

# THE BEAVER



Zorro... 'nuff said - **Bart**, page 13



Blues Explosion Live  
**Bart**, page 8

Monday, December 7th  
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# Students raise £20000 in their sleep

Sinj Mukherjee and Tom Livingstone

LSE students are set to raise £2000 for homeless charity Centrepoint following a successful sleep-out on Houghton Street last Monday. Around forty hardy students, armed with sleeping bags and take-aways, managed to survive in the near freezing conditions.

Amongst those who contributed to the sponsor fund was LSE Director Anthony Giddens. Although he declined to lay down his head outside Clare Market building, Giddens sponsored SU General Secretary Narius Aga, donating £100. It was hoped that the Director would make a personal appearance, in order to raise the profile of the event, but organisers declared themselves happy that he had been able to contribute.

Mandated Sabbaticals Aga, Yuan Potts and Jasper Ward stayed the course, although Education and Welfare Officer Maria Neophytou cited a 'prior engagement' for her non-appearance. She stressed that she had raised money for the event, adding that 'my conscience is clear.'

Sleepout organiser Brendan Cox was pleased with the turnout, and felt that it was 'great that students can contribute to the society we live in, reaching out beyond the campus.' He added that he felt that all those involved 'now appreciated much more than before what it's like for those who have to do it. We hope that the money raised will help someone to get off the streets



It was freezing...

Picture: Brendan Cox

permanently.'

Those involved included many well-known Union hacks, as well as members of the various political societies. The sleep-out was publicised as 'strictly non partisan,' and Cox expressed his hope that others in student politics would move away from 'petty UGM motions' and towards more constructive contributions to contemporary issues. Narius Aga also stressed the positive

contribution students were making, commenting that the turnout was 'representative of the community spirit developing at the LSE.'

Earlier in the day, Paul George, Central London Area Manager for Centrepoint, spoke at an LSE Labour Club meeting, thanking those involved for their participation. It was also pointed out that a third of Centrepoint's money was raised through similar events. The number

of rough sleepers in London has decreased since the peak of the mid-1980's, but George stressed that, despite governmental initiatives, there was still a significant problem. The presence of genuinely homeless people on the campus the very same evening underlined this point to many taking part.

Those involved managed to survive the evening through use of alcohol, cigarettes and snacks,

although some actually managed to get some sleep. One commented that it was 'absolutely bloody freezing,' but added that catching hypothermia was 'well worth it for the cause.' Perhaps the national press should have covered this event as an example of student action rather than concocting stories about bogus 1968-style rebellions. We should be so lucky.



LSE  
student  
life - old  
and new  
News  
Comment

# Plan To Neuter UGM Foiled

Tom Livingstone

This week saw two different sides to LSE life coming to the fore - one was the sleep-out, a putting to bed of the myth that students are apathetic selfish individuals. The other was the Au barrel, proof that the LSE is not dominated by dull, reserved types.

The sleep-out, as our front page report highlight, is far more indictive of what today's students think than any attempt by certain Murdoch organs to whisk us back to the age of hippies, flowers and Harold Wilson. One hopes that this does mark a new beginning for LSE student politics, with a move away from childish sideswipes at the UGM - there's nothing sadder than students playing at PMQs every Thursday. However, don't hold your breath - the political societies are likely to keep firing tedious broadsides at each other for some time to come. While I enjoy the weekly cacophony of 'wanker' when Wignall takes the stage, points scoring, all those involved should realise, means nothing to anyone outside the Old Theatre.

Which brings me to UGM reform, an issue that rears its head from time to time. Plans to give more power to Society heads would turn proceedings into a 70's -style Labour Party Conference, with motions decided by block votes. As Narius Aga says, there are serious issues discussed at the UGM, and there's no denying that it's a good laugh. If anything needs changing, we should ban all political societies from slaying each other off for the sake of their own egos.

Talking of egos, it seems that some were bruised by the behaviour of the AU this week - I say long live the barrel: it's an LSE tradition and it doesn't do (much) harm to anyone. Perhaps the AU should encourage its members to keep congos through lectures to a two minute maximum. Or something.

As Prof. O'Leary pointed out, there were as many women as men involved this time around, which points to a more inclusive piss-up this year. The LSE seems to be fostering some sort of 'community spirit' at last - we can have a laugh and do something serious, as this week shows. All we have to do now is persuade the buggers on their mobiles outside the Old Building to get involved, and we'll be sorted.

Winston Smith

Ambitious plans to reduce the powers of the UGM and move more of the debates to the Union Council have been put on hold. The plans were discussed at a meeting last Friday, and although some reforms are set to be implemented, the UGM look set to remain in its present form. Murad Gassanov, President of LSE Amnesty International, together with representatives from the Russian, Hindu and UN societies, proposed that more of the debates regarding Union policy should take place in a new look Union Council. At present the Union Council, made up of various elected student hacks, rarely sits at all. The plans to incorporate the heads of all SU societies into the council, however, have met raised concerns that the UGM could be 'bypassed.'

Narius Aga, Student Union General Secretary admitted that he was 'sceptical' about giving more power to society heads. 'By their very nature represent specific interests or specific nationalities - if people wish to remain apolitical, they should be allowed to do so.' Aga added that any move to make the UGM 'less humorous' would lead to a diminishing turn-out and proceedings reduced to 'a farce.'

Gassanov told *The Beaver* of



The balcony boys - under fire???

Picture: Ritesh Doshi

his desire to see serious changes to the UGM, particularly with regard to getting more overseas students involved. He expressed his concern that foreign students were put off by the atmosphere of the UGM. Gassanov also suggested that the infamous balcony boys could be in contravention of the Codes of Practice.

Responding to criticism that the UGM only catered for male UK students, Aga went on to defend the

progress made over the last few years in making the UGM more accessible. 'Over the few years we have seen a significant shift towards international students, and also we have redressed the gender imbalance.'

The General Secretary was also quick to praise the UGM as an institution, claiming the weekly meeting had the right balance of serious debate and humour. 'It has the uncanny ability to change its mood as the circumstances dictate.'

Reforms that are to be implemented include greater use of floor microphones, so that students can, as Aga puts it 'overcome their fear of the balcony boys.'

Gassanov concedes that his plans for a new Union Council are 'a little ambitious,' but intends to continue campaigning for change. It seems that the balcony boys are safe for now.

## News from Nowhere

As we all prepare to go home for the festive season, and get ready to receive gifts (Hey, maybe even money, which is a scarcity around university!!!), universities across England continue to screw up...

Take for example **Lancaster**, who is offering a hefty £15 to lure students to come in and give blood samples... and the doctor in charge of the project saying "Do not worry. We are very, very experienced. It's painless and shouldn't hurt." However, what strikes me as aberrant is the fact that they need to offer money to get samples (But hey, at least they're keeping with Christmas spirit!!!) - hell, not even their own medical students want to get involved.

From **Glasgow Caledonian University** comes news of a Professor resigning following a harassment conviction. The Students' Union cited the student was "...placed in a state of fear..." by the Professor's

behaviour. Hey, I wouldn't be surprised if this was the average Father Christmas (Santa Claus) at your local shopping mall - especially if you live in Glasgow!!!

For all you residents of LSE and Intercollegiate halls... get this: Students in **Leeds** are being accommodated for in a four star, £100 per night, hotel, as their halls of residence have not been completed... and thus have access to 24 hour room service, satellite TV, laundry services, and complementary breakfast, and all at the expense of the University of Leeds. Hey, if they used inadequacy as the reason, and LSE were to follow suit (However unlikely that is), I would think that at least 65% of LSE students should be



entitled to such a privilege (Oh, and by the way Tony, the Waldorf is only down the road...). Now that would be the ultimate Christmas gift... !!!

Now, the best FREE gift available this year: knowing that you're NOT one of the ugliest students in Britain. Redline carried out a survey about the worst and best looking students

around, and our friends at the other end of the Aldwych - yup, **Kings** again - have been voted the **UGLIEST** students in Britain. (The result wasn't much of a surprise, as the talent at this end of the Aldwych isn't that great either.)

So, as we all disappear for the holidays (Or a trip to Lancaster, for those of us with financial difficulties), remember that we hear at LSE are doing quite well, although accommodation in a four star hotel would be very much appreciated, as would £15 being dished out on a regular basis... and at least we're not the worst looking in Britain (Although there were doubts raised by some members of the Beaver staff). Ask for lots of gifts, and you just might get a few, like a horny professor, or something of the likes. Enjoy the holiday, and have a Merry Christmas... and try not to break all your New Year's resolutions before the first week of term...

Ritesh Doshi



# AU Hit By Triple Barrel Complaint

Tom Livingstone and Daniel Lewis

The Students' Union and the Athletics Union have come under fire from numerous quarters following the annual Au Barrel last Monday. Amongst the complainants are the BLPES, an LSE Professor, and a local Pub.

The White Horse in St. Clement's Lane, infamous for its ban on students, had its 'No Students' sign stolen from the door. Attempts to obtain a statement from the pub landlady proved unsuccessful, after it transpired that she was 'dealing with the top' with regards the incident.

Government Professor Brendan O'Leary has also lodged a complaint after around 50 students danced the conga through his lecture in the Hong Kong theatre. O'Leary told *The Beaver* 'in the absence of voluntary confessions, I would prefer for the Athletics Union to face a corporate fine for corporate misconduct of some of its members.' He hit out at those involved, calling their behaviour 'worthy of convicted soccer hooligans.'

However, SU General Secretary Narius Aga hit back at the complainants, stressing that the AU Barrel was 'a tradition, that has been followed by the AU and consistently ignored by the school.' Aga dismissed O'Leary's calls for



On their high horse - the student ban continues

Picture: Ritesh Doshi

discipline, stating 'you might as well discipline students for throwing paper during the UGM,' adding that there was no malicious intent in the disruption to Professor O'Leary's lecture.

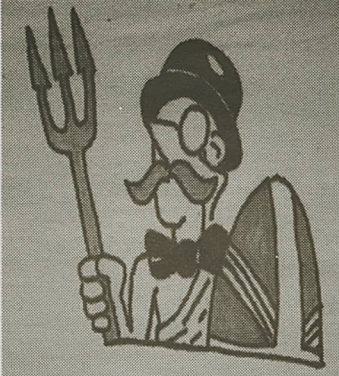
Aga did concede that any damaged caused to stock in the Library would be addressed immediately.

Events across the Strand at King's

College the same day remain clouded in mystery. Numerous reports have reached *The Beaver* of congos through King's lectures, and various incidents of beer throwing. Those involved were cautious not to give their names, fearing reprisals. Although no official complaint had been filed as *The Beaver* went to press, Aga stated that the SU could not be responsible for the behaviour

of students outside the LSE campus. Rumours that an exam was disrupted have not been confirmed.

It seems that the school has yet to take a stance on the events of Monday, although Aga expects a similar position to that of the SU to be taken, adding that 'if Anthony Giddens wants to foster a community spirit at the LSE, he should support traditions such as the AU barrel.'



## Union Jack

Jack hasn't seen a crowd this size in the Old Theatre since Narius was mandated to club that baby seal to death on stage. The Spirit of '98: 9 people lobby Parliament about student hardship, forty turn up to a vigil against fees (including members of the national press) but when there's an argument over whether fifty pounds should go to the Vorlon Appreciation Society or the West Lothian Frog Felching Cooperative students turn out in their hundreds. Jack is quick to praise all those eager new faces who turned up to the least interesting UGM of the year and it seems almost criminal to point out that even the 600 pounds given to the Spanish Society would barely cover the fees of a single General Course student for a fortnight.

Jack is a loss to explain why the budget seems to have more pulling appeal than Cow Girl in a tank of pheromone solution. Even those societies who felt momentarily aggrieved must have recognised the futility of trying to change it: any bid to get five other societies to agree that you need their budget more than they do has as much future as Parhamster's hair lice. Narius stands more chance of being elected It Girl of the Year, for fuck's sake. The only possible explanation is that everyone saw the chance to get a free lesson in business studies. Perhaps financial self interest was a factor after all.

Although the pink 'highlights'(in case anyone missed them) sheet gave proceedings a sexy turn, it was the elusive yellow budget papers that held the strangest statistics, such as the apparent increase in sabbatical salaries. Even Andy Charlyboy spotted this one, and drew unprecedented support from the statistically minded throngs. Juan was adamant though: even though sabbatical salaries had increased above inflation they had really stayed the same. So that's all right then. Why did the Legalise Cannabis Society apply for a tenner? A celebratory eighth would leave them in debt.

The attempts to amend the budget, however doomed, provided at least a fresh breeze compared to the usual stale smell of hack ambition. Particularly enjoyable was the attempt by the Information Systems Society to garner an extra £600 at the expense of every other society on the list. Four of the poor misguided fools abandoned their usual sport of queueing in C120 and stepped into the arena like turkeys begging for Christmas. A simple battle between dark and light, hard drives and hard drinking. Happily the LSE endorsed the latter, wholeheartedly following the European Society's call to "Punish Them."

Jack's off now to do a hit on a fa Greenlander called Santa "The Claw Claus. He'll pay for never giving m that TIE fighter, the fat Eskimo fuck...

## Dahrendorf's warning Human rights malaise

Ralph Achenbach

Last Tuesday saw the LSE visited by its former director Lord Dahrendorf, who gave the Karl Popper Memorial Lecture. Dahrendorf talked about the concept Popper is probably most renown for, the Open Society. In his opening remarks, he expressed discontent with the fact that many theoretical concepts, while sounding extremely attractive on the one hand, are somewhat vague when it comes to their definition, thus inviting anybody to fill it out arbitrarily and thus distorting it. Dahrendorf illustrated his point with The Third Way, represented by Giddens

himself in the audience. According to Dahrendorf, the Open Society is suffering from exactly this kind of vagueness. A major concern was that a society in which the thirst for new things, and thus the phenomenon of trial, dries up leads to the danger of authoritarian regimes lulling society into a state of apathy. This, according to Dahrendorf, poses yet a greater danger to the Open Society than crises of capitalism.

Talking about another threat to openness, 'murderous dictators' Dahrendorf stated 'we must hope they will be brought to justice.'

Following Dahrendorf's elucidation was a lively question and answer session allowing for elaborate comments from the audience and

News Team

The trial of Malaysian deputy Prime Minister Anwar Ibrahim was the centre of discussion in the Old Theatre last Wednesday, in an event organised by LSE Islamic and Amnesty International Groups.

Observer journalist John Sweeney spoke of his own experiences of the Malaysian regime, stressing the 'very subtle' nature of the abuse of democracy that was taking place there - newspapers exist, but they are simply the organs of the regime. The authorities were also prepared to lie in court to secure convictions, Sweeney asserted, adding that the evidence against Anwar was flimsy in

the extreme. Mention was made of numerous pieces of legislation that restricted civil liberties, such as a law banning the any political organisation by students.

A spokesperson for Amnesty International voiced concerns regarding human rights abuses in Malaysia, in particular the lack of fair trials for the likes of Anwar, arrested on charges of sodomy and held at a secret location.

The main attraction, however, for most of those attending a leading opposition politician. He stated his hope of establishing an Islamic democracy in Malaysia, and bringing to an end the repression currently taking place.

See International Page





## editorial

**Y**ay! It's Christmas! Well not exactly right now but it's getting that way. So this week we've decided to give up on the entire serious newspaper shindig and go all festive this issue (well, actually not by choice... if you see any of my Editors, tell them they were meant to do stuff this week). Check out our exclusive Trading Cards in the centre pages and, if you must, our spanking new Monkey page (No pun intended...).

I suppose I should take this opportunity to say something worthwhile about the Holiday season but frankly I'm tired and behind on my deadline... So anyway Merry Christmas, Seasons Greetings etc. etc. and I'll see you all next year...

Take care

**Matt Brough,**  
Executive Editor

## Professor's Outcry at AU Barrel

Sir,

I am complaining to the School Authorities and the Athletics Union on behalf of the students who take GV101 and GV201, as well as myself. Last Monday a large, drunken, chanting crowd of students - identified by my students as members of the Athletics Union - invaded the lecture I was giving on the UK as a multi-national and polyethnic state. They made no political point or protest. They made no argument or advertisement. They were not protesting at me, the Government Department, the School, or anything at all. They danced around the room and 'sang' and bellowed for about five or ten minutes. They, slightly to my surprise, only managed to make themselves laugh. The disruption was gross, intimidatory, and worthy of convinced soccer hooligans. The sole interesting social feature of the disruptive group is that it consisted of

both boorish males and boorish females.

I would not want to see the students attending GV 101/201 to be obligated to name each and every one of the students involved in this disruption. I think this would be invidious, and conceivably might open them to intimidatory actions. I would, of course, be happy if all the relevant students owned up and faced the School's disciplinary procedures. In the absence of such voluntary confessions I would prefer, given the group's clear association with the Athletics Union, for the Athletics Union to face a corporate fine for corporate misconduct of some but not all of their members. The Athletics Union will, I presume, set up its own investigation.

Yours sincerely

Prof. Brendan O'Leary

## A Big Thank You...

Sir,

In addition to belatedly thanking all those who supported me and the other Labour Club candidates in the elections earlier this term, I would like to stress that as an elected representative I am happy to be accessible and accountable to the student body as a whole.

If anyone has any issues which they feel I as a student representative on the Court of Governors, or the Union as an organisation can take up, they should feel free to contact me by E-mail at J.J.Roberts@lse.ac.uk and I will raise the issue with the relevant LSE official, or refer it to Student Union officers if appropriate.

