mistress."

A description of Duncan Smith's speech: he means well and his heart is in the right place. Paraphrasing Disraeli would get him everywhere.

Developers often name their new complex after what they destroyed to make room. A possible example in London is Willesden Green, where this column is being written: no longer particularly green.

While this does add further mystery to Piccadilly Circus my favourite example has always been a van I once saw marked in the livery of Forest Stationery. "I chopped down a" Forest "to make this" Stationery has nothing like the same homely feel.

Countries regularly get in on the act. The Democratic People's Republic of Korea had little democracy to clear out of the way but stifling it with an authoritarian pillow has become something of a speciality.

And Labour?

A unique insight into just what life is like as an MP.



The job Simon Hughes wishes he was doing? Jimmy Tam, second from right, meets the PM.

**WHO WANTS TO BE A  
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT?****Jimmy Tam**

Mummy and Daddy, I want to be an MP when I grow up!" Strange? Probably, but then again I am a student at the LSE and I didn't actually say that when I was younger. Though now, at 19 years old, it's a different story. I mean, you know what they say about men with power...

My interest in power, I mean politics, sparked me to apply for Operation Black Vote's MP Shadowing Scheme, which gives minority ethnic individuals the chance to, well, shadow an MP for a couple of days a month. The aim is to address the ethnic under-representation within local and national politics and produce the next generation of black MPs. So when I stand for election in a few years, I expect you all to vote Jimmy Tam. But I want to do Newsround first.

My shadowee? The very wonderful Simon Hughes, Liberal Democrat Shadow Home Secretary. You should vote for him to be London mayor. He's a great man. No bias there at all. Seriously. Still not convinced? Then, read on and find out about the fun times (woohoo) I've had shadowing a very nice man with a fair amount of power. And a bright yellow taxi.

**Wednesday 26th March 2003**  
**Karrots and Towers**

The day starts at 9:25am. I arrive at 9:40am. Eek. Sitting in Central Lobby, I fidget nervously and inspect my shoes. I silently curse myself for not having cleaned them properly the night before.

First stop: Home Affairs Team meeting. Various random items are scrutinised, from rape to fireworks. I attempt to keep track of the discussion but, helplessly, my mind wanders. I'm now slightly thankful that I was late. I spot a few yawns from the opposite side of the room - phew, I'm not alone. At the end of the meeting, Simon introduces me to the team and instructs everyone to take me out for a coffee should they ever bump into me. "Or lunch!" I spontaneously add. A ripple of laughter ensues. Hey, I wasn't joking you know.

Simon has a private lunch with a journalist so he leaves me in the trusty hands of his parliamentary assistants. In other words, the photocopier awaits.

In the afternoon, Simon takes me to the launch of Karrot Kids - a deceptively-titled initiative to involve more young people in fashion - at the Tate Modern. Simon ferries himself around London in his aptly-coloured yellow taxi. I resist suggesting that Simon should utilise Joni Mitchell as his mayoral campaign track. As much as I enjoy being chauffeured about (who doesn't?), I notice there are no seatbelts in the back of the taxi. And there is Simon's penchant, or rather need, for multitasking: I imagine he could easily talk on his mobile and read while he's at the wheel. Gulp.

Simon delivers a very enthusiastic speech to ten extremely glum-looking kids, all of whom have just won a fashion design competition. They appear unconvinced by Simon's bold words, which illustrate the fantastic opportunity lying in their hands. Even a mention of fashion

icon David Beckham failed to generate any life-like movements. For the mandatory photo opportunity, I am temporarily appointed Simon's PR Manager as he issues me with a modest disposable camera. I snap away happily, though slightly embarrassed standing next to the professionals. Does a new photographic career beckon for me? Hmm, I don't think so.

A wave of privilege sweeps over me when Simon informs me that I will be allowed into the day's PPM (Parliamentary Party Meeting). That's on one condition: I sit outside as soon as discussion inevitably turns to Iraq. About fifteen minutes in, I receive the signal from Simon to leave and sit outside.

Perched outside on the bench, I begin to feel slightly alone in this hugely grand and seemingly unfriendly building. The patrolling policeman chats away to his wife on the telephone whilst streams of people hurriedly stroll past. Paranoia and insecurity turn their indifferent expressions into inquisitive minds. "What's he doing here?" I imagine one say. I am awak-

If you're interested in writing for blink or have an article that you would like to get published, simply email [b.chapman@lse.ac.uk](mailto:b.chapman@lse.ac.uk)

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# blink Features

en from a period of daydreaming (typical Pisces) by the aching in my buttocks - it's then that I realise that I'm still sat outside. The policeman has even finished his telephone conversation by now. I decide that there are two possibilities: either Simon's forgotten about me or they're having a very, very in-depth discussion on Iraq. Fortunately, it's the latter.

The final event of the day (for me, at least) is a meeting about the proposed London Bridge Tower. Imagine a room of middle-aged men in suits, surrounded by artists' images of a very narrow pointed triangular glass tower and you're pretty much there. I spend most of the time situated next to the posh-looking nibbles. It's past 8pm and I'm surprised that I haven't noticed my hunger before now.

They say that the British eat to live, whilst the Chinese live to eat and the fact that I could sustain my hunger for such a long time is a sure sign I enjoyed myself. A jam-packed day of meetings, random events, photocopying and a gorgeous (and pleasingly cheap) lunch at Portcullis House. Day two? Bring it on!

## Thursday 10th April 2003 Let Hughes Entertain You

As I race up the escalator of Westminster station, attempting to secure my tie around my neck, I check my watch: it's 7:57am. I have three minutes until I'm late. My heart begins to return to normal pace.

Ironically, the meeting starts late. The first meeting is something about transport. I sit throughout feeling a tad lost, after missing the beginning (I was delegated the extremely important task of coffee purchasing, you see).

A fleeting visit to the office follows, during which I remove a paper jam from the photocopier and feel utterly proud of myself for preventing the whole country from going into potential disarray. Simon and I jump into his yellow taxi and drive across London for a webchat with the Evening Standard. Drivers spot Simon in the driver's seat and signal a nod to say hi, before turning their gaze towards me in the back. They probably think I'm someone important. Which I am. Of course.

The webchat goes swimmingly well: Simon is in his element, fielding questions from some delectably titled users - "grandma\_norma" and "letmeentertainu" to name a few. I suggest to Simon that he address the users by their 'names' before answering their questions. Simon agrees. Wow - saving the photocopier (and country) and now advising Simon Hughes MP, Liberal Democrat mayoral candidate... I'm on a roll!

## Wednesday 21st May 2003: Food, Glorious Food

The morning is spent in Simon's office, during which I assist Julia, one of Simon's parliamentary assistants, with the post. We spend almost an hour shifting through and opening a mountain of letters and invitations. As the last item is neatly filed away, Julia declares a rather disturbing statement: "Oh, there wasn't a lot of post today."

It's now late morning and Simon takes me to a SAZ (Sports Action Zone) event. On the way in the taxi Simon quizzes me on my sporting activities. To my reply, he subsequently informs me that walking is not generally regarded as a sport.

Back at Portcullis House, it's lunchtime and complimentary ice cream is being handed out in the canteen as part



of a promotion. A new hypothesis from market researchers suggests that cold desserts contain chemicals that help individuals become better decision-makers. Okay I made that up but you could almost believe it... couldn't you?

Simon and I arrive at Crampton Primary School to watch INAD, a Palestinian theatre company, perform their play "Miladeh and Ramadan" as part of the London International Festival of Theatre. Outside the school are two young boys on their stationary bicycles. As Simon alights from his taxi, one of the boys shouts out to him.

"Ey, it's Simon Hughes - my MP!"

"Yes, that's right," smiled Simon.

"I see you on Jonathan Dimbleby!"

A little pleasantly surprised, Simon replied, "Yes, you're very well informed." "I ain't no street kid, y'know!" the boy exclaimed, slightly defensively.

We are running late so hurry through Crampton to the school playground, the venue for the matinee play. With an emotion of nostalgia, I perch myself down on the playground concrete alongside the schoolchildren. I sit through the play feeling more than a little perplexed, since the majority of the dialogue is in Arabic. Still, the kids seem happy. I marvel at the actors' inanelly smiley faces, brashly coloured costumes and arbitrary bursts of bad singing. I'm sure these guys have been on Eurovision.

The two young boys are still outside when Simon and I leave Crampton. Sitting in the driver's seat of his taxi, Simon spends a good five minutes chatting away to Kofi, the Jonathan Dimbleby fan, as if he was his next-door neighbour. Kofi even introduces Simon to his girlfriend.

"You're well lucky, man - gettin' to sit in Simon Hughes' taxi!" Kofi exclaims, looking at me in the backseat. Thinking about it, I guess I am pretty lucky.

There's more free food (this really is my lucky day) in the evening when I am Simon's guest at an event being run by the Hackney Chamber of Commerce at the trendy Ocean. I feel a bit like a fish out of water - or should that be Ocean? - as dozens of local businesspeople network away.

Simon delivers, as expected, a lively speech, focusing on London's Olympic bid and its obvious benefits to the borough. The attendees seem unfazed by the fact that Simon is actually MP for Southwark, not Hackney. Maybe it's because they're looking at the man who could be the future mayor of London?

As the event comes to a close, home-time beckons for me. For Simon though, a rather posh Press Gallery dinner awaits. Just as well I suppose - I don't think I could eat anymore after all the food I've scoffed today.

"What are you doing to get more young people into politics?"  
'His answer escapes my memory... maybe I was taken aback by Tony's luminous orange complexion.'

## Wednesday 10th September 2003 Tea with Tony

It's the first pantomime, sorry, Prime Minister's Questions, following summer recess and Tony Blair has invited us lucky shadowers not only for front row seats, but also for tea with the man himself!

PMQs is packed as expected. Highlight of the show: the audience gasp as IDS suggests that we need to get rid of this Prime Minister. Miaow. I love it! Who needs Trisha when you have PMQs?!

After all that drama, we shadowers are led to the PM's parliamentary office... every bit as swish as you'd expect. We all sit around the table, with the big man himself in the middle. Close up you can see the lines of stress etched on his slightly tanned face. So no matter what happens or how unpopular you become, at least you get nice holidays.

Mr Blair chats to us for a bit and even makes a few jokes. He's actually quite funny. Then it's our turn for questions. All sorts of things are asked - does he think he can win the next general election? What's he doing to encourage more ethnic minorities? How do I become Prime Minister? I do my bit for the youth out there and quiz Tony (we're on first name terms now) about what he's doing to get more young people into politics. His answer escapes my memory... maybe I was too taken aback by Tony's luminous orange complexion.

The mandatory photo call ensues, where we all make sure our ties are done up and smile like we're members of S Club. After that, we say our goodbyes to Tony and head off for a round of media interviews - oh, the pressures of fame - and lunch in Westminster.

I think I could get used to this lifestyle.

*Jimmy Tam is a first year undergraduate studying Social Anthropology. This is his first blink article.*

*For more information about Operation Black Vote, visit [www.obv.org.uk](http://www.obv.org.uk).*

## OneEyeOpen

So this was the week that history was made. Or, I suppose, that history repeated itself.

Repeated because, following in the footsteps of Ronald Reagan, a movie star rose to high elected office in United States; made because, unlike Ronald Reagan, this movie star is not American-born, but Austrian.

Arnold Schwarzenegger, the new Governor of California, not only has a monumental fight on his hands in that state, but he has opened up new questions about who can, and who can't, run for certain elected positions within American politics.

Now many have taken this opportunity (some might argue: used this excuse) to criticise the US political system for providing a film star famed for his violence and firearm-handling skills with the realistic possibility of getting himself elected. But, whatever you feel about the ethics surrounding vast quantities of private money in politics, you cannot deny Arnie is only a citizen like everybody else, with as much right to run as anybody else, and at least a break from the sleazy, stuffy and incompetent politicians the electorate often complains dominate public office. It's called democracy by the way, and last time I checked, it was open to anyone who wanted it.

So this is the very reason why I take issue with one rule in the United States that seems to undermine this whole principle.

There has been much scare mongering going on in the past week or so regarding the possibility that the rules may be changed in the US to allow any citizen to run for president, in order for Arnie to succeed George Bush in 2008.

As frightening as this thought may be and, to be honest, just as unlikely, it does not mean that the rules should not be changed anyway. The US Constitution states that only people born in the United States can hold the office of president, though any naturalised citizen can hold office in Congress. In California, as in Arnie's case, any naturalised citizen can run for governor. But, thanks to the rule regarding the presidency, even if the big man wanted to, he could never occupy the Oval Office.

