

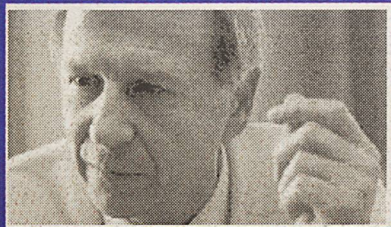
The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSEU

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Issue number 548



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Has the Third Way been
pedestrianised?
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There's Latin Spirit in LSE

Justin Jewell

Those of you that were absent from last week's UGM missed quite a show, and some of those present seemed to be missing a few screws in their heads. If you weren't there, there was an attempt to ban all Bacardi products from Houghton Street. However the motion's fate was the same as the one on Nestlé two years ago: it failed. The anti-Bacardi protesters didn't seem to be aware of this fact though, arguing that, "If you can do it for Nestlé you can do it for Bacardi!" The presence of Kit-Kats in the Union seemed to have escaped them. The debate was very intense and arguments raged back and forth, with little closure on the issues. So what is the truth?

If the Union banned everything bearing the Bacardi label, takings for the Union would fall by the tune of £25,000 a year. Whatever your opinions on this cosy little arrangement, the fact that there would be less bar staff for you in the Three Tuns, and fewer part-time jobs for LSE students is an escapable truth.

Perhaps more significant is the highly charged political motivations to this motion. To quote www.boycottbacardi.org - the bible for the anti-Bacardi forces at our institution:

"We have launched a Boycott Bacardi campaign to highlight how the Bacardi company undermines the Cuban

Revolution."

Would this be the same Cuban Revolution that views Aids victims as deserving a life spent behind bars, and views homosexuals as society's pariahs? Is this the same Cuban revolution that is such a force for the positive that people try and sail to Florida in dinghies made from balsa wood in order to escape its economic, social and political consequences? This is hardly a cause that many would view as worthy of the support of the LSE.

As for Bacardi, they are not quite the evil forces of capitalism that were presented to us. Guilty in the class struggle? - maybe, their support of the blockade on Cuba is difficult to support in light of the resulting shortage of supplies of many key goods. However the Cuban-American National Foundation through which Bacardi is accused of attacking the Cuban state is also used as a force for the benefit of poor and exiled Cubans.

It's clear that Bacardi are no angels, however these arguments can be levelled against most major corporations. Whatever your views on Bacardi, everyone has a free choice to drink what they want here at LSE. If you have a problem with a company, exercise your right - don't exercise mine for me.



LSE students exercise their right to discover their Latin spirit

Picture: Ian D Curry

Passfield closed: Students' Union the last to know

Rowan Harvey, Equal Opportunities Officer

Well the decision has been made, and - surprise, surprise - it went against us. The school ignored the pleas of the 1236 students who signed the petition to keep Passfield open, the Council chaired by Anthony Giddens voted to close it.

The way the affair has been handled is farcical. The SU only received the papers for discussion at Council on Tuesday morning - the Council met in the evening of the same day. This meant that the

General Secretary and admin assistant could not prepare their arguments. At the meeting further information was presented which they should have been told about before. The school also did not invite any student representatives from Passfield to take part in the discussion. If the decision had gone through the correct channels, i.e. residences management committee, students would have had their say.

Furthermore, we still have no definite figures. How much will it cost? How long will it

take? The school simply doesn't know and we fear that it is just taking the easy way out. Everything remains vague. The SU did manage to persuade Council that Passfield should reopen when the work is completed. We have been told that this could be after Christmas 2002. Surely they realise that the hall should be reopened AS SOON as possible. Temporary arrangements will obviously have to be made in the meantime and the options do not

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imagine no limits: www.citigroup.com/newgrads/recruits

citigroup corporate & investment bank
Schroder Salomon Smith Barney & Citibank

Delicate topic - delicate treatment: The Middle East Debate

Julia Giese

Those who did not want to miss what can arguably be called the most interesting media debate this term really had to make an effort. Not only were tickets required to enter the Hong Kong Theatre where 'The Middle East Debate: The Media and the Aftermath of 11 September' was to take place, but also LSE ID cards needed to be shown, checked in person by the organisers from the events' office. The reason for the effort was Ben Bradshaw, Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office. Last time he spoke he got covered in fake blood, remember? Thanks to the person responsible for that, precious time was lost last Thursday as the Hong Kong Theatre was only free for lunch hour. International Relations guru Fred Halliday, in the chair, therefore asked for questions straight away without letting the speakers express their own views first. What at first seemed to end in awkward silence actually resulted in a lively debate after good questions were discussed energetically by the panel.

The debate started off with a question directly involving the media about when and if the public will learn the truth of some inexplicable events in the Afghanistan war: for example, the whereabouts of the thousands of Saudi Arabian soldiers who the west expected to be in Afghanistan. Or whether there were planes landing in Kunduz while it was a site of battle. Referring to the latter question, Jon

involved as long as there is evident cooperation and intelligence-sharing. 'It was a strategic and military coup de grace of the Russians', said Freedland. Bradshaw disagreed, claiming that his colleague overplayed the Russian gains: 'It could still go badly wrong.' Snow remarked that the on-going talking about a 'partnership for peace' with the Russians was nonsense as everyone in view of the events of 11 September suddenly realised that they are on the same side as the west without having to do anything. Dr. Dalacoura from LSE's International Relations department then moved the debate on reminding that it would now be the time to 'discuss issues of long-standing tension between Russia and the United



States, such as Iraq.'

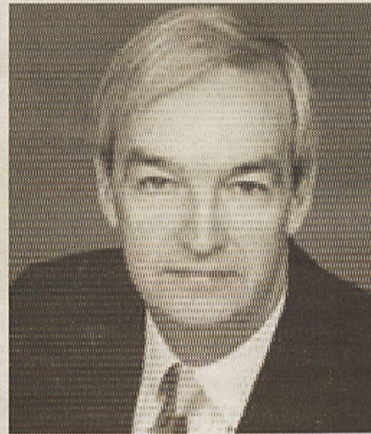
For some reason this statement induced Snow to begin the most exciting speech of the day on the failure to learn lessons from the treatment of Iran. He argued that instead the west has created a new Iran - Saudi Arabia. It was its citizens who crashed the planes into the Twin Towers and who organised the attacks on the US embassy in Nairobi. However, the west fostered its regime which is 'filthy and no better than the former one of Afghanistan,' Snow stated before exclaiming passionately: 'We dare not speak ill of it, but we should!'

After an applause from the audience a new question was risen but Bradshaw came back to the issue of Saudi Arabia, agreeing with Snow but putting it more diplomatically (due to his position in government...): 'There are challenges ahead.' Then the other speakers joined in with Freedland to advance the thought that the terrorists having grown up in Saudi Arabia may indeed question the legitimacy of the war on Afghanistan. 'There is high doubt that the hijackers ever trained in camps in Afghanistan, which was the US excuse for starting the war', he argued. Furthermore, even though al-Qa'ida is a global organisation it mainly consists of expatriate Saudis. Seeing a new danger here as well, Freedland demanded that the west has to become less dependent on the Saudis' oil. Who would reap the benefits? Once again, our new friend Russia, together with new energies which may enjoy a boom phase soon. This would obviously not be for 'green reasons' but for strategic ones, according to Freedland. Snow then accentuated his view by stating that Bin Laden has mainly spoken of

Saudi Arabia and the United States (i.e. not the Islamic world versus the rest) and that Saudi merchants quite willingly give financial support to his organisation.

From this aspect the debate moved back to the media and its role in the conflict. Here, the speakers contrasted British coverage with the United States', finding that in the British media the debate is far more advanced and interviews more interrogative while details are sometimes omitted. If you are looking for detailed information you should therefore turn to the US. Bradshaw emphasised the role of the media in distributing information claiming that it was also helpful for the government to know that the Afghans were happy about getting rid of the Taliban - I hope they are not always relying on media reports when getting involved in a war.

Snow denounced his own employer by stating 'newspapers have almost done better in the coverage of the war on terror' as people were craving for information and details not given by TV coverage because of government regulation. Anton la Guardia, diplomatic editor of The Daily Telegraph stressed a change that he believes is likely to take place in the media as a whole: 'There used to be little sense of history in the media, but 11 September may have changed that.' People are more interested in foreign news now, and even in basic coverage of events history will be necessary



background information.

Bradshaw concluded the debate posing the question whether the Normandy landing in the Second World War would have happened if there had been such extensive coverage as we have today. The public is very concerned about casualties and then it was clear that many British soldiers would die in order to free Europe from the Nazis. 'This is a real problem for governments fighting a war nowadays because the public is much more aware,' he said, adding, 'but there is nothing we can do about it.'

In contrast to other debates where little is said in a few hours last Thursday a lot of interesting stuff was said in a short time. I wonder when it might be continued...?

The Beaver's News In Brief

There has been a number of wallets and mobile phones stolen last week from the library. The exact amount could not be assessed, as many queries about missing articles actually concern mere misplacing and findings of the items in question are usually not reported back to the BLPES. However, staff at the library advise you to keep your personal belongings with you at all times and not leave them lying around openly on your desk or near your computer. Oh, and they ask you to turn your mobiles off. No, seriously. You should be ok though if you put them on silent and text your friends - the Librarian told us so.

Next week's Beaver comes out on Tuesday, as it's the last week of term. Make sure you check it out, as its full of Christmas surprises, and makes a lovely gift for relatives.

Buena Vista University, Iowa

BVU's Health and Wellness Group plans to observe AIDS awareness week by making a paper quilt - everyone decorates a piece of paper and all the panels are put together to form a quilt. The idea comes from the original AIDS quilt, made in June 1987 when a group of strangers came together to create a memorial to friends who had passed away from AIDS. The quilt now comprises of over 44,000 panels, in remembrance of over 84,000 victims of the disease, and altogether weighs over 50 tons.

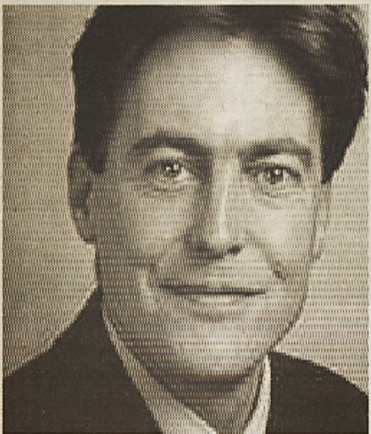
University of New Mexico

UNM is one of a group of New Mexico universities trying to lower their first-year dropout rates; students in New Mexico universities tend to be from poor communities and many have to work while studying. UNM continues for the second year with its 'learning communities' project; a learning community is a small group of students who all take the same courses back-to-back in the same classroom. The idea is that they bond better with each other, and so help each other with academic and social difficulties; "a little family" is what one student said about the small group. The program has proven to be useful in retaining first-year students. Anyone get the feeling that this won't work too well here at LS of Ents?

More student apathy: We don't care about fees, we don't care about voting in SU elections. Now we don't even care about our lives. A fire alarm at Holborn Halls last week caused a mass evacuation - of 10 people. The alarm, sounding at 9:40am did little to stir Holborn's 600 sleepy residents, who weren't even going to their 10am lecture anyway. Some did manage to get themselves out of the building 15 minutes after the alarm first went off - right on time to make it to their 10 am lecture. One student told the Beaver - 'Why do people insist on starting fires so early in the bloody morning?' Another said - 'If you can't make yourself a bloody fry-up don't even bother trying'. Fire alarms to be taken seriously or not? Holborn doesn't.

Union General Meeting EVERY THURSDAY 1-2PM OLD THEATRE, OLD BUILDING

The 'lively' Union General Meeting is the only weekly UGM in the country. This weekly meeting addresses a host of motions on a wide range of issues (submitted by students) that will effect the Union, societies and ultimately everyone who studies @ LSE. This event is essential to the LSE experience and anyone who doesn't attend must really ask themselves why they came here to study.



Snow from Channel 4 News said that he spoke to the governor of Kunduz who claimed to have seen them. However, if there were any such planes, they must have operated with the consent of the Brits who have spy planes over Afghanistan. So the question remains: who they were, and what they were doing... Bradshaw, arguing that he knows more than even journalists about the current situation, pointed out that he had no evidence of anything happening but he believes that the truth will eventually emerge.

From these specific questions the discussion turned to more general policy issues, leaving the role of the media aside. The first glimpse on an energetic debate was offered on the topic of Russia. Jonathan Freedland from The Guardian argued that Russian president Vladimir Putin now achieved what he always wanted 'without sweat', namely influence and an image of presence. It does not matter whether the Russians get physically

Houghton Street's Views on Boycotting Bacardi



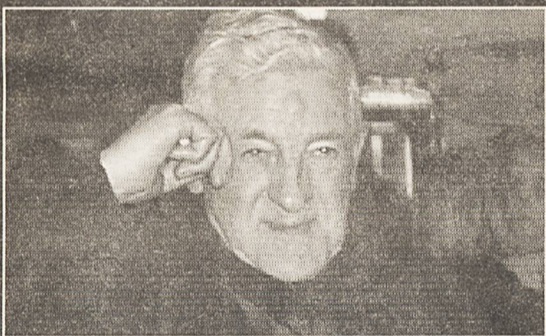
'My Mother drinks Bacardi, my Gran drinks Bacardi, hell even my dog drinks Bacardi. But perhaps that's because my Gran is mad.'

- Gavin Russell



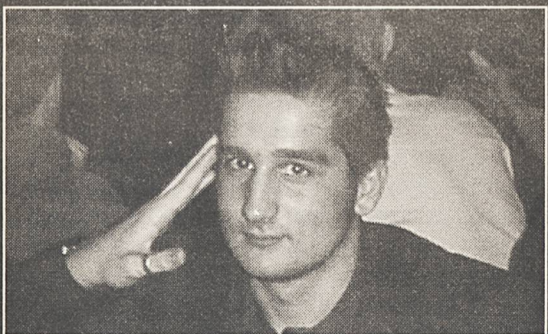
'I don't really care about the whole debate, to be honest. I don't even drink the stuff, so I don't give a shit.'

- Simi Henderson



'Bacardi? What? I'm a bitter drinker anyway, now leave me alone'

- Random Tuns Drinker



'Bacardi, triple aftershock and Smirnoff Ice.... nice !'

- Dave Baines

Passfield To Close

Continued from Page 1

look too appealing.

So where now? A number of proposals have been put forward to help ease the pressure on the accommodation office next year.

The first, and most practical, of these is to convert single and double rooms in other halls into doubles and triples. A taskforce has already been set up to look into this, but we urge caution: Doubling up of rooms is a realistic way of dealing with students from lower income households but not every student will be happy to share with strangers. Therefore, the question remains: Will the conditions the school sees as fit for students to live in match our own? And will the cost of living in one of these converted rooms reflect the usual costs of a room at Passfield? At £65 a week for a bed in a triple

including all meals we remain sceptical that the other halls can match this. Furthermore, it may not be guaranteed that these rooms will be allocated to those with greatest need. The number of applicants to Passfield's budget rooms increases every year and they can never meet demand.

There will still be a substantial number of displaced students. Other solutions for dealing with the problem have included lifting the hall, staff and all, and moving it to a youth hostel for the year. The logistics are mind-boggling but if the LSE can pull it off I salute them!

We hope that the LSE will try to make up for their past blunders and will renew their efforts to find a solution that takes into account the welfare of students.

Super Mario fighting global cartels

Julia Giese

On Monday of last week, the Old Theatre hosted a lecture by Mario Monti, EU commissioner in charge of competition under the current presidency of Romano Prodi. The subject was to be "Globalisation and Competition", two terms which should be very familiar to every student at the LSE and duly, Monti recognised this by starting his lecture quoting the importance of the LSE and indeed British thinking to his personal history and the development of the EU/EMU in the last years.

However, he moved quickly to the core of the issue by focusing on the creation of two key institutions in the fight against corporate trusts, monopolies and cartels: the ICN (International Competition Network) and the framework of competition policy within the World Trade Organisation (WTO). These represent international efforts towards more globally oriented antitrust policies, a step neglected so far. Whilst businesses have expanded worldwide and become multinational companies, the antitrust governance remains locally focused, something that greatly hinders efficient policy-making. This is even more surprising, Monti pointed out, as the EU always thought and moved along both integrating and controlling the economy: Working towards a single market, but on the other hand, facing governance issues to make sure that the economic development is a smooth process. The goal, he said, is "to master, not impede global progress".

He went on to point out the close working-together in competition-issues, such as merger-assessment, of the relevant authorities in the EU and the US and Canada, but also stressed the importance of a more multilateral approach

towards these issues. This follows logically from the fact that, as government restrictions about cross-border trade decline, it has to be made sure that the companies do not increase restrictions to free trade by setting up cartels etc. How these policies should be implemented is of course an entirely different issue. Neither a "world competition institution" is to be implemented, nor the jurisdiction of individual nations to be greatly curbed, which leaves a rather loosely-nit "peer-review system", as it is now set up within the WTO. The ICN on the other hand is focusing more on merger-control and emerging markets. Especially the latter, Monti continued, is of high importance, as it has to be ascertained that these emerging economies do grow into an already efficiently working system of free trade that sets a positive and not an off-putting example.

While answering questions from the floor, he made clear that, in his opinion, the EU-commission should stick to its core responsibilities, and not engage in issues that it has no power to change. This is especially important on the verge of an economic recession, the answer to which should be macro-economic and not focused on state aid, he said.

Overall, Monti made a very sympathetic impression during the lecture, and gave some hints as to where competition-policy is going. Of course, many of the more problematic issues (such as the actual implementation of these antitrust systems) remained unresolved and unmentioned. Oh, and yes, he of course declined to comment on the upcoming trial against Microsoft. In all though, it was an event well worth going to.



Union Jack

There was a strange quietness about the UGM this week. Wolves howled in the distance, tumble weed whistled along the stage and old ladies felt free to go out at night. Why was this?

Well, short of an abusive fellow known as 'The Rock' - much like the wrestler without the wit, intelligence, skill, good-looks or body tone - the balcony was devoid of sporting life. Could this be the cue for intelligent debate, Jack asked. No, the crowd responded.

The plunge into disarray began with the second financial motion, the first having fallen due to the proposers not bothering to turn up. This was the motion of the season, and its aim was to ban Bacardi from the shelves of the Tuns. Why? Good question. Jack is certain that there was a point to all of this, but the motion quickly descended into a childish game of insults and misinformation.

Statistics and opinions were hurled about with all the gay abandon of ... best not finish that thought. None the less, despite the fury of the proposers - including the estuarial shouts emanating from a near hysterical woman on the floor - the view of the UGM was clear. Bacardi is tasty and gets girls squiffy. Cuba is dull and full of communists. Everybody is a terrorist and no, Osama bin Laden doesn't make his own brand of scotch. The motion fell and Jack celebrated with a limited edition Cranberry Bacardi Breezer. No hint of journalist objectivity here, thank you very much!

The third motion was the next logical step. Now that we love Bacardi so much, why not get the SU to give it away?

Nice idea, and one to piss off the Worthies, but totally illegal. Yet it managed to get past C&S - to be known henceforth as the Confused and Stoned committee. Bell-endi's presentation of his motion launched fevered debate within C&S's ranks, and, after much scratching of balding heads, the motion was dismissed.