Together with my colleague Christine Bayliss, who sits on the Academic Board, I intend to propose an amendment to the standing orders of our Union General Meeting so that Student Representatives an important school Committees can report back on the progress and be held to account rather than just disappearing from view once the votes have been counted. We hope that those attending will support this simple measure.

Yours

Joseph Roberts  
Member of the Court of Governors

### The Slavonic Society

cordially invites all

to commemorate the

Independence Day of Slavonic States

**Date: 8th of December**

**Time: 8:00 p.m.**

**Place: Veggie Cafe**

**Entry: £2 (Inclusive of a Drink)**

Vodka: 90p

Beer 100p

Vodka Drinks: 120p



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All letters for publication should be received by Noon on Thursday.

University of London Japanese Society

# X-Mas Party

@ Icenii Dec. 9, 1998

from 9 pm

Tickets being sold on Houghton St. today!

Alan Duncan MP  
Shadow Health Secretary

to Relaunch theon

**LSE Conservatives**

Monday 7th December, 1:00 p.m.,  
in H216  
over  
Wine & Mince Pies



# Bant

*Beaver Arts Pullout*

CHRISTMAS COMES EARLY

## Catherine Zeta-Jones

Inside

Clubbing Guide to Christmas

How to be a Pub Genius

Zorro

Leslie Garrett

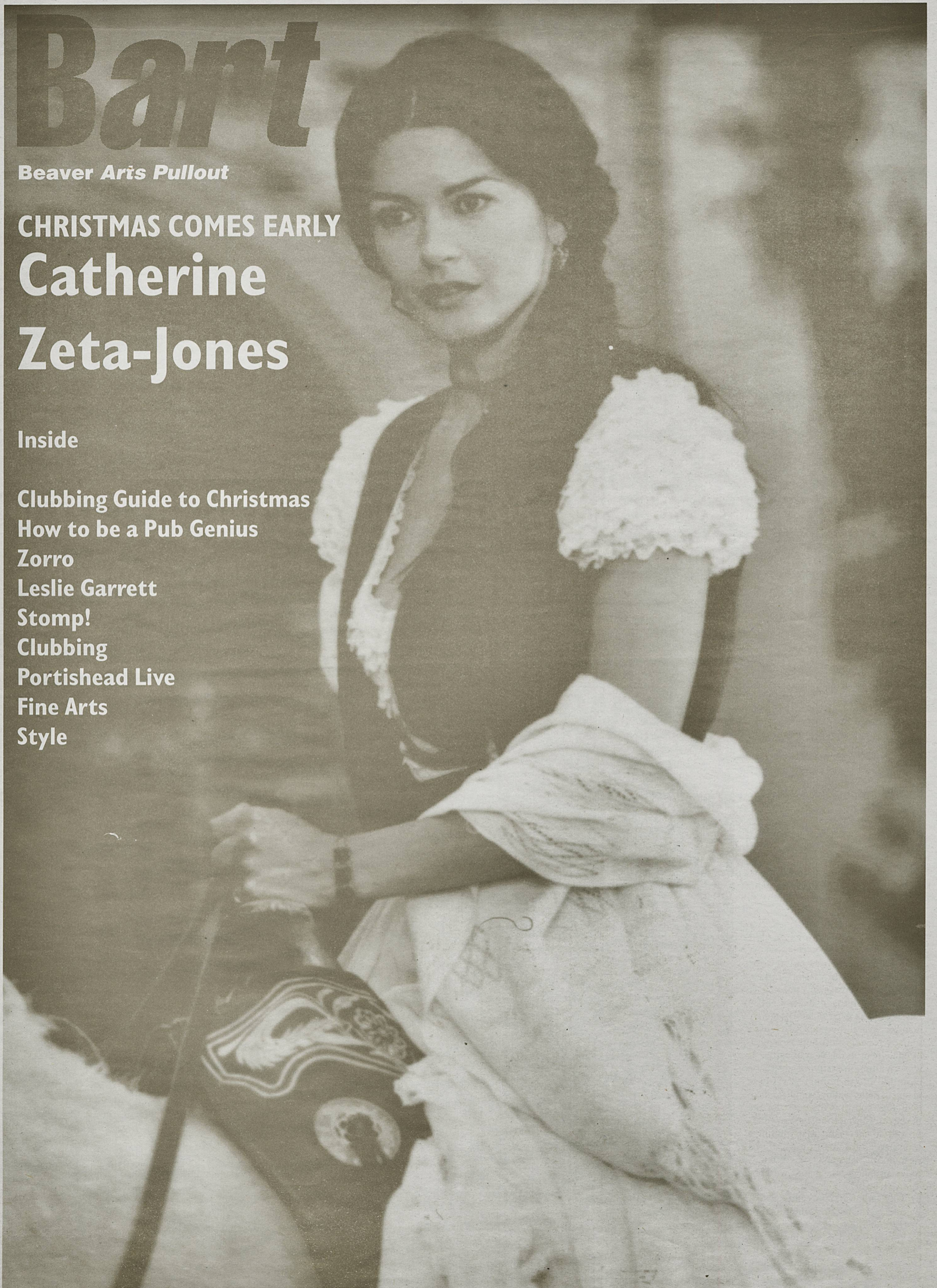
Stomp!

Clubbing

Portishead Live

Fine Arts

Style





# Watch your language

Though I've been plagued with expensive taste, never have I desired an expensive watch.

The watch has always been purely functional. My plastic, black, waterproof, digital, five pound watch has kept perfect time for years and while I don't wear it because it is simply ugly, I keep it in my bag for frequent and ready reference.

This may appear to be a miserly attempt to save money, but it is rather a refusal to conform to a massive trend which I cannot understand. Clearly my stance is quite drastic- one could just as easily take a non-conformist stance and purchase a less expensive watch.

The watch as an accessory- it has become one of the necessities for a visibly "successful" person to display. The subtle signature of success. "Subtle" in the sense that so many watches look so similar to the point where it is often difficult to differentiate the originals from the knock offs and the brand names from the less expensive reproductions. If such a reproduction resembles an expensive designer so accurately that one would have to carefully scrutinise the face in order to differentiate the two (how uncouth and superficial to show that one ACTUALLY cares if the watch is a designer label!) and of course it is able to keep time as well, how is one able to justify spending between five and ten times the amount on the designer watch? These

"trendy" designer watches run in the 600-800 pound price range and include labels such as "tag", "Swiss army." More expensive designer watches to mention a few, include Gucci, Armani and Rolex.

For all of you who may be actively searching for a good watch to purchase, I will let it be known that I have been fooled numerous times by my friends' imitation watches...if that sways anyone's opinion then perhaps I will have saved some of you a bit of money.

Consumers pay upwards of these prices for nice jewellery, but jewellery is varied, individualistic and unique. It has character, and its sole purpose is to serve its function as an accessory. It has the ability to change the whole appearance of an outfit playing as large a role or as small a role as you may desire. Watches do not have this capability. In fact, as I mentioned earlier, part of their subtlety is that they are often not even visible and make a sneak appearance only when ones' sleeve happens to uncover it. In addition, "real" jewellery can be easily distinguished from "fake" jewellery.

So, what exactly draws a consumer to buy an expensive watch and how are they able to sell at such astronomical prices? As always, it comes down to the marketing. For a "man" the big, bold, metal watch face and thick metal watch band distinguishes him from the crowd. Images of granite and mountains-

strong and durable connote a certain masculinity. Marketers have targeted men with the realisation that these

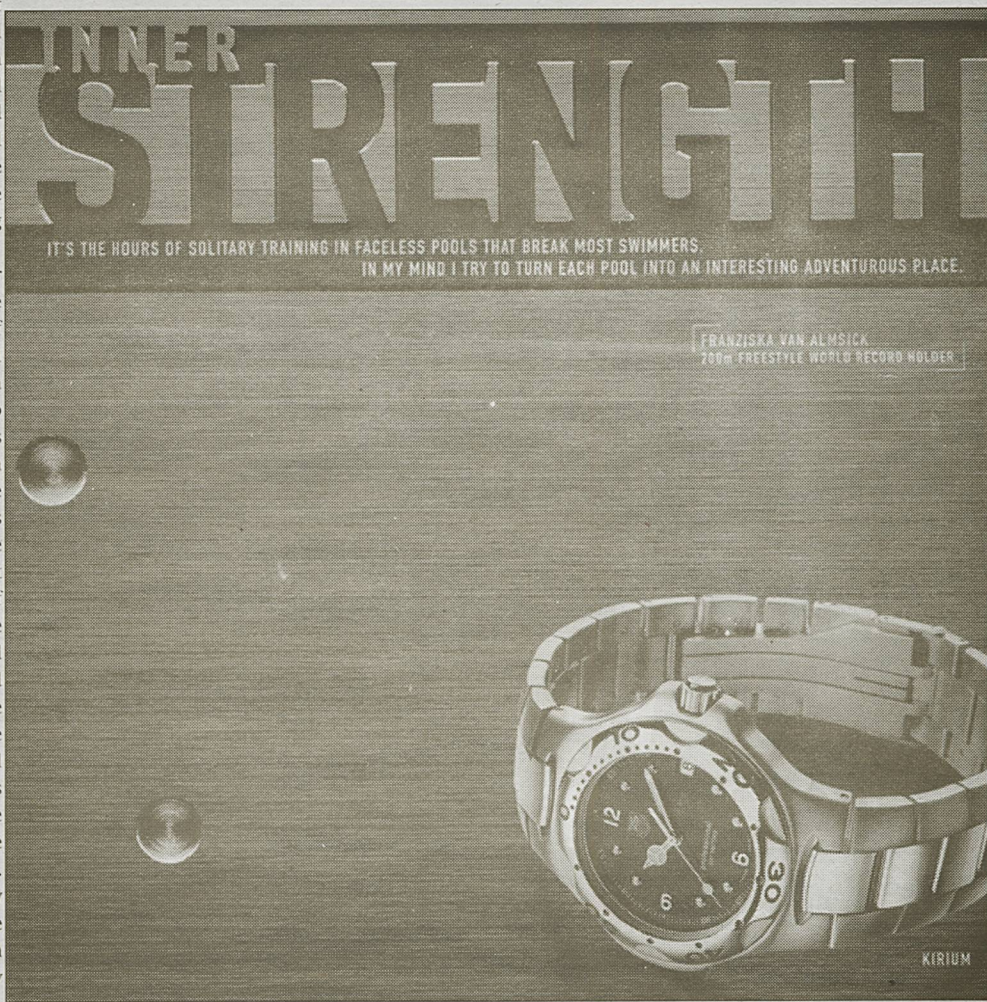
images of nature will have a certain rugged appeal and associated sex appeal which of course is an effective marketing technique.

Other claims include durability of "their" special metal and again the appeal to masculinity is made with slogans like "tough as steel." In the same way that the price of certain cars are marked up and then justified by the pretence that the additional extraneous gadgets are useful and have added benefits. In reality they cause aggravation because they

frequently break and require even more money to be spent in repairs.

My conclusion: watch out. That

gem isn't one in a million but one of a million.



## Dressage- Where Art Meets Sport

Grania Williams, a first year LLB student and champion equestrienne, considers the artistic lineage of a noble pastime

The equestrian events are the only Olympic sports in which men and women compete on an equal basis; strength and power are not the priorities, because the tact, talent and skill of the artist are of primary importance. This is particularly true of dressage, the ultimate refinement in the training of horse and rider.

Dressage dates back to the writings of Xenophon, so its classical lineage is impeccable. This earliest treatise remains the standard text for students of equitation today, although the context and purpose of the art has changed dramatically. The horse has been domesticated by man for several thousand years, used initially for transport and as a piece of equipment in the field of battle. It was an immense advantage to be mounted on an animal which was manoeuvrable, willing, supple and cooperative, and thus the quest for the best training method began. This proved so successful that the horse was also adapted to be used as a weapon, the "airs above the ground" today primarily associated with the Spanish Riding School in Vienna proving lethal attack techniques by harnessing the horses natural fighting instinct in the form of rearing and kicking. Indeed, every movement that the horse performs in the dressage arena is natural, and may be observed in the actions and behavior of the feral horse.

The military link persisted for



Author Grania Williams, winning overall champion, 1996 U.S. Northeast Regional Championship

many centuries, the cavalry schools of Europe (with the exception of the English) developing their own subtle variations in training which form the basis of the classical schools of thought today. Now, however dressage finds its ultimate expression in the competitive arena as opposed

to the battlefield. As a result the "airs above the ground" are no longer a part of the repertoire of the dressage horse. The lateral movements such as half pass and shoulder-in provide some of the most spectacular viewing, but they are designed to make the horse more balanced and supple and

are not an end in themselves. The aim of training is to produce a relaxed and submissive (as opposed to subservient) performance from the horse, and this cannot be achieved through force. The training rider takes many years to reach Grand Prix level, and a horse will not reach this

stage in fewer than five. This systematic programme of development is based on an intimate understanding of the animal's instinct, balance, physiology and psychology. Indeed, many riders maintain that their closest and most understanding relationships are with their horses!

But is it art? A debate exists within the sport today as to whether the current move towards the musical kur concept of competition- in which the horse appears to dance to music selected to enhance its natural rhythm and personality- is moving away from the classical format. However, this does make the performance more enjoyable for the uninitiated viewer, and certainly draws the existing comparison between the dressage horse and the ballet dancer closer still. Finally, it is worth bearing in mind Van Gough's assertion that "the true test of an artist is his ability to draw a circle." The quality of circle is a paramount concern of the dressage rider too; in fact, it is an appropriate claim that the dressage rider is an artist, his medium being the horse.



# Wham, Bam, thank you glam

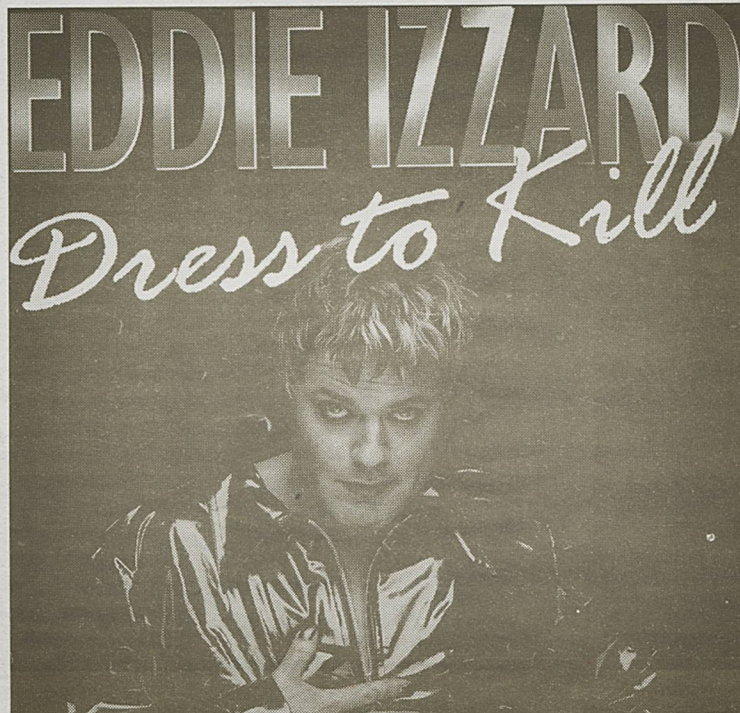
## Become a Pub Genius

JO SWINSON eagerly reviews the latest publicity book from Virgin Publishing Ltd: EDDIE IZZARD: DRESS TO KILL which is a suprisingly apt name considering how he looks on the front cover of the book. However she was a little disappointed by the book after all this is Eddie Izzard we are talking about.

Izzard has managed to become one of the leading figures of British comedy, he is currently trying his luck with the film industry (see him in "Velvet Goldmine"), and here is his attempt to break into the new territory of the book market. He has also achieved the dizzy status of being a part of the "Cool Britannia" revolution (confirmed by the customary invitation over to Tony & Cherie's for tea and biscuits). Good going, for a young and sprightly 36 year old born in South Yemen (bet you didn't know that, eh?).

The book itself is a glossy hardback affair, clearly trying to emulate the style of flash magazines. Pictures of Eddie abound inside, from baby snaps to recent arty takes of the comedian - "moody", "pensive" and "chirpy", but mostly just "crazy fucker". There's a limit to the amount of school sports' team photos that can be interesting, though.

But the big question has to be: do the boy's writing abilities match his stand-up brilliance? In a word, no. Which is unfortunate, because many potential readers will be expecting a flow of wit and pithy comments along the same lines as his routines. However, this is really more of an autobiography, detailing childhood memories and experiences, along with an up-to-date account of



who's who and what's what in the world of showbiz - darling.

He does include some jokes, but on the printed page they lose a lot of the humour which is derived from Izzard's unique on-stage delivery. For the idle fan, though, it will be too detailed and descriptive.

To be fair, Izzard's life story is

far more interesting than your run-of-the-mill biography. Having lived in all manner of colourful places and met such a diverse range of people from political and showbiz spheres the anecdotes are truly amusing and insightful at times. If you discount the laboured chapters on his childhood and focus on his analysis

of everything from the monarchy to the British film industry this is an entertaining read.

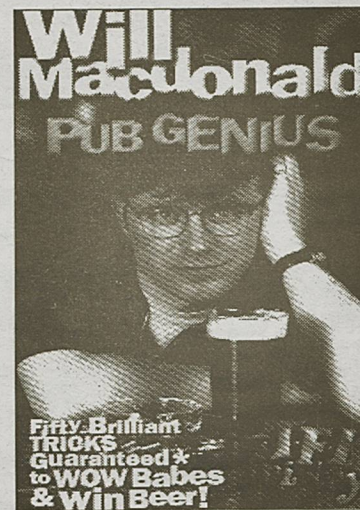
Izzard stamps his style on the whole shebang by the continual jumping from one subject to another totally-unrelated one.