This is wrong. For a country that prides itself on being the land of opportunity, a land where any person can arrive with nothing, pull themselves up by their bootstraps, live the American Dream and rise to the top, the fact that people are ruled out of the biggest job on the basis of where they were born is ludicrous. A person has no control whatsoever over where their mother chose to be before going into labour, and they should not be discriminated against for it. You can be called a citizen after seven years in the country, you can vote, you can serve as a Senator, you pay taxes and can be called up for jury service, yet you can't go for the top job, no matter how popular or skilled you might be.

If I were Arnie, I'd be more than a little put out by that.

So, it's time to forget how right or wrong another film star president might be, and get on with making the system fair. Amend the Constitution anyway, and let real democracy rule.

# blink Features



Not so long ago, McDonald's was the jewel in the crown of every kid's dream birthday outing. Yet now that the Golden Arches are looking alarmingly tarnished, the best thing the chain can do to reinvent itself is not look forward, but back.

## JUST NOT LOVIN' IT

**Ben Chapman**

blink Editor

Cast your mind back a few years to a time when the air was cleaner, the grass greener, the world far more innocent than you could ever know and you were young enough to have a birthday party that involved neither alcohol nor late nights. Who of us can say that we didn't, at least once in our earlier days, go to McDonald's on a birthday outing or, failing that, at least yearn for the Golden Arches and the smiling face of Ronald McDonald on the side of a Happy Meal box every now and again? No matter what the event, a cheeseburger with fries, a Coke and a free toy forever seemed the perfect way to cap it and, what is more, gain the respect and adulation of everyone you chose to let tag along.

There's no doubt about it: going to McDonald's was a big deal to be looked forward to at a young age. I remember having my first Big Mac - a somewhat major step I believed in the transition to my teens - leaving behind the innocence of the Happy Meal. I lost a tooth whilst chewing on my initial Big Mac. This was character-building stuff.

I recall watching 'I Love 1980s' - a series of nostalgia fests taking viewers with nothing better to do on a rainy Saturday evening back a decade-and-a-half or so in order to rekindle their long-lost younger days - and looking on with some interest as well-known, but ultimately C-list, celebrities talked about the launch of McDonald's in the UK all those years ago. What struck me was the way in which a concept so unique, and so radically different from anything else on offer in the UK at that time, could sweep a nation's youth with such force so as to almost come to define a culture and new way of life for those who experienced it first hand.

Pushing aside Johnny Vegas, who simply bemoaned the fact that a Big Mac

'McDonald's was a big deal to be looked forward to at a young age. I lost a tooth whilst chewing on my first Big Mac. This was character-building stuff.'

wasn't quite big enough to satisfy his life-sized appetite, those others featured on the programme talked vividly of the novelty of 'fast food'. This was a world where you didn't have to wait to be served, the fries came ready-salted (though you could add more if you wanted to), where there were no plates, knives or forks to aid consumption, milkshakes that you needed a vacuum cleaner to be able to drink and of course, "Two all beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles and onions all in a sesame seed bun". McDonald's became not only the ultimate place to eat for kids and teenagers, but also the ultimate hang-out - forget parks, bus shelters and fish and chip shops: Maccy D's was the place to be.

The trend continued well into the 90s, as big golden signs sprung up all over the country, becoming almost part of the fabric of our society. McDonald's itself became a truly global chain, an icon of American capitalism and a giant golden symbol of the relentless march of globalisation. It was, together with Coca Cola, the logo most held up by May Day protesters the world over: the representation of a superpower's influence growing too large. Whatever you think about McDonald's, you cannot deny either its effect upon a generation of young Westerners, or indeed its power as one of the first truly global brands.

So, when one casts a critical eye over McDonald's in the 21st century, what is striking is just how much things have changed. Pushing aside for one moment the fact that the company is now, for the first time in its history, losing money worldwide and closing branches in three countries, it is only necessary to look at a

McDonald's outlet to recognise the slide. With many branches physically dilapidated and out-of-date, with a décor straight from the 80s and 90s when the company made its mark, the Golden Arches now fail to illuminate restaurants that simply look old, tired and often dirty. Where once McDonald's was the (Mc)nugget every kid wanted to get their hands on, it is clear that today the chain simply no longer commands that level of esteem. I have two young cousins who have birthday parties; whereas for me McDonald's was cool and exciting and the pinnacle of every outing, it doesn't capture their imagination in the same way. The appeal so evident right up until just a few years ago simply no longer exists.

In a desperate attempt to re-launch itself, McDonald's has adopted some rather interesting (some might argue ridiculous) approaches to get itself back to where it once stood. They have, unfortunately thus far, all failed and it is easy enough to see why. The new slogan 'I'm lovin' it' is just plain comical, particularly in the fact that all McDonald's staff now have it emblazoned across their chests. I've wondered whether 'I'm lovin' it' would be the response you'd get from some young, over-worked and under-paid burger-dresser working in a cramped, hot and stressful kitchen if you asked them how they were doing. You've got to laugh, else you'd cry.

New innovations such as the healthy 'New Tastes' menu, 'McInternet' and 'McCafé' also make me cringe. I've never actually tried a McDonald's salad so I've no idea what it tastes like, but why I would want to buy one from a restaurant whose speciality has always been burgers

and fries is beyond me. Can't they understand that if I want a salad, I'll go buy one from a shop whose business is preparing them? Likewise, why sit in a smelly burger joint to check your email when there's a cyber café across the road? If I want a Latte I will go to Starbucks, or better still, a small independent café with friendly service for a reasonable price.

The mistake McDonald's has made is that it has lost the sparkle that made it a success in the first place. If fast food itself has become old-hat then it is difficult, though not impossible, to remedy. What is for sure is that offering internet-ready PCs and a steaming Mocha in its restaurants is not going to bring back the charm of Happy Meals, Big Macs and Ronald McDonald. I am positive a similar charm would not be lost on the kids of tomorrow, in the same way it wasn't on the kids of yesterday.

McDonald's only hope is to return to the basics: close more branches if necessary, but redecorate the remaining ones to recapture the atmosphere that used to attract young people through its doors. Provide simple but effective fast food at a reasonable price and don't pretend to be able to produce sandwiches and salads that just don't fit the remit.

People will always use McDonald's, wherever they are in the world, when they want a quick, reliable bite of something they recognise and can identify with. Yet whereas you always used to know what you were getting, menus nowadays are over-complicated and littered with gimmicks that just don't do justice to the powerful symbol that was, and the culture that surrounded, the giant yellow 'M'. McDonald's need not die out, but it must return to its roots - and, if it really must, start lovin' them.

*Ben Chapman is a second year undergraduate studying Government and History.*

# Bullies, bullied and everything in between

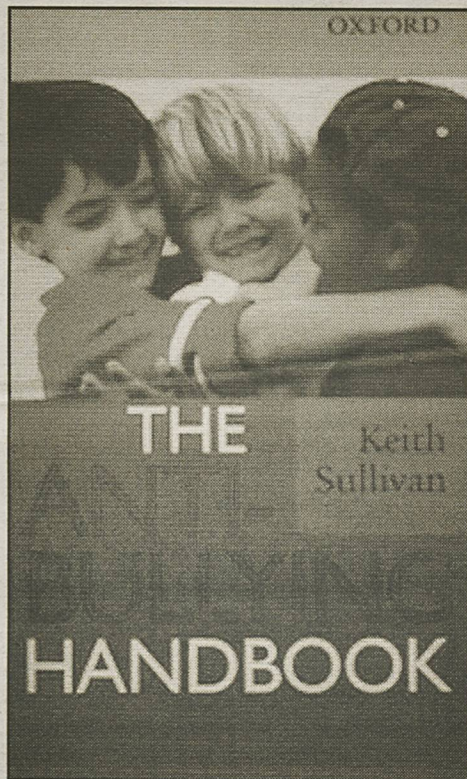
It's time to reconsider the way we band around serious words.

Sarah Taylor

Bullying is widely viewed in clichéd, simplistic terms, ignoring the complexities of power relationships involved between children.

Stories in the British press over the summer have highlighted the number of young people believed to have committed suicide as a result of bullying. The children's charity Kidscape reports that one in twelve children in the UK are bullied to the extent that their schoolwork, health and further education suffer. An individual example of the gravity of this problem was reported by BBC News Online on Friday October 3. It described how Liam Waldron, a 12-year-old living in New Milton, Hampshire, has suffered persistent bullying for a year, and been hospitalised following physical attacks from pupils at his school. The boy's stepfather is quoted as saying this is because he is short for his age and academically bright. While not wishing to trivialise or downplay the seriousness of what Waldron has suffered (including being thrown down a flight of stairs), I would argue that the word is unhelpful at best in describing and dealing with the many related problems which constitute 'bullying'.

LSE students are academically bright, and do not, as a rule, get beaten around the head with Lucozade bottles, as Waldron has been. If, however, on staggering out of Crush this Friday you have a glass thrown in your face by an aggrieved fellow student, you may have them done for Grievous Bodily Harm, two years to life. The response of Waldron's school appears to have been inadequate, in providing a 'quiet room' whilst 'continuing to monitor the situation daily'. Reactions such as this to behaviour so unacceptable is, I believe, due to the all-encompassing bullying policy schools are now encouraged to develop. Perspective is lacking in the bullying debate. Each of the many behaviours said to constitute bullying should be examined separately; violence cannot be treated in the same way as name-calling. It is never justified, and cannot be cured with a detention. Children who physically abuse other children in any way need professional help, not lines. On the other hand, verbal abuse, be it racism, sexism or homophobia, or directed against children from different religions, with non-standard family arrangements, with disabilities, with different accents or from another part of town (have I forgotten anyone?) is different, and should be treated as such. These are unacceptable, and schools must not overlook name-calling of this kind, though there should



'All-encompassing' bullying policies do not work.

usually be no need to call in the social workers. Luckily, being educational establishments, they are ideally placed to stop it themselves.

A third manifestation of bullying is petty name-calling. If someone calls you a stupid cow you should politely tell him or her to fuck off, using your own choice of words. Everyone who gets called a shortarse running to their teacher crying 'bully', will, and indeed has, resulted in the devaluing of the word. If, say, Jo Kibble (a rather small person) calls Jimmy Baker (a rather big person) a fat bastard, Jimmy may not be a very happy bunny but he would not have been bullied unless this continued over a length of time. The occasional insult, whether in jest or not, is something children have to grow to accept, particularly if they intend walking past many building sites in their adult lives. Schools should concentrate on becoming safe, comfortable environments in which children can build confidence to ignore or respond to derogatory comments in future.

Other types of bullying are defined by the website of the UK National Workplace Bullying Advice Line as 'unwarranted or invalid criticism, nit-picking, fault-finding; also exclusion, isolation, being singled out and treated differently, being shouted at, humiliated, excessive monitoring, having verbal and written warnings imposed, and much more.' I suspect many people reading that list will finally be able to put a label on their relationship with their parents. At the risk of nit picking, exclusion is a

fact of life. We can't be friends to everyone, and we're damned if we can - it might lead to treating some of them differently. (Perhaps this is a poor example; there are other slightly more sensible definitions on the Internet, not written by such obviously bitter people: "the serial bully has to have someone to bully and appears to be unable to survive without a current target.")

As anyone who has worked with children will know, they can be unpleasant, selfish little shits. Some of the above traits we grow out of and sometimes children, especially those from difficult backgrounds, do not, and will continue excluding, isolating and the rest of it into adult life. Waking up your family several times a night is unacceptable behaviour in a grown man, and sulking over broccoli generally restricted to toddlers, though I hear Aramark are working hard on the latter. Recognising that a certain amount of 'bad' behaviour, which would be unacceptable in adults, is natural in children would go some way to removing the artificial distinction between bullied and bully, abused and abuser.

*Sarah Taylor is a second year undergraduate studying Social Policy with Government.*

Perspective is lacking in the bullying debate. Each of the many behaviours said to constitute bullying should be examined separately; violence cannot be treated in the same way as name-calling. It is never justified, and cannot be cured with a detention. Children who physically abuse other children in any way need professional help, not lines.