After that debacle, there was just time for a little one, in the form of Priya Bose. As an epileptic, Priya has a real problem with strobe lights. Not only do they cause her to have fits, they also make it possible to pull mingers, such as self-confessed hideous beast Tall Paul. The motion passed, and Sweet Child of Mine will never be the same.

Next week is budget week. Expect muppets from a wide array of societies to try and grab money from each other. Jack's got his eye on you Hayek Society. Fortunately, next week also heralds the return of the Balcony Boys. I'm sure they'll be making up for lost time (and paper). Come back Charterhouse, all is forgiven.

Human Rights: only for the 'muesli-eating, Guardian-reading, sandal-wearing fraternity'?

Bethany Donithorn

After a week in which George Bush continued manfully to wage his war for our liberty, while Laura and Cherie took up their husbands' cause by championing women's rights and the Home Secretary was dismissing our 'airy-fairy liberties', you might forgive me for feeling a little confused. So it was in the hope of some enlightenment that I attended last Wednesday's Human Rights Symposium.

The theme was a discussion of the human rights dimensions of September 11th. Before the attacks 2001 was looking to be a depressing year for human rights. From Bush's January inauguration to a summer marked by the US refusal to attend the World Racism Conference, Australia's defiance of UN pleas to take in Afghan asylum seekers and a plethora of law suits defending among other things, the right to have a pint in your local pub, it seemed as if the value of human rights was in danger of being lost. Events however have put human rights firmly back on the agenda and everyone seems to be queuing up to defend them, from Bush and his newly discovered feminism to the Tory party, erstwhile opponents of the Human Rights Act.

Now the fear is that in such an atmosphere human rights are open to a different kind of abuse, and the participants in Wednesday night's debate

sought to address this by strictly defining human rights and the range of human rights issues that have arisen from September 11th.

Professor Fred Halliday reminded us that many human rights problems already existed before September 11th and have simply been exacerbated by recent events. He argued for the universality of human rights and stressed that the issues behind the events of September 11th, such as Israel and the Palestinians, must be addressed separately and on their own merits.

Christine Chinkin spoke of the status of women in Afghanistan and their suffering under the Taliban. She was pleased that women's rights are now enjoying a high profile, although felt this was being used to legitimise the bombing of Afghanistan. Before

September 11th the West had largely ignored the plight of women in Afghanistan. No UN sanctions were ever imposed and no protests were held against the treatment of Afghan women other than by women's groups. We were wrong to turning a blind eye to the Taliban regime denial of human right to women as this was only the most visible expression of the brutality of the regime - the events of September 11th have revealed what less visible horrors it was harbouring. Chinkin was concerned that after the

conflict the status of women would not improve, firstly because the aftermath of war is commonly associated with increased domestic violence and rape, as witnessed in Kuwait and secondly because little attention has been

We all have our own memories of September 11th, but how far did we create them? Roger Silverstone, suggested that the media played a significant role in the portrayal of the human rights dimensions of the crisis. It has a stock of frames and narratives into which it can fit world events. In this way it was able to describe the indescribable, the destruction of the World Trade Centre, as "Just like Hollywood". Citing the Challenger disaster he argued we judge events such as September 11th as a 'catastrophe' only if they are allowed to interrupt the sanctity of the TV schedule. In this way the media manipulates our view of the world. It is not true that images never lie. Although war reporting appears to transcend the control of the state or military, in fact it is highly constrained and this neutral appearance in fact masks the further selection, representation and translation effected by the media itself.

The media distorts our view of the rest of the world, whether they are portraying famine victims as human beings exactly like us or enemies in a war as The Other. According to

Silverstone, this is why we were so offended when we saw that Al-Jazeera, was reporting on us. Our judgement of human rights is thus very much influenced by the media.

Turning to human rights issues close to home, Dr Kate Malleson added her voice to this week's criticism of David Blunkett for the speed with which he put together his controversial emergency powers bill, arguing that such speed was possible because much of the ragbag of provisions had been drawn up long ago, and had been rejected as unworkable or disproportionate.

She did not question the reality of the threat to the UK, the necessity of derogation from the act when no other signatories are taking similar measures, despite being equally at risk.

Francesca Klug, as academic director of the Human Rights Act Research Project could have been expected to be disappointed by the government decision to derogate from the act only a year after it became law. However, on the contrary she felt this proved the strength of the bill and went on to remind the audience that while we have a right to freedom and a fair trial, we also have a right to security and it is the Home Secretary's duty to protect this. His challenge is therefore the delicate balancing of these often-contradictory rights.

However, she did not feel he had achieved this and felt there was no human rights justification for declaring a state of emergency, for introducing detention without trial or for ousting the courts from the process or reviewing the Home Secretary's decisions. She agreed with Dr Malleson that the act is unnecessary given that the government already has considerable powers to prosecute acts committed abroad and was afraid that the bill will result in people with legitimate grievances will be detained indefinitely.

The delegates were in all apparent agreement on most of the issues raised, including the universality of human rights, Blunkett's new legislation as unnecessary, and the nature of the US's role in the war.

The general feeling was one of uncertainty and pessimism on the way events are unfolding, but there was a resolve to keep human rights on the political agenda and to prevent the language of human rights from being abused by those who seek to use it to their own advantage now that the events of September 11th have made us come to re-appreciate the value of human rights.

The future of the EU's Energy Policy

Matthias Benzer

Recently the LSE's European Society launched their first major event of the year, a talk given by the Vice-President of the European Commission - Loyola De Palacio Della Valle Lersundi - entitled "The EU's Energy Policy in Transition. Turning Objectives into Market Realities". The event was a major success with the lecture-room in Clement House bursting as some 170 people attended.

De Palacio - on a one-day trip to London, where she was also speaking to the British Parliament, gave an impressive speech on what is possible in terms of Energy in Europe, and gave rise to hope for a reasonable, efficient, and above all environmentally responsible program for the future. Asked if environmental standards would make Europe's economy suffer disadvantageous positions in the international competition for profit-maximisation, the Commissioner answered surprisingly idealistically for a politician. The European Union,

she argued, was not a community based purely on economic aims any longer. She made clear that Europe is above all a community of values, which have at their center the well-being of its citizens.

Having started as mainly a union around Energy-Issues, the EU is accepting responsibilities for the environment. The Kyoto-Agreement is a contract the EU is eager to stick to. If economic competition suffers under the weight of beneficial social and environmental policy-making for the people(s) of Europe, it is a downside the commissioner is more than willing to accept. Being successful in competition, simply, is no longer the point.

Kyoto also causes questions of alternative uses of energy. Nuclear power will not be abolished too soon, since CO2 emissions need - at all costs - be kept low. However, in the long run, energy-production by nuclear means should be refrained from, ideally. The central issues concerning the Commission at pres-

ent, are employing reusable energy-sources. There are still a number of problems with - for instance - wind-energy or hydrogen-engines. However, the EU is encouraging and funding an extraordinary amount of research, which is, according to De Palacio, very promising.

The European Union, after all, is the world's largest importer of energy, and its second-largest consumer. Without the forms of energy used and produced at the moment, our standard of living is inconceivable. This is underlined by the Commissioner's notion that in times of energy-crises, these crises tend to pose not only an economic threat, but indeed a social, political and individual one. It is because of this centrality of energy and the policies connected to it, that the EU is taking measures to acquire more advantageous conditions for its citizens. By 2005 the energy-market in the EU is assumed to be liberated, which should mean a better deal for the individual. Enlargement is

going to pose an even more challenging task, namely integrating new objectives into the prevalent set of decisions. Furthermore, Russia, soon geographically neighbouring the Union, and already the main source of European energy from without its fifteen member states (with a share of 20%), is being more and more integrated into policy-decisions regarding energy.

Despite the rather responsible, reasonable, and reassuring talk of the Commissioner, two questions remained unanswered. Firstly, if, as mentioned, prices for energy after a liberalising the market are supposed to drop, how can the goal be achieved to convince citizens and businesses of the necessity to save energy? (For instance, in the average European city-office-building, 80% of the energy used every day could be saved by intelligent awareness.) Secondly, if - as the commissioner mentioned - transport is still largely dependent on oil, a negative condition, why are

there no measures taken to reduce transport on the road through Europe's 'danger-zones'? This is especially referring to the Alps of Western Austria and Northern Italy, one of the world's most outstanding natural reserves, yet Europe's highway number one in North-South-Transport (and after the enlargement also West-East). The questions were asked, the commissioner theorised around them.

On the whole, however, De Palacio could convince the audience that Europe has moved from a community of economic interests to a community of values and of political responsibilities. The priorities are right: welfare for the citizens, responsibility for nature, and large funding towards technological development, which should be aiding the former two.

The Beaver's weekly round up of student news

with Lyle Jackson



Professor Des Higham of the Maths Department at Strathclyde University is working on a theory that links Monica Lewinski, Kevin Bacon and you. His work on the 'small world phenomenon' will be supported by a two-year Research Fellowship from the Leverhulme Trust, starting in February 2002. The classic example of the small world phenomenon is the "Six Degrees of Separation" effect: almost any two people in the world can be connected through at most six acquaintances.

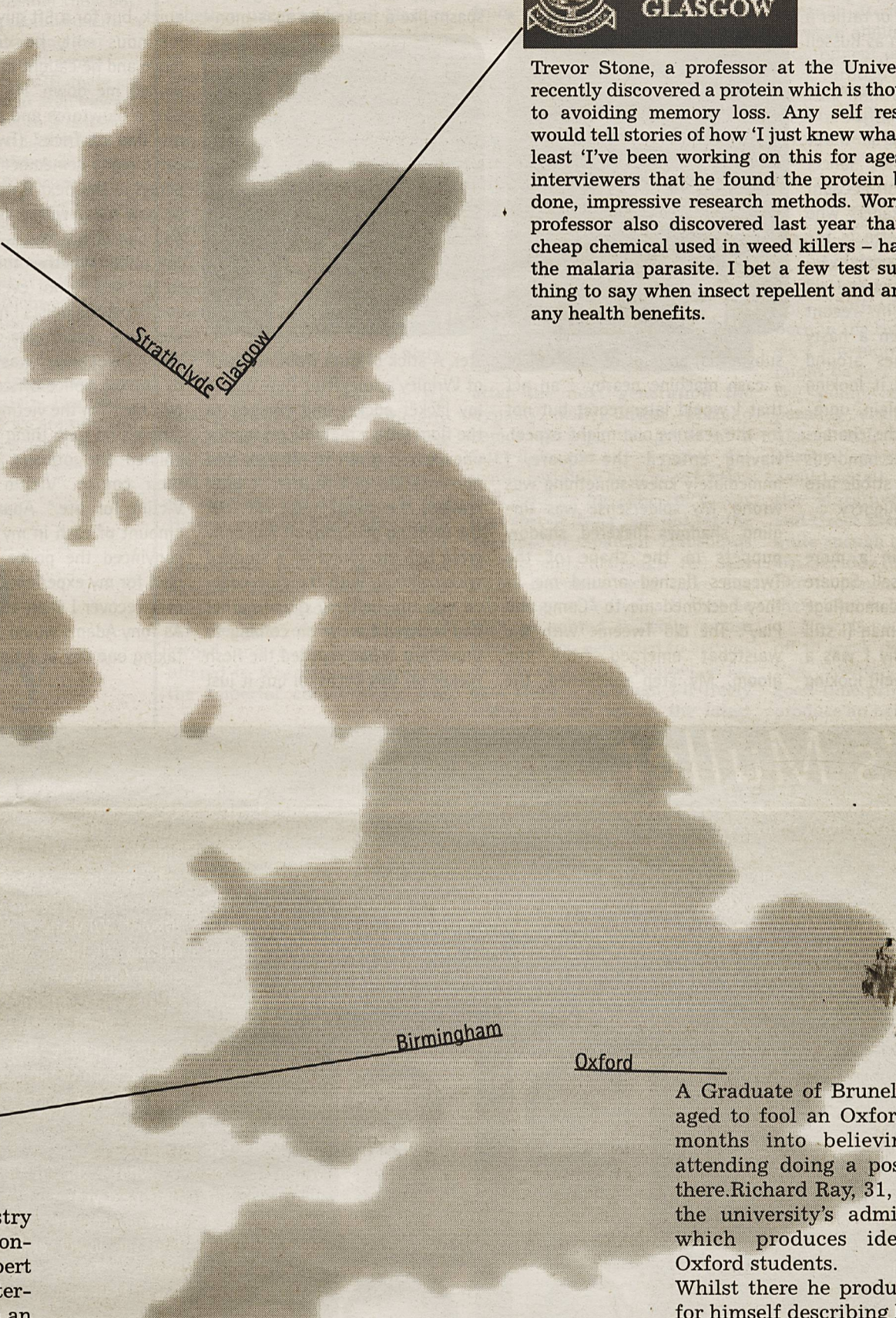
Perhaps your (1) cousin has a (2) doctor who went to school with a (3) butler of (4) the Queen who has met (5) Bill Clinton, who knows (6) Monica Lewinski. Crazy, spare time endowed Hollywood actors, always at the cutting edge of having fun, apparently already play a parlour game based on the phenomenon where any actor must be connected to Kevin Bacon via actors who have co-starred together. For example, to connect Mary Pickford: Mary Pickford was in Coquette (1929) with Louise Beavers; Louise Beavers was in All the Fine Young Cannibals (1960) with Robert Wagner; Robert Wagner was in Wild Things (1998) with Kevin Bacon.

Now you can try the same thing at the website <http://www.cs.virginia.edu/oracle/> connecting any pair of actors, usually with surprisingly short chains.

Gypsies, always at the cutting edge of second-hand caravan technology, play a similar game, called incest.



Trevor Stone, a professor at the University of Glasgow recently discovered a protein which is thought to be the key to avoiding memory loss. Any self respecting scientist would tell stories of how 'I just knew what to look for' or at least 'I've been working on this for ages'. Mr Stone told interviewers that he found the protein by accident. Well done, impressive research methods. Worryingly, the same professor also discovered last year that glyphosate - a cheap chemical used in weed killers - halts the growth of the malaria parasite. I bet a few test subjects had something to say when insect repellent and arsenic didn't have any health benefits.



Strathclyde
Glasgow

Birmingham

Oxford



THE UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Dr Adrian Linacre, Forensic Chemistry expert at the University of Birmingham continues to build on his reputation as an expert contact for journalists intrigued by mysteries criminal or otherwise. Dr Linacre ran an experiment to discover, whether modern DNA detection techniques would have made a difference in the trial of James Hanratty. (James Hanratty was the last man hanged for murder in Britain, in 1965, after a murder on the A6 in 1961).

3 and a half minutes of modern tests, it was discovered that James had never been anywhere near the A6 and on the night in question was at home with his wife and children listening to an early radio pilot of 'Who Wants to Win £1000'. Good stuff that DNA.



A Graduate of Brunel University managed to fool an Oxford college for five months into believing that he was attending doing a postgraduate course there. Richard Ray, 31, had held a job in the university's administration office, which produces identity cards for Oxford students.

Whilst there he produced a bogus card for himself describing him as a doctor of philosophy studying at Worcester College. Possession of the card enabled him to gain a room in Worcester House, where he lived for five months. Ray now faces community service, but is unrepentant and is using his experience to write a book about student life at Oxford. Oxford - the cream of English education and intelligence?

Nelson's Column

The story I am about to tell is as true as stories like this ever are; slightly, not entirely, but enough to incriminate those involved, wreck lives, keep fat Lincoln's Inn lawyers in prostitutes and crack binge 'business trips'. It centres around an area, or rather a 'hood' of London known as Russell Square. Most will know it, but few know of its astonishing history or its nickname amongst officers of the Metropolitan Police as 'Darcy Bussell (legendary ballet dancer and gay icon) Square on account of the number of cottagers who reside there and pirouette in the darkness in their own special version of 'Swan Rape'. And many will have noticed that in recent months, there has been a hasty removal of the bushes around Russell Square leaving it looking like a blank canvas; plain, unremarkable and lacking the character that so attracted the hundreds of gay adventurers who strode into it looking for fun and buggery.

The story begins in a more bushy age when Russell Square still provided ample camouflage for men. And I was a man (I still am a man but crucially I was a man at that point as well) looking

to walk through the Square to get to the other side (For the record, I only ever used the Square as a shortcut) One day, my life changed forever in that square, and not for the good.

It was late, I had just drawn a



substantial amount of cash out of a cash machine nearby - an act that I would later regret but not for the reasons one might expect. Having entered the square, I immediately knew something was wrong. My spiderness was tingling, shadows flickered, shadow puppets in the shape of the Tweenies flashed around me as they beckoned me to "Come and Play". The old Tweenie with the waistcoat emerged from the gloom. My step quickened, the

musty smell of manlove drifted closer, enveloping my area in a manner less than comfortable given my surface area, and I began to break into a run. Not having stretched off adequately beforehand my left corpuscle began to spasm like a fucked up spas-mon-



ster. A stick of gum from my pack of Wrigley's JuicyFruit flew out of my jacket pocket and crashed to the floor with a metallic resonance unexpected given its density and non-metallic constitution. I later realised the metal noise was not the meeting of JuicyFruit and concrete but the sound of a studded cock colliding with the zinc-coated chastity belt my grandmother had insisted I wear on coming to university. It had repelled the flesh rocket on this occasion but it just

kept on firing like an overenthusiastic U.S conscript shooting up a Vietnamese village. God only knows how long it would hold, and if he did know, he wasn't telling, the callous omnipresent bastard. Milo chased me. Now I'm pretty quick, but for a 5ft guy in a heavy luminous suit, he could really move and he caught me easily and pinned me down. He smiled and took a blowtorch and pliers out of his 'Bag of Tricks' (Tweenies™). I can't really remember what happened in the next 5 minutes but I do now speak with a Welsh accent and one of my legs is longer than the other. Whether this is related to the attack, not even the many sports psychologists I have been to see have been able to fathom. When I woke up, I was surrounded by smiling police officers ready to cuff me. "I'm the victim" I shouted. "There's no such thing as a victim" chimed the officers, fresh from their course "Victim of crime? Victim for life." Apparently, the amount of cash in my pocket had convinced the police that I had paid for my experience. How will I ever recover I keep asking myself. As Tony Adams would say "I'm just taking one day at a time"

Baker's Mullet

MULLET is sick to the back teeth with popstars this week.

Not content with leaving good songs along, they have to go and fuck them up to earn a few more quid. Now obviously, this is not a recent phenomena but now it is quite ridiculous.

Steps, Steps for Christ's sake have just released a record called Words Are Not Enough. Mullet watched it being performed on Top Of the Pops and found it to be quite catchy but when the chorus came in the telly was very nearly thrown out of the window.

The bunch of no-talent-nothing fools have ripped off Cat Steven's masterpiece First Cut Is The Deepest. Not happy with the song already charting twice by different artists this bunch of wasters have fucking ruined Mullet's appreciation of a great song.

What really bothers Mullet about Steps in general is that "H" twat, not only is he the biggest dick to hit showbiz since Long Dong Silver but he can't even pro-

nounce his stage name correctly. Anyone with a GCSE in English will tell you that the letter "H" is pronounced "aitch" and not "Haitch." Just watch Carol and Whitely saying it on Countdown. The members of Steps don't talk proper English like what we do.