The book makes reference to his website ([www.izzard.com](http://www.izzard.com)) and in the name of complete and comprehensive research for this review I felt compelled to visit. I was rather impressed actually. The site exudes coolness, from the messages running along the bottom of the screen saying what Eddie's up to, to the myriad of amusing little anecdotes which frankly there should have been more of in the book.

Much as I didn't feel the need to know all the details of Mr Izzard's life history, from this book he does seem like a likeable geezer who has the ability to make even the dullest crap interesting. I wouldn't recommend rushing out to buy this book, (especially at £15), but if you see it around, do have a read. And unless you are a complete technophobe, next time you're in C120 completely bored of your essay subject, why not have a quick surf of the website?

EDDIE IZZARD: DRESS TO KILL published by Virgin Publishing Ltd. The book is out now priced at £14.99

NADEZDA KINSKY reviews WILL MACDONALD PUB GENIUS inspired by Will's slot on TFI Fridays



Have you ever sat in the pub with your friends and just felt that something was missing? Like the smug twat who insists on annoying you with silly tricks and thinks that will make him/her clever or popular? Better still, have you ever desparately wanted to be that twat yourself? Well, help is at hand, with Will Macdonald's HOW TO BE A PUB GENIUS, kindly published by Virgin, and inspired by Will's slot on TFI Friday.

The book is not exactly Literature classic material, but then again, it was never intended to be just that. At least I hope so, otherwise there's an unfortunate soul out there, lost hopelessly in the world of literature. It is quite an amusing read though, with the obligatory loaded - style language and laddish jokes throughout, livening up the surprisingly thorough and complete descriptions of the tricks themselves. Those instructions are interspersed with lots and lots of pictures, so that even a three-year-old can learn how to win a pint for nothing but their genius.

To call all the tricks pub tricks is going a bit far though - even the most tolerant landlord might get a little worried when you start taking utensils such as a fishtank, seven six-inch-nails and a hammer, a microwave, or five house bricks with you on your regular nights out. Other things, may convince your friends that you are a little strange - My friends for one ceratinly don't regularly pop up at the pub with a banana, a raw egg, a milk bottle or a teatowel. Even the woman, who is needed for the trick generally most liked by the blokes in the office ("Breast left unsaid" - whoever came up with those names?!), is often difficult to come by.

While the book is totally overpriced at £6.99, and you have to be very desperate to "wow babes and win beer" indeed to fork out that much, it is quite cool to flick through and might teach you any amount of tricks from obvious to pretty cool to just plain sad (sorry boys!). See you in the tuns. I'll be the sad one sitting in the corner, levitating my pint off the table about six inches using only (?) six mortise-lock keys....

Will Macdonald, HOW TO BE A PUB GENIUS out now, published by Virgin in paperback, priced at £6.99

## Generation Next

JOEY CHAPMAN reviews Douglas Coupland's latest novel GIRLFRIEND IN A COMA and frankly isn't impressed AT ALL!

I used to like Douglas Coupland.

Actually that's a bit of a lie. I liked GENERATION X, his first novel. In fact I liked it so much I've had three copies of it (mental note: never lend girlfriends anything!!!) but when it came down to it his later books seemed like, well, unengaging half-assed cash in attempts. Shampoo Planet currently prevents my CD player from popping open while I've heard enough about Microserfs being such an accurate representation of computing from my physicist friends that I'd rather have my testicles forcibly twisted off with a pair of pliers and flushed down the toilet, than read the damn book.

However I was going to forget this and give GIRLFRIEND IN A COMA the benefit of the doubt in the interests of an objective review... Well, I was until part way through the story took a left, ploughed straight through the cornfields of good storytelling and ended up upside down in a ditch with its head firmly lodged between its buttock cheeks.

Coupland is obviously under the impression that he's become typecast as a slack novelist who turns out beautifully crafted yet almost anally detailed stories of everyday life. As such GIRL FRIEND IN A COMA can be perceived as his attempt to rectify this situation by producing a metaphysics laden, semi-religious story of hope in a hopeless world. Well, I suppose it would be except for the fact that the ending is so utterly, completely and unredemably cack that I threw the book out of my bedroom window (Yay, 3 points...).

Admittedly the first half or so of the story is engaging. Coupland's portrayal of central character Richard's life as he comes to terms with his comatose girlfriend and the manner in which his friends generally lose the plot leaves you genuinely apathetic towards what should be his central character. Even the blank matter of fact way in which the end-of-the-world™ is dealt with, demonstrates Coupland's knack for unnerving his readers.

However when Coupland tries to bring the story to an end the entire structure collapses. Ghosts acting for God working miracles? Sorry? How in the seven circles of hell do you expect the reader to just accept that? I suppose the publisher's deadline was looming, huh, Doug. Frankly the whole way Coupland concludes the book makes it feel rushed like an essay finished at 4 in the morning.

Girlfriend has just been released in paperback and apparently received decent reviews. I don't understand why. If you want to feel cheated and frustrated by sloppy writing buy GIRL FRIEND IN A COMA. If you want to read a good example of Coupland's work get Life after God or Generation X. Either one is significantly better than this shoddy effort.

GIRL FRIEND IN A COMA by Douglas Coupland is out now on paperback, published by HarperCollins Publishers price £6.99

## Where have all the Levellers gone?

James Cooper reviews LEVELLERS: DANCE BEFORE THE STORM - the story of the Levellers and their emergence as a "virtual political movement" and their climb to stardom.

This is the story of the 'Levellers', an english band who emerged during the late eighties and became a virtual political movement before getting fed up with it all and concentrating on the music instead.

George Berger traces the story of the group from their individual beginnings, through their days touring round pubs from the back of a transit van and on to massive commercial success and all the pressures that come with it. This story is full of all the usual clichés - drugs, booze and interceneine quarrelling within the band but is of interest because of the unique political stance taken by the group as they climbed up the greasy pole of music stardom.

Berger starts his story with a melancholy look at the fallout from the end of the punk era and sees the Levellers as a continuation of the punk ethic. He traces their history in parallel with political events at the time and also with regard to the relationship between the group and the music press, ie. The NME and the Melody Maker. It is here that the book turns into an introspective load of bollocks. Whilst the linking of the Levellers with the political events of the time works extremely well and is very thought provoking the inclusion of long, drawn out analyses of the NME and Melody Maker's reviews and comments on the group seem pathetically irrelevant and trivial by comparison.

The inclusion of the protracted coverage of NME and Melody Maker journalism on the Levellers turns the book into self-referential, obsessive up-its-own-arse indie fan bullshit and makes me think that it was written with a "target audience" in mind. This book is published by Virgin books and is clearly earmarked for sale in Virgin record shops to obsessive indie trainspotters and not to normal people. It seems that we will soon be faced with a book market that pigeon holes every book into a certain category according to who will buy it and then produces books accordingly.

The corruption of the story of the Levellers by this kind of crap is you would think exactly the kind of thing they fought against anyway but there you go. Despite his solicitude for irrelevant discography and music journalism of the worst kind Berger does manage to make some very salient points about the repression carried out during the last 15 years by those in authority. The book highlights the fear felt by the authorities with regard to New Age Travellers and other marginal groups. It shows how both the Thatcher and Major governments carried out a systematic repression of groups in society who threatened the mainstream consensus about how we should live our lives ie. 2.4 children, Barret Home built on the site of an ancient woodland and boring job. The Levellers are shown to be a powerful voice of resistance to a culture which refuses to accept the validity of living

LEVELLERS: DANCE BEFORE THE STORM by George Berger, out now published by Virgin Publishing Ltd priced at £9.99



# Singles

**N**ineyards' single *Loneliness Is Gone* does not seem to have the ingredients required to make it a hit. Surely, there is a lot of beat, rhymes and overall effort put into it. Unfortunately, it is not a single that can strike with originality or talent for the overall impression extremely resembles that of Usher. (5) VT

**W**hy is it that bands constantly choose monosyllabic names so easy to pick on? *Waste* is a waste and *Hang On* brings nothing new, just another Britpop record. It is an underground sub-Oasis track, followed by a weak imitation of the Verve. Out of three songs, only the instrumental 'Be Good To Yourself' saves the rest from going to the waste bin. (5) CW

**C**ash Cow - don't worry if you haven't heard of them yet. But be warned. *Breakneck Speed* is so far nothing more than a promo tape yet rather promising. Sure, it's the old indie thing and requires quite a bit more originality. Still, the potential is there. Nice one, guys. (7) MDG

**I**think I can hear a car about to reverse over this garage-based band. *Starkiller* is catchy enough but after 3 minutes I'm still waiting for *Joyland* to actually go anyway. A bit of shouting angst and a guitar solo that doesn't go anywhere doesn't really do it for me anymore. Ho-hum. (7) DL

**P**utting his sexuality out on a limb by inviting Messrs Tenant and Hannon into the studio, **Robbie Williams** has maintained his tongue in cheek attitude whilst producing the supposedly melancholic *No Regrets*, a track sounding highly inspired by the aforementioned Pet Shop Boy. No Millennium but hey, what is? (8) DL

**B**ad Girls by **Juliet Roberts** is a mediocre speed-garage-esque pop tune. At the moment it's nothing special and not really worth buying but with a couple of remixes under its belt this track could go far. (5) CEW

**N**aem's *Parrot Fever* is a bit of a disappointment considering it comes from the great Fatboy Slim's label Skint. The first track is a bit too Daft Punk for my liking, if you catch my drift, and while the second track has some phat bass lines, sadly it just doesn't go anywhere! (6) CEW

**N**T's *Responsibilities* is a swanky, Neven sexy soul number of the type which people play in order to impress their friends. Against all expectations, the stripped down, acoustic version isn't quite as appealing as the interesting remixes; complete with bigger beats and enthusiastic grunts. (8) NP

**Y**our Time's Up' is the memorable cry wailed by Straw on *The Aeroplane Song*; a decent single despite the overly blatant influence of Supergrass. With *The Greatest Hits* there's a more promising identity emerging which makes the plodding finale, *Snowblind*, rather disappointing. (6) NP

## Single Of The Week

**P**raise You is another stonker from **Fatboy Slim**. He has a lot to live up to these days after 'Rockafella Skank', 'Gangster Trippin' and his earlier anthems. While this is a lot more laid back than some of his most recent stuff, it's definitely a 'tune'. Again. Buy it! (9) CEW

# Thank You Very Much

Blues Explosion Man **Matt Bro** dons his silver jumpsuit and heads out to Shepherd's Bus BBush

the jon spencer  
blues explosion

jsbx98

**T**he support tonight are a bunch of dodgy chancers who call themselves The Countdowns. Despite their claims that they are "mutha fuckin' rock and roll" they just come across as a poor Rocket from the Crypt tribute band who enjoy singing "Hippy Hippy Shake" through their guitar pick ups. Admittedly there may be "no mutha fuckin' turntables on this stage" but the audience seems to be wanting something a little more than a bunch of greased up punks with very cheap fender copies.

And surprisingly they get it. If the name Andre Williams means nothing

to you believe me it

would if you saw him in concert. The man is pure, unadulterated, 100% The Shit. Part Blues, part rock, part good old fashioned bad language, Andre Williams is what you want to be when you're old. Sweet Jesus.

By the time Mr Williams has finished getting everybody to shake their tailfeathers the common opinion really does seem to be Jon who?

Well it would be except ole Jon Spencer ain't Jon Spencer for nuthin' And when the man himself, Mr Judah



Bauer and Mr Russell Simins meander on to the stage it surely has to be said that if Elvis hasn't already left the building he'll surely be running scared now.

The Blues Explosion's live sets are obviously going to be a significant amount rawer than their carefully produced albums. Their second song flavour is far more brittle without the mellow Beck twinges. But however they play it the audience goes absolutely f u c k i n g mental (No other words for it really). The mosh pit is lethal like a particularly hungry tiger in a day nursery full of toddlers.

Appealing to all their fans the Explosion have come here tonight to put on a good show first and promote their album last. The material tonight stretches from odd tracks off *Acme* (Blue Green, Calvin, Magical Colors) to more familiar songs from *Orange* and *Now I got worry*. 2 *Kinda Love* sends the pit wild again But the peak is surely reached when Blues

Explosion Man lasts over 7 minutes then breaks off into a sample loop for 10 minutes while the band sod off for a sly fag or something...

However the wait for the encore is worthwhile when a bacofoil clad Spencer leads his band back on stage and tears straight into a blistering version of *Wail* (Surely the JSBX's own



Smells like Teen Spirit) which resulted in carnage on a massive scale... Well it felt like it anyway. Bodies flew everywhere and I spilt my pint all over some seriously

hard looking bald geezer... urk.

Hoo Yeah. Keep your Embraces and your Lo Fis. Keep your stinking Verve and shove Mercury Rev up your Ass. The JSBX have Buh-looze Power and that's all they fuckin' need.

Thank ya mama. Thank you very much...

# Punky Prawn Cocktail

Shilpa Ganatra has a bite at the delicious King Prawns

Snuff & King Prawn  
@ULU

**T**he ULU isn't the most secluded, inconvenient venue in the whole of London (try the New Cross venue for that), but even still, extraterrestrial forces conspire to make me late, and thus the first half of King Prawn's set shall remain a mystery to us all.

And the second half? Totally insane. Crrrazy. Bonkers in the nut. Loop da loop. To reiterate, mad. If these five guys are trying to make their life of fun and music pass as a

career, then the genuine enthusiasm on stage gives them away red-handed. Mixing the finer points of punk, rock and ska in that order, the audience feel pretty much entertained, but those who didn't get their asses shakin' on the dancefloor (or DM shoved in their face in the moshpit) missed out because of their reserved love for headliners, Snuff.

Ah yes, Snuff. While King Prawn play their particular brand of insane punk rock, Snuff play comic punk rock. I thought I'd seen the dictionary definition of good covers when the Yo-Yos played 'There She

Go' by the La's the night before. But on they come and play 'La Bamba', 'Rockafella MALTE WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID THAT SONG WAS CALLED?', and the theme tunes to *Crossroads*, *Whatever Happened to the Likely Lads*, and *Match of the Day*. After which the audience remember how good it is to laugh and play with the inflatable chair (?) circulating around the audience instead of poking peoples eyes out with mohican spikes.

And the highlight? Nope, not 'Asshole' as many a fan would imagine but the rendition of 'Martin' as sung by Mr. Member of the

Audience. Who, although was lyrically competent, lacked any voice with which to project these musical words and thus made himself look like a total knob. We like!

Punk gigs (real punk gigs, we're not talking about the Offspring here, folks) aren't exactly the type of place you'd take your kids to (though judging by the amount of twelve year olds around here, you might be mistaken). But if you like it rough, ready and in your face, as King Prawn do, there's Snuffing to discuss. (Sorry!)

# LIVE

## Joyfully Electric Sounds

Naomi Colvin enjoys the 'neu' electric sounds of space-rock

The Electric Sound of Joy  
@ The Garage

**I**t rhymes with 'Neu!', you know. And 'getting it' does not require perception-altering pharmaceuticals, perception-altering friends or the ability to talk animatedly about 'the motorik' for unusual lengths of time.

Joining the list of British post-rock groups re-arranging the line-up, re-jigging the set-list and re-launching, the now vocal-less Electric Sound of Joy may have been

preaching to the converted last Friday, but after 45 minutes they had the good people of the Garage speaking in tongues. They were, in short, more Quickspace than Ganger. And abstruseness, weirdness and downright exclusiveness never came into it.

The time is right, I think, for a proper post-rock (out-rock, space-rock) hit single. And - if such a thing is possible - the Electric Sound of Joy stand a good chance of delivering. Not only do they actually look pop -

an achievement few aspire to these days, and even fewer manage - they match looks with sound. From the delicious Plone-isms of 'Food of the Range' (now a single on Foundry, as it happens) to Musicland's bright hypnotic playfulness - rather like watching a puppy pawing at a lava lamp - The ESJ make glorious life-enhancing pop music. With grooves. It's as simple and as complicated as that. The deep unpretentiousness of it all - not that there's anything wrong with a spot of pretension on

occasion - was marked by the frankly ludicrous equipment trash / audience participation which ended the set. It was truly a pop event, and you don't get too many of those upstairs at the Garage.

Like I say, you'd love them if only you got to hear 'em. Love them, take them to your hearts and coo. Twenty-first century pop music is here - it's cute, clever and induces an emotion that rhymes with 'Neu!'.



# Scary Christmas

Christmas Time, Mistletoe and Wine - Huw Williams takes a brief look at the festive music season

Gerri Spice has allegedly been located. Contrary to the popular belief that she's disappeared with fellow copper top Matt Sutton ("another notch on the bedpost," claimed the Beaver's self-professed ginger lover) she has in fact been spotted in Lapland and is now the new Mrs. Claus. Friends say the match is one made in heaven - 'They're so compatible- same colour underwear, same size, same age' (this rumour derives from the source which also alleges that Geri is using the same 'forever young' potion as LSE's very own Jasper Ward).

And the significance of this madcap antic? It's a sign that the music business is ready to let its own hair down and go a bit crazy over the festive season, along with the rest of the country. So if you thought about turning to your radio for a touchstone to reality, forget it. Instead your ears will be bombarded with various forms of musical madness, justified apparently by the birth of Jesus. You have to turn the other cheek to a lot of it.