## LSE Orientation for a Foreigner

Aaron Cohn

If you're someone like me, you have been looking for a tour guide, or a street sign, or somebody at the helm of the ship. LSE may be a sea worthy vessel, but nobody gave me a schematics, and I'm one of the many students piling coal into the burners. I said it - I'm confused. Does my schedule show up anywhere? Or am I to wean it out of our paperless information system? Well, one thing is for sure, I missed my first class. That may be because the 'timetables' refer to terms unheard of where I come from.

But that may just be a cultural difference (and here I thought America was the new religious state). Another cultural difference was registration. Reserved in America for choosing courses, here it exists to re-affirm that the central intelligence agency (or MI6) of LSE has every known address I may have resided at under any given name in my lifetime. Well, LSE, now you know...but that still doesn't solve my problem of showing up for classes that I didn't know I had.

All of us confused souls can take heart, though. Around every corner there's a Starbucks to warm our lost souls. Another insipid creation of American experience

shopping, Starbucks may someday outdo McDonalds... Who would have thought Seattle could have spawned the anti-globalization movement and Starbucks in the same generation? Not me. But I don't subscribe to either - my 80 pence latte next door to the green machine works just fine.

However, the extra large latte may serve one purpose in my life - to explain why there are so many cracked-out student leaders among our union organizations. Yeah, you know what I'm talking about - the overwhelming feeling as we walked through the Freshers' Fayre that behind all of our backs, the SU was passing out some high grade yeyo straight from Colombia to spice things up a bit... Okay, maybe a bit far-fetched, but that's why I'm blaming the extra large latte for the 800-word-a-minute speech that harangued me from each table.

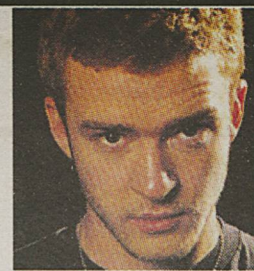
So I hope all of you settle in and navigate this experience better than I have managed the last two weeks. Michaelmas be willing, we'll all survive the year with only a minimal occasion to visit Starbucks. Good luck y'all.

*Aaron Cohn is a Masters student studying Social Psychology.*

# b:art

edited by Justin Nolan

some muthafuckas are always trying to ice skate a bill



## EDITORIAL

Have you ever paid much attention to the songs people put on the jukebox in the Tuns? No? Well you should do, not because the music selection is particularly great, but because, for those of us who are interested, you can always tell when a fresher puts on something. You see they are so keen not to offend anyone and make a good impression, that they always put on a track deemed 'safe'.

You know the ones, The Verve 'Bitter Sweet Symphony', Guns and Roses 'Sweet Child of Mine', The Darkness 'I Believe in a Thing Called Love', and anything, absolutely anything, by Oasis. Yes, though they might think they are the most revolutionary, radical and important band in the world, all they are is a band that freshers can turn to when they don't want alienate anyone or destroy any chances of a shag they might have. 'Don't Look Back in Anger'? Yes. Binary Finery '1998'? Definitely not.

So why are Oasis, once the supposed future of Rock n' Roll, now so appalling MOR? The answer is the demon drugs.

Rockstars are always coy about their drug use and abuse, but it's quite clear that from the first time they went on Top of the Pops, the brothers Gallagher weren't just putting vicks up their nose. Indeed one can imagine them, Tony Montana-style, thinking up the lyrics for 'Whats the Story...' with their heads dipped in a EU food mountain of Charlie.

Maybe in their cocaine addled minds they thought that recording a song called Hello, with a chorus borrowed from that monster of rock Gary Glitter was going to change the world. Also, Noel apparently thought of the title for 'Champagne Supernova' after being a friends house, drinking champagne, and listening to the Pixies seminal album, 'Bossanova'. Two things about this. If he was listening to the Pixies and was inspired to write Champagne Supernova, then he clearly wasn't listening hard enough. Secondly, if after reading that anecdote you don't think that half of Columbia's exports weren't going up his nose at the time then you're silly.

There was a point to this rant, but I can't remember what it was.

## BELL X1: MELISSA DE-WITTE CATCHES UP WITH THE HOTLY TIPPED INDIE POPSTERS..

I'm early. It's 4 in the afternoon and I have a half hour to kill before my interview with the Irish rock-band Bell X-1. Brixton is bustling with Friday afternoon traffic and school kids. Outside the venue, there are few anxious fans, waiting patiently for the chance to catch a glimpse of their favorite band, Starsailor. One starts talking to me, assuming my lingering to be the sign of an eager fan just like her. Like a lot of people coming tonight, she has little or no familiarity of them. Bell X-1, in brief, has been together since the 90s in several guises. Known in the beginning as Juniper, the band changed names resulting from former member, Damien Rice, dropping out. After their wavering start, they produced their first CD on an Irish independent label, before getting signed to Island. Touring with Starsailor has been a break through for Bell X-1. For them it was an opportunity to play a larger audience and expand their fan base. I was struck by Paul Noonan's velvety vocals- imagine Chris Martin with voice lessons. Though some of their performance was modestly bland at times their "love songs in drag," felt a bit more like dragged out symbolism. Nonetheless, Bell X-1 remained dignified on stage, and performed their set with the perfection gained after years of working as a collaborative. They held together with confidence and clarity. It was perhaps the band's succinct compatibility and dynamic made it a good whole experience.

### How, why and when did you form?

Dave: Some of the boys went to school together, years ago.  
Paul: we started playing towards the end of school, met Dave through a mutual friend, then when we left college we moved into a house in the middle of nowhere and recorded, and just started rehearsing, recording.

### Describe your sound, and compare it to other people's descriptions. Do you agree with what people say?

PN and DG: There's one particular quote from NME, "the way radiohead should sound." It's a bit inaccurate, but in one way it's a compliment. It's put on a sticker and is on the front of a lot of albums in the shops.



### How does that feel?

DG: Like we're trying to champion that quote or opinion, which we're not. Every band hates to be pigeon holed and compared to where their influences are.  
PN: I don't know what we sound like to be honest. We listen to a lot of different things. We tend to be influenced by what we're listening to at the specific time.

### Who and what inspires your music?

PN: We're different from where we're coming from individually. Collectively, on this record we listened to a lot of talking heads. We listen to a lot of hip hop. Who knows where the madness will happen!

### What have been your highs and lows?

PN: To play music and make records for a living is a great thing. It's a privilege. A low would be the recording of the album, we recorded songs we were really proud of, it was quite a long, expressive period of what's happening. It was like the whole project had run out of steam, and dissipated. Waiting and waiting is huge.

### How would you describe the album?

DG: Love songs in drag.

### Favorite part of the album?

PN: It was a far more collaborative than the first. The communication going on was far more intuitive. There were times when we didn't have to spell anything out. The chemistry just clicked, that was the most rewarding thing about making the record and listening to songs where that is very much inherent.

### Greatest barrier to overcome?

PN: Our own indecision. Anal tendencies, I think! We interfered for 11 months. We never really worked with a producer in a conventional sense. No whip cracking LA geezer that has you make a record in three weeks. (laughs) I'd love to make a record with some one like that, some one whose favorite bits are with the telephone.

### What advice would you give to young, aspiring musicians?

PN: Don't go chasing deals. It's so easy to put your own records out. If you have the songs it will happen, I do believe that. A record deal doesn't seem like this Holy Grail anymore. Best position to be in is to have a fan base and own your records.  
DG: (agreeing) to write songs and perform them. We were on a small record company, which is worse than having your own record company, because you don't own it.

### What short or long term goals do you have for the band?

PN: (laughing) to not be shit tonight! To not fall off the stage in absolute terror. Long term, we just want to be making good records.  
DG: To just complete the cycle, writing, recording, performing. Take time off to do that again. Rather than just being a jerky start.

### What's been the best and worst part of the tour so far?

PN: Worst part was playing a lunch time gig in Cardiff University on a Saturday afternoon and playing to fruit machines and a who wants to be a millionaire machine. Best part was playing Guildhall in Southampton, which is this beautiful old wartime oak paneled, 3000 capacity. The shows have all been brilliant, because they've been sold so we're playing to bigger audiences than we've ever had to, night after night.

### What's your live experience like?

PN: complicated. We swap instruments quite a bit. We love toys, so we have strategically plan a banjo that only appears once.

### Any anecdotes from the tour?

PN: We keep getting mistaken for Starsailor. We'll have to sign covers of their records.  
PN: We're the B celebrities. Always the bridesmaid, never the bride. (smiles) We'll get there someday!

### If you could play with anyone, who would it be?

PN: I'd love to tour with the Flaming Lips. That would be a positive experience. We could do our gig then...  
DG: be large chickens!  
PN: or koala bears.

MELISSA DE-WITTE

b:inintro  
b:about 18-19  
b:literature 21  
b:film 15-16  
b:music 13-14

## Live: Carrossell

**ELLIOT SIMMONS** checks out Thursday's quality LSE band night down in the Quad

Frantic. Energetic. Catchy. **The Bazookas** are a revelation tonight. Launching one memorable rock-pop missile after another into the crowd, the kids down the front are left mouthing their name. Possessing belief, rhythm and energy, who would bet against them?

**Burning Pilot's** comeback show is plagued by technical problems yet that doesn't stop someone stumbling up to me to declare they "sound like good 80s music". Obviously they're thinking the Fall and the Stranglers rather than Madonna...

Words are imperfect. Listen. An accomplished, dense wall of sound that ascends to the heights attained by early Spiritualized, Mogwai and My Bloody Valentine. **Final Sound** are not the next big thing, they are the best new band in Britain. Standout track 'Dead Leaves' is a fragile composition that spirals into a wall of sound from which there is no escape... Fuck the NME. This is the true sound of greatness; not three cord wonders that pose for fashion magazines. Unbelievable.

**ELLIOT SIMMONS**



Photo: Peta Lefty

## THRICE & THE HOLIDAY PLAN

**JAZMIN BURGESS** watches a night of post-hardcore chaos at The Electric Ballroom...

With the getting-bigger-by-the minute post-hardcore and emo scene almost totally dominated by American bands, it makes a refreshing change to finally find a band that hail from the UK and that are giving some of the more talented American upstarts a run for their money (and their black t-shirts and trucker hats!) Enter **THE HOLIDAY PLAN**, a group of four teenagers (that's right TEENAGERS) who were established in the mighty North London and have already managed to land themselves a deal with Island Records. Granted, tonight they are supporting one of the most hyped-up and best loved post-hardcore bands around, Thrice, but that doesn't mean they perform any worse than the headliners. In fact much of their set actually exceeded much of what Thrice pulled out an hour later. Although The Holiday Plan's set sounded slightly too much like the back catalogue of bands like The Get Up Kids and Saves The Day to truly be original or mind blowingly different, what they do they actually do with a lot of class and an obvious amount of talent. What's more is that their blend of bittersweet melodies and ever-so-slightly aggressive vocals is highly catchy and really rather endearing. Okay, so The Holiday Plan most definitely aren't going to change your life, but they're fun to watch, and a nice reminder that the UK scene is just as capable of producing cutting edge melodic hardcore as the East Coast of the US!



album 'The Artist In The Ambulance' (an seemingly winning over a lot of

**THRICE**, by contrast, fell into that classic trap of by no means living up to their well publicised hype. Although causing serious waves in the scene with their recently released third

16 year old fans who care alot about their hair). Thrice's live set was more than just a bit disappointing. That's not to say they're a bad band, because when they performed some of their super-hardcore tracks it totally blew the place apart. However, despite the fact that most of their older material is in that vein, they seem to be a band desperately trying to fit into that niche of bands who have the angst of emo but the anger of hardcore-think The Blood Brothers, From Autumn to Ashes and Thursday. The only thing is, as there are already bands such as these out there who do this sort of thing with serious ingenuity and style, Thrice have ended up sounding terribly third rate. Especially when their label mates Thursday played a far more impressive-verging on mind-blowing gig at the Astoria only two days before. In all honesty, Thrice should stick to the hardcore sound they developed on their first two albums (on Hopeless and Sub City respectively), because that way they'd actually excel in what they were doing as opposed to existing in the lower end of a genre they're attempting to participate in. For a band who are supposed to be that 'melodic hardcore' their set at the electric ballroom was neither melodic nor very hardcore. Hopefully they'll wake up to this fact sooner rather than later, so that they can once again realize the gifted talent they evidently possess and that is so prominent on their earlier records. It would most definitely make for a more exciting and interesting live show.