Now let's move on to that fat flower loving fuck Elton John. Not content with the late great George Harrison hogging the news coverage our robust friend has felt the need to tell the world that he doesn't like the music industry and doesn't want to make any more records.

Well here's news for you Elton, if that is your real name, nobody gives a fuck. If you'd have said that in the 70s then yes you

deserved to be on the news, but 40 albums and a load of cock sucking later, you have people wondering why you didn't stop at 3 singles.

Elton John's actions at this time are disgraceful. The death of a Beatle is obviously big news and has saddened people the world over, Mullet did indeed have a tear in his eye when he heard. But because a dead rock star is on the news and old Elton isn't, he has to pipe up and make sure that he gets on the telly and in the papers. As if

he couldn't have waited a couple of weeks until the news about George had quietened down before attempting to grab the headlines.

Mullet can just see Elton sitting on his lardy arse in a mansion

with one of his maids reading the Sun to him while David Furnish pats his head with a wet fiver. Suddenly Elton jumps up and cries "David! Why the fuck is Harrison getting all the headlines? What about fucking me. I haven't been in the papers for ages. Me! ME! ME!!! Don't they know that I wrote Crocodile Rock?" David then gets on to the publicist to say that Elton's not going to record any new stuff.

What's the betting that this time next year old Reg Dwight will have another new album out tickling the lower ends of the pop charts. Those shit adverts for Royal Mail only prove that Elton will do anything for money and a mere sniff of publicity, if he stops making records I'll get my arse out in Woolworth's window.

It's been a very sad week for music, with the passing of the Quiet One. The tip of the week is to buy Harrison's All Things Must Pass, it's great, Mullet's had it for a while and it's well worth a listen.

We'll all miss you George, thanks for the tunes and thanks for not making anymore Elton.



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Have you written 3 articles for The Beaver? E-Mail thebeaver@lse.ac.uk to be included in our writers list.

PuLSE's very own section

Everybody knows the importance of a good campaign if you want to get yourself seen and, more importantly, heard (fact courtesy of PuLSE's residence Government expert). Thus it is uncommon knowledge that the real reason Al Gore so miserably failed to defeat that second rate Son-Of-A-President George W. Bush last year was that he had no sofa on his campaign trail. Thats right no sofa equals no recognition. And so it is that next Monday and Tuesday the (rather unfortunate) sights, and (more appreciable) sounds of PuLSE Radio will be taking to Houghton Street with its near-legendary upholstery in tow. For one week only, you too will be able to sample the delights of PuLSE's finest piece of furniture (besides Station Manager Dave that is) while the very fine Committee Members regale you with mythical tales of their nocturnal sofa-related activities and bombard you with all the reasons you could possibly need to tune in to our very fine station. Yes, if my procrastinations seem to amount to little more than the inane ramblings usually restricted to 'Baker's Mullet', fear not, as

there is a serious point here. So, as the wheat must inevitably bid farewell to the chaff, i must now discard these musings of mine to explain the more serious matter in hand. For as PuLSE prepares for its FM Licence in February, now is the time to make sure that as many people as possible know our fine broadcasting establishment. It has come to our attention that even amongst the intelligensia amassed here at the LSE, there are still some people that aren't aware of Pulse's existence, so it is that we will be conducting PuLSE's biggest and best advertising drive in living memory to ensure that you're all tuning in by the time we go live across London. Oh yeah, and we have stickers to give away. What more could anyone ask for? A soap opera? Well, it just so happens that the auditions are complete and within the next two weeks the LSE will have its very own answer to The Archers, except with more laughs (and less animal-related activity, i've been assured) on which we are sure you will all be hooked when it is broadcast daily in The Quad.

Advertisement

I.Q. of 150 and Memory Like a Sieve?

A FAMOUS international publisher reports that there is a simple technique for acquiring a powerful memory which can pay you real dividends in both business and social advancement. It works like magic to give you added poise, self-confidence and greater popularity.

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Forget names, faces?

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To acquaint all readers of The Independent with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in remembering, we, the publishers, have printed full details of this interesting self-training method in a fascinating booklet, "Adventures in Memory", sent free on request. Either phone 0800 298 7070 free, fill in and return the coupon on Page (no stamp needed) or send an email (see coupon). Or write to: Memory and Concentration Studies, (Dept. IDM11AT), FREEPOST, Marple, Stockport, SK6 6YA.

For more information, see Ruth MacLennan's exhibition, part of LSE Art Week (6th -13th December) in the foyer of the Library

Catherine Baker on heirs and graces

As Japan celebrates the birth of Crown Princess Masako's first child, it occurs to me that the House of Windsor couldn't have babies that way any more. Perhaps that sentence could have been better phrased, since the having-the-baby part is always the same whether our names are Masako and Naruhito, Charles and Diana or Tracey and Kev, and even if Ready Eddie fails to deliver then great things can presumably be expected from at least one of Jug-Ears' boys in the procreation game; but it's difficult to transplant the scenes outside the Imperial Palace this weekend, with 25,000 well-wishers standing patiently with their paper lanterns, across to Buck House. Just imagine, 25,000, and none of them old ladies in plastic headscarves coming to tie another poem about the Princess of Wales to the palace railings.

By the time you read this, the baby girl will have been officially named in a ceremony involving the recitation of an ancient text and the plucking of wooden bows to ward off evil spirits. If the British royals tried the same thing on, the wooden bows would presumably have to be directed against Baby's aunties' and uncles' spin-doctors instead. As for the gifts of an ornamental sword and a traditional skirt offered to Masako's daughter by the Imperial chamberlain, you

can guess for yourself how long it would take before they turned out to have been procured by a client of Sophie Rhys-Jones.

While the Japanese rejoice, and sake companies hand out free drinks, Emperor Akihito might have preferred the baby to have been male: women are disbarred from occupying the Chrysanthemum Throne, and



after the next generation the dynasty will, unless Masako comes up with the goods at a later date, run out of males. He would certainly have good historical grounds for concern: it was that sort of thing that did for the once-proud Spanish Habsburgs in the end, although the last male, Naruhito, will have the advantage over Carlos II that he isn't an inbred imbecile whose mouth is too deformed to accommodate solid food. Neither, as far as I know - although I'll freely admit I'm not up on the latest

gossip from the Far East - has he collected in his palace more dwarfs than Freddie Mercury.

Yet polls are suggesting that the Japanese would welcome a change to the succession law so that a woman could take the throne. Necessity, after all, is the mother of invention, and in a few decades it may be a choice between abolishing the men-only requirement or tracing their way back through the family tree and lighting upon a surprised salary-man in Sapporo. As long as the reform can be accomplished in time, the world could be on course for its first reigning Empress since Queen Victoria.

I'm not enough of a monarchist to believe any actual power in a modern state ought to be put in the hands of someone whose only qualification is to have been born in the right cradle, but even so, a few more empresses around might be just the ticket, with all the pomp, circumstance, and parades with soldiers in antiquated uniforms commemorating obscure anniversaries that they would entail. In fact, bring on the Margraves, Archduchesses and Great Electors too. We have quite enough idea what the modern world is like: I for one would like to remember every so often there used to be another way.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm off to track down a Monegasque flag. Sooner or later, one of those good-time princesses is bound to produce an heir or two...

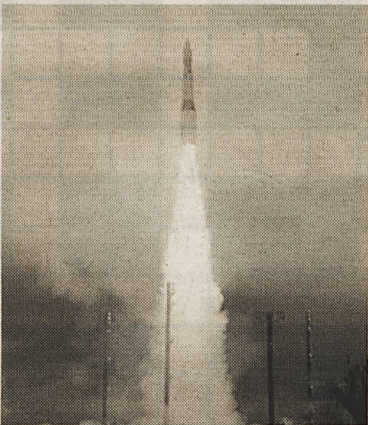
The World according to Terrorism By Mark Paustenbach

A debate was held at the LSE last month that gathered together an array of prominent scholars to discuss the attack on September 11th and its implications for the future of international relations. The question to be addressed was whether or not relations between states would be the most important arena for determining issues involving international security. Or, would individual terrorist or nationalist movements receive the most attention of the world's military and economic powers?

Amazingly every panelist concluded that relations between states would be where the majority of the future conflicts originate. That is, while terrorist groups will now be taken into greater consideration and more attention placed upon them, traditional conflicts between countries will dominate the international landscape.

But, two other trends will also become apparent in the coming years. First, the fight against terrorism will dominate the foreign policy at least of the United States, if not other western powers for years to come. While not as large a concern as communism was during the Cold War, there is political momentum enough to make the elimination of terrorists an important military objective for at least a few more years - or, longer, if further attacks continue.

Especially for the time being, we can expect the United States to place a great amount of resources at the disposal of government agencies whose goal it is to combat anti-American groups that employ violent methods. The American intelligence gathering apparatus will face a large overhaul. Much like the War on Drugs, terrorism will make its way into bi-lateral trade agreements and in any formal conversations that the



U.S. has with other major and minor powers. Instead of Mexico pledging to stop the flow of cocaine across its northern border, Greece will be asked to help track and extradite terrorists that threaten the United States.

The second major trend will be a crusade to help quasi-states or countries with developing or aging governments and domestic instability

that are the breeding ground for terrorist organisations. One of the countries that America claims is harboring terrorists is Somalia, a country that it invaded less than ten years ago and later left to the warlords when 18 servicemen were killed. Now, because the country has no central governing authority, and is controlled by various warlords, terrorist groups have moved in. Tony Blair outlined in one of his speeches a solution aimed at preventing more terrorism. In it, he argued the west should lift up underdeveloped and unstable countries, to help them gain their financial footing. However, in addition to economic development, there must be a properly functioning government. If, according to the U.S. these cells migrate to new regions where they can operate without hindrance, a country with both a rule of law and limited extra-legal violence would theoretically buttress the influence and power of an insurgent terrorist group. The government restructuring component of any modern day Marshall Plan should be undertaken with great attention paid to its success or failure. These two trends are important. The first should act as a roadmap for future American actions around the world. The second, if even partially implemented by the west, would radically change the fate of billions living in the developing world.

Letters to The Beaver

Have Your Say - thebeaver@lse.ac.uk

Letters and contributions to TheBeaver are welcome at the address above. Please keep letters under 200 words, and be aware that we might have to edit them for clarity.

Sir

By virtue of a year out during studies, and a sabbatical year in the Students' Union, I have probably seen more different versions of the Beaver than most students. To that end, I wanted to say that the quality of layout of the current format is by far and away the finest and most well thought out I have seen - congratulations to all concerned. However, I feel obliged as someone who has just completed his second term as a student governor and Council member of the LSE, to comment on some stories in the Beaver recently. The tone of articles about LSE's policies towards students during the last few weeks has been in my view rather too subjective, and

in many cases inaccurate. In my experience, the members of school faculty, administration and lay governors who make up the Council, which is the School's equivalent of a board of directors, are extremely concerned about students needs and concerns.

Firstly, I would like to point out some facts about the proposed expansion of student numbers. If the school's strategic plan had been checked (accessible to all in the public folders on Outlook, under Admin, Strategic Plan), it would have been clear that the school's expansion plans are actually to 7,500 in five years (not 8,500 as reported), and that contrary to an assertion this week that the school administration is 'living in cloud cuckoo land' this is dependent upon expansion of space available for students to occupy, including acquisition of Mobil court. In the progress of discussions on this matter, Council members were genuinely concerned about ensuring that students

needs were met.

As far as computer availability in the library is concerned, pressure does seem to be high at the moment. However, a quick scan of the less well-known computer rooms offers a clue to how to resolve this problem. The Clement House computer room, amongst others, seems never to be more than about half-full. For students fortunate enough not to remember the previous Lionel Robbins building it should be pointed out that the provision of study spaces and workstations has been hugely increased, and at least the floors don't creak every time you set foot on them!

This brings me on to the question of the library opening. The front page this week suggests that there were no current LSE students surrounding Princess Anne as she uncovered the plaque. Apart, that is, from the author of the article, the Beaver photographer and a representative of PuLSE who I saw there. I was one of the 'fortu-

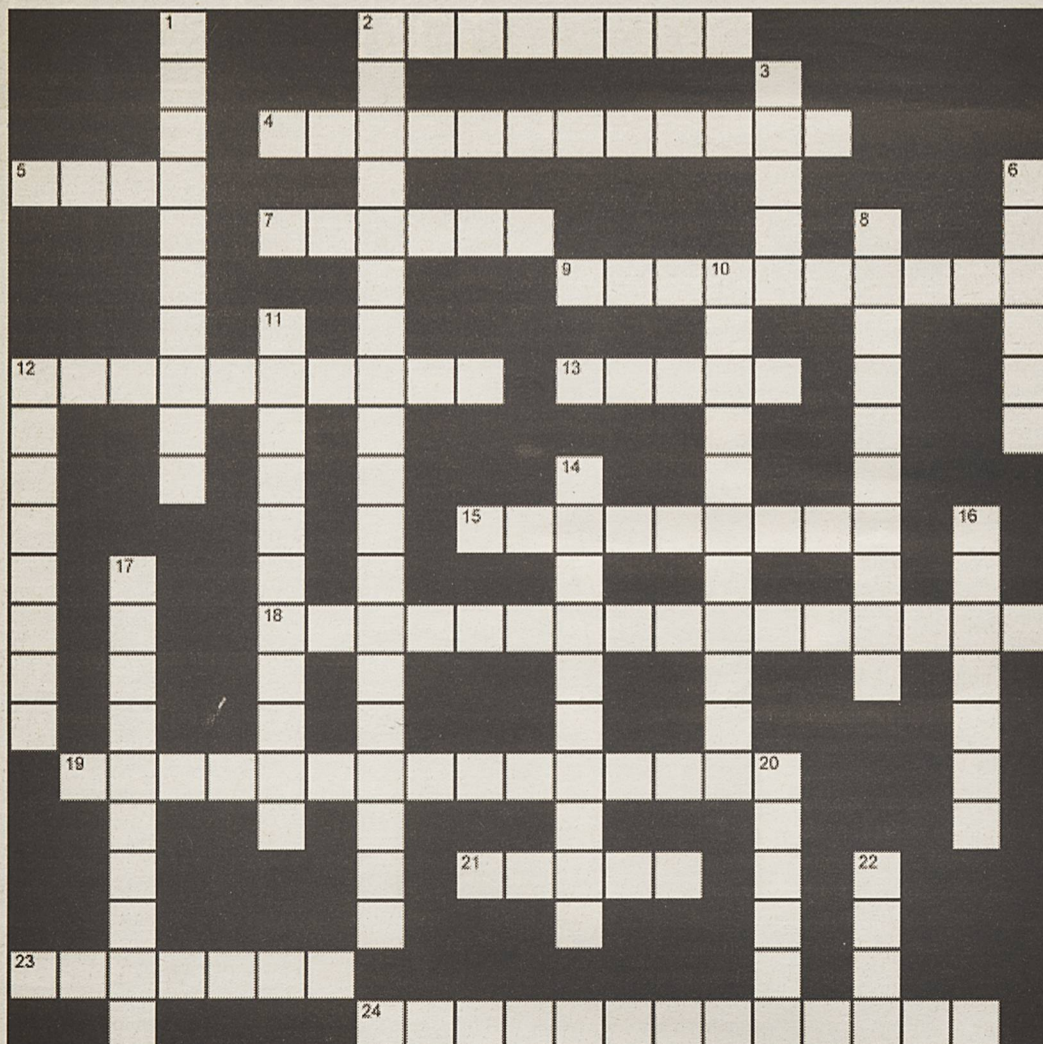
nate ones' to be greeted by a glass of champagne on the lower ground floor, and can assure students who missed out that they really didn't miss much. What the Beaver also fails to report is that the Princess actually went on a conducted tour of the library, and judging by the live video relay (perhaps the opening was a *little* over the top...) she met and talked to many students sat at desks on the upper floors of the library.

I suppose the rationale of my writing is really to point out that contrary to much reporting, the people in charge here actually do care about students. I'm not going to patronise anyone with a lesson on the difficulties of allocation of scarce resources, but it remains a fact that government support for higher education continues to reduce in real terms. This forces the LSE to make tough decisions. The spirit of partnership that has been engaged between the Students' Union and the School over recent

years has meant that many of those decisions have gone in the favour of students, such as recent successes concerning staff-student ratios, teacher training and so on. During my time as a governor I tried to obtain balanced views to represent my constituents with, and hope that we managed to make some progress. I strongly urge students with gripes to remember that they are represented on every school committee that counts, and to seek out their representatives to get their voices heard. I also hope that in future a bit more care can be taken to check raw facts before going to press. There are of course many arguments still to be won for students, and I can assure you that accuracy of factual reporting in the Students' Union newspaper will contribute greatly to student representatives chances of success.

Yours,
Jon Frewin
j.e.frewin@lse.ac.uk

Cookie's Crossword Cruncher... with better prizes than The Times' cheap pen set



Across

Down

- 2 May the Force be with you. (4,4)
- 4 Its alive! its alive! (12)
- 5 We need a bigger boat. (4)
- 7 Do ya hear a little fucking, Frankie? What happened to the tough guy who insulted my friend? (6)
- 9 Do you feel lucky? (5,5)
- 12 Early don't eat breakfast. He thinks its a conspiracy put together by the cereal people. (10)
- 13 Wanting people to listen- You can't just tap them on the shoulder anymore. You have to hit them with a sledgehammer. And then you'll notice you have their strict attention. (5)
- 15 What we do in life echoes an eternity. (9)
- 18 The greatest trick the devil ever pulled was convincing the world that he didn't exist. And like that [POOF] he's gone. (3,5,8)
- 19 You write "Born to Kill" on your helmet and you wear a peace button. What's that supposed to be, some kind of sick joke?! (4,5,6)
- 21 Adriaane (5)
- 23 Greed is for amateurs. Disorder, chaos, anarchy: now that's fun! (3,4)
- 24 I am insane and you are my insanity! (6,7)

- 1 Heeeeere's Johnny! (3,7)
- 2 Get busy livin' or get busy dyin' (9,10)
- 3 Tell me, tell me about Jenny (5)
- 6 A boy's best friend is his mother. (6)
- 8 Greed, for the lack of a better word, is good. (4,6)
- 10 Mrs. Robinson, you are trying to seduce me. (3,8)
- 11 Life is like a box of chocolates. (7,4)
- 12 Oh no, it wasn't the airplanes. It was beauty killed the beast (4,4)
- 14 Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine (10)
- 16 I'm king of the world! (7)
- 17 Fat man, you shoot a great game of pool. (3,7)
- 20 You can be my wingman anyday (6)
- 22 That'll do, pig. (4)

Last Week's Answers: 1. PushPull 2. Pull 3. Libya 4. Amerlioration 5. Prof 6. Watchtower 7. Spectrum 8. Money 9. Biffin 10. Accumulators 18. Fancyfree 20. Pints 22. Alchemist 23. Staircase 26. Retibute 28. Alphabetically 30. Blueprinting 34. Oopsadaisy 35. Roses 37. Ontology 39. Eldorado 41. Shaggy 44. Sweat 45. Graff 48. Oars 50. Veer 11. Suzuki 12. Maria 13. Province 14. Philby 15. Lifecycle 16. Faux 17. Buffy 19. Computers 21. Input 24. Alan Alda 25. New Amsterdam 27. Easychairs 29. Rabbi 31. Thor 32. Spur 33. Mango 35. Raunchiest 36. Habeas corpus 38. Pastures 40. Welsh 42. Steamship 43. Verdi 46. Diva 47. Walkabout 49. Rovers 51. BANGBANG 52. Siren 53. Fields

First Prize: Dinner for two at Wright's Bar Second Prize: Signed photo of Tony Giddens Answers to: e.j.cook@lse.ac.uk

Het-Up Library Special

TheBeaver: The plan to increase student numbers to 8,500 by 2005/6 was confirmed by Graham Morrison from the School's Planning Office, George Kiloh (the Academic Registrar) as well as Tony Giddens (in his opening address for the library). The current Outlook form contradicts their statements, and we've passed this information on to the Press Office who are investigating this discrepancy.