But perhaps I'm being a little harsh on what is after all a great British tradition. A tradition in fact that has

**The Beaver's  
Essential Christmas Top Five**

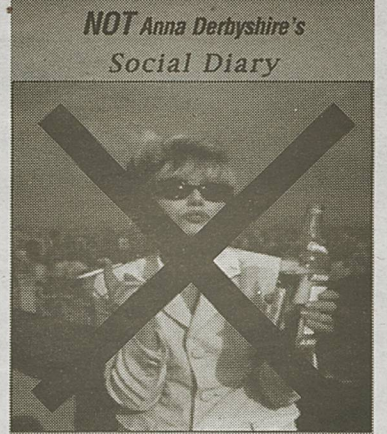
1. Do They Know it's Christmas? *Band Aid* Not pointless or crap, no mention of Santa.
2. White Christmas *Bing Crosby* Title song of the film 'White Christmas'.
3. Merry Christmas *Slade* Nothing spectacular, just an excuse to make a reference to their lead singer- a man called Nobby. Gets me every time.
4. I Don't Like Mondays *The Boomtown Rats* Nothing to do with Christmas unless of course it's on a Monday. Damn fine song anyway.
5. Power of Love *Frankie Goes to Hollywood* Could just as easily be about orgasms this one, considering the band's tradition, except that the video looks like my primary school's nativity play.

yielded such classics as Mel Smith and Kim Wilde singing 'Rocking Around the Christmas Tree'. This year's not so unlikely couple is to be

played by Denise van Outen and Johnny Vaughan with a release of their Children in Need cover (or should I say artistic interpretation) of Kylie and Jason's 'Especially for You'.

Of course, the Christmas Number One is a serious business these days, with many of the main players releasing their choice pieces for the turkey season. A worrying phenomena this year is that the Spice Girls could surpass the Beatles with 3 consecutive number ones. This has been greeted with exclamations of disbelief from the girls and assurances that they'll never be quite as good as the fab four. Really girls, you didn't need to tell us that. Obviously it's not a worthwhile enough business for those 'serious' musicians from Manchester, Oasis, who decline to enter the fray. What's the matter Noel? Afraid to be outsold by Fat Les?

**Anna and Malte say HAPPY CHRISTMAS and a big THANK YOU to all those great Music Writers helping us throughout the year. Without you we were nothing. But, God damn it, we could keep all the CDs for ourselves.**



What you actually want, of course, is the familiar in "festive special" mode: minor celebrity indiscretions under the mistletoe. But, like the unsolicited present that just won't go away, welcome to 400 words of some nameless nobody kvetching about the horrors of the season. And didn't Nico sing that anyway?

Nineteen ninety-hate was a bad year. I'm glad it's dead. End-of-year shoo-ins will be spreading round medialand like an influenza virus very soon, but let not even these persuade you otherwise. Electronica aside - and that's becoming the great modern cliché - we have just witnessed pop's poorest year in living memory. Mass mourning for those whose only talent was to be able to give interviews to the Melody Maker week on week, the sorry three-wheeled bandwagon of Wales' louisiest, the New Music-Hall... for Yuletide entertainment, fill in the gaps and weep. Times, my friends, are bad indeed. And it is of course at least partly your fault.

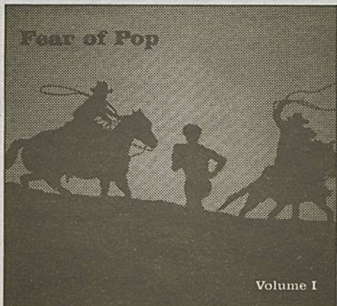
Take the opportunity of the month-long holiday to excise the toxins and fumigate your pop sensibilities. We are talking complete back-catalogue immersion here: Shangri-Las, Billy Fury, New Order. Only by re-learning how to live vicariously through your record collection can you become a discerning music purchaser in 1999. The future suddenly seems rather brighter.

The New Year's Eve New Order + Tchums all-nighter at the Ally Pally might be quite a good way of achieving this actually, seeing as the paucity of support act talent will doubtless induce Catholic-style penitence. Words cannot accurately express the pain I feel at having to spend money on a bill that includes the Chemical Brothers, but it is a cross I shall have to bear.

As a postscript, I suppose some thoroughly unneeded pointers as to where to spend that Xmas money will do. First off, if you haven't bought it yet, "Deserter's Songs" by Mercury Rev is complete must - it practically shouts "album of the year" at you, and I shall continue to do the same until you make the relevant purchase. On a very similar theme, Spiritualized's "Live at the Albert Hall" actually sweats grandeur, although between you and me a bootleg from one of the other dates on the "Ladies & Gentlemen..." tour might be better, although the packaging won't be as nice. Elsewhere, Stereolab's "Aluminium Tunes" includes the rare-as-friends-and-twice-as-nice "Music for the Amorphous Body Study Centre" mini-LP. The more musically adventurous should also take a gander at "We Are Reasonable People" (various artists on Warp), "Permutation" by Amon Tobin and Jega's "Spectrum". As far as orthodox indie goes, "Gorky 5" (Gorky's Zyoic Myncl) and "Peloton" (The Delgados) will make you all warm inside. Happy New Year.

## Albums

**Fear of Pop  
Volume 1**



An album of instrumental and spoken word music by Ben Folds, featuring William Shatner, is says on the CD. Phew, Captain Kirk strikes back. Well, not really. In fact, this record is far more the result of Ben Folds going insane in his basement. 'Experimental' would have been a better description. Not for nothing are 'Noises' and 'Shouts and Heys' listed in the musician's credits. Those who've ever seen Ben Folds Five live will know that Ben is a bit of a mad dog ('Kill that piano! Kill that bastard!'). Now, with his own project on his hands, there's no stopping him. So don't expect anything near the Five (who, haha, are a trio). Fear of Pop is the fascinating side-product of a talented songwriter who took his inspirations far beyond the constraints of his usual commitment to the Five. Creative overflow, so to speak. To give an adequate description of Fear of Pop is hopeless. Funky, here, jazzy there, pop now, rock then, folk and fusion, harmony and dischord. Bass and drums rolling away, the others adding their fancy bits. Dare a musical journey into the unknown - intense, inspired and unique. Oh, William Shatner, of course. Telling stories of lost love while a musical hurricane rattles through the background. Who said the Beat Generation is dead. They just take less drugs. (7)

MDG

**Major Force West  
New Album**

Tips for writing album reviews.. Number one; it helps to know the actual name of the album you are meant to be reviewing. Number two; it sometimes helps to actually know some of the albums track titles. Number three; it also helps if you set aside time to prepare and don't rush it all at the last minute.

Oops. Too late for that now... Anyway this is the new album from Mo Wax's Major Force West DJ collaborative doo-hickey thingummy bob. If you're up to spec on the dance scene you may remember they did something a bit like this about two years ago, only then it came in a box the size of a 1960's Glasgow Tenement and cost the same as a third world country's GNP. However I do remember one of my dance muso mates really rating them and I had quite high hopes for this album (well, I should've done; I had to fight for the review copy). Frankly I wish I hadn't bothered.

To put it bluntly it's all bit mediocre and, well, quite crap actually. I really thought that the demand for ambient music had died around the same time as dummies round your neck and big smiley acid faces but obviously somewhere, where the arse end of trip-hop still festers and no-one's listened to Headz there's someone who wants this.

In the interests of objectivity though I'll try and describe this album and compare it to similar albums of its ilk... oh who am I fucking kidding. Basically, if like me, the only knowledge of Mo Wax you have is DJ Shadow, UNKLE, Money Mark and Sukia you are going to find this disappointing

Major Force West suck. Plain and simple kids... Bro

## Video Killed the Radio Star

**Portishead  
Live at the Roseland Ballroom**



If you release a live album these times you probably can't get around throwing in a video as well. Though being no exception, Portishead still deserve some credit. No only that the video - in contrast to the album - contains the whole performance, including the introductory scratch'n'beats by DJ Andy Smith (which are, quite frankly, amazing). But also because the New York gig wasn't just any concert. It was THE concert. The band and a 30-piece string section were set up on the ballroom floor in the middle of the arena, with the audience all around them. Put on video, the moody atmosphere of that rainy day in July literally transcends into your livingroom. Connect to a stereo and turn it up big time. Fairylike, Beth Gibbons' gentle, almost painful whispering sends shivers down your spine, while the sheer beauty of Portishead's music floats through your subconsciousness. What the album is lacking you'll get here: 90 uncut minutes of Bristol and England's finest. A must-have if you've caught them live before, and even more so if you haven't. Probably the most intimate concert video I've ever seen. Truly beautiful. (10)

Malte Gerhold

**Erasure  
Tiny Tour**



Recorded at the Oxford Apollo in November 1996, this new release opens with one of Erasure's classics, Stop! Andy Bell enjoys himself, evident in his charming and often cheeky badinage with the audience between songs. His terrific voice does Abba justice in Take A Chance On Me, amid a blizzard of bubbles. Unfortunately they left in the ragga-esque rap, this time delivered by Jordan Bailey, one of the two backing singers. A Liffle Respect sounds as stunning as ever but perhaps the greatest surprise comes later, with Heart of Glass. By now out of his snug PVC trousers and resplendent in cocktail dress and heels straight out of Shirley Bassey's wardrobe, he mimics Deborah Harry's vocal range without sounding ridiculous, even though he looks it. Who Needs Love Like That sounds better than ever: raw and powerful. And it's one of the few occasions in which we see Vince Clarke up front. For encore (Love To Hate You). Andy finally gets his top off (what a surprise) after discarding a flowing cape of feathers. The concert is a nice mix of electric pop numbers, with the odd acoustic ballad thrown in. Only sometimes it's a liffle too synthetic, a liffle too made for television. But Andy's numerous costume changes, the backing singers, Vince on the synths, and the fantastic lighting ensure that the river of first-class entertainment keeps flowing. (8)

Kieran Devlin



Exclusive First Edition! Exclusive First Edition! Exclusive First Edition!

# BEAVER TRADING CARDS

"Hey, who needs cards featuring washed up baseball players, when you can have cards featuring the washed up Beaver Editorial Staff! Yes, simply remove the centre pages from this weeks Beaver, stick them to the back of an old cereal packet and wait until the glue dries. Then just cut out the cards and you're ready to go. Almost minutes of fun await you and your new collection of tired old hacks... Enjoy!"

Matthew Brough, Executive Editor

## Making Sense of the Stats

**A.K.A.** - (Also known as) those ever so funny nicknames bandied about the office.  
**Service Record** - Number of issues the Editor has worked on.  
**Mental Age** - Speaks for Itself.  
**Special Move** - Unique skills the Editor has.  
**Sexual Magnetism** - How effective they are in luring the opposite sex. Rated out of ten.  
**Poison Index** - Just how bad are their smoking/drinking/eating habits? Rated out of a 100.

**Matthew Brough**




**Executive Editor**

**A.K.A.-** Mmm-Bop, Matt Hanson, Matt Bro  
**Service Record-** 19 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Still watches cartoons) 8 1/2  
**Special Move-** Un-provoked Right Hook  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (On a good day) 3/10  
**Poison index-** ("Mine's a Guinness.") 82%

Irresponsible, ill-tempered, unpredictable and generally uncouth. A fine portrait-of a Yorkshireman.  
*"If anyone calls for me, I'm not in."*

**Daniel Lewis**




**Deputy Editor**

**A.K.A.-** Spanky  
**Service Record-** 21 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Child genius, apparently) 29  
**Special Move-** Unlikely to do anything  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (God knows how) 8/10  
**Poison index-** ("AU Barrel? Ha!") 79%

Admits to not knowing a damn thing about music, economics or journalism. And it shows.  
*"Can I go home now?"*

**Ritesh Doshi**




**Managing Editor**

**A.K.A.-** Rits, Mr Doshi  
**Service Record-** 4 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Exceedingly normal) 21  
**Special Move-** Paddington Bear Hard Stare  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Toy boy) 7.5/10  
**Poison index-** (Still illegal) 20%

An eager newcomer to the Beaver, Ritesh is both optimistic and enthusiastic. Well, he'll learn...  
*"I'll do it."*

**Sam Goddard**



**Advertising Manager**

**A.K.A.-** Advertising Bloke  
**Service Record-** 5 Issues  
**Mental Age-** Undetermined as yet  
**Special Move-** Hairdresser Negotiations  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Flowing locks) 7/10  
**Poison index-** Classified

Another optimistic, fresh face, on The Beaver staff. We give him three weeks before he chews his own leg off.  
*"Give me the damn money!!!"*

**Loretta Reehill**

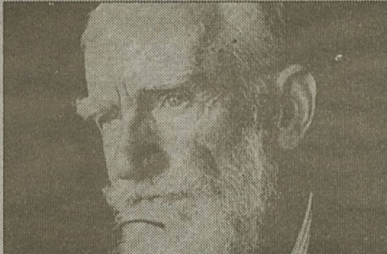


**Communications Officer**

**A.K.A.-** Um... Loretta, I suppose  
**Service Record-** 7 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Strangely balanced) 19  
**Special Move-** Placating angry hacks  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Nice smile) 7/10  
**Poison index-** (Very, very unlikely) 9%

Union rep Loretta is a truly a sweet person. Mess with her, though, and she'll f\*\*\* you up like a car wreck.  
*"Um, can I have a quick word... please."*

**Tom Livingstone**



**News Editor**

**A.K.A.-** Velcro tester, Token Welsh Man  
**Service Record-** 6 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (At best) 17  
**Special Move-** Can sing Welsh national Anthem  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Hey, chicks dig beards) 7/10  
**Poison index-** ("Must... Have... Caffeine!") 65%

Despite being honest, hardworking and reliable Tom is unfortunately Welsh. And Ginger. Shame that.  
*"I resign. No... really...!"*

**Sithara Fernando**



**News Editor**

**A.K.A.-** The Bearded Phantom  
**Service Record-** Between 0 & 3 Issues  
**Mental Age-** As old as his goatee  
**Special Move-** Vanishing into thin air  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (We said chicks dig beards) 8/10  
**Poison index-** ("Lungs? Who needs 'em?") 86%

We would say something about Sithara if we knew him. Apparently he's News Editor or something...  
*"Has anyone seen Tom?"*

**Hiroko Tabuchi**



**International Editor**

**A.K.A.-** Hiroko Tamagotchi  
**Service Record-** 10 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Actually quite normal) 21  
**Special Move-** Keeping to deadlines  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Wow, a girl. In the office!) 8/10  
**Poison index-** (Too polite to say) N/A

As a reliable Beaver Editor we don't want to offend Hiroko. So we're shutting up before she quits...  
*"Can I have a sub-editor please?"*

**Fred Blanc-Brude**




**Features Editor**

**A.K.A.-** The other Fred  
**Service Record-** 4 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Masters' student) 27  
**Special Move-** Jarvis Cocker impersonation  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Hey ladies!) 9/10  
**Poison index-** (We don't want to speculate) N/A

Despite a successful stint on features, Fred quit this week to concentrate on his studies. Wuss.  
*"But I'm a Masters' Student"*

**James Corbett**




**Politics Editor**

**A.K.A.-** Harry, Ronnie, Matthew  
**Service Record-** 2 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (He is politics editor...) 30  
**Special Move-** The thing with uh, the thing  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Cabinet minister) 7/10  
**Poison index-** (Couldn't possibly comment) N/A

Despite a rocky start James has proven his worth on The Beaver. Well, he lent the Editor a fiver, anyway.  
*"How do I scan this picture of Brendan?"*

**Matt Sutton**



**Sports Editor**

**A.K.A.-** The Heartbreak kid  
**Service Record-** 6 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Have you read the sports section?) about 15  
**Special Move-** Pissing in pint glasses  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (God amongst men) 983,000 /10  
**Poison index-** (No more, no less) 100 %

What Matt lacks in technical skills he makes up for with sheer enthusiasm. Never a good thing...  
*"You have to be careful not to blur your dichotomies"*

**Lee Federman**



**Sports Editor**

**A.K.A.-** The Ginger magician, Badminton Boy  
**Service Record-** 2 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (He willingly joined Sports) 12  
**Special Move-** Playing with his shuttlecock  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Hot redhead ready 4 U) 8/10  
**Poison index-** (That's not talcum powder) 89%

Newcomer Lee brings valuable technical prowess to the sports pages. That and yet more ginger hair.  
*"Is Matt around?"*



### Andreas Von Paleske



#### Economics Editor

**A.K.A.-** Um... Who?  
**Service Record-** 12 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Well, he does economics) 25  
**Special Move-** The Keynesian Multiplier  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Will have money...) 7/10  
**Poison index-** (Goes right through him) 40%

Owing to oversight Andreas hasn't had a page in quite a while. Oops... Sorry Andreas...  
*"Do I have a page this week?"*

### Malte Gerhold



#### Music Editor

**A.K.A.-** Molta, Malt, Malcom, Martin, Malta  
**Service Record-** 18 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Old before his time) 75  
**Special Move-** The Power of Logic  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Orgasmotronic Motorhead) 7/10  
**Poison index-** ("Not during term-time") 40%

Despite frequent contact with new talent through the Beaver, Malte still admits to liking (shudder) U2.  
*"Ooh... Depeche Mode..."*

### Anna Derbyshire



#### Music Editor

**A.K.A.-** Queen of the Liggers  
**Service Record-** 6 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Works for a record company) 13  
**Special Move-** Gate Crashing Events  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Media Daarhling) 9/10  
**Poison index-** (Free alcohol not alcohol free) 84%