**JAZMIN BURGESS**

## Editor's top 5 discs...

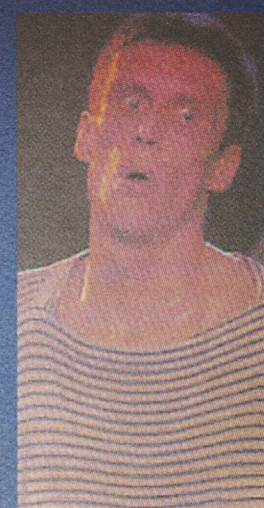
We all love our top 5's so, in response to public demand, here are Neil and Jazmin's top 5 records of the moment. If any of you out there want to challenge our taste with your own list, send an email our way ([J.D.Burgess@lse.ac.uk](mailto:J.D.Burgess@lse.ac.uk) and [N.Garrett@lse.ac.uk](mailto:N.Garrett@lse.ac.uk))

### JAZMIN'S TOP 5

- 1) **THE JEALOUS SOUND** - KILL THEM WITH KINDNESS (*Better Looking*)
- 2) **BRAND NEW** - DEJA ENTENDU (*Triple Crown*)
- 3) **BEAR VS SHARK** - RIGHT NOW YOU'RE IN THE BEST OF HANDS (*Equal Vision*)
- 4) **HEY MERCEDES** - LOSES CONTROL (*Vagrant*)
- 5) **THE HOPE CONSPIRACY** - ENDNOTE (*Equal Vision*)

### NEIL'S TOP 5

- 1) **JEFF BUCKLEY** - COMPLETE LIVE AT SIN-E (*Columbia*)
- 2) **BONOBO** - DIAL "M" FOR MONKEY (*Ninja Tune*)
- 3) **THE CORAL** - MAGIC & MEDICINE (*Deltasonic*)
- 4) **FOUR TET** - ROUNDS (*Domino*)
- 5) **ALFIE** - DO YOU IMAGINE THINGS (*Regal*)



edited by jazmin burgess  
and neil garrett

b:music

# Album Reviews



**FABRICLIVE. 12**  
**BUGZ IN THE ATTIC**

Fabric, the uber-club brings us its 12th taste sensation of what Friday night in London is all about (and we're not talking RnB here, please). Well, kind of; the album demonstrates Fabric's musical cutting edge with jazzy overtones, funk-up arrangements, electronic beats and complete originality. It's not about pulse-racing beats and awesome drum and bass. It's the sort of music you hear as you sit down in Fabric some place, some where, absolutely lost and wondering why everyone else is happy.

Oh yeah, I'm sure that never happens. But believe it or not, this baby is perfect for listening to whilst you struggle over accounting. It has the right twists - dubbing, handclaps, fuzz bass and eclectic arrangements. This is what happens when you throw nine talented London DJs together.

I'm afraid I can't fully express how much empathy I have for this album. My speakers haven't arrived yet, so a pair of Sennheiser headphones will have to do. Wait till I get the bass going. Bugz is definitely recommended and it will not disappoint.

**SAM OOI**



**JACK PLANCK**  
**TO HELL WITH YOU, I'LL MAKE MY OWN PEOPLE**

Cutting, pasting, synthing and sampling his way through this record, Jack Planck creates a dream world of moving pictures inhabited by some very strange people. There's the boy who lives practically alone on 'the boy with the racoon penis', the trigger-happy priest on 'pass the ammunition' and the school teacher on 'milkman versus the screen actors guild' among others. These people draw us into the core of the record: humanity. Vulnerability and fragility are subtly blended with humour and vitality: parts of the album are filled with a childish glee; others with a quiet contentment; yet others with a desolate emptiness. Perhaps the best thing about Jack Planck is that his ability to create all three at the same time.

The BBC one world site says he's launching the album in Hamley's toy store, which will feature 20 kids djing on plastic turntables; in his press release, Planck gives details of the gaps between the songs - not mere gaps, but silence recorded by Planck himself, or samples of some of his favourite gaps from other peoples' songs. Both of these snippets of information are very telling.

**MATT BOYS**



**KARL BARTOS**  
**COMMUNICATION**

Happy Computer Geek Musik. For those unaware of this German synth demon, Karl Bartos is the bloke from 80s 'cold wave' band Kraftwerk, who have been the undoubted predecessors of bands such as Depeche Mode.

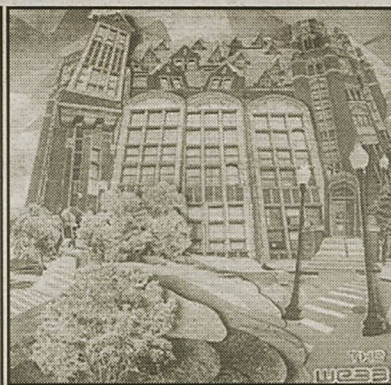
One man and his trusty keyboard, this album ponders upon our slavery to the T.V and the credit card, and decides that we are now in fact robots. Hence music that only robots could dance to and look cool.

At first listen, this style could only be described as 'embarrassing', but approached with an open mind it is unmistakably catchy and will definitely put a smug smile on your face. Especially the out-there lyrics like 'Spiderman/ traffic jam/ frozen pie/ x-ray eyes'. Pure electronic pop nonsense.

The song '15 Minutes of Fame' is surprisingly addictive and provides insight into the state of Hollywood today - 'Stars ain't what they used to be'. Pop Idol take note.

Old and new wave fans, along with the occasional future synth pop enthusiast, will be delighted to hear that Karl Bartos graces the ULU stage on the 22d October.

**CHLOE COOK**

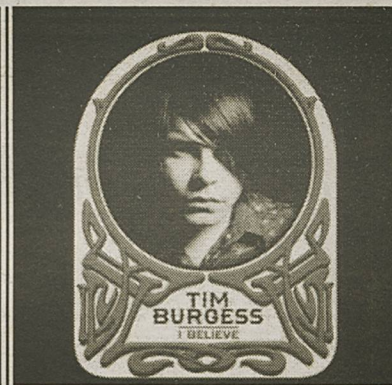


**WEBB BROTHERS**  
**WEBB BROTHERS**

You've got to admire the Webb brothers for their straightforwardness. I mean, Webb is hardly the most rock-and-roll surname in the world, is it? Yet despite this, and resisting a cool, eye-catching band name like, I dunno, 'Plasmatron', their epithet displays a Ronseal-like, does-exactly-what-it-says-on-the-tin honesty.

Still, this could equally be construed as a simple lack of originality. Sadly, their music on occasion provides support for this view. While there is much to admire here early on - lilting opener 'The World is Big', the weepy 'I've Been Waiting' and the infectiously upbeat 'A Funny Ol' Kind of Music' - much of the rest simply drags on. 'The Chill' and 'All the Dreams', rely heavily on slow drumming and synthesized echoey sounds to create a sense of profundity which, without a decent tune, sounds rather labored. Moreover, there is at times an annoying obviousness to the lyrics: 'Who Wants To Get High' consists of the title being repeated almost ad nauseum. It seems such a shame that after a promising start, the album just fades away. By the time the end is reached, it's difficult to remain interested.

**DANIEL GROTE**



**TIM BURGESS**  
**I BELIEVE**

How this album has come to see the light of day is a puzzling thing to ponder. Doesn't the record company have to sell it to make money and therefore ensure it sounds good? Why didn't the musicians involved refuse to have their integrity tarnished by being associated with it? And doesn't Tim Burgess himself want people to persist in the belief that he can sing and he can write songs?

You'd think so. Yet he explicitly yelps through the songs here. Like a dog being poked with a kebab skewer, like a fat dart champion attempting Curtis Mayfield one drunken Karaoke night, Burgess performs giant falsetto leaps, again and again, as though he doesn't realise he's doing anything wrong.

A succession of emotions greets the end of "I Believe". Disbelief, initially, that Burgess has not just made music as bad as this but has also decided to release it. There is then anger at this fact and the knowledge that the world is now a worse place to be. Then relief that this affront to the creation of our ear lobes has, after 36 unpleasant minutes, finally finished. And then pleasure, a delicate joy that silence is able to sound so gloriously sweet.

**NEIL GARRETT**

## Singles

**ELBOW**  
**Fugitive Motel**

Inspired by angst-ridden long-distance relationships, elbow have pulled out all the stops to let you know they are in pain. Moody keyboards, heart-wrenching strings, chordal harmonies, all the familiar techniques are there, but as with all ditties of this nature, it has a tendency to drone. In a nutshell: credible Coldplay.

**EL BARHAM**

**NAS**  
**Get Down**

The James Brown samples (Funky drummer & The Boss) give it that severely funky old school sound which results in a somewhat infectious heavy-head-bouncing-eyes-closed-in-concentration-feeling-the-music-affair. Nas delivers his signature rap with a style that sets itself apart from the usual rant about bitches, Gs, and the like. Nice, very nice.

**SIMY PRAKASH**

**BLONDIE**  
**Good Boys**

Oh Debbie, where did all the good times go? Upon listening to this single, this reviewer became overwhelmed by many emotions - disgust, shock and just a little terror! Surely Blondie used to be good? This 80s euro-pap is heading towards a bargain bin near you.

**BEN HOWARTH**

**THE CORAL**  
**Secret Kiss**

With this third offering from their Magic and Medicine LP, it appears the Liverpoolian six-piece are scraping the barrel. I was bored by the second listen, which is a shame considering how hard they try to be 'psychedelic'. At least it's over in less than three supremely unoriginal minutes.

**SARAH TAYLOR**

**KORN**  
**Did My Time**

As well as creating a generation of hoodie-wearing, parent-baiting, mall-scouring anti-scalies Korn also produced some of the best rock music of the last decade. It's a shame then that this effort is nu-metal by numbers, assiduously employing the trusty quiet-loud-quiet-even louder formula. Dissappointing.

**JOHN MCDERMOTT**

**WHEATUS**  
**American In Amsterdam**

Or rather, Geek In Amsterdam. This new Wheatus single follows the protagonist from Teenage Dirtbag on his adolescent travels to Amsterdam. You end up hoping that he smokes too much and greens out somewhere, never to be heard of again. The song is full of irritating, repetitive chords and irritating, repetitive lyrics, e.g. 'we play in a band that have no fans'. They said it, not me.

**CHLOE COOK**

# Kill Bill

**Does Quentin Tarantino's latest effort from the Director's Chair hail a return to the form of Pulp Fiction? b:film sent QT-addict SARAH COUGHTRIE to find out and get her first filmic fix for nigh-on six years...**

**Director:** Quentin Tarantino  
**Cast:** Uma Thurman, Lucy Liu, Daryl Hannah, Michael Madsen  
**Running Time:** 110 mins  
**Certificate:** 18  
**Release Date:** 17th October (Nationwide)



Tarantino said of his decision to divide this, his fourth film, into two volumes: "When you get to the end of *Volume 1*, you're exhausted. You're ready to take a break." He wasn't kidding. I spent much of the first half an hour looking around for something leather to bite down on, and finding this futile resigned myself to the prospect of my head, stomach, or some other useful body part exploding at the next jolt. 10 am is perhaps not the best time to see this movie.

This homage to spaghetti westerns, samurai and kung fu movies sees "The Bride" or "Black Mamba" (Thurman, on top form) in a wedding chapel surrounded by the massacre of her groom, guests and unborn child, with a bullet in her skull. After four months she comes out of the coma (no, she doesn't die, accept it and move on) and vows to take revenge on her assailants and former cohorts, the Deadly Viper Assassination Squad. Each is naturally codenamed after a snake, and led by Bill (Carradine) who's such a compassionate chap he rasps things like "do you find me sadistic?" before blowing holes in people.

The action starts in the US, as The Bride begins to score names off her hit list, but the most memorable scenes are set in Japan, notably her showdown with O'Ren Ishii aka Cottonmouth (Liu). Before getting to this Thurman kicks some minion ass in a breathtaking battle scene in which baddies honour the martial arts movie tradition of standing politely aside, waiting their turn, while our hero calmly slaughters them one by one. The whole thing is wonderfully camp, in truth. Knives swoosh through the air, limbs are sliced off on a whim and enough blood to fill several Olympic sized swimming pools spurts out covering walls and bystanders. What Tarantino manages to do however is turn this massive, overblown violence - usually reserved for straight-to-video slasher bollocks - into something really quite upsetting. To match the martial arts schtick there is a definite sense of humanity here. The Bride is loathe to kill one victim in front of her young daughter, and the final stand-off between the blood-spattered, weary Thurman and the apprehensive, doll-like Liu is as poignant as it is tense.