Sir,

I would like to begin by thanking those members of school faculty and administration who do actively support students. Despite this it has to be said that while certain members are very supportive of students there appears to be a general reluctance in the school to spend in order to back up their promises with tangible improvements in student services.

While I agree with the school that expansion is the way forward for the LSE, however the school's mission 'To be a world

class university centre of the social sciences in the heart of London.' can only be achieved as long as student services are improved accordingly.

Dave Clay, our SU Education and Welfare Sabbatical, is not convinced that the funding of services will increase in accordance with the swelling ranks of students demanding access to these services. He understands that the LSE is currently 'cash starved' and believes that there will be an incentive to the school to 'economise on essential welfare services'.

As early as next year we will see students begin to suffer due to a certain reluctance on the part of the LSE to invest in the welfare of its students. The closure of Passfield Hall will affect a significant number of continuing students. The LSE's Strategic Plan states under 'Residences' that the school will be looking to 'consider new options for providing accommodation with commercial partners, and to review the process of allocating accommodation.' This does not sound like a prac-

tical solution to the problems the LSE accommodation office is currently facing.

I applaud the school for seeking 'widening access and participation', however listening to the problems faced by mobility impaired students in the union now I am appalled by the fact that in their recent application to HEFCE the school did not ask for funds to supply basic improvements to access for mobility impaired students beyond the Brunch Bowl and residences! No mention has been made of areas such as St. Philips. Again the words are not being backed up by improvements to student welfare. Space is not the only factor that needs to be considered if expansion is to go ahead.

Other, perhaps more trivial, problems are also not being considered. It is true that we have more computers per head than any other University in the country, yet there are still queues. Our advisor to students with disabilities is allocated half a day to deal with the problems of 200 students. Our

accommodation is the most expensive in the country. At one stage there was a three week waiting list to see a counselor at the Health Centre. All of these problems may seem minor in isolation but in sum they show that the school must look to invest in current students before they begin to talk of future expansion.

Yours,
Rowan Harvey

Sir,

In response to the article last week (First it was King's, 29 November) about the visit of The Princess Royal, can I answer a few points raised.

The event was primarily held to thank donors and those who made the £30m redevelopment possible. Student representatives were invited, of course, including SU General Secretary Clare Taylor who featured in your front page picture. Neither were students excluded from the Library during the ceremony. They were asked to use a different entrance and bear with a

reasonable amount of alternative arrangements - well-publicised beforehand - for that afternoon. Indeed, The Princess Royal, Chancellor of the University of London, talked to about the same number of students as she did Library staff. The event was planned for November because it is customary to have the official opening ceremony several months after completion of a building.

The serious point you raise of how the School treats its students is something we always bear in mind. This is why we redeveloped the Library and Research Lab in the first place, and why there will be a new ground floor Student Services Centre opening in summer 2002. The hard fact is that such redevelopment takes money from generous donors, hence the £100m Campaign for LSE we launched earlier this year.

Yours,

Dr Christine Challis
Secretary and Director of Administration

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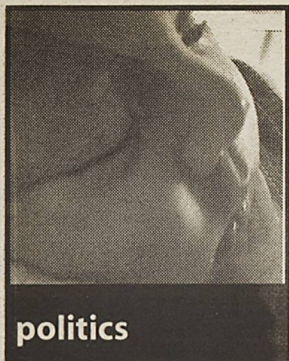
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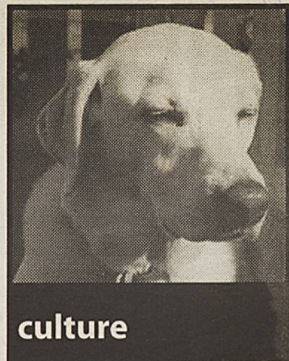
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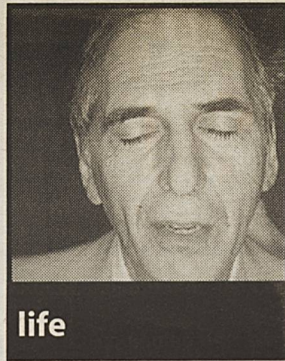
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politics



culture



life



stop the war: or else....

This is an article primarily about the Stop the War week and the coalition that organised it. Before, during, and after the week we have been condemned and our words have been twisted. This article sums up my thoughts on the matter, and many other people's as well.

Often we have been described as not looking to the future, seeing only the bad in the present situation and not recognising the good that may come out of it. I would point out that one of the central reasons for my opposition to the war is that it will probably create another hundred Bin Ladens in its wake. This action, even from the point of view of UK and US citizens, is likely to make the world a much more dangerous place for years to come. The generation of terrorists being created in Afghanistan is not going to

become apparent in Blair's time in office. Western foreign policy has always been marked by its short-term gains, in this case electoral ones. In light of this, who is not looking to the future?

Also we are often accused of anti-American sentiment. There are those who say that the world's problems do not stem entirely from America and I would wholeheartedly agree with them. Whilst I believe that this is an imperialist war I do not believe that America is the only imperialist country. Just ask any Irish Catholic or Chechen rebel. Opposition from the left has a habit of being labelled 'anti-American', something I find particularly ironic in this case as the editor of the STW newsletter is an American himself.

Moving to the idea that the STW coalition shows no feeling for the

victims in America I feel that, whilst the attacks of 11 September were horrific, they cannot be the justification for more death. The action being taken now will not bring justice or safety to America. It will likely instead bring a spiral of hate and violence simply killing more innocents. We are constantly asked to 'Never Forget' but we must remember that people on the other side of the world will be saying the same thing after we have destroyed their homes. No one in the STW coalition wants to simply ignore the attacks, but this is not the best way out of the problem. We must remember what created this problem if we wish to solve it.

Another criticism often made is that suddenly everyone seems to be an expert on the Taliban when no one cared before the 11th September. I think there is some truth in this. I for one will freely admit that I knew nothing about Afghanistan before then. But I honestly think that this criticism can be made of the pro-war camp as well. Now that we almost control the country and have little to show for it our leaders are starting to emphasise more and more the new-found freedom of Afghanistan without the Taliban.

But I would ask if the Taliban needed removing this badly, why didn't we do it earlier? I might almost go so far as to say that we shouldn't have put them in power. Yes, I know it is said a lot at present but you have to admit that it is a tricky question for our current world leaders. It would appear that the only success of the war so far is to have removed a regime with a terrible human rights record, which we put into power in the first place.

So what do we replace it with? The Northern Alliance have an even worse human rights record than the Taliban and their leaders hate each other (seemingly the vogue for governments at present). The sad fact is that, if we put the Northern Alliance in power, life will go on just the same for the majority of people in Afghanistan - except for those considered Taliban sympathisers, for whom life will not go on at all.

This brings me full circle: to the point that we are stuck in the past. I point to the history of the area because if we ignore it then we will not learn from it. If the Northern Alliance are put into government then history has a very good chance of repeating itself.

So what are the other options Blair and Bush are left with? Noises

are being made about an all-inclusive government. The most worrying thing about this is that if it is truly to be all-inclusive and have popular support then it must include either the Taliban or the Northern Alliance. I think most people would agree that the chances of the Taliban being let back into government are slim. So we are left with the possibility of a government with a worse human rights record than before, or a government with no popular support: one that will face heavy resistance and probably have to be backed up by a US/UK peacekeeping force.

Consequently the prospects for Afghanistan look bleak. We are at present creating a large guerrilla force with a hatred of the West merely fuelled by our seeming occupation of their country. As one of those 'stuck in the past' I think this is blindingly obvious. As Bush and Blair seem content on ignoring the past, we can expect a lot more bloodshed to come.

Michael Wood is a 1st year Government student and a member of the STW coalition.

He doesn't enjoy bothering people on Houghton Street.

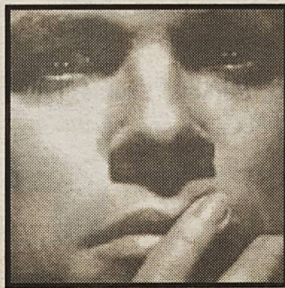


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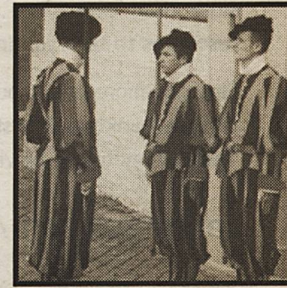
Lobel meets Giddens



cinema goes east



swiss roles



denied the right to die

words by jane linekar

Last week, five law lords unanimously dismissed Diane Pretty's appeal for her husband to be allowed to assist her suicide. The 43-year-old, suffering from motor neurone disease, is claiming that not being allowed to die is a contravention of her human rights. She has been seeking assurance that her husband will not face a 14-year prison sentence for assisting her suicide, as she is not physically able to take her own life. The judges have pronounced that they believe she is turning the intended interpretation of human rights law 'upon its head' - the legislation was put in place to preserve life.

While the Prettys take their case to Europe, hoping to be heard in time, in Britain the subject can be swept neatly back under the carpet. Euthanasia remains a private rather than public issue. Tony Blair says this is not a matter for party politics but for individual conscience. The Scottish Liberal Democrats have rejected calls for a commission on voluntary euthanasia as they do not consider it a matter requiring a party policy. The Scottish Parliament's first piece of legislation, the Adults With Incapacity Act, could have discussed - but finally evaded - the sensitive and controversial issue. It may well be a matter of conscience, but this is no justification for ignoring it. Recent cases have highlighted that current legislation is insufficient.

In 1985 a doctor was brought to trial for murder by poisoning, having administered a drug to a dying baby which killed it. He was, however, acquitted as he hadn't committed 'positive euthanasia'. In 1993 the High Court ruled in favour of withdrawing treatment (artificial nutrition and hydration) from Tony Bland, a victim of the Hillsborough stadium disaster. The Bland ruling means 'passive euthanasia' of this kind is now legal. Double effect, where patients are prescribed massive doses of painkillers in the knowledge that this may shorten the patient's life, is also legal, as long as the doctor's intention is not to kill the patient. Living wills - patients' specifications of what treatment they will not accept should they be mentally incapacitated - are recognised by law. 'DNR' (do not resuscitate), too, is acknowledged and respected in Britain's hospitals. Just as for many other sensitive subjects, British law is a fog, allowing for certain degrees of euthanasia but leaving doctors and patients open to prosecution depending on interpretations of the law. Patients are unsure of what is legal, the guidelines for medical practitioners are not clear, and most of us, while probably having an opinion, remain



in a state of confusion about what is and isn't euthanasia.

Elsewhere, euthanasia has been positively legalised. In Oregon, assisted suicide is legal, but heavily restricted - Diane Pretty's case would be criminal as patients must administer the drugs themselves. In the Northern Territory of Australia, active euthanasia was legalised in 1996. Four patients received lethal injections by computer after a complex regulatory process, before the federal government overturned the legislation two years later. In the Netherlands, euthanasia has not been a criminal offence since 1984, and earlier this year it was positively legalised.

Euthanasia is not a black and white issue, the stark choice between murder or mercy-killing that extremists make out. As the chair of the Association of Palliative Care puts it, 'we should be talking about it as openly and as honestly as we can, each seeing where the other is coming from and why we have these differences, rather than trying to polarise it.' The matter becomes more urgent as medical advances allow us to live longer - no matter what our quality of life.

Apparently 90% of the Dutch population supported the 2001 bill, and, according to the Voluntary Euthanasia Society, 90% of the British population supports Diane Pretty's case. So why the silence? It

seems that fear of change rather than fear of conflict is preventing discussion.

Undoubtedly, a part in the taboo is played by the force of the religious argument against euthanasia, the belief that life is sacred and given by God, to be taken by God and no one else. This is valid for those who believe. For those who do not, the argument falls a little short. We now live in a world where our food is genetically

modified, where the acceptance and practice of contraception, fertility treatments and abortion have blurred conceptions of giving and taking life. While respecting everyone's personal views, perhaps the pro-choice argument should be taken to euthanasia?

Perhaps not. There are less spiritual concerns - the 'slippery slope' argument that legalized voluntary euthanasia will lead to its abuse. The UN is concerned about prac-

tices in the Netherlands. A *British Medical Journal* study found that in 1995 almost two thirds of cases of euthanasia and physician-assisted suicide went unreported. One in five cases of euthanasia occurred without the patient's explicit request, and in some cases alternative treatment was available. Some elderly patients have resorted to carrying a card - the opposite to the living will - saying they do not want euthanasia. With thousands of cases a year, there is a valid fear that the act may become routine - an alternative 'treatment'. Medical practitioners are affected too. For many, the burden of responsibility for euthanasia is too great. While ultimate responsibility lies with the patient, the doctor's role is crucial and an active one - for the doctor presents the alternatives and provides treatments.

Like abortion, euthanasia is controversial, emotive and sensitive. The arguments on both sides will not be resolved in parliament or by legislation. On an individual basis, Diane Pretty's case may have been lost, but it succeeded - at least for a short time - in bringing the issue to the public and highlighting the confusion and inconsistencies which surround it. Without open discussion and without concrete guidelines or clear legislation, individuals on both sides of the debate will be left alone to fight not only the very personal pain of dying, but legal battles too.

Jane Linekar is an Editorial Assistant for b:link



The Giddens Way.....

INSIDE POLITICS

Mark Lobel

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The anticipation of meeting Anthony Giddens was too much for my stomach to bear. A trip to Wright's Bar was necessary. As I turned into the world-famous café, to my utter shock and delight, he was standing right there. I couldn't believe it. Ordering a tea and large sandwich. Yet no one else seemed to notice. All that pent-up left-wing anger, never fully satisfied in the 80s during Labour's wilderness years, stood in front of me, with that distinctive deep-throated voice chuckling away. I immediately approached Tony and, in uncharacteristically gushing gable, introduced myself. He told me to sit down and join him. Tony Benn was nearing the end of his ten-part lecture series at LSE and, he told me, has never been busier.

He was genuinely excited that I was about to meet our esteemed Director, but I felt a distinct chill at first that gave me the impression he is much happier that it is I rather than he. As we chatted I learnt that Benn regards Giddens as a philosopher, satisfying the abandonment of socialism. I cannot help but feel the two are not in the same game though. Giddens would probably claim they were on the same side. They are not. They are truly the unlikeliest of bedfellows. Yet, as Giddens would imply later on, the presence of two such individuals at LSE exemplifies the diversity of people we are able to come into contact with. However, a quick survey of football players and economic historians showed that very few students have met Giddens or know much about him. One student told me she believed he lived high in a tower. She was not far from the truth, as I was to discover.

The lavish, well-decorated and highly plush surroundings that house the Director's offices on the

eleventh floor of Tower One, locked off to the public, could not be further from Wright's Bar. I had ample time to appreciate the view as Giddens was late, hosting an induction lunch for a new professor. It didn't matter though as, despite a very busy schedule, the virile Giddens afforded me the allotted time of half an hour, and, as it turned out, quite a bit more.

I began by asking the 63-year-old professor what sort of new world order we should expect in light of recent events. 'Essentially, if there is a new world order it started 30 or so years ago with the development of new communications systems. We then had the impact of 1989, the ending of the Cold War and the events of 11 September. Some of the things that now occupy our consciousness like the conflict in Afghanistan and the aftermath of that you have to explain as primarily in terms of the residue of the Cold War period, not the result of what happened after the Cold War period.' The aftermath of Afghanistan does stick in the mind though. I want to find the language Giddens assigns for the air strikes we have recently witnessed. Would he describe the war on terrorism as simply the necessary military wing of globalisation? 'I wouldn't put it that way. Globalisation is a term that refers to a variety of changes not to a single change. We are now living in a more interdependent era than ever before. The terrorist networks themselves are an expression of an increasingly interdependent world; the dark side of that interdependence. So it's not just a response to them but also the origins of these new kinds of violence.' New kinds? 'You now have groups radicalised as much by the situation as by their people's history. There is a stronger involvement of the international community,

television and a whole bundle of other things like money-laundering, terrorism and drug running.' What would Giddens do in Afghanistan? 'If I was to answer one aspect of that, briefly put, it is very important there is an internationally approved government in Afghanistan and that it represents all ethnic groups in the country. Hopefully the UN will play a key role in it. I am in favour of a UN peacekeeping force with the Muslim countries over-represented in that.'

I realise that I have fallen into the trap of asking Giddens to solve the problems of the world. Yet, is he principally interested in studying the world or changing it? 'The one is the condition of the other. If you don't understand what's going on attempts to control various dangerous aspects of world society are likely to misfire.' That answer does not help much. Like much of his work, it relies more on the application of current ideas than on imagination. I try again, asking what he would do if he had a blank cheque for the world. 'I think that some of the directions in which I would want the world to move if I had enough influence are fairly clear... we need more effective forms of global governance. We need to look at expanding democracy beyond the nation state. We need to expand the role of democracy more widely through the world. We need to attack the problems of global

inequality in a direct way. We have to cope with the ecological crisis. They are all big and difficult problems, with lots of subtext, of course.'

There are similar themes in his world vision to those found in the anti-globalisation movement. Many involved in the movement argue that international institutions such as the IMF and WTO should be increasingly representative of the interests of the poorer countries, not just of the richer ones. Giddens agrees. 'One of the things that the anti-globalisation movement has produced is a much greater consciousness and sensitivity to those issues and that's a desirable outcome.' However, he adds, 'At some point you have to ask the people in the movement not what they are against but what they are for. What kind of society they want to see brought into being. But some of the things that certainly occupy the minds of some of the people on the streets I think are legitimate issues that people in world organisations and other citizens must take account of, such as the role of corporate power, the regulation of corporate power, the issue of global inequality and general issues of governance. There's no doubt that there are problems that confront us when politics is largely confined to national governments.'