A former Sony employee, Anna was relegated to the Beaver after admitting that she really likes Tom Jones.  
*"Don't you know who I am?"*

### James Cooper



#### Clubbing Editor

**A.K.A.-** Clubbing Guy  
**Service Record-** 5 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Poster child for the rave generation) 15  
**Special Move-** Recognising a tune from its BPM  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Big it up) 7.5/10  
**Poison index-** (He is Clubbing Editor, duh...) 85%

James was given a clubbing page earlier this year. But only because Dan thought it would be about seals.  
*"Woah... wicked..."*

### Matt Berry



#### Film Editor

**A.K.A.-** Straw (See? his last name's Berry. Ha ha...)  
**Service Record-** Approximately 8 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Liked Antz) 14  
**Special Move-** Baseball cap wearer, twenty-four-seven  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Boyish good looks) 8/10  
**Poison index-** (He's not telling) N/A

As Film Ed, Matt can get tickets to nearly any new film... as long as it stars Charlie Sheen and is crap.  
*"Who wants two tickets to The Avengers?"*

### James Savage



#### Theatre Editor

**A.K.A.-** Luvvie  
**Service Record-** In all honesty we've forgotten  
**Mental Age-** (Well, he does go to the theatre) 33  
**Special Move-** Singing "I want to be a Prima Donna"  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Real smoothie) 8/10  
**Poison index-** (Method actor) 68%

James is one of the few cultured members of the Beaver team; he doesn't stir his coffee with a biro.  
*"Well that's just sooper"*

### Anna Yacoub



#### Literary Editor

**A.K.A.-** The girl with no funny nickname  
**Service Record-** 4 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Degrading due to Beaver exposure) 16  
**Special Move-** Actually getting books to review  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Aw, isn't she cute) 8/10  
**Poison index-** (Puh-leeze... as if) 10%

Anna is one of few Editors who enjoy working for the paper. Maybe she's just a glutton for punishment.  
*"Has anyone brought in my reviews yet?"*

### Jan Sagan



#### Fine Arts Editor

**A.K.A.-** Yaaarn Saaygarrn  
**Service Record-** 2 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Well, we don't understand him) 48  
**Special Move-** Redefining the boundaries of "Art"  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Laconic lothario) 7/10  
**Poison index-** (Must be on something) 80%

Jan forces The Beaver team to question what "art" actually is. Unfortunately for him, we don't really care.  
*"I have an idea..."*

### Amy Cayne



#### Style Editor

**A.K.A.-** Fashion Editor (like there's a difference)  
**Service Record-** 2 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Maturity? In the Beaver office?) 22  
**Special Move-** Colour Co-ordination  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Style and Grace) 8.5/10  
**Poison index-** ("Does gum count?") 15%

Amy has received absolutely no threatening mail during her time as Style Editor; a first in the position's history.  
*"Mmm... OK."*

### Yasmine Chinwalla



#### Issue 500 Editor

**A.K.A.-** Where is Yasmine?  
**Service Record-** Approximately 20 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Depends on who you talk to...) 12-24  
**Special Move-** Continual Austin Powers quotes  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Cute in a loud sort of way) 8/10  
**Poison index-** (Ahem) 56%

Excessively chirpy Yasmine should be organising our 500th Issue special... Well, you can always live in hope.  
*"Do you have notes for Macro?"*

### Craig Newsome

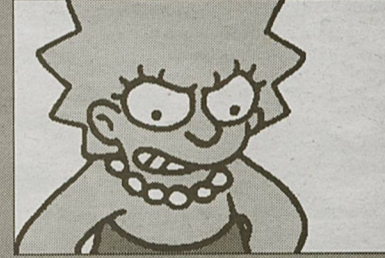


#### Ex-Executive Editor

**A.K.A.-** Big Craig  
**Service Record-** 31 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Un-nervingly sensible) 32  
**Special Move-** Commuting from Chesterfield  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Big hunk o' burnin' love) 6/10  
**Poison index-** (Mmm... Benjy's) 80%

Ex-Editor Craig left the Beaver this year. He has since changed his identity and his whereabouts are unknown.  
*"Cuddly, fluffy, little puppies..."*

### Nadezda Kinsky



#### Ex-Literary Editor

**A.K.A.-** Nadetbedzda, Nadzde, Nadzedz...um, Nadja  
**Service Record-** 29 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Speaks 4 languages) 30  
**Special Move-** Intimidating new Beaver members  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Pretty Scary) 8/10  
**Poison index-** (Well, she did quit smoking...) 65%

It was with a heavy heart that Nadezda left the paper this year. Her final victim was kind of on the large side.  
*"I am not scary..."*

### Chris Roe



#### Ex-News Editor

**A.K.A.-** Ross-on-Wye's answer to Shane McGowan  
**Service Record-** 20 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (Public schoolboy and proud of it) 14  
**Special Move-** Offensive drunken rambling  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Designer stubble) 8/10  
**Poison index-** (Lucky to be alive) 98%

Even in his final year Chris is still a stalwart of the Beaver staff. No particular reason. He just won't leave.  
*"F\*\*\* off."*

### Union Jack



#### Beaver Columnist

**A.K.A.-** Jack's true identity is classified  
**Service Record-** Unknown  
**Mental Age-** Varies  
**Special Move-** Causing costly lawsuits  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Babe magnet) 10/10  
**Poison index-** 100% proof

An ever elusive man of mystery, Jack's history is unknown. What is known is that he has no ties whatsoever to Bernardo... OK?

### Tracy Bullet



#### Beaver Columnist

**A.K.A.-** An excuse for that Netball Girl Photo  
**Service Record-** 5 Issues  
**Mental Age-** (too corrupted to be any younger) 16  
**Special Move-** Filling space in barren Sports pages  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Hermaphrodite) 5/10  
**Poison index-** (might be his only excuse) 110%

A relative newcomer to the Beaver, Tracy is already competing with Jack for most libellous section of the paper. Expect the Beaver to be cancelled soon...

### Beastie Beaver



#### Ex-Beaver Columnist

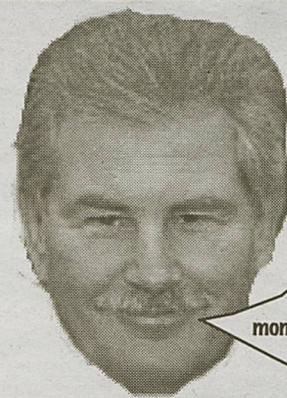
**A.K.A.-** The worst idea in music journalism... Ever™  
**Service Record-** 6 issues (and that was too many)  
**Mental Age-** (Being generous here) 13  
**Special Move-** Being completely and utterly crap  
**Sexual Magnetism-** (Love rat) 2/10  
**Poison index-** (Death is the ultimate high) 0%

Even a radical personality overhaul could not save Beastie from a death worthy of his pitiful existence. We have a legal injunction preventing his return.



# The Bart Guide to... Christmas clubbing...

Merry yuletide greetings readers, 'tis the season to be jolly fa la la lala and all that bollocks so this week the clubbing page has a festive theme ie its about getting off your tits and recovering again...Merry Christmas and a happy New Year...



**DRUG TSAR KEITH  
HELLAWELL SPEAKS!!**

**SAY 'NO!' TO THE  
EVIL DRUG PUSHERS THIS  
CHRISTMAS!** Unscrupulous dealers  
are selling deadly skunkweed all over this  
fair city. With your help we can beat the  
monsters who prey on our pretty young children.  
Let's keep this deadly substance off our  
streets!

## FESTIVE CLUBBING

Right then, its the end of the year, you've got one week of LSE left before its back to normality and it's time to go out on a massive bender. This week Bart Clubbing picks the cream of the crop of this years Christmas and New Years Eve nights out in London and tastefully arranges them on this page for you.

### CHRISTMAS CLUBS

Christmas Eve

#### PANTHER PARTY 101@ A SECRET

LOCATION

This is a free party featuring Beats 'n' Breaks and funky Tech-House and should be storming. Write to: Panther Party 101PO BOX 4029 LondonSW15 2XR

Christmas Day 9pm to 6 am

#### SUNNYSIDE UP PRESENTS

#### OTT@CLUB INNOCENCE SE1

The perfect night for those that have had enough of 'Only Fools and Horses' and want a fierce night dancing to hard, hard, house.

Christmas Eve 10pm 'til

#### CAN'T BELIEVE MI EYE@CLUB

#### ACAPULCO CATFORD

Billed as a "traffic blocking Christmas Eve Jam featuring the rotund selector Big Belly Sky Juice" Dub plate delivered dance hall sounds will have the gal dem bubblin' strong.

### NEW YEARS EVE

#### MAXIMUM@VIC NAYLORS EC1

Cost £22.50

This one features the eclectic treats and badass beats of the Big Audio Dynamite Sound System who always rip it up proper.

Phone: 0171-689 3805

#### WORLD DANCE@

#### THREE MILLS ISLAND STUDIOS

Cost £32

Six arenas of music from the longrunning rave promoters. Features a funfair, 10,000 capacity and a midnight fireworks display.

Phone: 0171-613 1621

#### CREAM AND THE GALLERY

#### @LONDON ARENA

Cost £39

The scouse club and Tall Paul's top London house night combine forces to put on a massive night with 12,000 capacity!

Phone: 0151-709 7023

## New Years Eve Hell

New Years Eve- a great night to go clubbing you would think? Well perhaps...think of the electric atmosphere as midnight approaches and then...a sea of happy faces...people shaking you by the hand...total unity as you see in a New Year. The above rarely happens on New Years Eve when you go clubbing and more often than not you'll wish you'd gone down the local or stayed in to watch Big Ben on the telly.

\*\*\*\*\*

Things begin badly before you've even got in the club; unscrupulous DJs and clubowners stick up the price of entry to sky-high levels so the poor old punter has to think very carefully about which night they want to go to; make a wrong decision and its goodbye to thirty odd quid.

\*\*\*\*\*

Then one year when you've finally had enough you'll go down your local public house instead and realise why you used to always go clubbing on New Years Eve...

## THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time... many years ago our ancestors used to go out around this time and get absolutely fucked on whatever they could lay their hands on; probably ale, magic mushrooms and god knows what else. They had a jolly good time and it made up for the fact that the nights were cold and long, and the days were cold and short and there was bugger all to eat apart from smoked fish from six months ago and rotten nuts or something. Then came the Christians and stole the rightful couple of weeks of oblivion away from fine upstanding Albion folk and turned them into a boring celebration of the birth of Jesus. Suddenly when what we really wanted to do was to get out of our faces like we'd been doing for centuries past the Christian Church came along and ruined the whole thing-making us sing carols and praise Jesus rather than getting on with the real business of getting monged. This bollocks has in turn been perverted into a way of getting us to buy loads of crap from the shops by the nasty capitalist bloodsuckers that run the show these days...The time has come noble Englishmen to take back our annual wassail from the priests and the shopkeepers and to rediscover our roots by going out this Christmas and getting completely mashed, buying no presents and refusing to feel guilty because we didn't go to church...

## ...and Christmas comedowns



I  
WISH I'D  
READ THE BART  
GUIDE TO COMEDOWNS!  
I FEEL ILL-  
OOAAAGH!

Wouldn't it be a boring world if the only time we over indulged in booze and drugs was Christmas? It would be almost as boring as an Accounting and Finance course but not quite. Fortunately most of us do a pretty good job of getting twatted all year round; however the Winterville period does tend to lead to extended substance abuse on a scale not usually found outside of a Blue Peter studio. For this reason our kind chummy chums "The National Drugs Helpline" have sent me some invaluable information on how to mitigate the effects of massive Christmas binges.

### DEHYDRATION

Booze dehydrates your body. This can cause problems as water is essentially for your body to work properly, especially the liver and kidneys which need lots of lovely H2O to breakdown and remove toxins from your body.

#### HEALTH TIP:

Drink a pint of water before you go to bed after a night out on the piss. This will make your hangover a bit more bearable the next day.

Dancing like a loon under the influence of drugs such as speed, coke and ecstasy will also dehydrate your poor old body. You'll also loose essential salts through sweating like a piglet as you flail around in the crowded, badly ventilated, shitbox of a club you've paid through the nose to get into.

#### HEALTH TIP:

If you're dancing under the influence of drugs then sip around a pint of non-alcoholic liquid an hour. You should try and drink fruit juices and isotonic drinks as well as water as these will help replace lost vitamins and minerals.

## COMING DOWN AFTER A MASSIVE FESTIVE BINGE

Quite obviously if you stay up all night on drugs your sleep pattern will be disturbed, a bit like your mum when she sees you in the morning. A night out taking illegal substances and not sleeping can often leave you feeling really fucked and worn out. "The National Drugs Helpline" advises against taking sleeping tablets and the like when you get home as this will just add more drugs and toxins into your body and make you feel that bit shitter in the long run. What you really need at this juncture is natural sleep so make some time to catch up on lost shuteye and give your knackered, hollow shell of a body the rest it deserves.

#### HEALTH TIP:

Try a warm bath with some relaxing essential oils-not a bad idea in theory but most student bathrooms don't even contain soap let alone a selection of soothing oils. Alternatively why not drink some camomile tea which has a calming effect which is just what your shattered nerves need.

## THE NATIONAL DRUGS HELPLINE

The National Drugs Helpline offers free and confidential advice about any drugs issue, whether it's info you're after, conselling or just a chat. They'll also let you know about services that are available in your area and their lines are open twenty four seven.

Telephone: 0800-77 66 00

## TOP 5 BART HANGOVER CURES

1. A big f\*ck off fry up
2. Go back to bed
3. Start drinking again
4. Bang your head against a brick wall repeatedly.
5. Buy and consume one of those powder things that you can get in the SU shop.

## TOP 5 BART COMEDOWN CURES

1. Skunk
2. Watch the Tellytubbies
3. Eat something (if you can)
4. Put your head in your hands and start crying
5. Drink loads of booze

\*\*\*\*\*

Obviously some of these suggestions are of questionable value and Bart would like to point out that the National Drugs Helpline in no way endorses them.



# Mexican Muscle

## Matt Berry is struck down by Zorro's rebel slasher

Throw your hands in the air like you just don't care. It's your holiday and you're gonna make it a fab one. Actually, you're gonna start by whizzing down to the nearest screen and sinking yourself into the sexual grasp of Antonio Banderas or Catherine Zeta Jones, or whoever else might take your fancy - Anthony Hopkins, well...? Yes indeed. *The Mask of Zorro* is here. Finally, the Christmas season is digging in. *Zorro* is hardcore. If the idea of *The Three Musketeers* on the Tex-Mex doesn't appeal, well think again, Mesquite Man. Get out the Tabasco and lubricate your tongue cuz *Zorro* is hot, sizzling hot, and fazzle

r a u n c h y. *The Mask of Zorro* is a sweeping romantic adventure of love, honour, and triumph set against Mexico's fight for independence from the iron grip of Spain. Zorro is the legendary hero of the poor, a Mexican Robin Hood, with oodles more testosterone than the quaint Englishman. Zorro's legacy is the successful sacking of the Spanish governor, Don Rafael Montero - who cost him his freedom, his wife and beloved daughter - from Alta California. When the first Zorro, a.k.a. Don Diego de la Vega (Hopkins), goes into mandatory retirement, ie. jail, the time comes for him to find a replacement to secure the independence of the colony...enter Alejandro Murietta (Banderas).

Murietta, a local bandit, is transformed into Zorro II, ready to take on the wrath of Montero and to foil his schemes once and for all. Along the way Elena, Montero's rebellious 'daughter' (Zeta Jones), edges her

way into the action when she is seduced by a disguised Zorro at her father's ball. She stomps her way through the film in a way that makes us drool, it's just a shame she's dressed in about 20 layers of clothing. Her dancing skills are orgasmic - Flamenco's gotta be this year's Christmas jig - and there's frankly nothing better than an Amazonian swordswoman to get you in the spirit. The action is furious, lasting a full two and a quarter hours of pure mayhem. The pace is electric and memorable. Just when you think you've smelt Gorgonzola, you're reminded to sit still and think of Gonzales instead. Hopkins naturally gives a nifty rendition of de la Vega; he's so adaptable - butlers, presidents and Zorro - he does them all. Banderas is ideally cast, as is Zeta Jones, finally getting the big blockbuster break she deserves. Both leads are furnished with convincing Spanish accents, kindling the smouldering embers of lurve just that little bit more. There are some great scenes, memorably the hot couple's dual in a barn, Banderas cunningly ripping Elena's skimpy white dress to shreds, whilst creating a fabulous Vivienne Westwood number worth the attention of the fashion multitudes.

Or the showdown at the gold mine. The whole thing looks great - lots of steamy reds and sultry skies - and the attention to detail makes *Zorro* a worthy costume nominee for the Oscars. With a fantastic period-based soundtrack by James Horner, straight off the *Titanic* ego trip, you're washed

into a land of myths and dreams. Z may be at the end of the English alphabet but ranked in this years tally of flicks it's gotta be right up there with the lions. Eat your heart out...my Christmas present to you.