This, after all, is Tarantino's gift. He is big on honour amongst thieves and sympathy for the Devil, and this is perhaps his first movie in which there is a clear sense of right and wrong. *Jackie Brown* was no angel. God knows I didn't blame any character for their reactions at the end of *Reservoir Dogs* and the only unqualified evil in *Pulp Fiction* came from the hillbilly boy rapists. *Kill Bill* is much more a moral tale of revenge, loss and, hopefully, redemption.

**Make no mistake; this is an uncomfortable movie. It's a blistering, elegant assault on the senses that doesn't relent and never dithers, leaving the viewer breathless, distressed, and salivating for *Volume 2*. 5/5**

To celebrate the release of QT's latest offering, KASHBURCHETT offers his personal retrospective look at the seminal work that established Tarantino as a cinematic visionary.

**Director:** Quentin Tarantino  
**Cast:** John Travolta, Samuel L Jackson, Tim Roth, Uma Thurman  
**Running Time:** 154 min  
**Certificate:** 18  
**Release Date:** 21 October 1994

## Pulp Fiction (1994)

Two Golden Globe awards and the Cannes Film Festival Golden Palm were the critical awards for this masterpiece, whilst being reviled by the mainstream American establishment and relatively ignored at the Oscars (though the ingenious screenplay was justly rewarded, *Forrest Gump* beating PF to the Best Film award is now legend). Few would argue that *Pulp Fiction*, Tarantino's second movie, is not a tough act to follow.

Widely regarded as the most influential film of the nineties, *Pulp Fiction* continues to resonate in the film world even today. One of the first films to successfully execute a script in which the sequence we see is rearranged so that the first scene to be shown is the last event to happen, it has since given rise to a style that has been since been repeated to death. However, Tarantino's sparkling blend of the macabre, his surreal blend of dark humour and the irony found in life's mundanities remains untouched; there aren't many directors who could have people crying with laughter at the scene of a young boy getting accidentally shot in the face.

What makes *Pulp Fiction* so special is the effect it had on a whole generation of young people. If you were to say to the average student "Mmm, this is a tasty burger!" chances are they would understand your reference. Uma Thurman sparked a huge Vamp trend with her black make up and enticing eyes. Equally recognisable is the soundtrack. The opening bars of Misirlou by Dick Dale and the Dell tones, the theme from *Pulp Fiction* is unmistakable. The screenplay of the film is executed brutally and perfectly. Particularly effective is the scene in which Vince shoots up his newly purchased heroin. We see the spoon cooking up, the needle pierce the skin and the syringe fill with a little blood, before plunging its serum into the veins. The accompanying music and the flashes in between of him driving give out a subtle yet powerful image of what Vince must be experiencing.

Indeed, every actor (look out for Christopher Walken in an inspired cameo role) takes full advantage of dazzling and at times even thought-provoking dialogue to completely embody their characters. Even the soundtrack has almost equalled the cult status *Pulp Fiction* has achieved so effortlessly, and whilst often intentionally obtrusive, punctuates the whole movie complementarily in a fabulous marriage of sound and vision. Tarantino's own personal influence is unremitting and savagely funny. Ultimately though, he succeeded in making a movie which has become part of the pop culture it satirises, and in the process, looks set to remain a modern classic well into the future. Hardly surprising then that the expectations of *Kill Bill* are so damn high. In short, if by some miracle you haven't already seen *Pulp Fiction*, go and rent it, nay buy it, right now. Then, and only then, may your life truly begin.



b:film edited by simon cliff & dani ismail

# Bright Young Things

**Director:** Stephen Fry  
**Cast:** Stephen Campbell Moore, Dan Akroyd, Jim Broadbent, Stockard Channing  
**Running Time:** 106 min  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Release Date:** Out Now



Britain's most versatile man, Lord Stephen Fry, adapts a novel by Evelyn Waugh in his directorial debut. Jolly good show or just not cricket? CERIGRIFFITHS gives her spiffing verdict...

*Bright Young Things* doesn't have Hollywood sex symbols. It doesn't have impressive computer designed effects. It doesn't have vast quantities of violence, sex or nudity. 'Why bother watching it?' I hear you cry. Quite frankly, you must watch this film because what it has is rarely seen in this age of big blockbusters; true British humour. Dark, satirical, and often archaic yet, at times, very poignant and devilishly funny.

Stephen Fry's production of Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies* is, extraordinarily, almost as good as the book. Unlike the novel, and with the aid of an astoundingly talented cast, Fry creates characters which we should despise but which we cannot help but laugh out loud at until other people in the cinema start throwing popcorn at our heads. Set amidst the English aristocracy of the late thirties, a group of "Bright Young People" are revealed to us, and a vice-riddled, drug-fuelled tale of the nationally infamous girls and boys running from party to party in a state of tragic hysteria is revealed. Much like the recently broadcast "Young, Posh and Loaded" television series (though this is much more scandalous) Fry portrays the sheer humour and tragedy of those too rich and too stupid for their own good. Although one cannot relate to the characters, that is very much the point. Fry beautifully depicts the shallow, unimportant and often offensive existence of the gorgeous, detestable upper classes of London's famous set.

One criticism of Fry's first film production would be the wasted talent of Sir Peter O'Toole in what could have been the funniest scene of the film. But like every film production of a book, sacrifices must be made. For those of you who have read *Vile Bodies* and are sceptical of the film, don't be. Although Fry excludes one or two aspects of the book, quite often Waugh's wittiest remarks are directly quoted and the film characters are far more likeable and thus, often more amusing than those in the novel.

With the likes of Richard E. Grant, Stockard Channing and Dan Ackroyd playing lesser parts and doing marvellously, the focus rests on the impressive lead actor, Stephen Campbell-Moore. He plays the one truly likeable individual, Adam Fenwick-Symes, characterised as though he were born with a silver spoon in every orifice and a conscience lurking furtively in the background just waiting to be discovered. The soundtrack epitomises the breakneck speed of the society it seeks to represent, and the score, which makes one want to do the Charlston around the Tuns, reiterates the insanity of the creation as a whole. All this results in an evening of head reeling amusement not tainted but heightened by the sadistic, self-destruction of a group of youths with the world at their feet and a gun at their heads.

**A sound first effort by Stephen, and whilst *Bright Young Things* is not up to the standard set by his work in other fields, it still demands your viewing, if only for the sly historical parallels mocking modern celebrity culture.**

Quite frankly Darling: "it's too divine...." **4/5**

## Voters or Fans?



For those of you who were less than impressed by *T3*, you can breathe a sigh of relief as we can verify that **Arnie's** movie career is on hold, at least for the length of his term. Interesting fact most of you will not know – more Californians voted for Arnie than those who saw *T3*. How on earth did I come up with this? 12% of American's population lives in California, so let's assume 12% of the people who saw the movie were Californians. As of October 7<sup>th</sup>, the movie had pulled in \$150,269,166 at the domestic box office. With an average ticket price of \$5.80, that rounds up to 25,908,477 moviegoers nationwide.

12% of which is 3,109,017 people. And how many people voted for him in the elections? About a half million more – 3,694,436. What does this actually mean? I don't know. But we can just about safely say that *The Terminator* made a smart move.

Possibly making less smart moves is **Mel Gibson** who is having a lot of trouble finding a distributor to pick up his latest flick (in which he is director, not the star, of), *The Passion*. The movie follows the last 12 hours of Christ's life before his crucifixion. Entirely in Aramaic and Latin, and if Gibson's wishes are adhered to, lacking crucial subtitles, this may seem like an odd movie to watch. But if only for the shock value, this should prove an eye opener to some and a scandal to others. It might be interesting to compare **James Caviezel's** portrayal of Jesus to **Henry Ian Cusick's** in *The Gospel of John*, which according to Imdb.com is not even going to be released in the UK! God forbid (eh...).

For those of you who wonder which movies I choose to mention here the reasons are strange and varied. The next is a completely random choice. The release dates in New Zealand, UK and Belgium for **Halle Berry's** movie *Gothika* fall on my ex's, mine and my good mate's birthdays, respectively. Which is reason enough to read up on it. It will also be Halle's first solo movie where she is the main star- in previous films her co-stars were either billed equally or above her. Strange seeing as she has done so well for herself as of late. Originally this horror movie telling the story of a psychiatrist-cum-amnesiac-patient at the hospital she worked at before she apparently murdered her husband should have been upon us by Halloween but release dates have been pushed forwards.



## the editor's cut

*The UGM gets interesting, Arnie gets political and this year's films finally get decent; has reality as we know it gone completely FUBAR?*



The problem with having a weekly UGM is that, on the whole, it's a total and complete waste of time. Cowardly hacks heckle anonymously from the OT balcony; the political point scorers earn their 'Aimless Ranting' and 'Arse Kissing' Brownie badges; and more inane motions than a Women's Institute assembly are pushed through by giggling hoards of LSE's biggest shit-stirrers, quietly bitching amongst themselves. There is, of course, the odd exception to every rule, and last week was indeed the week that broke the proverbial mould. Terminal salad-dodger and utterly useless Ents Officer Jimmy 'The Hutt' Baker, in his usual blend of stupid humour and humorous stupidity, branded the expertly selected Top Ten 'Essential Student Movies' as, quoting his words exactly as he delivered them, "a steamin' pile o' shite". He is, rather obviously, as eloquent as he is intelligent.

The great tradition of crap actors becoming crap politicians continued this week (see Ronnie Reagan, Glenda 'Raisin-Face' Jackson, et al.) when Arnie became the Governor of California after an historic recall (see Dani's *Voters or Fans?*). One can only guess that, had more people seen the Austrian beefcake play *The Terminator* for the third time, they'd have been a lot more careful at the polls and voted for a Porn star instead. No amount of concealer can hide those skin-creases; I've seen less make-up on the women behind the Max Factor counters in Boots.

As last week's releases and the offerings covered in this edition prove, the final third of this year may prove to be the most fruitful film-wise; coming up are *Master and Commander* with Russ Crowe; *Alien: The Director's Cut* and, of course, *Return of the King*, of which watching the trailer is now taking up more of my life than the total spent studying, writing this shit and viewing porn involving vegetables altogether.

Anyway, next week we've got (as boasted in the UGM by the ever-gobby Justin Nolan) the Top Ten films as voted by our very own Howard 'The Daddy' Davies; apparently there was an interview in 'blink' last week with the bloke, but face it - this is the one that matters. As well as that, our verdict on the latest Coen Brothers comedy, *Intolerable Cruelty*, and more of the usual news from Dani and irreverent toss from me. Until then, go see *Finding Nemo*, and behave yourselves...

## Si, b:film editor

Get in touch with any comment, ideas or offers of shameless sexual adventures\*: [s.e.cliff@lse.ac.uk](mailto:s.e.cliff@lse.ac.uk) (\*ladies only)



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# b:clubbing

An alternative to Crush with good music and free entry? RUTHBARLEY spills the beans.

It's not often that a club really manages to pull off a night that has the intimacy of a house party with the blockbusting sound of a superclub. However, **Spill the Beans at the Urban bar** managed to do just that on their inaugural night. A wealth of talent and experience crammed on to the decks playing everything from Quincy Jones to Unkle to an appreciative and diverse crowd.

The venue not usually known for its club nights is gaining a reputation as an excellent live location and valid alternative to the likes of 93 Feet East and the Vibe Bar both of which have had their opening hours slashed by the local council. And, with the excellent Rhythm Factory just down the road going from strength to strength, there may be a hint of something new starting in Whitechapel.

The Urban Bar, opposite the tube station, is unmistakable with its tiger striped paint job and upstairs the night slid into first gear with a selection of personal favourites from funk connoisseur James Hampson with a set ranging from soul to Motown and rare groove. As the tunes moved

on to newer hip-hop expertly scratched by DJ Kaos the place was starting to buzz and the music picked up a level with DJ's Davix and Dangerboy playing a set of unrelenting dance floor stormers that had the now packed room heaving with smiling, sweaty bodies. Veteran Manchester DJ Danny Kay kept the feeling going with a selection of Nu breaks and groovy deep house. Finally, to round off the evening's musical journey DJ's Massa, Mystic and Sweetleaf rocked the house with their own particular brand of drum n bass that has had crowds jumping from the Glastonbury festival to the forests of Brazil.

Those put off by the sometimes forbidding uber-cool reputation of the Shoreditch/Whitechapel club scene need not worry though. In the best spirit of DIY clubs the atmosphere throughout was unpretentious and friendly yet still keeping that essential hip vibe. Watch out for this lot: they may be breathing life in to a club near you soon.