I interpret these images of the power of national government as proof of the diminishing power of

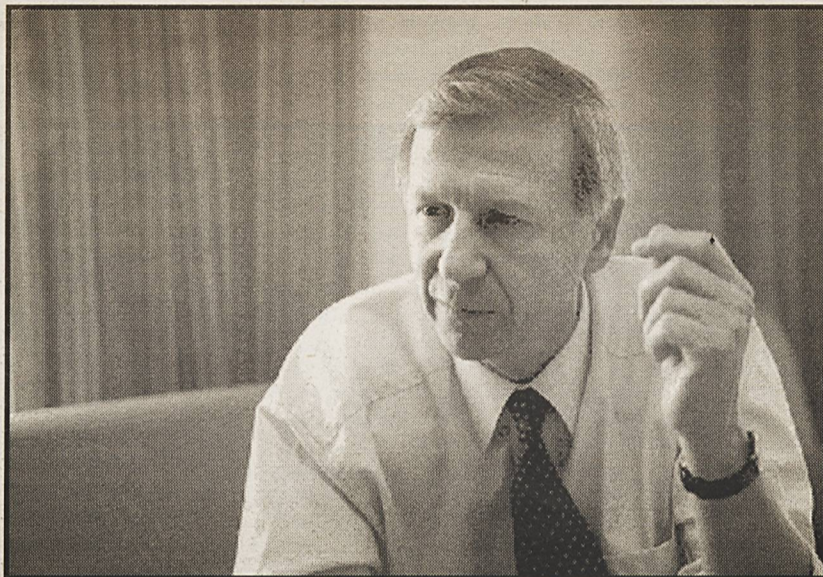
the individual. It makes us realise how small we are. 'I think the opposite is true. People are in many respects more powerful over their individual lives than they used to be, partly because you are less constrained by tradition and because of a general process of democratisation such as the changing position of women.' Yet, is this just Giddens' idealism? Have the three years of therapy he went through and his subsequent writings that drew on self-help literature led him to the dangerous conclusion that all problems are solvable in the same way that relationships are. He adamantly disagrees. 'You cannot solve bigger institutional problems through personal change. I don't think anyone in their right mind would claim that. There are large changes going on to personal lives and these are not confined to any one country. Just because self-understanding can help you in your personal relationships, it doesn't follow that it is some magical key to changing wider society, because it isn't. I don't think those personal influences have changed my style, no.' I am not convinced. Giddens seems to present us with a picture of the potential of revolutionising global communications and increasingly powerful individuals, refusing to accept that institutions currently have an overriding power, yet he cannot say which one we should pay more attention to.



.....a Tale of Three Tonys

Giddens has been described as a mentor to both Tony Blair and Bill Clinton. I ask him whether New Labour has taken on the structure of a weathercock, pointing whichever way British public opinion blows. 'I think they have led public opinion quite a lot actually. Ten years ago, you would have thought that the majority of the country would have supported the views associated with Mrs Thatcher and had a hostile attitude towards Europe and a kind of isolationism and narrow nationalism that I believe the Labour Party has successfully led opinion away from since it entered power. If you get too remote from public opinion you get demagogic or authoritarian, which is why you must have some relationship between the two.' But surely he accepts that Tony Blair has become more presidential than prime ministerial recently? No. It's the journalists' fault! 'It is unfair to personalise such issues in relation to Blair. It is not simply an individual elevating himself to a quasi-presidential position and you should remember what the alternative was. Before the Labour party got its act together and everyone started talking about control freaks and all that, they were all constantly riven by disagreement and so the critique from the media then was the opposite. There are plainly structural changes in politics these days which one has to accommodate such as people like you in the media.' What does he mean by people like me in the media? 'The media have a constitutive role in politics today. They don't just report on politics, they help constitute what the political domain is. It is a problem in some areas such as reflecting the power of parliaments against the power of political leaders as the media structurally tend to focus on political leaders.' Blame the media! He continues, 'On the other hand you could argue that the media make top politicians more responsible than they used to be. It is a kind of democracy where the media represent the electorate, constantly putting questions to the politician. That by definition makes it a more individualised and personalised thing.'

Whilst we are on the subject of domestic politics, I ask whether the new NHS-related tax-and-spend policy signals the end of the Third Way. 'No, not at all. It has always been New Labour's idea that you try to generate a fairly high tax take but you don't do it by a reliance on income taxes.' Giddens then disputes my understanding of the Third Way, and corrects me. 'The Third Way is an entirely dispensable label for how you create an effective left of centre political philosophy against big changes in the wider world and big changes in the class structure in



the modern societies. It is simply a label for an updated social democracy.' I try again. I ask the son of a London Transport clerical officer whether he thinks the London Underground's proposed Public-Private Partnership scheme, which has been described as a bureaucratic nightmare lacking accountability, is a failure of the Third Way? 'Don't fall for this primitive idea of what the Third Way means. It doesn't mean PPP's or anything like that. It is a much more generic term referring to the need to break away from traditional left-of-centre policies. The Third Way does not specify references to such projects, it is a much broader notion. One of the principles of it is to defend and revalidate public domain and public services but recognise that the state is not always the best institution for that.' I am

confused. I claim victory. He grunts.

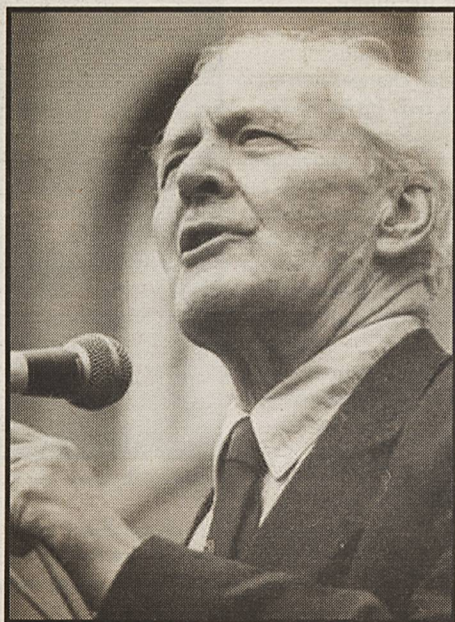
Turning to the increasing global interest of American domestic politics, I ask Giddens what difference he thought Al Gore's victory would have made. 'It would have made a difference because he was more of an internationalist and a multilateralist in the way that Clinton was. The Bush administration is more unilateralist. They made that very clear at the beginning of the administration.' But surely recent talks of coalitions and US agreements with Russia have signalled a shift in Bush's politics? 'I am not sure that they have changed that much. It is not clear at the moment whether they are moving towards a multilateralist point of view. We hope that they will. We need to know what is going to happen on environmental issues, ratifying treaties to do with biological

warfare and quite a lot of things which initially the Bush administration was hostile to.'

Time is running short and I realise I still have not discovered the real Anthony Giddens. So far the interview has been a mix of political and ideological answers. I read Giddens a selection of quotes I had amassed about him from LSE students. They were asked to describe him in under three sentences. A student from Norway told me 'He is a world renowned sociologist, probably Britain's best. I have never seen him.' Giddens breaks in, 'He can actually see me by quite easily going to my lectures.' A Welsh-Texan post-graduate said, 'President of the LSE but a well-known academic first. I am not sure what he does.' The final quote I read out is from an international relations undergraduate. It

reads, 'all spin and no substance.' Giddens laughs and adds, 'The Tony Blair of the LSE in other words!' He enjoyed that one and adds one of his own. 'I want to some extent to be an intellectual leader for the LSE, not just an apparatchik. I think quite a lot of universities now find people who are primarily managerial and I want to try as far as I can to be both. I think one of the best things about the LSE is the intellectual liveliness and I want to try and play a personal part in that if I can, as much as time allows.' His boyish looks gleam. For the first time I find him not on the defensive. I ask him one final question: Has he ever wanted to be a politician? 'NO!' he replies immediately. I am confused again.

After the interview and on seeing that I had switched the tape off, Giddens breathes a huge sigh of relief and, for the first time, looks to be sitting comfortably. We remained chatting for a further five minutes, despite his pressing arrangements. Whilst we exchanged stories of our times at Cambridge and how the great opportunities there were hindered by its inherent cliqueness, I remember that Giddens started up the Social and Political Sciences department of which I was an undergraduate member. It is currently in crisis. One of my professors at LSE told me drunkenly when I first got here that I should be furious with Giddens for setting it up and then leaving it in a mess to come here. I want to challenge him about this. Yet, by the end of the interview it would have been wrong. Not in the moral sense but I actually believe that he was the one who fought hard for it and had the best intentions for it. He told me during the interview that, 'for a lot of my time in Cambridge I had to fight quite a few battles to get increasing recognition for it including the founding of the SPS faculty. And since the LSE is so much more established as a centre of social sciences, it is a much more comfortable place to work in from that point of view.' Several of my SPS predecessors applied to do the course at Cambridge because Giddens was lecturing there. Since his move to LSE, it appears the department has not coped well without him. He is the one laughing now.



Mark Lobel is political editor of b:link.

He would like the world to know that he scooped the Guardian on the imminent rise and rise of David Blunkett two weeks ago and that he thinks Anthony Giddens looks 43, not 63.

film on the fringes of europe

words by wanda troszczyńska van genderen

Throughout this term, the European Institute Film Club has been organising Wednesday night screenings of Central, Eastern and Southeastern European films. Even if the primary goal of this initiative was to provide students pursuing degrees related to economics and politics of the region with some cultural context for the issues studied, the Film Club has managed to attract people from outside the Institute, who were simply interested in Eastern Europe, its history, culture and problems.

During the four decades of communism the film industries of Eastern Europe were under tight state control. Although censorship severely impeded freedom of speech, and limited the topic range and content of the films produced, it is possible to claim that in some areas (such as ethnic intolerance, or the status of women in patriarchal societies) Eastern European films were able to be more sincere and provocative than some of their profit and entertainment-oriented Western counterparts.

Even if the films shown this term represented a diverse range of countries, aesthetics and problems, it is possible to extrapolate a common theme of how a tragic history affects ordinary people, whose lives are inescapably intertwined with the events they have no control over. For example, the



Czechoslovakian film *Closely Observed Trains* (Jiri Menzel, 1966) is a poetically told story of a young train station clerk in the Bohemian town of Lodenice, whose quiet and rather uneventful life is brutally stopped when he attempts to blow up a Nazi munition train.

Another story set near the end of the Second World War, Poland's *Ashes and Diamonds* (Andrzej Wajda, 1958) depicts a deeply fractured sense of national identity. It tells the story of a young, right-wing Home Army soldier who, as the resistance fight approaches its end, is ordered to carry out one

more mission and assassinate the newly chosen secretary of the Polish Communist Party.

Finally, one of the recent films of the Russian director Nikita Mikhalkov, *Burned by the Sun* (1994), is a parable of an approaching political change and establishment of the Soviet regime, told from the perspective of a daughter of General Kotov, who was murdered during the time of Stalinist purges. Mikhalkov, who dedicated his film to 'all those who have been burned by the sun of revolution,' beautifully contrasts a sentimental life in the Russian countryside with ominous signs of the upcoming period of terror and suffering.

The collapse of communism simultaneously brought a wave of optimism and hope for the future, along with fear and uncertainty about tomorrow. The rapid political, economic and social changes introduced a plethora of new problems that the newly established democracies have been forced to immediately grapple with. Cinema continued to be the mirror of these problems, and increasingly began to deal with the long-suppressed issues of violence, economic disparity, poverty, migration, and cultural diversity.

Therefore, the European Institute Film Club's film selection

for the Lent term will focus on contemporary theme of the social effects of political and economic transition. Just to mention a few titles, you will have a chance to see films like Emir Kusturica's *Underground* (1995), the Oscar-nominated Macedonian *Before the Rain* (Micho Manchevski, 1994), Krzysztof Kieslowski's *Three Colours: White* (Poland-France, 1993) and Jan Sverak's *Kolya* (Czech Republic, 1996).

In addition to this list of already known and acclaimed films, there will be a chance to see some less-known but excellent films, such as

the forgotten masterpiece of Armenian cinematography, *The Colour of Pomegranates* (Sergey Paradjanov, 1969), which in a way breaks with the contemporary themes of transition in its tale of the life of the eighteenth-century Armenian poet Sayat Nova.

A value of contemporary Central, Eastern and Southeastern European cinema is its careful analysis of problems whose importance certainly surpasses the regional context. Despite being traditionally marginalised, and struggling with financial difficulties, Eastern European filmmaking continues to seek answers to daring, interesting and provocative questions. I hope that initiatives such as the European Institute Film Club will be a step towards bringing the region and its culture from 'the fringes of Europe' to the attention they undoubtedly deserve.

Wanda Troszczyńska van Genderen is an MSc International Relations student.

For more information on the European Institute Film Club, please contact Dr Gwendolyn Sasse at g.sasse@lse.ac.uk



armed neutrality alpine-style

words by catherine baker



Maybe Orson Welles came closest to many of our ideas about the Swiss when he observed in *The Third Man*: 'In Italy for thirty years under the Borgias they had warfare, terror, murder, and bloodshed, but they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and the Renaissance. In Switzerland they had brotherly love - they had 500 years of democracy and peace, and what did that produce? The cuckoo clock.'

Yet Le Corbusier, Paul Klee, and the designer of the aliens from *Alien* were all the product of what remains, one Cold War later, one of the most militarised societies in Europe, a state where every adult male is not only permitted but commanded to keep an assault rifle loaded with twenty-four rounds in his home. Somewhere below the surface of the secretive banker or the fine confectioner, there's a man in military fatigues, a red headband tied around his temples with his homeland's white cross adorning his forehead, who uses cuckoo clocks for target practice.

This is armed neutrality Alpine-style, a contradictory state of affairs where the same 360,000 soldiers available for mobilisation in times of crisis were nonetheless, before a closely won referendum in June this year, forbidden to carry weapons when performing peacekeeping duties abroad. And it seems, too, that the Swiss like it that way: this weekend their electorate rejected a proposal by the Switzerland Without An Army pressure group to do exactly what the lobbyists said on the tin.

They like their plebiscites, up in the Alps: any demand supported by

cherished tradition after several months which have shaken their confidence in some of their most respected institutions. Nobody, of course, would call themselves secure now, but as isolated as Switzerland might appear in its mountain redoubt, the humiliating collapse of their national airline, and the death of 24 people when a jet belonging to that airline's replacement crashed outside Zurich airport, have illustrated that no Swiss symbol is sacred. Next they'll find something in the chocolate. Or dig up dirt on William Tell.

Perhaps most shattering of all, in September a militiaman took advantage of the personal arsenal allowed to him under Swiss law to burst into the parliament building of his home canton of Zug and massacre 14 officials, explaining himself in a letter promising 'a day of rage for the Zuger mafia.' Far from leaving the

another of its unique traditions and become the 190th member of the United Nations, where Switzerland still has no vote in the General Assembly despite being a signatory to over 150 of the organisation's conventions.

Preliminary negotiations have also begun for Swiss entry into the EU, which could eventually subordinate the splendid isolation of the Swiss franc into the bureaucratic world of the single currency and the charmless, generic bridges of its banknotes. The old confederation, so reluctant to take sides that its official name is written in Latin to avoid offending any of its four linguistic groups, is about to enter into an international alignment for the first time since a certain precision bowman, with the assistance of a helpful apple and the head of his son, began to liberate Switzerland from the Habsburg empire at the end of the

thirteenth century.

But the time appears to have come for the nation to substitute efficient, ethical diplomats for the picturesque anachronisms which constitute its international reputation. The last relics of the once-famed Swiss mercenaries are the Swiss Guard, who protect the papal apartments and the entrances to the Vatican, still clutching the halberds with which their ancestors made their names. Legend has it that their multicoloured uniforms were designed by Michelangelo; to the modern eye they resemble nothing so much as a fancy dress costume made out of a spare Gay Pride flag. The Guard themselves suffered their own induction into the here and now, where one man with a firearm can prove just how ceremonial those pikemen are, in 1998 when their commander and his wife were shot dead by a corporal in the regiment. Meanwhile, it will take until the 2003 army reforms to disband the bicycle brigade, which, in what might be a typically Swiss marriage of the old and the new, is equipped with collectors-item bikes modified to take anti-tank weapons.

To the dismay of nostalgics, Switzerland may be forging ahead into the millennium just like the rest of us, a few nestless birds popping out of a few timepieces along the way. And when she stops administering the diplomacy, economy and postal service of Liechtenstein, the only remnant left of Charlemagne's Holy Roman Empire, then we'll know she's serious. The chances are that some of us might miss her, too.

Catherine Baker is the joint editor of b:link.

If any of those anti-tank bicycles are going spare in 2003, she wants one.

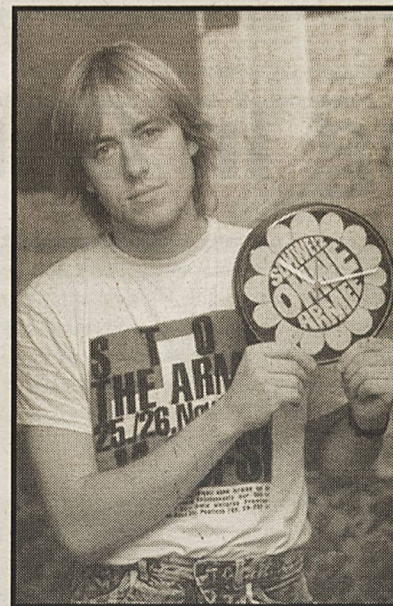


the signatures of 100,000 voters must be put to the country. Maybe Switzerland is the last bastion of the citizen-soldier, the ideal Napoleon exported across Europe and didn't quite manage to leave with when the French were finally expelled from what had become, for a few short years, the Helvetic Republic: the last time, incidentally, that the army with its guns in the wardrobe had to fire a shot in anger. Still, they've been keeping up the neutrality gimmick since 1515. Their idea of national defence might even have taught the French revolutionaries a thing or two.

The result of the latest referendum, however, indicates that the Swiss have taken refuge in their

gunman a horse's head, the offence of the federal administration had been to file a complaint against him after he harassed the transport department over an argument between himself and a local bus driver. A little piece of America had intruded into the country which had once seemed so withdrawn from foreign affairs that during the First World War it could provide a haven for not just Lenin but James Joyce.

Yet the search for security does not complete the opening chapter in the story of twenty-first century Switzerland. A further referendum, to be voted on next year, will decide whether the state should abandon



The 51st State

This film reviewing lark is rarely a chore. It gives me a perfect excuse to see as many films as I like, for free, and earlier than they reach the great unwashed. But once in a while, this honour bestowed upon me by The Beaver transcends all reasonable boundaries, and the simple indulgence of telling you what to watch becomes a matter of urgent, essential public service.

Do not see *The 51st State* under absolutely any circumstance whatsoever.

Even if your best friend is dying inside the auditorium, think seriously upon whether you would like to enter the cinema and dirty your soul. But to be honest, your mate will probably have already left and gone down the pub. Right from the outset, it's pretty clear that *The 51st State* will be a shitwreck of immense proportions. And then it gets worse.

Samuel L. Jackson plays Elmo McElroy, a 'master chemist' who blows up his lab and heads off to our shores, along with the formula for "POS 51", a made-up wonder-drug set to do for clubland what Bjork did for Iceland. Unfortunately, drug-lord Lizard (erm, Meat Loaf) was slap bang in the middle of Elmo's exploding chemistry set. Even more unfortunately, he survived, and calls upon the deadly femme-fatale Dakota (Emily Mortimer) to head back to her home town of Liverpool and pop a cap in our hero's kilt-wearing ass. When she arrives, she finds out that Elmo (constantly, inexplicably clad in tartan) has hooked up with her old flame Felix (Robert Carlyle) in order to do his deal, which will also involve over-acting crooked cop Kane (Sean Pertwee), club-owner and gun-seller Iki (Rhys Ifans) and an extended cameo from Ricky Tomlinson.