### CHRISTMAS $\pi$ EXCLUSIVE

Ever come out of a film and the only word that comes to mind is a very dubious 'interesting'? *Pi* is one of those 'interesting' films, and that's not in the sense that you learnt about something like the biological configuration of sexual relations in the world of the Arctic penguin. You do, however, learn a little something about, as suggested by the title, the strange world of mathematics. *Pi* is the directorial debut of Brooklyn-raised and Harvard-educated Darren Aronofsky. The film picked up a Directing Award at the 1998 Sundance Film Festival, definitely not a bad thing for a first feature. It's an extremely low budget flick, at \$60,000, which it has already easily won back in the US where *Pi* picked up a worthy \$3 million, being pitted as an alternative to summer blockbusters such as *Armageddon* (obviously not the same crowd). Shot in strongly contrasted black and white, this science-fiction thriller centres on the tortured soul of Maximilian Cohen (Sean Gullelte), 'renegade visionary' mathematician whose idea of socialising is spending time working on his home-made computer 'Euclid', a very Gilliamesque creation. His long-time goal is to discover the mathematical pattern behind the chaos of the stock market, a mystical pattern he comes to understand the significance of when he meets Lenny who tells him about a similar pattern

behind the Jewish Torah. The closer he gets to the secret the more he gets into trouble and the more his own fragile world closes in on him. Hounded by a Wall Street firm and a Kabbalah Sect, both resolute on squeezing the secret out of him, he finds his only moments of solace in visits to fellow mathematician Sol, played by Mark Margolis of *Scarface* fame. An impression of seediness and impending delirium permeate the film, greatly helped by the noteworthy photography and its innovations such as the "vibrator-cam". The film insists on subjectivity, most of the action seen more or less through the protagonist's eyes and related largely through his Captain-Kirk-style personal notes. Unfortunately the protagonist's splitting headaches and mental problems also come to full effect aurally as well as cinematographically. *Pi* is a film you would be endlessly proud of had a friend shot it, especially with such a low budget and its substantial artistic merit. Some of those involved can surely look forward to a good future in the film world and it's an 'interesting' film to see if you are into either strange maths or independent films. But if you're looking for a good film to take a first date to and would rather not be dumped in an asylum thereafter, *Pi* may not be the perfect choice.

Marc Scanlan

*Painted Angels* deals with one of the greatest untold stories of the Wild West - the prostitutes. It's set in a small Western town during the boom years of the 1870s interweaving the stories of five women who work in a brothel. Devastated after the murder of her friend, Eileen (Bronagh Gallagher) a young Irish girl is drawn into an



intense friendship with the new arrival Katya (Meret Becker) a German dancer. Georgie (Lisa Jakub) is young, ambitious, greedy, and dreams of escaping to the city. The enigmatic Nettie (Kelly McGillis) has turned to prostitution to support her small son and drunken husband. Ada (Anna Mottram) is the eldest of the women and struggles to keep her place in the brothel, dependent on 'leftovers' and her one regular customer. All are watched over by the

madam, Annie Ryan (Brenda Fricker), whose feelings of tenderness towards her girls are in direct relation to the amount of custom each one brings in and will do anything to ensure her business survives. There is a fragile but very real sisterhood between the women, between Nettie and Ada who share a stoical acceptance of their fate, and between Georgie and Ada, the mother figure whom she thoughtlessly betrays. This is director Jon Sanders' first feature film. He was previously a documentary director, and this comes across. It seems to be little more than a factual account of the lives of five prostitutes in the era, giving little space for the audience to feel for the characters. The director's no frill approach leaves the film cold, hard and sterile. There is little in the way of background music, and the set is kept simple and bare. This creates an atmosphere of gloom, which should convey the women's despair and hopelessness. Instead it only serves to alienate the audience further. The film drags from the start. By the end you just don't really care about the fate of the women. In dealing with an often-ignored topic, it does offer some interesting insights, such as the methods of contraceptives and hygiene used by the prostitutes. The leads do the best they can, but there is little they can do with the virtually dimension-free characterisation. Disappointing.

It might just have been because I was out until 5 am but I found *The Negotiator* a little too long. Maybe it was due to the slow first half of the film. Initially things moved too fast for the audience to become attached to the characters, later the film fell flat and dragged a bit, but if you hang on it crescendos to a gripping finale with a really exciting twist at the end.

Basically, a police negotiator (ie. a person who talks hostage-takers into letting them go etc) played by Samuel L Jackson is framed when he finds out too much about corruption in the police force and becomes the hostage-taker. Cue *Negotiator* number 2, the brilliant Kevin Spacey, who has the task of talking the desperate Jackson down and later aids him in clearing his name and catching the dodgy police. An entertaining action/psychological thriller if you are prepared to put up with the slow start, and at times corny script.



Alison Tyler

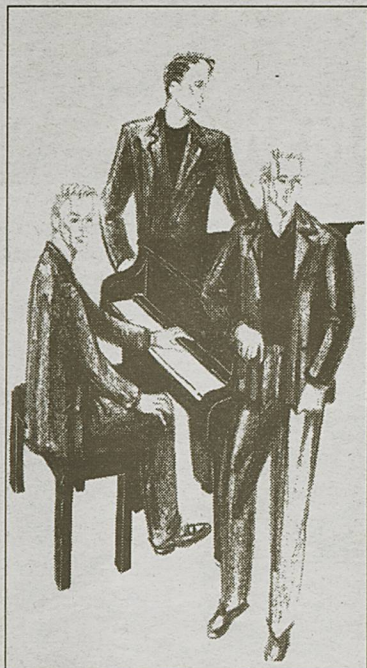
Ye-He Wu

### PAINTED ANGELS The Negotiator



# Having a Real Good Time

Who the hell is Jerry Herman? The Beaver's Dominique Fyfe goes to find out



**J**erry Herman? Who's he? was the most common response I got from people when I told them about my most recent theatrical venture. The Best of Times is a musical, but not of the typical sort with a plot and sing-along tunes to accompany. This relives the spirited music and librettos of Jerry Herman's most famed musicals - some of which are considered classics, such as, Hello, Dolly!, Mame, La Cage aux Folles (the inspiration for the film The Bird Cage starring Robin Williams), and Mack & Mabel.

If you happen not to be versed in the circle of musicals it may help to know that Jerry Herman is no amateur. In fact the aforementioned musicals are some of the most successful to have hit Broadway and have a quality about them which is akin to a fable, although sometimes controversial, sometimes satirical, and sometimes

just-well-magical.

The initial thoughts I had on the musical were, 'What is going on? When is the plot going to kick in?' But after a quick read of the program during the interval I soon realised I should not expect a plot and that instead I should be listening to the messages behind the lyrics of the songs.

This made the second act far more entertaining than the first, although the audience around me was considerably amused from the first note to the last curtain call. Granted, this may have been a result of the generation chasm between myself and the rest of the audience, who due to their age (similar to that of a grandma) were familiar with the musicals being celebrated and had made a special trip here as fans of Jerry Herman and his fantastical creations.

With a pregnant woman tap dancing



her blues away (Mack and Mabel), a set of two very bitchy dames pretending to be iBosom Buddies (Mame), and a very kemp male who only feels special when in drag (La Cage aux Folles) it seemed to me that this musical had a lot to offer in terms of entertainment value.

I suppose the best part of the opening evening was when, to my surprise, Jerry Herman - the man himself, got up from his seat two rows in front of me to take the stage for the applause! The standing ovation was well deserved for the Best of Times had lived up to its name.

*The Best of Times is continuing at the Vaudeville Theatre, Strand*  
**Tube: Charing Cross.**  
**Student Standby: £12.50**  
**Box Office: 0171 836 9987**

## Death? We're Watching

Suzanna Sava ventures south of the river to check out one of London's quirkier venues

**S**mall theatres, especially those hidden in herb garrets in the roof of a church, will always have to make a virtue of necessity. But fear not: scoring high points against the theatregoers' favourites in the West end is not necessarily a will-o-the-wisp. The Old Operating Theatre in South east London breaks all conventional patterns with Jean Genet's poetic psychodrama 'Deathwatch'.

The enfant terrible of contemporary French theatre embarks on a hallucinating trip into human minds, delivering a genuine open-heart surgery play. Three prison inmates, Green Eyes, Lefranc and Maurice, develop special relationships in the confinement of their cell, whereby they reveal the most hidden corners of their conscience.

The small theatre serves the purposes of the play in terms of decor. A dark, blood-stained wall in the back of the stage and a few blankets are the simple requisites for a prison cell replica. The miniature stage creates the claustrophobic atmosphere and the interplay of light intensity dim/bright puts the finishing touch on this ambitious production about criminals and possible good sides of their personality.

The few inches that separate audience and performers enhance the impact of the play. The spectator is in the cell with the three characters, capturing every movement and sound. Toby Hugh's Green Eyes brings delinquency to rights with his paradoxical villain of the piece sensibility. Mark Bernhard and Christopher Joseph John perform two small time crooks disputing their claim to Green Eyes' friendship in a fierce-competition, in which they try

to live up to some particular prison criminal standards. Not succeeding, the somewhat more inexperienced Maurice falls victim to Lefranc's anger. The crime demonstrates Lefranc's reluctance to part with the prison in three days and become a social animal again. The only alternative left to the two remaining characters is death.

Mark Bernhard, with the advantage of age on his side, performs a

slightest touch of acting skill. And I doubt that dry oratory is a new technique for playing the introverted prisoner. However, those insignificant mistakes of the dilettante do not overshadow the potential and at worst have no other effect than making Green Eyes' character stand out. His confession of his crimes towards the end is definitely the highlight of the play. One leaves the theatre thinking that

prisoners too have feelings. And no one could have said it better than Jean Genet with his history of sentences served in prison. Credit must also be given to the director P. A. Neuflet who does an excellent job in putting through the message to the public.

Of all the things one has to do at least once in this lifetime, going to the Old Operating Theatre should be in the first twenty on the list. This is especially so when we are talking quality theatre such as Jean Genet's Deathwatch. So go and see it! At the top of dark, narrow, twisted stairs with the guilty feeling of a saboteur, you are not a spectator, but a prisoner in a cell leaving after two hours with a clear record.

*Deathwatch by Jean Genet is in rep at the Old Operating Theatre, 20 St Thomas' Street,*

**Tube station London Bridge until 20th of December**  
**Tue-Sun 7:30 pm**  
**Box Office: 0171 955 4791 or 0171 381 1421**

convincing, always ready to please Maurice, but, at times, he fails to embody the character's insecurity to the extent required by the play. Equally, his co-actor Christopher Joseph John has moments when he delivers his lines without the



## Molloy

Tom Livingstone is captivated by a Beckett monologue

**H**uddled in an attic somewhere in Hammersmith, the audience wasn't quite sure what to expect when one man stood up in the front row and took the stage. What followed was one of the most captivating pieces of theatre I have ever seen. Conor Wyatt performed an hour long monologue adapted from Samuel Beckett's Molloy.

Relating the events of one day when the destitute Molloy attempts to visit his ageing mother, the performance managed to be at once deeply emotional and funny - the episode

seemingly editing the text at random added personal, non-literary element to proceedings. Molloy is an earlier work than Beckett's more famous latter work, such as *Waiting for Godot*. The influence of Joyce, particular the flow of thoughts and the stress on the trivial, is a strong element in Beckett's early work, and came through strongly in this performance.

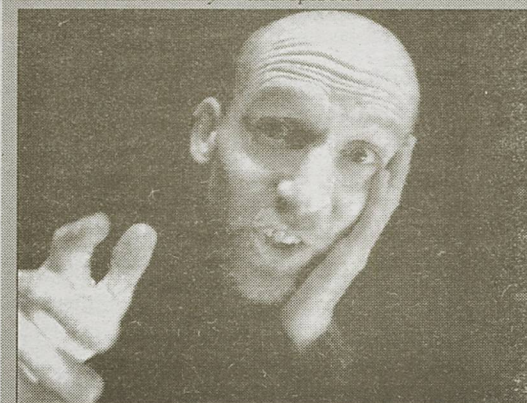
The stage, adorned simply with a circle of pebbles, was held superbly by Wyatt, who had the audience in the palm of his hand throughout - when he shouted, we all jumped

together. From the outset he managed to immerse us totally in his plight and in his thoughts.

In an hour the whole performance was over, yet there was no sense of time passing at all - Molloy himself, although apparently dead, seems perennially in a vacuum, trying to reach a final

destination but never actually getting there. We could have been sitting there for much longer and not noticed. I thoroughly recommend this performance to anyone (although squeamish males may wince when Molloy ponders the superfluousness of a certain part of his anatomy), and challenge anyone not to be totally captivated.

*Molloy, by Samuel Beckett, is being performed at the Riverside Studios, Crisp road, Hammersmith.*  
**Tube: Hammersmith**  
**Tues-Sun 7.45 pm until December 12th**  
**Student concessions £6**



where Molloy is 'surrounded' by an angry mob but is saved by 'Mrs Louse' was particularly well crafted. Molloy is also arrested for loitering while leaning on his crutches, but in the way of action that's almost it - in true modernist style, nothing much actually happens, but we are treated to the fragmented thoughts of the character as he attempts to reach his mother's bedside. It's the flowing but confused nature of these thoughts, with the emphasis on the seemingly trivial, that lends the piece most of its humour, but also leads the audience to sympathise with the tragic Molloy (needless to say, he never reaches his mother). Much is made of the superfluous, with Molloy often stopping to consider whether a particular detail is important or not; the character



# Oh Leslie! What an Amazing Pair of Lungs!

Mark Pallis, LSE's only official Opera Critic, sees Leslie Garret the Barber of Seville at one of London's top opera venues

What a show. What a show! Last week the Barber of Seville premiered at the English National Opera and it was very, very good. The plot is simple (well, why does it have to be complex?) The blushing maiden is kept under lock and key by her ward. The handsome count wants her to be his bride, but makes no progress until he enlists the assistance of the cunning barber of Seville. Needless to say after a lot of excitement, everything turns out fine.

So, why was it so good? Loads of reasons. The cast, for one, was superb. The Barber is so relaxed that he doesn't even need to concentrate on his singing - all of his efforts go into the acting which you can tell is well rehearsed, but is fresh nonetheless.

Leslie Garret (Yep, that woman what's famous) puts in a great performance. I can't honestly say that I'm sold on her voice or pronunciation, and in other roles she leaves me unconvinced, but here she is perfect. She suits the part perfectly and her confidence oozes out (CAN'T READ NEXT BIT). The other singers are also good, and you'd be hard pushed to find a weak link in the chain.

The other key thing about the Barber



of Seville is that it is funny. The only problem about comic operas is that they can sometimes descend into farce (something that many critics

thought happened with the Royal Opera's Barber last season). This performance, however, trod the delicate line perfectly and had all the

audience wetting themselves.

I'm always curious to know why opera isn't as popular as 'musicals'. I saw Les Miserables at the weekend, and

though I am very grateful to the young lady who invited me, the show itself was dung. People may say 'Rossini is dung too' Of course I would dispute that, but even if it were true, and even if the Barber was indeed dung when it first came out, it is now classic. It is so old that it no longer smells and no longer looks unsightly: in a way, it has transcended its original form and become something higher. Les Miserables, on the other hand, continues to fester.

If you see one opera this year, see this. If you only leave the library once, go to the ENO.

Mark's brief advice: Don't miss it

*The English National Opera's Barber of Seville is continuing at The London Coliseum, St. Martin's Lane WC2.*

*Tube: Charing Cross/Leicester Square*

*Seats: £5-£49 (weekdays and matinees); £7-£55 (Saturdays)*

*Student Standby £18*

*Standing £5, when all seats taken*

*Box Office: 0171 632 8300*

*Good Local Pub: The Chandos (Nextdoor - cheap beer!)*

## Any old iron at the Roundhouse

James Savage finds energy and one funky beat at a quirky venue in Camden

I bet everyone has sat in the kitchen at one time or another, grabbed some pots and pans, and pretended they were Ringo Starr or Axl Rose or someone. Well, there is a troupe in London at the moment which is making a career out of just this: turning mundane everyday objects into musical instruments for a spectacular series of performances of their show, Stomp, at the Roundhouse in Camden.

The show starts off quietly enough, with a sort of 'broom ensemble'. If you never saw the broom as a particularly musical instrument before (I, for one, did not) then you will be forced to think again after seeing Stomp. The broom is, as it turns out, and extremely versatile instrument. You can brush, you can bang, you can tap and it is amazing what a variety of sounds you can come up with. This is all very well, the cynic might say, but what the hell does it sound like? Well, in fact it is extremely musical: it has a beat that really gets the feet tapping.

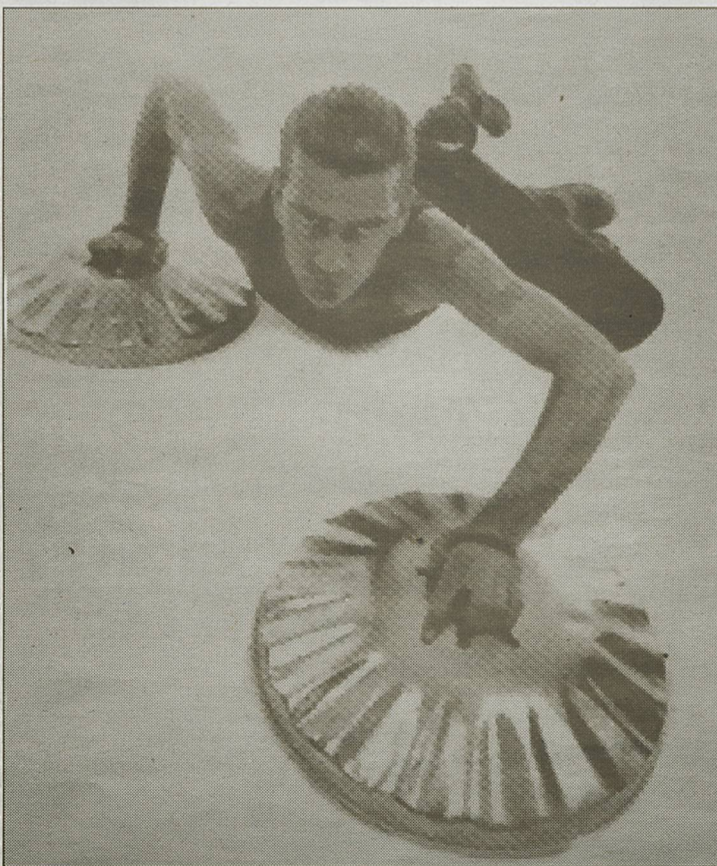
The broom symphony is only the beginning; there seems to be no end to the number of implements that Stomp seem able to squeeze for their musical potential. Did you ever see the Sainsbury's carrier bag as a particularly cultural piece of machinery? Well, it seems that you

should, because this was yet another mundane object put to inventive use.