The next spill the beans is happening this friday the 17th at the Urban Bar, Whitechapel (nearest tube Whitechapel). Free entry.

# b:eating

SARAHWARWICK gets treated to some rockin' Moroccan at Al Casbah, Hampstead Village

I'm walking with my friend through the winding streets of Hampstead village looking for somewhere to eat. We come upon a canopied doorway from where the most glorious smells are emerging. We take a step inside and the smells burgeon into a cloud of sweet spice: heat, meat, apples, garlic and mint. Intricate mosaics line the walls and well-to-do ladies who lunch loll on big soft benches with huge silk cushions. The room is decorated with leather and camel pictures, huge brass lamps,



pipes and tables. From the open door to the terrible Moroccan music this place is authenticity itself and takes me straight back to the heat and noise of Marrakech while still retaining some of the genteel structured cosiness that is typical of Hampstead.

Complimentary olives (lovingly stuffed with garlic and glistening with olive and garlic oil) are brought while we peruse the menu which is unusually varied for a Moroccan. In addition to the classic mezze, kebab and tajine trilogy they have dishes such as roasted carrots with cumin (about £5) and a whole lamb to share between 10 (£140 - must be

ordered in advance!). I have to confess we were boring (and skint) and went for a mezze and chicken kebab to share (about £30). Most mains are between £12 and £16 pounds but after the substantial mezze one main between two should fill up most people. The mezze was the star

of the show: lots more of the excellent olives, a sweet grainy hummous with chilli oil, decent tabouli and salad, freshly baked pitta and felafel with a crunchy, nutty shell and a light and fluffy filling. The chicken came with chips which was a bit disappointing as it took away from the authentic experience but they were nice chips so I forgave them! The chicken was so tender and moist it almost fell off the skewers.

All in all it was an excellent lunch (the wine was average but that's what you get for ordering white in a Moroccan restaurant). The staff were friendly, the food was lovely and the atmosphere was a real asset. After lunch you can always hang around and read the paper (they don't seem to mind) and have a pot of mint tea or share a hooker pipe with flavoured tobacco for £12. When we stumbled out after a couple of hours, relaxed and full of starch we were almost shocked to find ourselves back in England. If you're Moroccan and homesick this is a restaurant for you. It may be a little bit on the steep side for a student budget but it's cheaper than a plane ticket!



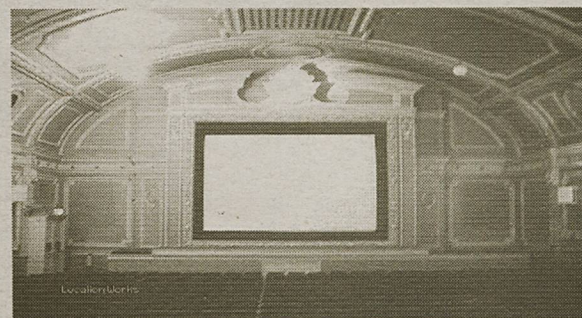
A meal for two with wine at Al Casbah cost £44. Lunch available at £10pp for a limited time. To book call (020) 7431 6356

# b:listing

Sarah Warwick tells us where's the best place to watch films in the top ten cinemas in London.

- 1. Odeon Leicester Square, Leicester Sq tube**  
The premiere cinema in more ways than one. Stand outside when the new films come out to get a gander at celebrities or just enjoy going to see a big film in a big venue. V. expensive though.
- 2. Prince Charles Theatre, Leicester Sq tube**  
In central London yet you don't have to take out a mortgage to afford the prices. Also holds fantastically different shows such as their late night Rocky Horror Extravaganza on fridays (you have to dress up!) and Sing-a-long-a-Sound-of-Music!
- 3. Screen on the Green, Islington Green, Angel tube**  
Despite what you might expect from the chiefly middle-aged arty-type clientele this place has a nice atmosphere as well as a being a cosy space. There's only one film but it's usually the pick of the bunch.
- 4. IMAX, Waterloo tube**  
Proof that big is beautiful. Shame they never have any really good films on.
- 5. Notting Hill Coronet, Notting Hill Gate tube**  
One for the smokers. Yup, you can smoke all you like in this place. But non-smokers beware: it reeks.
- 6. NFT, South Bank, Waterloo tube**  
If art house is your thing this place is brilliant: Classics, Foreign, Gay/Lesbian. If it's different its here. Stop into MOMI afterwards.

- 7. Warner Village, Leicester Sq tube**  
Another huge, yet hugely expensive one. It does make up for it's prices by having stadium and double seating (for those back seat snuggles)
- 8. Everyman, Hampstead tube**  
This one is very sweet. Small is the word though.
- 9. Club Rex, Picadilly Circus**  
Not a cinema by itself: it's part of a club. Consider the street cred of reclining in this posh drinking club with a Raspberry Tom Collins and your feet up watching a classic. Very expensive to get in though.
- 10. Barbican Cinema, Barbican tube**  
Why anyone would want to trek across a concrete wilderness to get to a boring, small, annoying cinema with no atmosphere (or popcorn) i don't know. Why god, why?



b:about edited by sarah warwick and katie davies

# walk:about

SARAHWARWICK takes a walk around Bayswater for shoes, chinese and a spa.

Once Bayard's Watering Place: historically a resting space for travellers along the Queen's highway; now Bayswater: a bustling if commercial locale popular with immigrants, students and toffs alike, this area has much to keep you amused for hours whether your tastes run to long boozy lunches, splurging on a spa or just sitting in the park. At first glance the main emphasis of Queensway seems to be food and shoes (which is fine with me!) however look closer and you'll find much to do in this fine area and not all of it will break the bank.

One of the best things about Bayswater is its easy accessibility. **Bayswater, Royal Oak and Queensway** tube stations are all conveniently located and buses from central London are also frequent. Coming from Kensington or even Mayfair there are lovely walks across Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens and on a spring day a dip in **Serpentine Lido** is a rewarding if bracing experience. **Kensington Palace** is a very imposing and beautiful building but the entrance fee is £10 so i'd probably advise you just look at it from the outside! The **Peter Pan statue** is also worth a quick look and if no one is looking you can sneak a go on the swings! Anywhere in the park is great for sitting with friends, reading or having a kick about.

Another great thing about Bayswater is that it is such a nice (read posh) area. The houses are all about the whitewash and big columns, the streets are leafy and wide. It's close to **Notting Hill, Ladbroke Grove** and **Kensington** and although a night out there will cost you a fair bit it's fun to dress up in your finery for a change...or alternatively count the fashion 'trendsetters' with no taste: recently in the **Prince Albert** in Notting Hill I spotted 3 people wearing yellow flat caps! Its not just about the toffs however. Saturday night in Bayswater will feel like it could be anywhere in the world. Americans, Eastern Europeans and Chinese seem to flock here in huge numbers but every nation seems to be represented. This is one place where the international flavour of London really hits you hard. Italian, Lebanese and Vietnamese restaurants sit happily side by side, interspersed with some of Britain's best loved institutions (Boots, Dixons etc), tourists and locals line up together to fill them all.

This Walkabout starts where Queensway meets Kensington Gardens and is one to do with a few mates on a spare afternoon. The nightlife isn't wonderful but you can spend a whole day here eating little delicacies, bowling, skating and shopping. From the gate of **Kensington Gardens** start to walk down Queensway. Almost the first thing you come to on the left is the **Leisurebox**, a teenagers wet-dream of a place stuffed with amusements, bowling lanes, fast food and ice skating. Don't let the fact that its full of pre-pubescents bother you...just bring loud people and shout over them. The Ice rink is pretty decent for London: big and inexpensive and there is an ice disco on Thursday nights (what's the betting they'll play 'Ice Ice Baby?') The bowling is also pretty cheap except that you have to pay for shoe hire. Stay as long as you like, it's open til 11. On the other hand if you get hungry and don't fancy the crunchy fried carcass with a side order of monosugars they serve in lieu of lunch, head out onto Queensway again and to one of the excellent Chinese restaurants. **Kam Tong** does a good line in set meals.



They're not enormously cheap (£12pp for soup, beef, pork, chicken and rice to share) but you'll have leftovers for days! Alternatively try the **Mehkong River Salgon** Vietnamese restaurant which may look a bit tacky with its neon outdoor menu but does fantastic dumplings and soups. If you're really strapped for cash share a pizza for a fiver at one of the road's two **'Bella Pasta's** or get a felafel from one of the many kebab houses on the right hand side of the street. After some lunch it's shopping time! From **Office and Punky Fish** to market stalls and bargain shops there's much to be browsed on the high street alone never mind in that beautiful temple to the consumer, **Whiteleys**. Reputed to have been one of Hitler's favourite buildings it certainly is very beautiful inside with marble floors, sweeping staircases and huge fountains. There aren't a huge amount of shops inside though (probably because all the space has been used for marble floors, sweeping staircases and huge fountains!) and you may want to escape to the 8 screen **UCI cinema** after a short while. Student tickets on weekdays are £5. Alternatively if you live nearby rent a video for £1.50 from the shop opposite Whiteleys. You can also buy ex-rental for £4.

Another idea for the late afternoon is a trip to the **Porchester centre** for swim, gym or a splurge at the **spa**. The leisure centre has dance classes, full gym, squash courts and a big pool which always seems to be busy. If you live nearby it may be worth paying the £17 a month for unlimited pool use. The spa is beautiful: an art deco salute to Roman opulence, left almost untouched in a recent overhaul. Its a bit steep (£26 for 2 people) but you can stay all day and treat yourself to a long soak in the jacuzzi and maybe even a full body scrub from one of the very attentive attendants (£10). There are also steam rooms and saunas, and a relaxation areas where you can just sit with a book and some herbal tea and forget about all those essays you're supposed to be writing already! Tuesdays and Sundays are mixed sessions while every other day is all-male or all-female. The male day apparently is favoured by many celebrities such as Frank Warren and David Baddiel who you might catch sitting around playing cards in their towels (should you want to!)

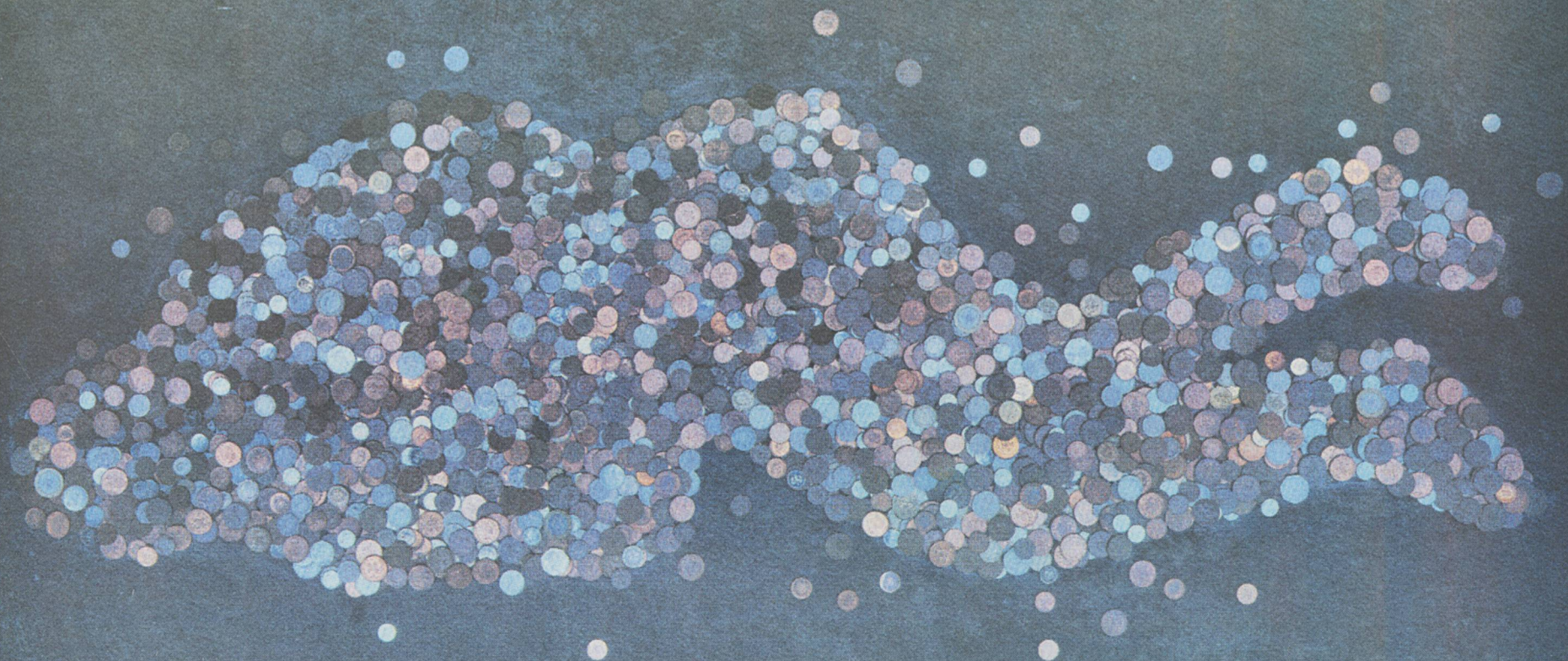


Come and worship at the temple to consumerism that is Whiteleys. Hitler may have had a point!