If Tomlinson's hit comedy *The Royle Family* was placed at one end of a quality scale, with his abominable single *Are You Looking At Me?* at the other, then *The 51st State* would find itself busting through the limits of said scale at the wrong end. It's worse than the absolute dregs of Jackson and Carlyle's feature-film careers combined (that's *Sphere* and *Plunkett and Macleane*, 'fact' fans). So, what's the problem?

Hmm. We'll start with the nonsensical script, loaded with swearing in place of good dialogue. And this isn't 'good swearing'. Multiple times during the film's limp car-chase, director Ronny Yu cuts back to Carlyle for a healthy dash of the F-word in his (admittedly impressive) Scouse accent, and

nothing else. Then there's the unhealthy, exasperating obsession with all things British. Grin and bear it as numerous, pointless references to Elmo's kilt clunk across the screen. Look away in mild discomfort as Elmo thinks Fish and Chips or Black Pudding looks unappealing. Try to clamber over throngs of exit-bound punters as Elmo giggles at the word 'bollocks'. For an action-comedy, *The 51st State* has all the wit of a Russ Abbot repeat and all the thrills of a *Robot Wars* regional heat.

The plot's not much cop either, as it descends into incoherence, trudging along on the back of coincidences that work out in the end, but which no fool on earth would actually bank on happening. Then Meat Loaf reappears, goes to Anfield and explodes, just after a twist that makes a good chunk of what's gone before make absolutely no sense. There's also some outdated rubbish about skinheads at football matches, but by that point I truly couldn't care.

"Do not see *The 51st State* under absolutely any circumstance whatsoever"

As for the performances? Well, Jackson's always pretty cool, and can say 'motherfucker' like no other man alive. The rest are a shambles, with Carlyle the most irritating due to his foul-mouthed dialogue, constant enthusiasm and, frankly, his having the most screen time. But all of the others manage to gall you equally when they're up in front of

the camera for the simple fact that they must have, at one stage, thought that this was a good career choice. And director Ronny Yu ditches all notions of coherence and inventiveness for lots of speeded-up-camera-bits, just like the ones in *Fight Club* (and every music video since that was made). In the past, he's proved that he can make lightweight rubbish worth watching - his *Bride Of Chucky* was far more entertaining than it had the right to be - but this is, plainly and simply, a waste of time, money, talent and a disgraceful insult to the audience's intelligence.

I've seen the trailer, and it did look entertaining. I know many people would see anything Samuel L. puts his name to. But really, I implore you not to see this. And if that's not enough, come down to the Beaver office and I'll personally beg you not to sit through possibly the worst cinematic experience of all my time as Film Editor.

☆☆☆☆ (yes, that's NO stars, again)
reviewed by Tom Whitaker



Riding In Cars With Boys

I think it was Mansun who sang "I can only disappoint you", but for me it might as well have been Drew Barrymore. Don't get me wrong, I liked her in *E.T.*, all cute and cuddly, but ever since her return from a drug-fuelled hiatus back into the Hollywood big-time, she's never really managed to rise above the most lightweight of roles (see *The Wedding Singer*, *Never Been Kissed* et al.). So, upon discovering that *Riding In Cars With Boys* was directed by Penny Marshall, lightweight director extraordinaire, the alarm bells started to ring. Wait though, because this was to be a comedy-drama, and based on the true story of one woman's struggle through life and parenthood to boot.

The fact however that *Riding...* is based on a true story is where the problems start. If it wasn't a relatively factual account, one would immediately be asking what this film's motivation was, what message it was trying to convey to us, in

short, what its point was. The central strand of the film, which finds Beverly (Barrymore) driving to some initially unspecified destination with her son (Adam Garcia) provides a basis into which a series of flashbacks are inserted, tracing the ups and many downs of Beverly's life from the age of 8 to the present (well, 1986 as it turns out).

"dramatic moments left this reviewer cold"

Admittedly, Barrymore finds able assistance in the form of Steve Zahn (as Beverly's abusive and emotionally retarded husband, and father to her child), Brittany Murphy (last seen in a

Just The Facts...
Starring: Drew Barrymore, Steve Zahn, Brittany Murphy
Directed by: Penny Marshall Rating:
Release Date: 07.12.01 Running Time: 132 mins

Wheatus video of all places) as best friend Fay, and the ever-stonefaced James Woods refusing to be typecast as the (wait for it) stern but concerned cop/father. Unfortunately, when director Marshall chooses to focus on the pathos of Beverly's story rather than the (well-handled) comedy elements, we are left with something sadly unsatisfying, while Barrymore's attempts to step up an acting gear for these dramatic moments left this reviewer cold. Which probably means that she's in line for an Oscar nomination.

Start thinking about your dress and prepare your acceptance speech just in case, Drew. Shame about the performance and for that matter the film, though.

☆☆☆☆
reviewed by Steve Parkinson

Eloge De L'Amour

The first section of this new movie from 70 year old director Jean-Luc Godard, filmed in grainy black and white, was almost entirely mystifying, a seemingly deliberate attempt to distance the film from any mainstream cinema. It was about (I think) an arrogant Frenchman, Edgar, engaged in a nebulous project on the three ages of love: youth, adulthood, and old age. Edgar is unsure as to whether this project is a film, a play or an opera. We learn, by way of various incomprehensible conversations, beautifully filmed in various Paris locations, that the tricky part of the project is capturing the essence of love in adulthood. How does one portray the notion of adulthood itself? Indeed, does adulthood even exist? Well frankly, I couldn't bring myself to care.

Half of the dialogue of this first section was impenetrable philosophising. All in all it seemed a clumsy attempt to make a dull three quarters of an hour somehow profound. The scenes were interspersed with intermittent, irrelevant and irritating piano music. One rarely saw the characters' faces, and the words 'de l'amour' appeared frequently on the screen, again for no apparent reason. One Guardian reviewer (director Mike Figgis) described it as 'brain food of the highest order'. He cried three times. I would describe it as elitist obscurantism. What really annoyed me was the book with blank pages that Edgar kept on 'reading'. Rather than an intricate metaphor for the confused artistic soul, this is just silly symbolism.

But like I said, at least it was beautifully shot. The best I can say of the first half is that it was like watching a series of clever, artful black and white photos. The worst I can say is that it was a conscious snub of contemporary cinema, designed to alienate everyone who doesn't share Godard's ideals of cinema as high art. The Guardian reviewer was incensed that *Harry Potter* was being discussed as a 'proper' film. The highlight of the first half for me was when I recognised a sound clip from *American Beauty* playing on a TV in the background; onscreen the black and white characters postulate another anti-American theory. How ironic. To what end Godard wants

to alienate us I don't know, for if he is trying to prove how French cinema is superior to US cinema, he could at least make it vaguely accessible.

The second section of the film is much more accessible. Set two years earlier and by the sea, filmed in stunning, luminescent washed colour, Edgar is doing research into Catholics who participated in the French Resistance. He is more of a witness to than a vital component of this much better second half. The most entertaining and controversial moment is an open attack on Spielberg. We see the negotiations of Spielberg's agents, trying to buy the rights to the story of an old French couple, both Resistance heroes in their youth. Godard is berating the Americans who, lacking any stories of their own, indeed without even a real name, seek to appropriate sacred stories from other, richer cultures. Here Godard's anti-Americanism is much more coherent, his argument eloquently ranted onscreen by the couple's granddaughter. The imagery of the sea is gorgeous, Godard proving himself to be a cinematic genius using unique and original techniques. He pauses the film to make a still; layers one image on top of the other; distorts colour and form.

There is a moment in this film that seems to sum up the relationship between Godard and Hollywood. Edgar, the French intellectual is trying to interact in English with the brash, stylish, corporate American. Her reaction to his conversation, "So what?", probably demonstrates Hollywood's reaction to Godard. The great French director can lash out at Spielberg, but in their eyes this film is an irrelevance. So what?

★★★★★

reviewed by **Matthew Morgan**

Zoolander

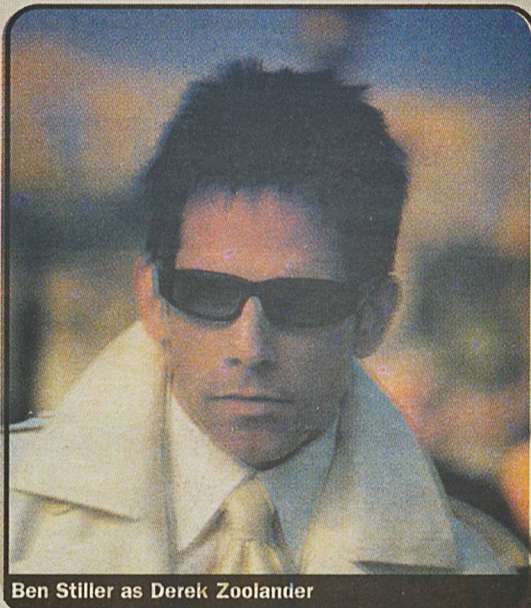
Starring: Ben Stiller, Owen Wilson
Release Date: Out Now

"The fashion industry has been behind every major assassination in the last 200 years," says a conspiracy-mad David Duchovny in his cameo. The next target is going to be the prime minister of Malaysia who is planning to abolish slave wages, an act that would have drastic repercussions on the fashion industry. In case you hadn't guessed, it's gonna come down to Derek Zoolander, our hero and supermodel extraordinaire, to stop them.

This film is set in the world of fashion where supermodels are as thick as two short planks, reporters are all prissy with glasses and ponytails and fashion designers are crazed, power-hungry madmen... sounds about right then. Derek Zoolander (Ben Stiller, *Meet the Parents*, *There's Something About Mary*) has been the number one supermodel for the last three years with his trademark look "Blue Steel" making him unbeatable. However, his life gets turned upside-down when he gets beaten to the top spot by a new kid on the block, Hansel (Owen Wilson, *Shanghai Noon*, *Meet the Parents*). Derek challenges Hansel to a "walk-off", a kind of underground modelling duel, to determine who is really King of the Catwalk.

Derek's life seems to be on track when he gets offered a job by the one designer who had never hired him before, the absolutely crazy Mugatu (Will Ferrell, *Saturday Night Live* comedian and bit-player in *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*). It turns out that Derek is just a pawn in Mugatu's fiendish assassination plot and in his current emotional state he is the perfect brainless candidate for, erm, brainwashing. And so Derek and Hansel join forces with Matilda (a reporter played by Christine Taylor) to foil Mugatu's plan, something which becomes surprisingly difficult given that neither Derek nor Hansel have two brain cells to rub together.

Given that this whole film was based on a character created for the VH1/Vogue Fashion Awards in 1996, it could have been worse. The script is great and full of snappy one-liners at times... and so painfully bad at others that



Ben Stiller as Derek Zoolander

you find yourself cringing at certain jokes and actually feeling embarrassed to be watching. Stiller's comic ability shone but during some scenes his character was so annoying with his ridiculous accent that I actually wanted to punch him... so I guess the film at least made me feel emotional. Wilson is great in this film though, playing a very laid back, surfer-dude character who, while being as dumb as Zoolander, isn't nearly as aggravating.

Now this is a real family film, and I don't mean family as in go and see it with your mum, dad and sibling. Ben Stiller took it one step further. He directed, produced, co-wrote the screenplay, played the lead role, got his wife (Christine Taylor, starred in *The Wedding Singer* and *The Brady Bunch Movie*) the part of lead actress, his dad (Jerry Stiller, *Seinfeld*) to play his manager... and even managed to get his dog in it as well!

Zoolander is simply a very shallow, light-hearted satire which just washes over you and whilst I chuckled enough at the time, I must say that I can hardly remember it a week later. Not a film I would really recommend making a huge effort to go and see, then, but I'd definitely catch it on video.

★★★★★

reviewed by **Michael McClenahan**

Spy Game

Starring: Brad Pitt, Robert Redford
Release Date: Out Now

It's hard to think of all that much to say about a film like *Spy Game*. It was quite good. Like bread. Mmmmmmm, bread. If you left this film exposed to adverse atmospheric conditions for a week, it might turn green and become a bit smelly. Like bread. But if you put it in a toaster, it would melt. So there must be differences between: a) *Spy Game* and b) bread.

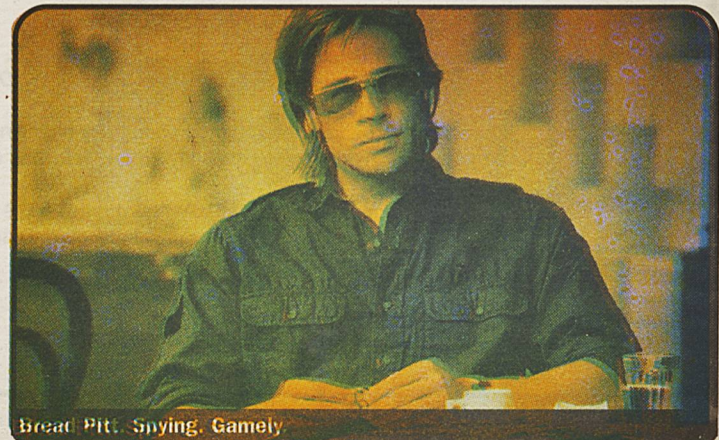
Bread, for one, doesn't have a plot. *Spy Game* does. It concerns Brad Pitt being trapped and maltreated in a Chinese prison, whilst his spy guru Robert Redford attempts to save his ass from some important looking building in America. It has glass lifts and everything. We then get a series of flashbacks (bread is severely hampered when it comes to playing with the space-time continuum), showing how Brad went from wet-behind-the-ears rookie to uber-spy. This takes the form of a series of exciting, stylishly directed confrontations, shouting matches and run-ins with a tasty lady. They're pretty funny too, with some snappy dialogue along the way.

But bread is clearly more vital for life than *Spy Game*. If you don't manage to see it, your life will remain relatively complete. If you neglect bread, you may die. So, see it, on the big screen, or on video. It's got all the ingredients of a satisfying spy thriller - a gripping flick wi' nowt taken out.

But then again so is a slice of a certain brand of bread. Your call. We're quite partial to the bread. Mmmmmmm, bread.

★★★★★ (*Spy Game*)

★★★★★ (Bread)

reviewed by **Jeff Stephenson**

Brad Pitt. Spying. Gamely.

The Welsh Assembly

Feeder & Stereophonics
 @ London Arena
 30:11:01



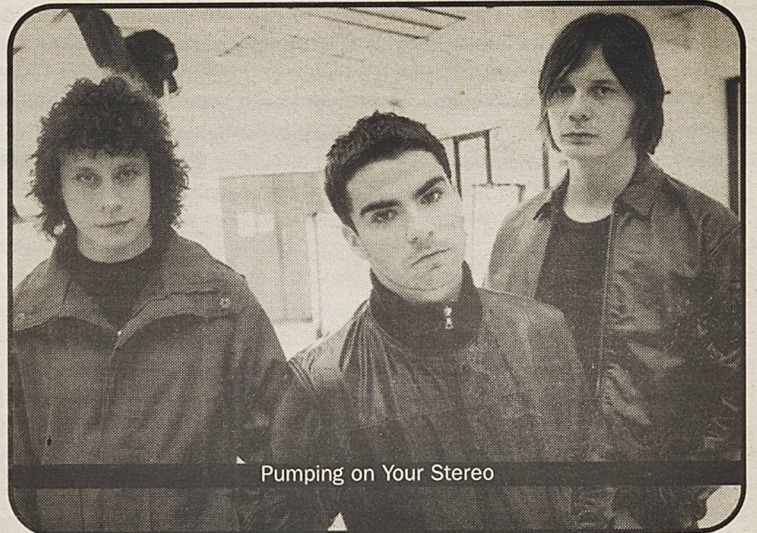
Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl I mi, Gwlad beirdd a chantorion enwogion o fri...Yes tonight is an all Welsh Affair at the London arena, where my compatriots have sold out the massive venue for the second time in a fortnight. Both bands, in particular the Stereophonics, peddle a brand of meat and potatoes, lowest common denominator rock that has won them vast armies of fans, massive sales and ounces of radio play. Yet neither have really won myself over... to be honest, I've always been a little cynical of both,

preferring to listen to my Manic Street Preachers, 60 Foot Dolls and Super Furry Animals CD's....that is until tonight.

First up are Feeder, who open on the rip-roaring *Insomniac*. As the band churn out song after song, I release that they aren't as bland as I've always suspected, in fact they're on top form! Songs such as *Buck Rogers* and *Seven Days in the Sun* aren't dull, in fact they sound like sublime chunks of melodic rock. The Eels-esque *Piece by Piece*, and the punky *Waiting for Changes* are also delivered in fine fashion. In the space of barely half an hour I've finally been converted to camp Feeder. Dai iawn diolch!

Even more surprising are the Stereophonics. The adjectives I've come to associate with this band are mundane, middle of the road, monotonous and uninspiring, yet the opener *Mr Writer*, with its brooding backing vocals, sends shivers up my spine. The band maintain their momentum, and *Pick*

a *Part That's New*, *T-Shirt Suntan* and *A Thousand Trees* are so catchy that they serve to cloud my long standing stance. The band occasionally slip back into nothing-rock territory, especially on *Have A Nice Day*, and *You Can Have It All*, yet these prove to be the exceptions. *Handbags and Gladrags*, dedicated to the late George Harrison (It should have been Ringo!), is a very poignant moment, Kelly Jones' gravel-style vocals captivating the vast audience. *Local Boy in the Photograph* is as anthemic as ever, whilst the encore is also surprisingly strong, in particular, the emotive *Traffic*, perhaps the finest song of the night.



Pumping on Your Stereo

Tonight, the meat is venison, the potatoes are sauted. Meat and potatoes rock can be fucking excellent after all. Hwyl!

Peter Davies

The Sin Bin



The De-bin-ative guide to the week's sin-gles

Ocean Colour Scene
Crazy Lowdown Ways

Typical of more recent OCS releases, this is a friendly, somewhat folksy jog-along single. Not awe-inspiring, but in fact it is quite catchy. Definitely one for the fans, it just so happens I am one, hence a respectable...

★★★★☆
 Andrew Swann

Faithless
Tarantula

This is Faithless' latest release from their new album, *Outrospective*, which came out last summer, and it proves that the band are still in good shape, and are not too tainted by their success.

Tarantula starts off very mildly, sounding like a typical chilled out house tune that can be found on any lounge music compilation, only to build up into a techno-beat saturated, trance-like anthem.

Listen out for this track, as it will surely be playing in clubs around the country very soon.

★★★★☆
 R. Le Frogge

Ash
There's a Star

The millionth single to be taken from 'Free All Angels,' is a slow moody piece which climaxes in a swirling, string-laden chorus. As per usual this is great, although perhaps one might question its credentials as a single. The impact of this track really comes in the context of the album, although if you don't own that, you could do far worse than buy this.

★★★★☆
 Andrew Swann

Belle and Sebastian
I think I'm waking up to us

Not really what you want to be waking up to. Not a bad single although lacks some of the subtlety of earlier tracks. A drifting poppy tune, this never gets going. No real reason to add it to your record collection, although the kind of song you would enjoy hearing on the radio on a sunny day. Could do better.