Plastic barrels, dowelling rod, plastic drainpipes - there is pretty much nothing that the Stomp crew will not find a use for. The great thing is that their music is not simply interesting or inventive, although it is both of those things - but it is also extremely entertaining as music in its own right. Feet are tapping around the audience along with the beat from the stage. The whole

atmosphere of the event is impossible to resist.

The Roundhouse is a perfect venue for this kind of show. Cavernous,



echoing and unsophisticated, it really is in tune with the quasi-improvised

nature of Stomp. There are really too many pillars, which does obstruct the view for a large number of people, but then it 's the sound that is really important.

The climax of the evening comes in an amazing dustbin piece. Yes, that's right, dustbins. An orchestra of metal dustbins takes the stage, as if to demonstrate, if anyone still doubted it, that you really can make music out of anything. The variety of sounds that can be squeezed out of the humble bin is astonishing: this beat really goes straight to the heart.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about Stomp is the fact that it is so well co-ordinated: the whole troupe is well tuned-in to what they are doing: never does a single move, nor a single beat, seem out of place. Don't be fooled by the rudimentary instruments, this is real professional music, as tightly disciplined as a top orchestra.

However, as well as being musical, Stomp is also a very physical show. The amount of physical, as well

as emotional, energy that goes into this must be enormous, but you wouldn't guess it by looking at the performers on the stage. The whole cast is so into the music that they really seem to be enjoying it. They also carry the whole thing off with wit and humour. Audience participation is actively encouraged, particularly as the show reaches its pinnacle. Perhaps it is just as well as they involve the audience because there was virtually nobody in the Roundhouse who could keep their feet still anyway.

This show is pure entertainment. A couple of hours (without an interval) feel like half an hour, and you are guaranteed to leave the Roundhouse on a high. This show cannot be recommended highly enough.

*Stomp is continuing until December 27th at The Roundhouse, Chalk Farm Road, NW1.*

*Tube: Chalk Farm (Northern Line)*

*Tues-Sat 8pm. Sat & Sun matinees at 4pm*

*Tickets £10-£25 (Student standby available half an hour before the performance)*

*Recommended local pub:- The Enterprise (Just opposite the theatre) is a very lively and colourful drinking hole*



# Spare the Chimps

**C**himp Haven provides one solution to the current surplus chimpanzee dilemma. Chimp Haven, Inc. is a nonprofit organization whose mission is to provide permanent homes for chimpanzees no longer needed in research, in entertainment, or as pets. Chimp Haven was founded and is directed by primatologists, veterinarians, and others with expertise in chimpanzee behavior and management. Due to the critical need for appropriate "retirement" facilities for research chimpanzees, the main objective of Chimp Haven is the construction and operation of a facility able to care for chimpanzees previously used in medical experiments. Plans for Chimp Haven include spacious, 1-2-acre outdoor enclosures with trees and grass, along with comfortable indoor dens. These enclosures will provide an opportunity to house

chimpanzees in groups of 10-15, but smaller enclosures will also be available for individuals who do not do well in large groups. The facility will eventually be able to house 200 chimpanzees.

Environmental enrichment and training programs will be emphasized, and noninvasive research with the goal of improving our knowledge of, and ability to care for, chimpanzees will be encouraged. Educational opportunities for students as well as the lay public are planned.

A site for Chimp Haven has recently been selected. It is a remote 330-acre piece of land covered with oak trees located just east of San Antonio, Texas. Fundraising efforts have begun in order to purchase

this property and begin the first phase of construction. Donations are currently being accepted from private individuals as well as corporate sponsors.



# Monkey twins Born at Gombe

**T**he Jane Goodall Institute is pleased to announce the recent birth of chimpanzee twins at Gombe National Park in Tanzania. The twins, named Golden and Glitter, were born to Gremlin, one of the matriarchs of the Gombe community. Gremlin is the daughter of Melissa, who herself bore twins more than 20 years ago -- Gyre and Gimble. Gyre died at the age of 10 months, but Gimble is alive and well.

"Multiple births are rare among wild chimpanzees.

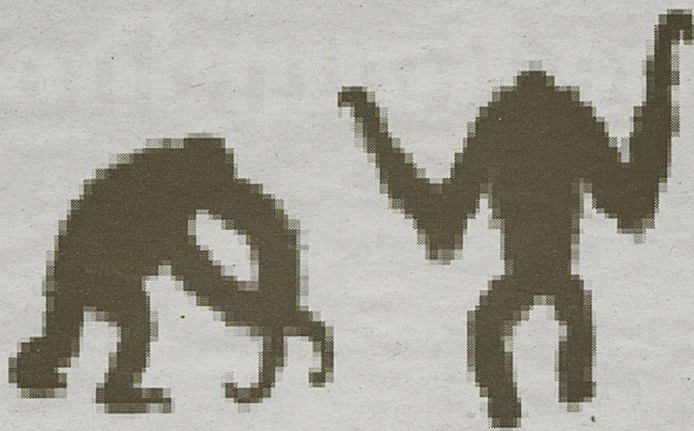
Another set of twins born at Gombe -- Roots and Shoots -- died with their mother, Rafiki, during the epidemic of pneumonia that spread

through the Mitumba community in 1996. Although researchers noted two youngsters of the same age traveling with an unhabituated female in 1987, they were not able to get close

"We have high hopes that both Golden and Glitter will survive under Gremlin's excellent maternal care. And we look forward to studying this rare set of wild chimpanzee twins well into adulthood.

"If you have any research questions on the topic of twin chimpanzees in the wild or the Gombe community, please contact Jennifer Williams at the JGI Center for Primate Studies, Univ. of Minnesota, Minneapolis, MN 55455 [e-mail:

williams@biosci.umn.edu]." -- Posted by the Jane Goodall Institute to Primate-Talk,



enough to determine whether the infants were twins. The mother and youngsters soon disappeared from the study area.

# Dwarf Monkey Rediscovered

**A** group of hitherto unknown monkeys has been discovered in the Amazon forest by a Dutch primatologist. The adult monkey is about 15 centimetres long and weighs just 180 grammes, making it the second smallest monkey in the world. Sue Branford, from the BBC Americas region, has the details.

The Dutch primatologist, Marc van Roosmalen, had his first sighting of the new monkey in 1996 when a local fisherman brought the tiny animal to his house in Manaus. Recognising it immediately as a new species, Roosmalen set off in search of the monkey's home.

All he knew was that the monkey had come aboard a boat somewhere along the 3,000 kilometre-long Madeira river in the west of the Amazon basin. Everywhere he went he showed people a snapshot of the monkey.

It was an eventful trip. People sometimes showed him the 'wrong'

monkey, and on four occasions these 'wrong' monkeys proved also to be new species.

He also discovered a new tapir and a new jaguar. Roosmalen decided that the region had more primates in it than anywhere else in the world.

Finally Roosmalen tracked down the family of his original monkey. The monkeys live on a tiny patch of land in a region 300 kilometres south of Manaus.

They're being fed three times a day by a local fisherman. But the region is already under threat.

The Madeira river is being widened so it can be used to transport soybeans for export. And, with the improved access, loggers are already moving in.

Roosmalen is convinced that other new species of monkeys will be wiped out before they have even been discovered by scientists.

# Monkey Maths!

**M**onkey mathematicians have narrowed the gap between themselves and man. Recent reports show that Monkeys have a head for maths and can be taught to count. The discovery is likely to shake up traditional views about what sets humans apart from other animals.

Two rhesus monkeys, named after Shakespeare characters Rosencrantz and Macduff, demonstrated a fundamental grasp of numeracy in an experiment conducted by scientists in New York. The research by Elizabeth Brannon and Herbert Terrace at Columbia University showed that monkeys had an understanding of numerical order. In other words, they were able to count.

Until now the generally held view has been that numeracy and counting is a distinctively human trait, a cultural phenomenon that emerges from language. However, in the study Rosencrantz and Macduff were first shown touch-sensitive screens of images that each contained between one and four objects.

To eliminate the possibility that they were reacting to visual characteristics rather than quantities, the objects had different shapes, patterns and

colours.

The monkeys were taught to touch the images in the correct ascending order, progressing from an image containing one object to one with four. Success brought a food reward.

"Accuracy substantially exceeded the level predicted by chance," the researchers wrote in the journal Science.

In a second part of the study Rosencrantz and Macduff were asked repeatedly to touch two images in a row, the first containing fewer objects than the second. Both monkeys were tested on each of the 36 pairs of combinations that could be generated from images containing between one and nine objects.

Numbers one to four were already familiar to the monkeys as a result of their previous training. Where familiar pairs were correctly selected in ascending order, a reward was given.

But the images containing five to nine objects were new, and no reward was given when they were included in ascending pairs. The monkeys appeared able to apply the ascending numbers rule learned in the first part of the experiment to a novel set of numbers.

# MONKEY OF THE WEEK!

The Woolly Monkey, *Lagothrix lagothericha*, is one of the largest and most beautiful of the South American primates. It lives in the middle and Upper Amazon basin to the west of the rivers Negro and Tapajos. There are four sub-species of woolly monkey recognised. These are *L.l. lugens* (mountain or longhaired), *L.l. poeppigii* (brown), *L.l. cana* (grey woolly monkey) and *L.l. lagothericha* (brown-headed).

Woolly monkeys are arboreal, spending most of their time high in the canopy of the trees and rarely venturing to the forest floor. They have evolved in a way which enables them to exploit this treetop niche, to travel easily along narrow limbs, to reach nuts, seedpods



and fruit at the ends of branches, to leap between gaps safely and even to sleep securely 150ft above the ground.

The most striking adaptation of a woolly monkey is the prehensile tail, which acts as a powerful fifth limb. It is easily capable of supporting the full weight of a monkey as it hangs from a branch, free the

hands and feet for other uses such as collecting food.

Woolly monkeys, like humans, have forward-facing eyes. This allows stereoscopic vision for judging depth and distance, important for leaps taken in the treetops. Primatologists have discovered that they are especially sensitive to the colour green, enabling them to decipher many different shades in the green world of the trees.



# Beaver Headlines that never made it

The News Team look back on those stories that just had to be spiked

**Spunky Flunky Monkey  
Chunky Bunky Ker-plunky**

A charming tale of vomit and bestiality that we had to drop (libel)

'No Matt, let's have a story about ULU on the front page.'

**Radioactive baby eats  
fishing trawler**

**Mass riots over more  
F\*\*\*ing Fees**

This was the headline for the Postgrad fees story until very late one Thursday evening

A damning expose of the Labour leader that we had to drop (libel).

**Cox out for the ladies**

**Hartley gets Wiggy with it**

Sordid backroom Tory dealings revealed, but we had to drop it (libel).

Sometimes we get the idea Matt might be trying to tell us something... Thank God for Prozac.

**Beaver Editor kills entire  
staff with rusty, blunt spoon**

Remember it's just a bit of a laugh, don't sue us please, we haven't got the cash....



# Santa Claus

## ...IS THERE ANY?

### NO!

For the scientifically minded skeptics, there is no way Santa could be an actual fact. However sad this may be, those guys have the following argument:

1) No known species of reindeer can fly. BUT there are 300,000 species of living organisms yet to be classified, and while most of these are insects and germs, this does not COMPLETELY rule out flying reindeer, which only Santa has ever seen.

2) There are 2 billion children (persons under 18) in the world. BUT since Santa doesn't (appear) to handle the Muslim, Hindu, Jewish and Buddhist children, that reduces the work load to 15% of the total - 378 million according to Population Reference Bureau. At an average (census) rate of 3.5 children per

household, that's 91.8 million homes. One presumes there's at least one good child in each.

3) Santa has 31 hours of Christmas to work with, thanks to the different time zones and the rotation of the earth, assuming he travels east to west (which seems logical). This works out to 822.6 visits per second. This is to say that for each Christian household with good children, Santa has 1/1000th of a second to park, hop out of the sleigh, jump down the chimney, fill the stockings, distribute the remaining presents under the tree, eat whatever snacks have been left, get back up the chimney, get back into the sleigh and move on to the next house. Assuming that each of these 91.8 million stops are evenly distributed around the earth (which, of course, we know to be false but for the purposes of our calculations we will accept), we are now talking about .78 miles per household, a total trip of 75-1/2 million miles, not counting stops to do what most of us must do at least once every 31 hours, plus feeding and etc.

This means that Santa's sleigh is moving at 650 miles per second, 3,000 times the speed of sound. For purposes of comparison, the fastest man-made vehicle on earth, the Ulysses space probe, moves at a poky 27.4 miles per second - a conventional reindeer can run, tops, 15 miles per hour.

4) The payload on the sleigh adds another interesting element. Assuming that each child gets nothing more than a medium-sized lego set (2 pounds), the sleigh is carrying 321,300 tons, not counting Santa, who is invariably described as overweight. On land, conventional reindeer can pull no more than 300 pounds. Even granting that "flying reindeer" (see point #1) could pull TEN TIMES the normal amount, we cannot do the job with eight, or even nine. We need 214,200 reindeer. This increases the payload - not even counting the weight of the sleigh - to 353,430 tons. Again, for comparison - this is four times the weight of the Queen Elizabeth.

5) 353,000 tons travelling at 650 miles per second creates enormous air resistance - this will heat the reindeer up in the same fashion as spacecrafts re-entering the earth's atmosphere. The lead pair of reindeer will absorb 14.3 QUINTILLION joules of energy. Per second. Each. In short, they will burst into flame almost instantaneously, exposing the reindeer behind them, and create deafening sonic booms in their wake. The entire reindeer team will be vaporized within 4.26 thousandths of a second. Santa, meanwhile, will be subjected to centrifugal forces 17,500.06 times greater than gravity. A 250-pound Santa (which seems ludicrously slim) would be pinned to the back of his sleigh by 4,315,015 pounds of force.

In conclusion - If Santa ever DID deliver presents on Christmas Eve, he's dead now...

### YES!

Now here is a piece of argument that made it through history (one hundred and one years), and that should make you think a bit...

Editorial Page,  
New York Sun,  
1897

"I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in The Sun, it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?"  
Virginia O'Hanlon

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa



Claus.

He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight.

The external light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if you did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the

world are those

that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus? Thank God he lives and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay 10 times 10,000 years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood; you've come a long way baby! ....but you can go home again.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!!!!"

Francis P.Church

## B.A.S.H

Not convinced? Still don't believe in Santa? Well,  
Be A Sound Human...Think a little bit!

Fred Blanc-Brude

How many of you guys did write a letter to Santa Claus this year? Well, none of you of course! I mean, why would an LSE student write a letter to an imaginary fat fuddy-daddy with a beard? Would be a bit irrational, wouldn't it?

So you guys are committed to Reason (the NO argument) and don't give any credit to little Virginia's beliefs (the YES argument). God! This is so depressing! As for believing in Reason, consider this:

The "classical" form of rationalism can be summarised in two points:

- a rationalist accepts any position that can be justified by appeal to the rational criteria or authorities

- he accepts only those positions that can be so justified; there is an absolute faith in the explanatory power of reason

However, this is an unattainable position, because both propositions cannot be held simultaneously. According to the second proposition, the first one needs to be rationally justified. But this is a case of perfectly unjustifiable position, unless it is already accepted as valid i.e. if the criteria of rationality is already considered as true (the argument would be generally convincing only to those persons who have already adopted the belief that arguments should count).

Thus, rationalism is a logical impossibility. At least is it impossible without any irrational commitment to what the standards of rationality actually are. Defending rationality then is to analyse and express in principle the patterns of accepted codes. But to test the adequacy of his analysis, one can do no more than check them against the moral convictions that he and others share. So the rationalist position, unable to be rationally based or justified, is finally based on moral commitment.

So what if this irrational necessary pre-commitment to reason is love and the genius of human imagination; this extraordinary capacity that we have to make life burn a bit brighter because we believe, and that is actually what drives us everyday. (As far as I'm concerned, it takes me out of bed everyday...) Now, OK, Santa has become a big supermarket gimmick and that does not really embody what makes life worth it. But so have Love or Politics... can you say that there is no love because there is Beverly Hills 90210, or no democracy because there is the UGM every Tuesday...?

Think about it, if you don't actually believe in love and democracy, THOSE THINGS ARE NEVER GONNA HAPPEN! Have faith in magic (I'm sure Michael Jordan believes in Santa Claus).

The existence of Santa Claus just cannot be rationally demonstrated; but how could this mean that he doesn't exist?

FBB



# WHAT A WASTE OF CHOPS

## Wiggy hatrick bags fourths victory

### FOOTBALL

BY MATTHEW STOATE

LSE 4TH XI 7 GKT 4TH XI 2

LSE entered this game full of confidence having gone several matches unbeaten and having discovered a regular goalscorer in the unlikely (and rather rounded) shape of Wiggy. However, despite scoring seven goals, the fourths were disappointed not to have got more.