After all this you will no doubt be hungry for dinner or thirsty for drinks. There are mostly chain restaurants down this end of the road with **TGI Fridays, Tiger Lils** and **Pizza Express** all sitting on the crossroads between Westbourne road and Queensway. Tiger Lils is an interesting one. Based on the roadside cuisine of Asia you choose meat, veg and sauces to customise your own stir-fry, unlimited quantities of which, with a couple of nice asian beers, goes down rather nicely I find. TGIs and Pizza Express are obviously not over exciting but are ok if you can't be bothered to walk anymore. (if you live nearby you could always visit the huge and unbelievably cheap **Budgens** next to Pizza Express) There are also two large and rather uninspiring pubs on this junction: they have no atmosphere and smell funny but if you enjoy watching old men doing karaoke then you will have no complaints! For a more exciting nightlife head up Westbourne Road and visit one of the lovely little middle-eastern restaurants for mezze or go as far as Notting Hill for a decent, if expensive, pint. Happy walking!

# Your kindness could kill

The money you give to those who beg may actually keep them on the streets. In some cases, you may even be helping them to buy drugs that could kill them. Give responsibly – support local charities instead. Please visit [www.killingwithkindness.com](http://www.killingwithkindness.com) for more information.

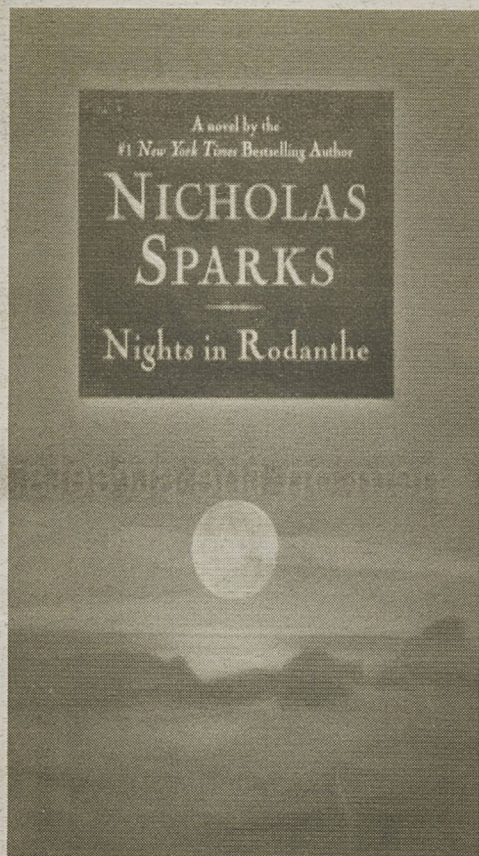


# Nights in Rodanthe

The eagerly awaited new novel by Nicholas Sparks

Just The Facts...

**Author:** Nicholas Sparks  
**Publisher:** Transworld  
**Date:** 13 October 2003  
**Price:** £6.00



I feel like such a pleb. Nicholas Sparks is the author of, amongst others, 'Message in a Bottle' and 'A Walk to Remember'. Shamefaced now I must tell you I hadn't even realised those movies had their illustrious beginnings in paperback. He's 'one of the world's most loved authors' (says his publishing company) and his novels have been translated into more than thirty languages. This is all new to me. But my ignorance at this time is a good thing, I swear to you. This way, my following review could never be construed as the biased simpering of a Sparks fanatic or the jaded criticism of someone who has long since put Sparks on their 'Authors to Avoid' list. This is going to be impartiality at its very best...preconceived notions - I never had any; bribery - I beg your pardon, this is a quality newspaper.

And so without the slightest bit of bias, on to the review:

Adrienne Willis is sixty. Her daughter's husband has just died and unable to cope with seeing her middle child slide even deeper into depression, she calls Amanda to dinner one night and decides to speak of a time in her life that she up till then had kept secret.

When she was forty-five, Adrienne's husband had left her for a younger woman. Longing to escape if only for a short while, from the harsh reality of her day to day life, she tended to a friend's inn for a weekend. Her short getaway threatened to be marred by an approaching storm until Paul Flanner, the single guest for the weekend arrived. Paul had just sold his medical practice and having to cope with a strained relationship with his son, being a

divorcé, and a medical nightmare that happened on his watch, he too has come to that particular inn in Rodanthe to lick wounds. Over the course of that weekend, they turned to each other for comfort and both fell in love with virtual strangers.

'Nights in Rodanthe' is a love story sans purple prose and bodice-ripping which is blessed with the added depth that a simple yet not one-dimensional plot and tight characterisation can give to any book. At only 224 pages, it's short and pleasantly sweet. Thankfully, I didn't have to swallow the mushy, saccharine get-up that most other romance novels produce which is probably because the entire flavour of the book is set apart from the clichéd-style romance. You'll find it in the bookstores under 'fiction' and not 'romance' for that very reason.

If the writing style in this novel is representative of his earlier work, I can see how the process of breathing cinematic life into his words would have been a relatively painless job. Sparks writes at a pace that is amazingly real-time and his descriptive style reminds me somewhat of stage directions in a play.

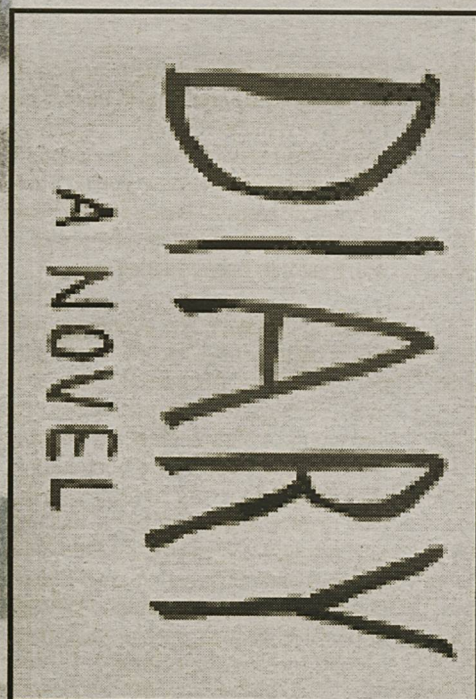
All that said, I don't think I'll go searching for his past work. It was a well-written story and to be recommended for those who gravitate towards 'tender' and 'moving' tales about the power of love. I'm not one of them.

# Diary - a novel

Chuck Palahniuk's personalised homage to art and madness...

Just The Facts...

**Author:** Chuck Palahniuk  
**Publisher:** Jonathan Cape  
**Date:** 4 September 2003  
**Price:** £10.00



While her husband lies in the hospital as nothing more than a brain-dead vegetable, kept alive (barely) by an expensive respirator and various expensive feeding tubes inserted into his stomach and elsewhere, Misty Wilmot starts up a coma diary. It chronicles her every day without a real husband and how she copes with the mess her suicidal mate left behind.

A younger Misty had great dreams to be a famous artist and she had even carried out her plan to become one as far as art school. But it was then she met Peter Wilmot who tempted and lured her with a picture-perfect house on a picture-perfect island, to leave behind her dream and set up shop as a mother, a wife - and then a glorified hotel maid - on Waytansa island.

As if Misty doesn't have enough annoying tourists and an aggravating mother-in-law to deal with, homeowners who had contracted Peter to refurbish their summer homes begin calling her, leaving frantic messages that they're missing linen closets, kitchens, and living rooms. Where they had once been, now lies a perfect, seamless wall.

Peter has been hiding rooms in these houses and scrawling vile and depraved messages all over its walls. Some of these messages depict Misty as a fat slob in a pink plastic uniform and others are

directed at the home owners themselves.

To the man with the missing kitchen, Peter scrawls, '...I have danced with your toothbrush stuck up my dirty asshole...'

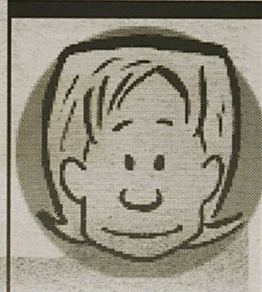
The book could be summed up in that one choice quote of Peter Wilmot as far as I am concerned. It may be dark, it may be disturbing - but it's hilarious. I can't say much else about the (very crazy) plot without giving the story away but there was no point in time while reading 'Diary' where my mind wandered or I felt the need to bookmark my page and move on to something more interesting. Palahniuk held me from page one to the very end and I wish I had as much talent overall as he possesses in his little toenail. [end jealous whine]

This isn't my first Palahniuk read and it definitely won't be my last. For those out there who think they're up for a bit of nihilism and a lot of degenerate laughs (Me! Me! Pick me!), I would definitely recommend any book of his, this latest one included.

Dalia King

Also by Chuck Palahniuk:

*Nana; Survivor; Lullaby; Fight Club; Invisible Monsters; Choke; Fugitives and Refugees*