★★★★☆
 Andrew Swann

The Race Factor

- ★★★★★ Wacky Race [s]
- ★★★★☆ The Boat Race
- ★★★☆☆ The Milk Race
- ★★☆☆☆ Roy Race
- ★☆☆☆☆ The Master Race



You Can See It
Methodaire

You can see it is cool, sexy and plain good fun. Simple chink-a-chink rhythms and a sassy funk instrumental more than make up for its piss poor cover. It's true it has 'student music' written all over it and these guys make up the sort of suede jacket wearing indie band that everybody loves to hate, but it still got me air guitaring on my bed. I hate to say it boys, but this lot might just be original.

★★★★☆
 John Picton

Feeder
Just a Day EP

This is great. Harking back to tunes such as *Cement* and *Crash*, here we are given a fantastic riff-laden three-minute power pop belter with a sing-along chorus. The sound of *Grand Turismo 3* on the Playstation 2, this deserves to become household chewing gum for the ears; nothing hidden or deep about it, but its all in the tune...

★★★★☆
 Andrew Swann

P. Diddy
 DIDDY

It seems Puff Daddy, not satisfied enough by changing his name to some ridiculous acronym which destroys the little amount of street credibility he had left, has decided to produce an equally bad track to introduce his lame new stage character.

The only good side to this bad duet with the Neptunes is the chorus, in which the Neptunes spell out Diddy's name. Otherwise, the rest is terrible: Diddy's rap, the staccato rhythms, everything!

★★☆☆☆

R. Le Frogge

Swann's Song



Since I'm saving myself for a seasonal Noddy Holder-fest next week, the input into my column this week is minimal. Thus to tie in nicely with my review on these very pages, today children, we focus on the future...

Technology, a dirty word. Feared by many, loved by a few, although these are generally goofy bespectacled weirdos (as seem to live in the Beaver office). This week, I finally bit my lip and gave in to the inevitable... yes, I watched not one, but two DVDs. Once I had got over the slight problem of a lack of equipment on which to play the said items, I sat back wearing my best sceptical face and was quite literally, blown away.

The main benefits were immediately apparent, i.e. the quality of sound and picture and let's face it when reviewing a music item, these are pretty important; but there was so much more. The extra's, although sometimes dubious in content make the package so much more than a VHS equivalent, not only in presentation but accessibility. The effect is almost like the old days of vinyl, when one would bring home a shiny record, sleeve notes, gatefold and all, really feeling like you were buying something. This was big, you had invested in an object not just the sound it played. This is a concept DVD introduces back to music. This can only be a good thing.

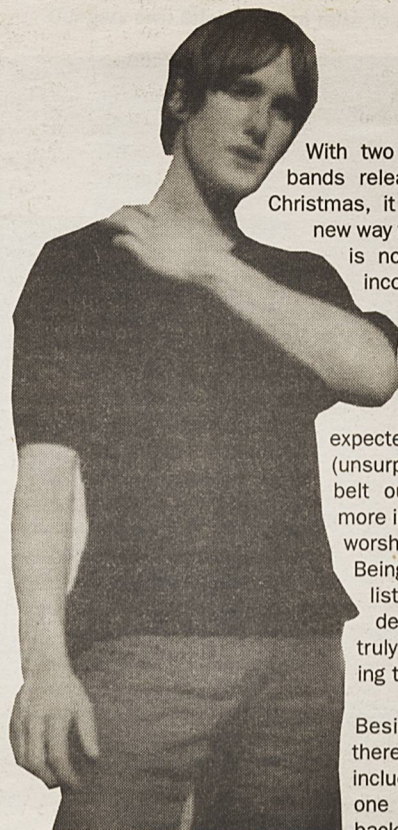
Being introduced into this brave new world made me wonder where it will all go to next, will we have the virtual gig or maybe even virtual reality groupie sex with a band member? The possibilities are endless. Although to keep feet firmly on the floor, it is essentially the music that matters in the end, but new formats are adding the ultimate fan experience to an industry that with price and all is sucking the will to live from the innocent 'consumers.'

The moral dilemmas behind the endorsement of technology versus the traditional will rage and rage, but while vinyl gets harder and harder to come by, we need something to restore our faith in buying music. We need a good package. All too often this is not provided by overpriced CDs with their minimal sleeve notes, so for once we may be getting what we want.

Andrew Swann

Lost in DVD

Ash: Tokyo Blitz
Suede: Lost in TV



With two somewhat major genre bands releasing DVDs in time for Christmas, it seems that this is the new way to go. For Ash the format is nothing new, having been incorporated in their numerous single releases throughout 2001. Tokyo Blitz is essentially a live recording, although contains the expected DVD extras. Filmed (unsurprisingly!) in Tokyo, Ash belt out all the classics and more in typical full-on style, to a worshipping Japanese crowd. Being on this format, the set list can be played in any pre-defined order, making it a truly accessible way of enjoying the footage.

Besides the live coverage there is backstage footage, including scenes that for anyone owning 1977 will bring back memories, of the band getting hammered and generally boasting about. There is round Tokyo footage with plenty of input from the lovely Charlotte, as well as an interesting day in the life of two typically over the top Japanese fans going to the gig. All in all, this is value for money. The sound and picture quality really adds a new dimension to the presentation and the extras are worth it for collector value. A good take on the sometime crap idea of a live video.

Suede however take a more arty approach, as one would expect from the kings of dark style. Lost in TV is a videography, going through the band's videos in chronological order, from the early days of Bernard Butler, Animal Nitrate and so on, to career pinnacle Trash and more recent numbers like Electricity. The videos are often stunning, being more than just promotional footage and thus giving a reason behind this release other than blatant commerciality. The optional extras here include band commentary of each video and thus we can learn which ones they enjoyed and which they loathed making, which strangely enough proves to be quite compelling viewing.

Beyond the videos, here we are given an exclusive track, 'Simon,' which is really nothing more than an end of album kind of track, but hey you can't get it anywhere else! Again, this release has given a new dimension to the Suede experience, adding the definitive viewing experience to any Suede collection as well as providing another interesting insight into the band behind the image. It seems that DVD may truly be the way forward.

Tokyo Blitz: ★★★★★
Lost in TV: ★★★★★☆



Andrew Swann

Beaver Maths



News

READERS RAISE £650,000

By JOHN KAY, Chief Reporter

PRICE CHARGES yesterday helped raise for The Sun and our war-torn readers for helping to raise £650,000 to fight breast cancer. The cash was collected through our Radio 4 Year With The Sun appeal, which was launched in October at the Sun.

By George

George Harrison was working on a secret last album in the months leading up to his death, the Beaver can reveal. The late Beatle, who died last week following a long battle against cancer, was working on up to 25 unreleased songs at his home studio. It is thought that the tracks will be released as an album in the coming months and years.

A Stroke of Luck

Music fans are in luck; **the Strokes** have confirmed the final details of a UK tour for the Spring. The shows take place in late February and early March, and are their largest UK headline performances to date. They play London's Brixton Academy on the 28th February.

Cilla Black-ens Her Name

In a move which disgusted right minded people up and down the country, **Cilla Black** publicly humiliated herself at the Royal Variety Show last Wednesday. Wearing a skin-tight black gym-slip, the ageing ginger Scouser disgraced herself, sporting flashing lights over her breasts and vaginal area.

Recommended Gigs

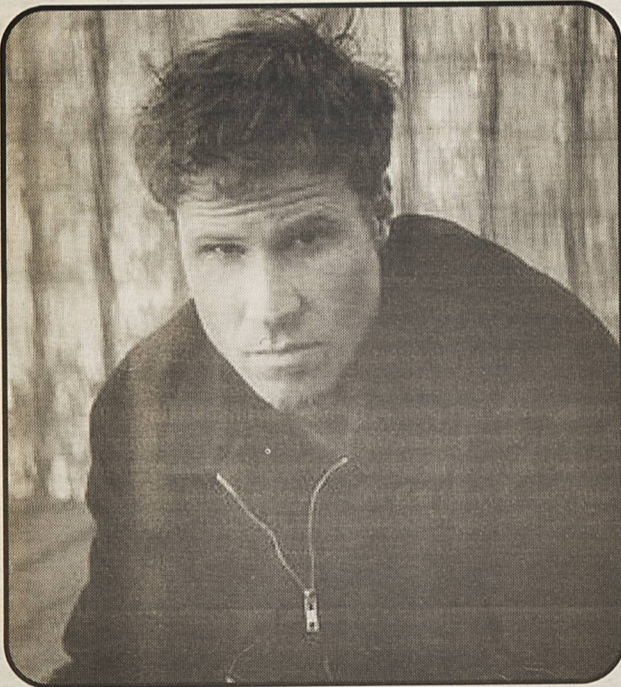
Basement Jaxx @ Brixton Academy, Thursday 6th November
Alkaline Trio @ ULU, Friday 7th December
The Cooper Temple Clause, @ The Scala Monday 10th December

LONDON, TUESDAY, 13 NOVEMBER 2001 www.thisisboston.co.uk Incorporating THE EVENING NEWS

Tree-mendous

Peter Davies caught up with ex-Screaming Trees frontman **Mark Lanegan** before his London show

The Screaming Trees were undoubtedly one of the finest rock bands to emerge from the Seattle scene during the late 1980's and early 90's. Together with Soundgarden, Nirvana, Pearl Jam and Alice in Chains, they dominated the American music scene and inspired an entire generation, the so-called 'Generation X'. Yet whereas most of these bands specialised in grunge, the Screaming Trees were always far more subtle in their approach, driven by the superb haunting vocals of **Mark Lanegan**, a close friend of Kurt Cobain. Following the opus *Dust* in 1996, the Screaming Trees sadly split. Mark Lanegan, however, had always balanced his Trees' duties with the recording of a string of solo albums, veering towards country, folk and blues. Following the split, Mark Lanegan has continued to remain as prolific a songwriter as ever, releasing the acclaimed *Scraps at Midnight* (his third solo album), the covers album *'I'll Take Care of You'*, and the recent *Field Songs*. The Beaver's **Peter Davies** caught up with the rock legend.



PD: Would it be justified to say that your solo material is far more introspective and personal than the material you wrote for the Screaming Trees?

ML: My response is automatic ...I always thought it was the same thing in different settings. I consider the solo stuff rock; I just consider it quieter.

PD: Have you always loved the blues/country music that you peddle on your solo releases?

ML: Some stuff, yeah, I don't like all the rock stuff.

PD: For example, to what extent have the bands you covered on 'I'll Take Care of You' such as Tim Hadin and Bobby Bland influenced your own solo output?

Mark Lanegan
@ London Astoria
2:12:01

As part of the K-fest; the Kerrang sponsored series of Christmas gigs at the London Astoria, we have tonight the former vocalist of the seminal Screaming Trees, Mark Lanegan, in support of his recent *Field Songs* album.

Masters of Reality are on first, and they include in their line up the Queens of the Stone Age duo, Joshua Homme and Nic Olivieri. Although their sound is reminiscent of the Queens in places, it is more of a melodic stab at the stoner-rock genre, with Chris Goss' vocals giving them a less abrasive edge. Mark Lanegan even accompanies the band on one of their songs, making for an awesome racket.



Mark Lanegan and his backing band then enter the stage to a warm reception, and all night we are treated to his ghostly, haunting croon that weaves a magic spell over the packed Astoria. With such an incredible voice, he can't really lose, yet the delivery of his solo material is impeccable. Although his solo output is mostly country and blues orientated, for the live show it has more of a rocky feel to it, and the normally subdued *Hotel*, in particular, sounds remarkable given the full electric treatment.

The peak of the evening is the encore, where Lanegan and his band perform an epic rendition of the Screaming Trees classic *Gospel Plow*. The crowd goes mental, Lanegan sings like an angel, and the band rock out in true style. Remarkable stuff!

Peter Davies

ML: Well yeah, that's the stuff I listened to a lot. But, I like Black Sabbath and Black Flag. I liked to get that side of me out in the [Screaming] Trees.

PD: Have there ever been times when the well documented problems in your personal life [namely alcoholism and drugs] have had a dramatic influence on your songwriting?

ML: When I write songs I do kinda draw on personal experiences I have.

PD: How did *Field Songs* come together?

ML: It was kinda over a long time. I did a little bit here and a little bit there. We were real diligent.

PD: Who would you say are the best musicians you've worked with, having played with the likes of Kurt Cobain and Joshua Homme?

ML: I've been very lucky to play with a lot of different guys, but you know, I really like my current band...I like the guys on this tour.

PD: What was opening for AC/DC like on their recent Milton Keynes date?

ML: The Milton Keynes show? Playing with AC/DC is something you want because that's the kind of thing I saw when I was younger.

PD: What was it like collaborating with the Queens of the Stone Age on their recent *Rated R* album?

ML: It was fun...a good time...very creative.

PD: As an Afghan Whigs fan, will there be a future release with Greg Dulli?

ML: We certainly hope so. We've been trying to do it, but then something else would come along (sic). But yeah, at some point...God willing.

PD: What do you think of the current rock scene?

ML: Well, I've always liked the Stone Temple Pilots, they're a good rock band with good songs...they put on a good show. They're like old school. But I'm not really the kind of guy that listens to the radio or listens to popular music. I prefer stuff that's on the fringe.

PD: If you hadn't developed a career in music what would you have done?

ML: Nothing good...that's for sure.

PD: Will the Screaming Trees ever get back together?

ML: I'd definitely like to collaborate with the Connors [the guitar and bass siblings in the Screaming Trees] and any of the guys. They all have their different lives at the moment. I'd love to, although not as a group.

PD: Is there an album you've done which stands out for you, maybe *Sweet Oblivion* or *Scraps at Midnight*? Is there a particular favourite?

ML: Well, when I think about any of them, I think about the experience in making them, I think about it in that way, less than in what the record itself sounds like. I think about the make up of the songs...so you know, I've got good feeling about pretty much all of them.

So there we have it. A Screaming Trees get together has not been ruled out, a collaboration with Greg Dulli should be forthcoming, and the mechanism for Mark Lanegan's solo writing is very much the same as that for his former band 'except quieter.' A true legend!

Peter Davies

Beta Than Ever?

Our very own **Michael Burn** talks to **Robin Jones** from the **Beta band**

The Beta Band, have often been described as zany, wacky, crazy and ironic; all of which they refute. They are however, one of the most innovative bands working within their genre in contemporary music. Fusing styles from hip-hop to folk they could be described as post-modern but to ascribe a band a term which actually means nothing much at all, isn't exactly very complimentary. On release of their first proper studio album (after a collection of e.p.s) they labelled it 'shit', something percussionist Robin Jones still agrees with today. If that doesn't have punk rock sentiments then I don't know what does.

Their genre has been the subject of much misinterpretation. Their trilogy of e.p.'s, *Champion Versions*, *The Patty Patty Sound* and *Los Amigos Del Beta Bandidos* has seen them being knighted with the moniker of 'ironic indie band' but as Robin Jones says: 'we don't do irony'.

Time gone by has seen a turbulent relationship with the music press but the truth be known, they have produced some of the most interesting music to come out of the UK in a long while. Not interesting in a 'hmm that's interesting way' but interesting in a 'that's new, fuck me' kind of way.

For the last year or so the Beta Band have been all out tour, tour, tour; encompassing the delights of Northern American, along with Northern England. Talking to me, not entirely exclusively, Robin Jones, percussionist extraordinaire said 'it got to the stage where we had to make a decent record out of financial necessity, rather than artistic merit.' The Beta Band where trying to avoid bankruptcy.

Reflecting the band's ethos Jones goes on to say: "We don't want money so we can go and buy new underpants, we need money to keep the band actually functioning as a unit. We've reached the limit of what you can do by not playing the music game in this country. There aren't many bands that sold out the Barrowlands that have only sold like 20,000 copies of their album. So it's just



a matter of trying to balance up the figures, balance up the people that come to see us with the people that buy our records."

The band don't really aspire to great things, they don't want to be remembered in x number of years for being the band that... they want to live for the moment, producing music for now: they don't want to compromise and lick people's arses.

For all of this, they are not a band without politics: "There are people making money off the back of what we've done now. We're the twats at the bottom that have been doing all the groundwork for imbeciles like Blur who have now come along and stepped in there with their amazing new sounds. 'Where the fuck did they get that from?' Do you know what I mean?"

In terms of influence alone the 'Band are far beyond your average hippy shit. They cite hip-hop alongside reggae as being influential to their sound. Far more eclectic than your average white indie guitar band.

Jones' s is quick to criticise the traditional music press in the UK. Do they understand where the Beta Band are coming from? "Not in this country they don't. Here they're so riddled with the concept of irony and the whole strange music scene that seems to go on, especially down in London, that they can't see the wood for the trees. They see something and they're always trying to look behind it to see what's propping it up and, with us, it is what it is and when I said what I did about the album they immediately thought that it was some idea to sell it. You can't be honest - there's no room for honesty anymore and it's a shame really, 'cause it letting the people that read the magazines down. People miles away, that's their lifeline to what's going on and they've got some coke-head in London telling them what's going on, it's not a good state of affairs really."

Fucking London coke-heads! That's what I say: Don't become a fucking London coke-head. Nevertheless the band are optimistic about their outlook and musical approach: "Combining the ideas that we have, some of the organic ideas with the electronic production worked this time. This time we got some decent guys on the case and when you've got someone working the equipment you can try things out in a split second. 'To You Alone' is such a great marriage of everything that is good about The Beta Band and everything that I'm looking forward to, about the music which we're going to be making in the future."

Pic: Robin gets 'made up.'

Shameless?

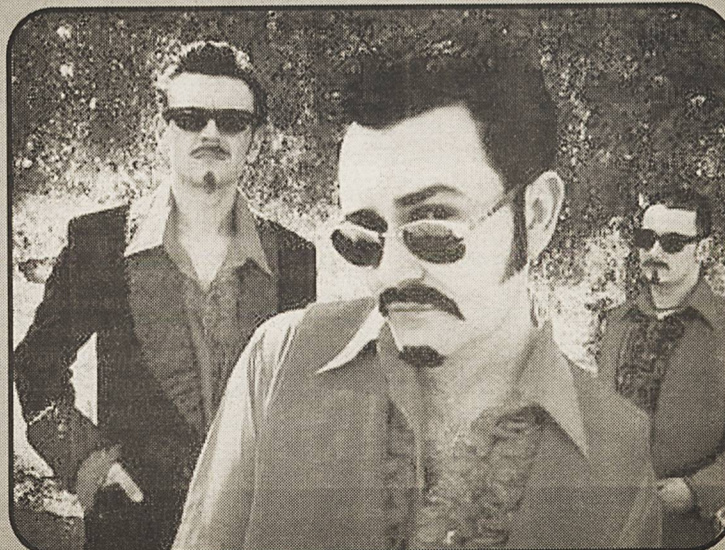
Therapy?
@ The Ocean
29: 11: 01

Therapy? are very much a band in decline artistically. Since the release of *Troublegum* and *Infernal Love*, two bona fide classic rock albums, the Northern Irish pop/punk/metallers have served up one disappointing album after another. Their latest offering, *Shameless*, was an attempt to replicate their major influences - Thin Lizzy, Husker Du, yet failed miserably to match the standard of the material they recorded during the halcyon days of the mid 90's. With the gig scheduled at the Ocean, all the way out in Hackney of all paces (and yes, we did get mugged on the way home!), the small venue was far from packed. All the makings of a shit gig? Not on your life!