With Terry Wogan returning to the defence in place of Kwan, departed to Thailand to pick up suitcases of cheap fake designer jeans, LSE looked more solid at the back.

The opening goal was bizarre to say the least. 'Fast' Eddie Simmons the Third (as his full title decrees) put in a ball right across the six-yard box. Unfortunately, the LSE forward line was strangely absent. Guinness had wandered off, thinking he smelt pork chops somewhere, and Ralph was busy spending the profits made from the Football Appreciation Society's trip to Wembley, so it was left to the GKT defence to do the honest thing and put their visitors ahead, which they duly obliged.

GKT seemed to be playing better

against themselves than the LSE were, for seconds later, a penalty was conceded by their goalkeeper swinging his leg in the general direction of Ralph, who cried out in agony as if hit by a sledgehammer instead of a rather fat goalkeeper's feeble swipe. Peter 'I never miss penalties' Clegg stepped up.....and missed.

The scent of pork chops was proving far too strong for Wiggy, whose efforts on goal were becoming more and more wayward: clean through, one on one with the goalkeeper - wide, header 5 yards from an open goal - over, 2 yards from an open goal, only needs to touch the ball - complete mis-kick and falling over onto his ample behind. The wig did manage to score a hat-trick but would have been massacred by an increasingly exasperated defence (whose cries of 'win us a corner so we can come up' went largely unheeded) if he hadn't.

I also must add that Ralph scored two or he'll be complaining forever, although it looks like I'm dead anyway because I've forgotten who scored the other goal, but needless to say it was probably so breathtaking as to induce amnesia.

Despite GKT's late rally, the game was already won, freeing Wiggy to go searching for those elusive pork chops.

# SECONDS BAG ANOTHER FOUR

## Freeman's fiftieth overshadows the unmentionable one

### FOOTBALL

BY HUGH WILLIAMS

Being left on the bench has its benefits, especially for the LSE seconds. One can sit back and admire the various assets of this ever improving footballing unit. Enrique's golden touch, Nav's inspired captaincy, Damien's tits... One can also freeze one's bollocks off (fully recovered by the way from the infamous sheep removal operation). A field near Heathrow is hardly the most attractive venue for football, especially in the arctic conditions encountered on Wednesday. Even more unsettling was the strange aroma surrounding the pitch. There were various theories explaining this phenomena - the most bizarre explanation being Gavin Freeman's fingers- something to do with his membership of a bestiality society on the web and his subsequent activities.

Despite a number of frequent late nights in front of the computer screen, Freeman's eye for goal is yet to suffer, notching his 50th ever goal for the LSE football club - a typical goal hangers effort, sliding in to convert Che's searing cross. LSE's destruction of Imperial's poofters began with a typically fluky effort from Matt Sutton, this week banished from having any influence on the match report, due to his obvious bias expressed towards a certain member of the team in his recent journalistic efforts (namely himself), much to the chagrin of the remainder of the team. His claim that he chipped the oncoming keeper with a flash of northern genius can be interpreted as shitting himself at the sight of goal and slicing an effort off the

side of his foot, only to creep inside the far post.

Much more emphatic was Damo's searing drive - albeit from 2 yards. Belying his considerable girth, and his considerable age, the antipodean ace stormed in at the near post to drive home a Freeman corner. By half time, LSE were firmly in control and looking good for their 2-0 lead, but Nav, ever the perfectionist (as is obvious by his neatly trimmed chest hair which incidentally represent a perfect example of the Pythagoras theorem), was keen to press home the advantage and gave his troops a ear bashing for what he saw as

A below par effort. Such are the standards of LSE 2nd XI these days. The recent improvement inspired by Pete Mason's demotion from the first team. In fact "The Chopper" scored no goals, made no passes longer than the length of his arm and purposely lost the ball to his opponents as an excuse to break their legs. There, a mention for the unsung hero of the team.

The second half saw Damo frequently trying to emulate his first half goal from a considerably further distance, which only succeeded in causing embarrassment for the big guy. An abhorration occurred in the shape of some route one football, with Freeman's greasy forehead guiding the ball neatly into the path of Sutton. What appeared to be a routine finish was quickly transformed into a farce. Having yet to master the art of running, Sutton took his obligatory 17 touches before kicking the ball straight at the keeper, leaving an opportunity that even he couldn't miss, as he calmly walked the ball into the net.

But given that I was under strict orders not to mention the heartbreak kid(?), the final result was effectively 2-0, and Sutton was left to fornicate with his many women.

# MAN IN BLACK ADDS COLOUR TO MATCH

## (Sung) "The referees a wanker, the referees a wanker..."

### FOOTBALL

BY JAMES MYTHEN

LSE 5TH XI 2 KINGS 5TH XI 1

A police investigation was launched on Saturday evening after referee Doug Milton, age unknown, was found bound and gagged in the boot of his Ford Cortina at Berrylands sports fields. The referee and part-time disc jockey had been beaten and stripped of his referee's kit by an unidentified Imposter who took over the game between LSE fifths and Kings fifths on Saturday. The man, possibly linked to another incident in Norwich in May, clearly came to spoil a game poised for excitement with 9 bookings, a disallowed goal and countless free kicks.

Nobody suspected foul play at the kick-off as the Imposter had a good likeness to Doug. Kings took charge after a slow start by the LSE midfield. This culminated in an incisive break by the Kings forwards and a low cutting drive that just evaded goalkeeper Nigel Swinbank's flailing arms. In over two years of competition and numerous opportunities, Panos Loukas has been as likely to score from a free kick as crabs are to sprouting wings. However, on Saturday, the Gods were with him and he struck a thunderbolt that arched past the Kings keeper and into the knuckle of post and bar.

LSE were ascendant, but it was at this point that the man in black began to have an influence, with the booking

of a Kings player for an innocuous foul. Then he started to give fouls for swearing and at one point called up half time 15minutes early. Soon after he struck again, booking Loukas and a Kings player for fighting after a corner. He seemed to have a sickly sly grin every time he pulled yellow out, as if it was some kind of fetish.

The LSE defence held firm as Kings pushed forward, but were aided by the referees caprice as he booked another Kings player for brawling and then had the nerve to book Alex Tomas, who had been substituted at half-time, for shouting onto the pitch. Amid this chaos LSE mounted a break from the halfway line and set Fran Stevens up with a clear run-in on goal. He kept his mettle to slot the ball into the far right corner to give LSE the lead for the first time in the match.

There was still time for another booking though, as Theodore was harshly punished by the referee, by now foaming at the mouth with the excitement of his discipline. LSE held on though for a narrow victory, as the Kings players surrounded the referee, two more were booked as they abused him after the game.

Twenty minutes after the match the Imposter was nowhere to be seen to fill in the referees card. As the players began to search for him, someone heard muffled shouts and banging noises from the boot of Milton's car, which later revealed his tied up figure writhing around in his underwear.

# NAV'S GAGS



A man sits down on a garden bench, next to a woman with no arms and no legs. She explains she is a prostitute who hasn't been fucked for ages. On hearing this, the man picks her up and throws her in a pond. Now you're fucked.

One sperm says to the other, "how far is it to the ovaries?" The other one says "Relax, we've only just passed the tonsils."

What's the definition of making love. Something a woman does whilst a guy is fucking her.

Charlie gets married to a virgin. On their wedding night he body is on fire with desire. He gets naked and jumps into bed. As soon as his new wife gets into bed he starts groping her. "Charlie", his wife says outraged, "I expect you to be as well mannered in bed as you are at the table" So, Charlie washes his hands, sits upright on the bed, and places a napkin on his knee. He says, "Is that better?" She replies, "Much better" So he asks "Could you please pass the pussy."



Netball Girl: Bouncing

A female whale and a male whale are swimming along looking for something to eat. They notice that a nearby trawler is stealing all the fish. The male whale has a suggestion, "let's swim beneath the boat and blow our spots as hars as we can. When the boat capsizes we'll eat all the fish that they've caught." The female whale is not convinced. "I don't mind a blowjob, but I blow the line at swallowing seaman"

A Russian man has saved and saved and can finally afford a car. He goes to the state store and orders the car. The shopkeeper informs him it will arrive in ten years. "Is that the morning or the afternoon?" the man asks. "It's some time off, why are you concerned?" the shop keeper enquires. "Well" the Russian explains "the plumber is coming in the morning."

# HOUGHTON STREET HARD MEN - No. 2



zambuka. The unlucky bastard has to down it in one or we all batter him. Wicked. What's your most daring example of sexual adventurism? Pulling up the skirt of my 18 stone matron at school, going to Joy's strip club in Paris and watching "Sheep lover II" while wearing a woolly jumper in a room full of welshmen. What's your win/loss fight ratio?

100% mate. People normally shit themselves and run. I'm too fucking big and hard (and ugly).

Too right mate. Have you ever been to court?

Yeah, I'm supposed to be there right now over my council tax bollocks but fuck the fucking system, it's fucking shit.

Have you ever thrown a member of your family down the stairs?

Me and my bros do it all the time. Do you?

No not that you bastard. We have loads of rucks and I normally win. Once my bro came at me with a kitchen knife but I took care of him, alright.

No disrespect but you're quite a big bloke old son, how many pies can you eat?

When I'm on a mission, I can eat at least 15-20 large cornish pasties in a single day.

Fucking hell! I've heard your rugby team are about as successful as the LSE Information Systems society. Why is this?

Basically, it's all down to soft bastards not turning up for training on the Sunday and us lazy tossers enjoying ourselves too much on the Wednesday when we lose.

Whose your hardman hero?

Probably, Frank butcher, he's been there and done it, true cockney wide boy, lady's man and very fucking hard.

Nice one, you mad bastard!

This week Federman quizzes LSE Rugby captain Fat Bob on the virtues of strip joints, serial drinking and second hand car dealers and learns that this "salt of the earth west countryman" is one geezer that you do not want to fuck (with).

Name: Rob Sellers

Age: 19

Dept: Government

Aka: "Fat bob," "Thrush," "Barrel" and "Fatty."

Being the leader of the psychopathic rugby crew, I suppose you have to set an example to the rest of the team. What's your worst example of excessive alcohol abuse?

Probably my 19th birthday. I got fucking shitfaced on the circle line pub crawl starting with a pint of Guinness in the tuns at 11am and finishing at midnight at Crush. I must have drunk about 27 pints.

You're fucking mad. What about inflicting punishments on some of your players?

When someone plays shit, which is quite often, we make them drink a "Green monster."

What's that?

The lads have a whip round and Paul, the barman sorts us out with a pint glass, half cider and the other part comprises of tequilla, vodka and



# ITS ALL GONE FATBOB SHAPED

LSE Firsts storm to champagne victory. Seconds win a consecutive game. Fat Bob gives birth. All just as likely, but not all true.



LSE rugby, it's all about comaradery, drive, determination and skill. Absolutely splendid.

RUGBY

BY FAT BOB

LSE 1ST XV 14  
QMW 1ST XV 9

At last, lady luck gave us a suck! If we couldn't beat anyone in our own league, how the fuck did we manage to scalp a team from the league above? On a cold, harsh December's afternoon the purple warriors tasted the sweet juices of victory for the first time since last April. With the hazy images of revelry of the AU barrel still reverberating around our cultured minds the L's were able to at least field a side that was not full strength but amply full of exciting talent. Just 48 hours earlier many of us had been through a rainforest-like spiritual near-death journey involving alcohol and buses, and this had made stronger, harder, and more at ease with our inner child.

Once again the match was won up front. The scrums were a laughable affair as the poison dwarfs pushed like pit ponies at the coal face (apologies to

Bill Maclaren) and destroyed the opposition front row to the extent that grown men were in tears by half time. Stumpy Elliot, however, seemed distressed at his opposite number and told him expressively to fuck off. Although it was unclear what was annoying the Fat Taffy during the game, in the showers afterwards it was obvious that the bruises on his neck were the result of subversive scrummaging techniques. Either that or Netball Charlotte gave him a few cheeky lovebites on Monday night!

The Mong and the Gimp were a source of inspiration in the second row. Two big and gormless bastards who seem to be able to pull the same women- if Jez wasn't so fucking hairy then we wouldn't be able to tell 'em apart.

In the backs it was only a series of basic errors between Gav 'ugly' Reilly and Boris 'dreamy' Olvjic that stopped us from running up a cricket score against the Queens. Owain Morgan didn't help much either, in fact he seemed intent on spending most of the

first half giving the ball to the opposition full-back. As for Athy Yoga-Tikka- Massala- Pilau- Fried- Rice- and- Two- Lagers- Please, he spent the whole game freezing his tits off on the wing. Star of the backs was blatantly Dave "Coco the Clown" Hurley- try scoring hero and piss-head of massive proportions. Respect.

The fact that the last 10 minutes were played against 14 men in near darkness is of no consequence. Fact is, we scored more points than the other team, and that counts as a win. Also, they had two serious injuries, so we won that one 2-0 as well, even though I went down like the proverbial sack of shit in the last five. Anyway, I couldn't go off because E.W.W Winston Eavis (luvvy darling) decided that he had the flue and couldn't play. Whinging cunt. Blatantly, your trial with the spiritual world has left you unaffected, and you are still a boy, not a man. Suck it up, Big Guy.

And so to the Scandanavian Society Party for beer and wimmin. Wallop.

RUGBY

BY FAT BOB

LSE 2ND XV 45  
QMW 2ND XV 14

This is the stuff of Legend. Two consecutive victories for the LSE seconds has put this particular side into the annals of Rugby History. The Maori Touring party of the 1930's, the All Blacks of the 50's and of course, the '74 British Lions. Now, the Black and Gold army of Desperate Doug Clarke has broken records that their predecessors could only dream of.

When QMW seconds turned up with eleven players (there's 15 in a NORMAL rugby team- dime bar), the 2s eyes lit up as they saw their destiny mapped out for them. Of course, as gents, we offered the opposition two of our finest athletes, in Arthur 'the Book' Spirling and Niel 'a Marine can Stand Anything' Banta. They gracefully accepted, and in true coarse rugby fashion, our deserters did fuck all to help them on the pitch. Good work

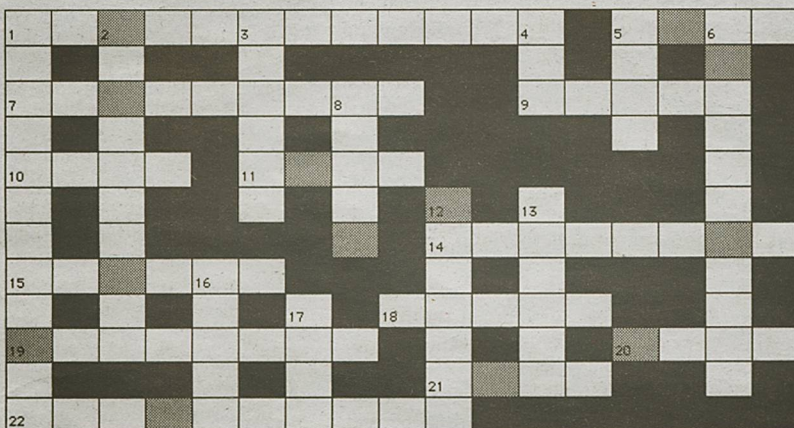
fellas.

Now you may not think that fifteen players against thirteen is not fair and bad form. Pants. If they can't be arsed to get a full side out they can expect to have a thorough shoeing. Basically, they were shit enough to let Dougie to slither his swarthy frame through several limp attempts at tackling to score his first ever try. Hurrah. Also- Huge Euge, the Beast from the East, used his seventeen stone frame to flop over the line twice. They were scared of tackling him due to his sumo-like body coupled with his elephant man looks.

Good work around from the pack- even in the uncontested scrums- meant that the talented backs being nurtured at the junior level had time and space to cut any token defence like a knife. This was the first time since 1643 that both teams won a game on the same day. Enough to drive you mad.

Tits n Arse. Oooer Matron. Meat Pie, Sausage Role, Oscar Kunt had my Hole.

Skip's Sportsword: Giving Free Pints to LSE's Football Anoraks



Last week Mark Ashburn downed the free pint, with the correct answer of Leyton Orient. Reckon you could be saving £1.50 on the overdraft next week?

Across	Down
1. An unmournd departure in Merseyside (5,7)	1. Home of ex-Woking striker who shocked the Toon (12)
5. Federman's favourite sexual position (4)	2. Budding England keeper (3,6)
7. Preston North End star of old (3,6)	3. Promising prospect at the Palace (6)
9. Home of ex-Manc United player, now a Keegan target (5)	4. Wimbledon's likely goal tally in Worthington semi (3)
10. Eastenders canine legend (not Bianca) (4)	5. Christian name, manager who is above the law (4)
11. First name, kung-fu kicking continental (4)	6. Nationality, goalie rousing interest from Premiership toss-pots (11)
14. Sol's namesake (8)	8. French sounding name for a potential England star (5)
15. One of only two Germans in the Premiership (6)	12. Nickname, club sporting over-active chairman (7)
18. See 13 Down (5)	13. And 18 Across. Kept his dignity despite back-room dealings (6)
19. Toffee-nosed centre-back (8)	16. French team, sounds like a chocolate bar (5)
20. Everyone's favourite Manc Premiership donkey (4)	17. First name, no wonder Fowler can't score if he's providing the cross (4)
21. First name, does a passable impression of a Premier League player (not Carlton Palmer) (4)	
22. Keeper, team whose mascot wanted to bring the house down on a certain little pig (4,6)	