edited by dalia king

be:lit

## Rugby Freshers Get Their First Taste Of Wrong...

Alcohol.....	15,098,78
LSE Rugby Freshers.....	0
The Church, Kentish Town	

### Weasel

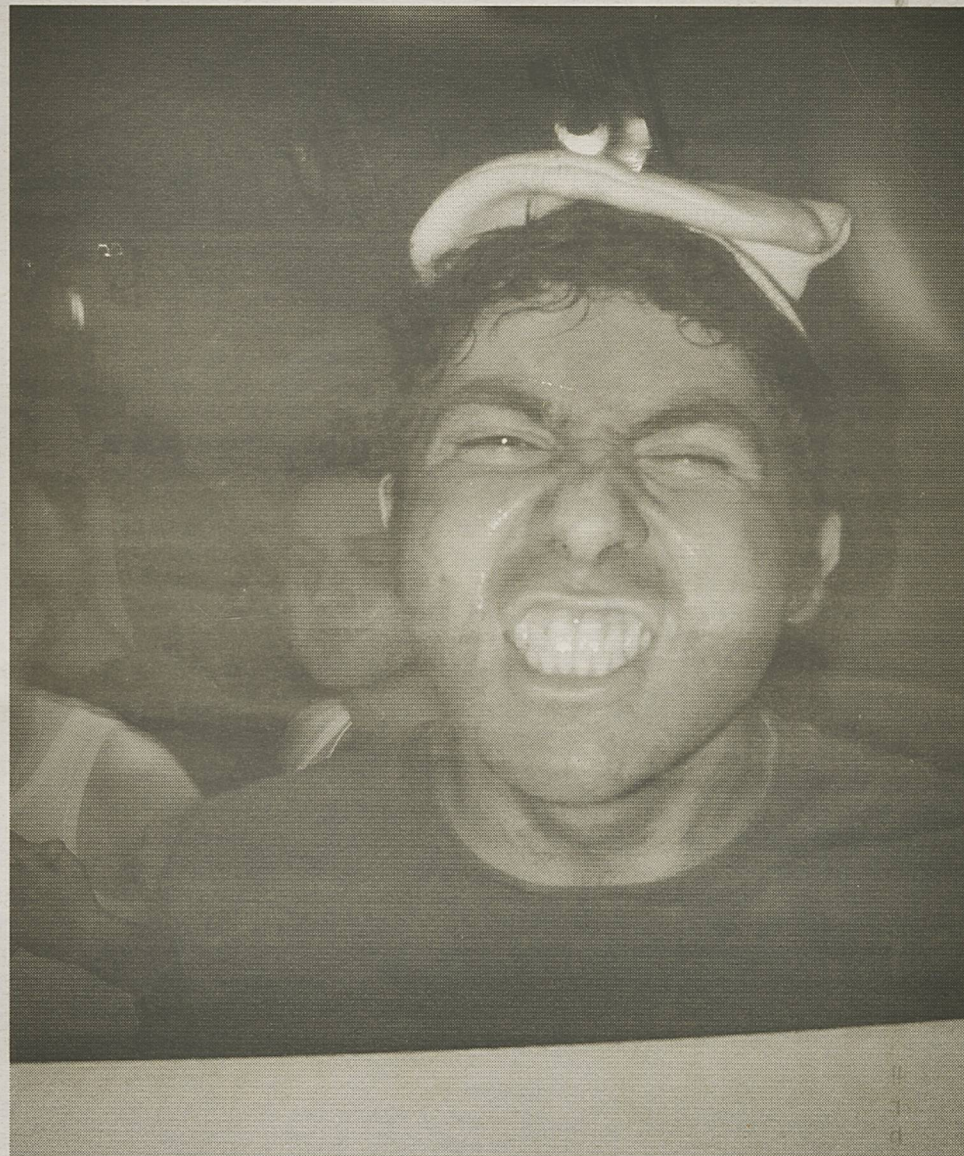


Church. Those of you who aren't familiar with this place, you have not lived, those of you are will not argue with me that this Sunday morning orgy of beer, tits, and wrong represents the greatest achievement of western society. The LSE rugby club assembled at Kentish town tube station at 11.30 am, ready to pay their respects to the Gods of the lash. With us stood a group of angel-faced, virginal freshers, all preparing (and in some cases begging), to be violated and wronged from every conceivable angle. Much alcohol had already been consumed, and thanks in no small part of Craig's ability to use his teeth as a bottle opener, much more was consumed in the queue. Our group had been blessed with the presence of several so called LSE "legends", who fortunately have not progressed in their lives sufficiently to find anything better to do with their time. Chiefs amongst them were Rex "is that it?" Walker, and Fudgy! The latter who did his best to prove that being anally raped by a major investment bank all week, need not diminish your appetite for lop at weekends, consumed seven cans of wife beater before we got to the door. JP take note.

Once inside, proceedings began as they should, with virgins being made to neck drinks, and the Pikies, who had been too busy whoring their own mothers to raise funds for tesco value bitter to show up on time, being suitably punished. The 'entertainment' began with the fat bastard compere, singing like an even fatter version of

Elvis in his cricket 'signing on' shirt. Zack, a man so shameless that he has been known to piss on his own mother when she wasn't even on fire, was suitably unimpressed, proclaiming in a drunken taffy slur "this guys rubbish, he hasn't even got his cock out yet." He followed up these words of infinite wisdom by groping the nearest girl he could find that looked like she might be a bit of a slut. The fat bastard compere was follow by a procession of truly superb cheese music, deeply reminiscent of limelight on a Wednesday night, which afforded us all the opportunity jump around like drunken tits, and fondle the nearest things we could get our corrupt hands on. Credit during this period must go the ginger lover, who's silky skillz of seduction seemed to have every female fresher drooling at his feet. What a cunt. The remaining line up consisted of several "strippers", who ended up about as naked as your average swimmer, and the least funny Canadian man I have every had the misfortune of allowing to shit in my ear.

The church was followed by the usual trip to backpackers on the free shuttle buses, but not before Shetters had persuaded Virgin Sean to suck his nut sack, a school boy error from Sean which must surely lead to him being referred to only as ball sucker. I hear this was not the only virgin that Shetters got action with that day. In backpackers many shone, all wronged, and the LSE dominated proceedings at the dentists chair. Ball sucker Sean redeemed in part for his earlier mistakes by downing pints of all sorted



wrongness continually until he completely lost the plot and had to be sent home in a taxi. The virgin ginger scouser, did his best to kill himself with a four pint jug, before proceeding to hotwire a nearby Vauxhall astra and ram-raid kings cross post office, whilst Virgin Ed Harold was last seen climbing into a taxi with two near geriatric women who have only been described as

truly awful.

At the end of the day, a fantastic time had been had by all, and rumours had already began to circulate with regards to which lucky fresher will have the privilege of leading the barrel streak in December.

LSE Mens' Hockey 2nds.....	10
RSM 2nds.....	3
Battersea, South London	

## Nice Hockey Players Beat Ill-Mannered Ones!!

It's two o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon and even though we're due to meet at 3pm Ginga Jackson is whining like a bitch about a poor turnout. Then, as if things couldn't get much worse, our freshers actually turned up. The young hopefuls made their way over to the table with all the conviction of an OAP's pecker tempted by a bagpiping granny. Several school-boy errors had been made, one had his shirt tucked into his socks, one resembled the Sugar Puff Monster and one was a Yank.

Taking this in our stride it was time to make the pilgrimage to the hallowed turf of Battersea Park. The team loves its home ground, none more than BB Dancer who takes time out to enjoy his other past time of fiddling with the ten year old boys we share a changing room with.

"Vud you like a sveety?"  
When arriving on the pitch Wacko Jacko faced immediate disappointment. The ladies team could not provide him with a fat ginger fresher whose toe jam he could smear on his nipples. While BB Dancer and Cönt were trying hard to umpire (letch at) the girls match captain Jacko failed to organise any sort of team talk and, much like in the Tuns, our players wandered out on to the pitch not sure quite what was going on.

This might have proved a problem if it were not for our opposition who were still trying to figure out which way up to hold their hockey sticks. The Royal School of Mines? Who the fuck are they? Does Britain even have mines any more? Since when have you had to go to school to work in a mine? I thought mines were where the government put inbred welsh valley boys to keep them from developed society.

The Taffy pleb-bastards proved to be completely inept, with Mowgly slotting an early goal passed their sprawling keeper. After breaking the Welsh hymen, LSE continued to thrust deeper and deeper, harder and harder into the ragged Welsh bucket, I mean goal. This success was based on "Mr Modest" Mayur Patel: "Damn I played good today, I'm one foxy bitch!" Would you agree Tara?

7 - 0 at half time and Sharon complains of boredom between the posts, well we thought he did; to be honest nobody really understands the mumbles anymore. In order to please our Essex slut we decide to let the Miners into our own half! Living up to his reputation Sharon proceeded to allow just about anything and everything between his legs. Three flaps, three goals...final score 10 - 3.... good work Sharon (lets work on that confidence... and spelling and breath and look and the list goes on and on and on... you Russian twat!)

Having been hammered on the pitch, our work-

ing class opposition thought they could rescue some dignity by challenging us to a boat race. However with the new signings came some unexpected new qualities, the Septic Tank, Frodo and BSB (no new signing but back from sabbatical) were all instrumental in sending the unwashed and undistinguished back to their pits with their tails between their legs.

Retelling the rest of the evening in any detail would be rather difficult, as I can't really remember much more. After philating the 'glove of love,' BSB lost his balance around 10:30 and fell into a puddle of piss. Nayhan "Bruce Lee" Patel decided that it would be a good idea to turn Walkabout into a mini Kashmir and the FT boy tried desperately to rescue his fractured relationship with the Ladies Hockey Club, their naïve freshers had not been informed of his abusive character but he still managed to maintain his duck. All in all, a successful first outing for the LSEHC (no, not you Sharon)

By Hayden Wood - Nice guy.





**"I've never commented on referees and I won't break the habit of a lifetime for that prat"**  
**-Ron Atkinson**

BeaverSports: Angry at ULU referee allocations. Ooooh, topical.

## Royal College Of Prison Officers Banged Up!!!!

LSE Women's Hockey 1sts.....	1
Royal Holloway 1sts.....	1
Battersea, South London	

Chrissy Totty



Talk about hitting the ground running, LSE Women's hockey barely had time to learn each other's names before they plunged headlong into the first game of the season. Not that lacking little things like names, positions and fitness really bothered us, you could say the combination of our raw un-harnessed talent and the fact that Holloway Prison were playing with balls and chains on their feet was the key to earning a well deserved point on Wednesday.

For the first match of the season, the organisation was up to military standard (on paper at least ;) Our new captain Zahra (a.k.a Funky Monkey) came armed with an entire file of strategies, formations and rotation lists and we rolled up to Battersea on time without misplacing anyone. Surprisingly we didn't even lose little Munchkin (a.k.a 0898 - husky -slut, only 60p per min). The opposition however arrived in a large windowless van, shuffling out onto the pitch shielding their eyes, unaccustomed as they were to being outside in the sunshine. We also had one up on them in terms of kit; their baggy arrow-print jumpsuits were obviously more restrictive than our long-awaited pro-

star kit (yes finally, after a seven month wait, we shake the big issue seller look and actually resemble, well, a sports team!).

However, fifteen minutes into the first half, our summers of leisure were catching up with us. The inmates were putting the pressure on, their yard exercise regime and strict diet of gruel obviously giving them a slight advantage in these early stages. Cindy, our goalie, made a sterling effort keeping their shots at bay, but eventually a ball managed to squeeze itself through a gap like an asylum seeker through a hole in the detention center fence. One down and sirens began to sound in the LSE heads. We went into attack mode, pushing the ball down the pitch. A frantic scramble in the D ensued, the ball rolling free to be hammered home by new player Tara. Too knackered for celebration summer-saults we had to suffice a pat on the back and promises of drinks later. We staggered into half time level and very grateful for the five-minute sit down! The second half was a different story, with LSE dictating the play, looking as close to graceful as we can when not on the Walkabout dance floor. All in all the match was pretty satisfactory, they were



surprising non-violent for convicted criminals and the only nasty injury was when Jack the Tripper went for a up-close inspection of the AstroTurf, losing most of her skin the process. You will be glad to hear it wasn't serious enough to prevent a Tuns appearance later, only not in a skirt.

With the match over it was time for the important stuff... We trotted off to the usual bar for "Teas", which in Battersea consists of wood-fired pizzas and wine...long gone are the days of lemon squash and custard creams. The food took forever to come so in the meantime for entertainment we ran an alternative English language course for the

American recruits, instructing them on the subtle differences between words like minger and pikey. Gigolo Tamer laid into the wine and made Munchkin Sex climb on the table for the photo while The Corruptor looked on un-amused, sipping her pint...of lemonade!!! The heady combination of prescribed drugs meant for once, the Wrong-un would be the only one who stayed to sober, and would actually remember the true horrors of the Britney Karaoke attempt later. Events after that are somewhat of a blur, but Gigolo Tamer would like to thank the two guys who gave her a lift to Walkabout in a M3 Convertible ;)

LSE Football 1sts.....	1
RUMS 1sts.....	1
Fortress Berrylands, Surrey	

## RUMS, Sodomy And The Gash.

After a shambolic attempt at captaincy left the First team not knowing when to meet at Waterloo, the assorted ragamuffins gathered in dribs and drabs at /' fortress du Berrylands. Morale was high following exhaustive trial matches with the seconds, and the promise of an opening day mauling of the Royal Free Medics. In the end, a hat-trick from Golden Child Andy

Scott sunk the hapless kiddy-fiddlers from RUMS. On a day as hot as that LSE bird who went on Pop Idol, the 1sts weren't shirking responsibilities, and the ragged RUMS retards were sodomised sports-wise by the power, pace and daring panache of the champagne firsts. From the off, the back four of Dudu, Scouse, Big John and Hide 'the bullet train' Tanaka bullied the rubbish opposition forwards til they cried. Stelios' olive complexion scared off the midfielders, whilst Darius and Paolo mocked everyone with their quick feet. The Pirate rampaged through the midfield, stamping on chests

and swearing at the two four year old kids on the touchline. No score at half time, and the forward line of Golden Balls and Cyril Sneer took affront at the RUMS defense. Skirting through the defence, Andy smashed home with his left foot. Somehow, RUMS equalised, but then stamina took over, and all our Wednesday night training in Limeabout kicked in. Like a well-lubed sex-toy, Andy Gold penetrated the RUMS defense twice more and left them gasping for breath. The new squad is coming together nicely, with new boys Hide 'The Train' Tanaka, Stelios, Big John, Little James, and

Even Littler Paolo fitting into the first team jigsaw. Rumours that Hide is actually Scouses' love-child are unfounded (but convincing). Final score 3-1, and the 1sts 100% record continues... next up: Gimperial.

Wanna Take Pictures Of Our Brave Teams? Mingle With LSE Stars And Starlets? Get Your Name In The Paper? E-Mail Us at [g.h.carter@lse.ac.uk](mailto:g.h.carter@lse.ac.uk) and [vyras@lse.ac.uk](mailto:vyras@lse.ac.uk)