Tonight, Therapy? are blinding. Due to their artistic decline and the location, the crowd comprises of their hardcore following only. The result is a charged atmosphere, the band reeling off crowd favourite after crowd favourite; the partisan fans singing along to every word. There is no doubt that as a live act, Therapy? continue to improve year on year. The opener *Gimme Back My Brain*, the first single from the disappointing *Shameless*, sounds storming in this setting. Therapy? thankfully stick mostly to their old material, and *Troublegum* gems *Hellbelly*, *Knives*, the brooding Joy Division cover *Isolation*, and the magnificent pop punk of *Screamager* all show why the album was a Mercury Prize nominee. Set highlight is the cello-tinged *Diane*, a chilling tale of rape that served to bring tears to the eye. Even when Therapy? venture to songs from their mediocre releases they don't disappoint, and *Not That Kind of Girl*, *Lonely Cryin Only* and *I am the Money*, all show what the band can do when they put their minds to it. They finish on the punk blast of *Nowhere*, perhaps their finest three minutes of all.

Therapy?, despite the deteriorating quality of their output, continue to remain as relevant as ever as a live act.

Peter Davies



Common As Muck



Pulp
@ Brixton Academy
28 : 11 :01



"If this show was televised, no-one would watch it not today but seven years ago". It is amid a virtually invisible band that the ultra energetic frontman of Pulp made his gloriously acclaimed entrance at the Brixton Academy on November 28th. A large crowd of middle-aged single-toothed ex hippies shook their booties and screamed their hearts out at the (somewhat scary) sight of a possessed Jarvis Cocker practicing some extreme contortionism on stage.

A gigantic screen showing colourful images ranging from flourishing blossoms to kinky girls and anti capitalistic cartoons (though this is somewhat of a paradox considering the tickets cost 18 quid) constituted an adequate background for the parody of the moshpit going on in the front row.

The interaction with the audience was kept to a few anecdotes regarding Pulp's (declining) career, while tedium couldn't help but set in after the first five virtually identical tunes. The fidelity of the fans was nonetheless expressed by two insistent encores at the end of the show, which were generously conceded by an inexhaustible Jarvis. To conclude, a few words on the supporting band: if you ever watched the episode of Friends in which Ross, victim of delusions of musical ability, decides to torture a helpless synthesizer, you will probably be able to draw a picture close to the appalling show they performed.

The Pulp's gone off, it's time for new seeds to grow.



Brisk Pixie



Dungeon Masters?

Dungeon Family
Even In Darkness

For too long hip-hop has promised more than it has delivered: either big names living off their reputations, producing records with one eye on the clock and the other on the bank balance; or underground acts with the skills and the knowledge going unnoticed for years until being sucked into mainstream labels and dumped when no immediate cash flow returns were forthcoming.

Its been a year since Atlanta duo Outkast released their breakthrough album *Stankonia*, a rare example of how triple-platinum need not mean commercial sell-out. And riding on the back of catchy cross-over track *Ms Jackson*, which skewered rap machismo and brought the concept of the apology into the hip-hop lexicon, they have decided its time for them to pay their dues to their extended crew, AKA Dungeon Family. And the psychedelic funk sound that burned up charts around the world continues here.

The family includes Outkast, Goodie Mob, Witchdoctor, Slimm Calhoun, Sleepy Brown, Cool Breeze, Backbone, Big Rube and producers Organized Noize. But with so much individual talent such as the underrated Goodie Mob, and the big name produces Organised Noize can the album cope with all the ego's?

Well, there are the problems you would expect: too many tracks, too many topics, too many acts. And then the beats and the eighties analogue synth sounds are overused and lack variety. There are undoubtedly some tunes better left on the cutting-room floor.

But, with the quality of *Crooked Booty* and its hypnotic acappella intro, and the laid pack funk of *Follow the Light*, or the complex rap of *Trans DF Express*, which will be the lead single, this is an album which does deliver. Funked-up hip-hop cuts with broad appeal that at least try to remember their roots.

★★★★☆
Joe Rudkin



Eggs-ellent?

Shiner
The Egg

Having never heard of Shiner before, and basing myself on the album cover artwork, I was expecting some cool electronica music. The album, with its minimalist, purposely random design, looks like a promotional CD for the UK on-line banking service The Egg. Shiner are on the contrary a classic US grunge rock band, and are actually touring Britain at the moment, having played in London last Saturday.

The first track, *The Truth About Cows*, apart from having a funky but weird title, sounds like a typical grunge anthem straight out of Seattle. The lead singer's voice sounds like Eddie Vedder's drawling while the guitar riffs are reminiscent of Soundgarden's *Black Hole Sun*.

The *Top Of The World* sounds like it was recorded after a heavy bingeing session, and the band decided to pick up their instruments and improvise on the spot, producing a humorous tune.

There are also some powerful instrumental pieces, such as *Andalusia* or the seven minute long

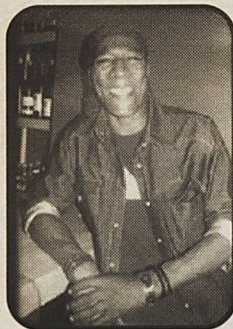


The Simple Truth. *Andalusia* has a good intro with the ever-present saturated guitar playing in line with the drums, while *The Simple Truth* is much softer and very relaxing to listen to.

On the other hand, some tracks, like the last one, *Stoned*, are not that great. *Stoned* is very slow, and sounds a little melancholic, then unfittingly explodes into a chorus of distorted guitars.

These tracks are a minority however, and Shiner definitely are a commendable effort to revive US college rock of the mid-1990s.

★★★★☆
R. Le Frogge



AdvanceDance @ the Loft, Wardour Street, Soho
£7/£5 NUS, Thursday from 9pm.

Wow! As my American housemate noted, 'this place is HOT!'. Perhaps we were still euphoric from blagging our way in for free (OK Sean blagged our way in for free), but HOT! wasn't an exaggeration. It is difficult to find fault with the place, but I'll deal with the (minor) bad points first. The toilet attendant was overly eager (aggressive?) in demanding money with menaces (or a tip as it's otherwise known). Secondly, while the dance floor was rammed, the rest of the club was a little empty. But hey, at least it meant you could sit down.

The funky, soulful beats from DJ Paul 'Trouble' Anderson ('Who is the most Troublesome DJ?') are what gives this New York night it's reputation (apparently), but it was the soaring voice and wicked vocal improvisation of MC Barbara Tucker (below, right) that really made the music. She's only here till December 10 so get on down before then.

As for the clientele, I have rarely seen such a mixed bunch. Ultra-trendy Japanese, real Sloaney girls, city suits and a fast-approaching-50 facelift contingent, and some scally/townie types. One group had surely just stepped out of an early-80s Harlem disco. A guy with a Covent Garden mullet wore a fur stole around his shoulders (honestly), while one gorgeous creature may have been male, may have been female, but was definitely a model.

If watching the crowd ain't enough, get to the dance floor, because this night is really about the dancing. Surprisingly there was not really a druggy atmosphere, merely a whiff of weed (and probably the requisite amount of snorting in the toilets). My advice is to get drunk and dance. And perhaps try it on with the androgynous beauty.



MJ MORGAN

THE TOP FIVE

THURSDAY DECEMBER 6th

Bedrock @ Heaven, The Arches, Villiers Street, Charing Cross, WC2. 020 7930 2020 £5/7

Back once again for its last monthly outing of 2001, DJ magazine's no. 1 DJ Digweed and guests are sure to have them queuing round the block; it's your last chance to go before next February, so it looks like those Friday morning classes may have to be missed.

FRIDAY DECEMBER 7th

The Boutique Meets Bugged Out! @ Heaven, The Arches, Villiers Street, Charing Cross, WC2. 01273 323055 £13/12

The sounds of Brighton and Manchester hit London for this monster monthly party; Timo Maas, the Chemical Brothers, Jon Carter & Midfield General will be amongst those serving up a musical medley from dirty breaks to house for your aural pleasure.

Renegade Hardware @ The End, West Central Street, WC2. 020 7419 9199 £12/10

Andy C, Universal Project, Loxy & Total Science will be tearing up the floor in the main room with the filthy d&b rinse out to keep you steppin' all night long; with breaks and house providing light relief in the second room.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 8th

Elements @ Turnmills, 63b Clerkenwell Road, EC1. 020 7250 3409 £12/10

It's Hooj's night's second birthday, so expect the place to be jumping to the dirty tribal house beats. Danny Howells, James Holden, Red Jerry, Blim, Bill Brewster and Clive Henry complete the line-up for the night.

The End's 6th Birthday Part Two @ The End, West Central Street, WC2. 020 7771 2000 £15

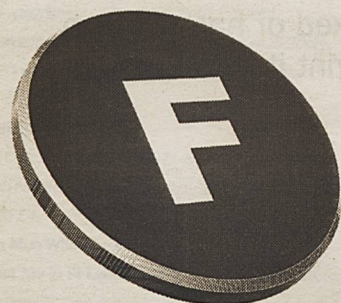
End supremo Mr C presents the second installment celebrating six years of mayhem in the West End. The decidedly classy line-up includes X-Press 2's Rocky, Terry Farley, Jo Mills and Tania Vulkano; but watch out, it might just all go Pete Tong. For details of advance tickets check out www.the-end.co.uk/6.

christmas is coming, the clubbing's getting phat....

We aren't going be around next week so this is the last beaver Clubbing of the year. Since NEW YEARS EVE is one of the biggest dates in the clubbing calendar (or the biggest rip off depending on how you see it) we couldn't bugger off to lapland or a dodgy squat party in Leyton with out giving you the lowdown on some of the top nights this yuletide and new year:

Don't take my word for it but Daft Punk are rumoured to be playing Fabric in the run up to Christmas, fingers crossed... a more concrete date is the 22 December when Mssrs Sasha and Digweed storm Fabric...Dillinja, Lemon D, Goldie, Size, Rider and Nicky Blackmarket team up for a valve Soundsystem rinse out on December 21 at Mass in Brixton...look ou too for the End's boxing day jungle special...on to the big one...

NEW YEARS EVE sees The Chemical brothers headlining at Together@Turnmills with quality support from the likes of Norman Jay, Tall Paul, CJ Mackintosh and Lottie (The Chems are also playing an early set at their old haunt the Social)...down in Shoreditch Plastic People and Planit 2000 Arches team up to bring you the delectable Four Hero, Giles Peterson, Andrew Weatherall and St. Etienne amongst others...if anyone fancies trekking to Greenwich for The Ministry of Sound inside the dome they're serving up the usual selection of shitty trance and UK Garage..oh well, the World Dance arena might just save it...The Laundry are taking to the water with a 500 person capacity boat taking in House, breakbeat funk and Latin...interesting...



FREEDOM

**THIS VOUCHER ENTITLES THE
 HOLDER TO PRIORITY ENTRY TO
 FREEDOM @ BAGLEYS
 KINGS CROSS FREIGHT DEPOT,
 KINGS CROSS, N1
 in association with LSE Beaver**

Win Four Free Guestlist Places to FREEDOM @ BAGLEYS

Line-up for December 15th 2001: Guy Orndel, Genius Cru and Jason Kaye join residents Ariel, Lisa Pin-Up, Colin Aubrey and Mike 'Ruffcut' Lloyd.
 If you want to win simply answer the following taxing question:
 What day of the week is Freedom @ Bagleys held on?
 Email us your answers, including your telephone number, at
lseclubbing@hotmail.com

Or, alternatively, if you don't win you can still go along and use our priority entry voucher to jump to the front of the queue.

Umoja - The Spirit of Togetherness

This is truly an authentic piece of musical production. Created by Todd Twala and Thembi Nyandeni in the late '90s, it is a celebration that is narrative in nature of the music culture of South Africa from long ago through Apartheid to the present date. Ian Von Memerty directs it. Many of the cast members came from disadvantaged communities and townships where there were no access to any kind of training or work, and often-minimal education. It is amazing therefore to see the talent and precise execution of their art, taking into consideration their humble beginnings.

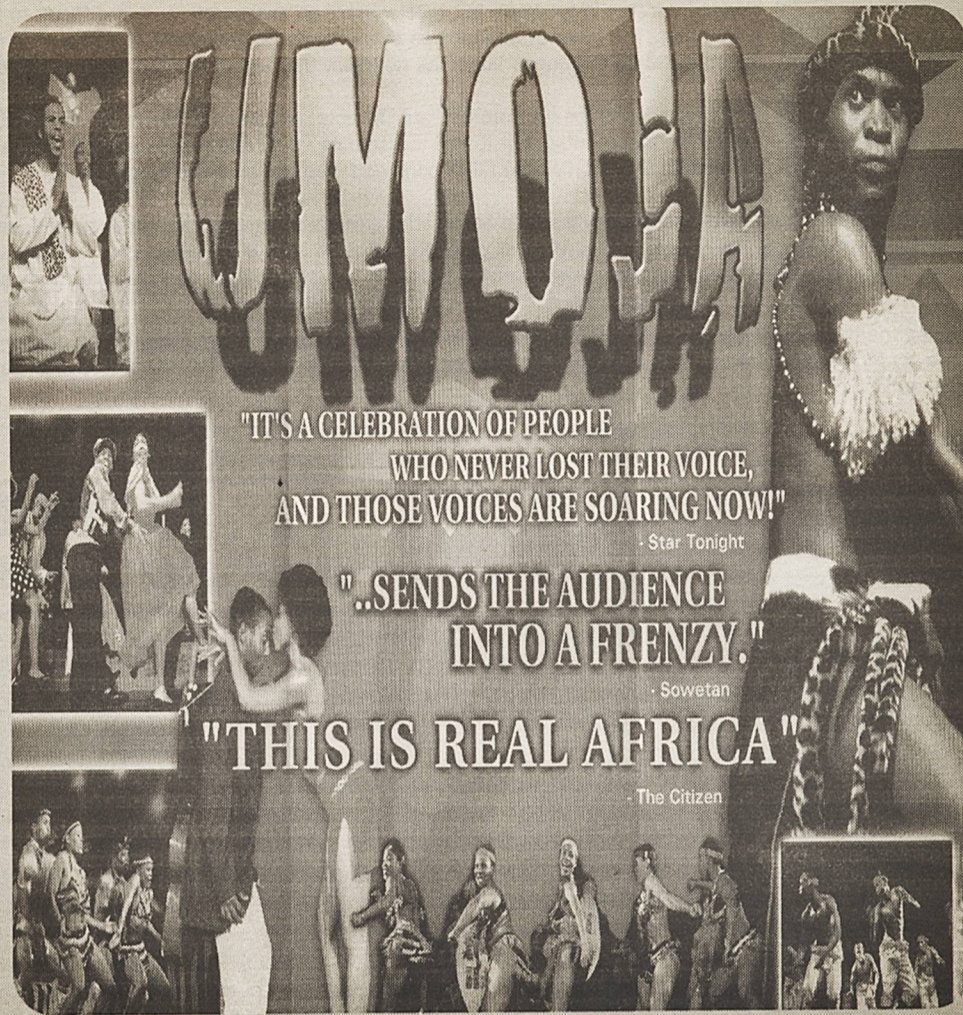
It tells the story of an old man who looks back in time to observe how music has been the drumming beat behind the survival and sanity of many South Africans. The old man, acted by Hope Ndaba, succeeds in charming the audience with his witty narration. The cast are amazing in their cultural dances and synchronisation. A raw, spirited,

vivacious and energetic vitality hits you as you watch them perform. The men are powerful looking in their warrior dances while the women are beautiful and tasteful in their maiden dances. Amongst them, a few stand out. Nontsikelelo Dipudi is a gifted performer her act as the prostitute was absolutely believable. The gospel songs by Siboniso Dladla and Jackie Kumbuzile are soulful, heartfelt and fantastic. The music and dances draw from tribal music, the intricacies of gumboot dancing, jazz and Gospel choirs.

The show overall is delightful, rhythmic, funny and enlightening. It is a show that gives value for money and is visually entertaining. Umoja, the spirit of togetherness, brings you an unadulterated Africa!!!!

Rating ★★★★★
Review by
Shola Babington-Ashaye

Playing at:
Shaftesbury Theatre, 0207 3795399
Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Thu, Sat, 3pm, booking to
Feb 16 (no performances Dec 23-25, mat Dec 26,
3pm) £17.50-£37.50



The Gathering

Though slightly further out than the West End Theatres, the small, simple black box Studio 2 of the BAC is the quintessential arena for Will Power's emotionally charged hip hop creation, 'The Gathering'. Within the confines of the box, the electrical charge of the journey seems to bounce off the walls, under the skins, and into the nerves of the diverse audience.

A one man show, written and performed Will Power, he plays 19 different characters, including an old jazz musician, a sympathetic barber, a limping minister, a young punk, and a victim of HIV. A barber shop is not just a barber shop, but a place where four generations of men can shock each other with their differences and relate in the most essential ways. With issues such as homosexuality, religion, and HIV, Power's performance certainly lacks no depth. Not too heavy, not to light, this performance keeps it real.

There is not much else to do but rave about 'The Gathering'. It did for me exactly what theatre is supposed to do: leave one satisfied, questioning, impressed, and reeling from the inside. I hope that this boy raised in NY and in LA, will someday, once this tour is finished, return to us in the UK, gracing the stage again with his theatrical truth.

Rating ★★★★★

Review by **Sarah Greenberg**



Will Power is HOT, HOT, HOT

At the BAC 020 7223 2223
Clapham Junction Rail, SW11
£5.50-£8.75
Written and Performed by Will Power, directed by
Rhodessa Jones
Presented by Apples and Snakes
Tues-Sat 8:30 pm, Sun 6:30 pm
Runs through Dec. 9th

COMPETITION!!!!

**A Free pair of tickets to see
Umoja*!!!!**

Answer the following question:

In theatre folklore which of these will bring luck to the performance:

- a) Cane
- b) Crotches
- c) A real Bible

Have a good think.

Email us at sstheatre@hotmail.com

**subject to availability*

Come live the High Society life of a theatre reviewer! Join our team and write reviews on the latest shows in the West End and bask in the glory of free tickets!!!!

If you've seen a show and liked or hated it give us your thoughts and we'll print it on paper.

Contact us Shola and Sarah at
sstheatre@hotmail.com

FILMS FROM FRIDAY 7TH

BARBICAN SCREEN

Silk Street, EC2 (info 020-7382 7000, booking 020-7638 8891). £6.50, Barb mems/NUS/ES40/OAP £5, Mon/under-15s £4, concs plus Barb card £4.50, family tickets £16, groups of 10+ £1.50 each.

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 2.30pm (Sat), 5.45pm 8.45pm.
Verdi Legends - Toscanini, Tebaldi, Callas And The Requiem Mass (NC) Progs Sun 2pm.

THE BARBICAN SCREEN:

100 YEARS OF MAGIC:
THE ART OF WALT DISNEY

Silk Street, Barbican, EC2 (info 020-7382 7000, booking 020-7638 8891). £6.50, mems/NUS/ES40/OAP £5, Mon/under-15s £4, £16, groups of 10+ £1.50 each.

101 Dalmatians (U) Progs Wed 6pm.

Aladdin (U) Progs Sun 8.15pm.

Alice In Wonderland (U) Progs Sun 4pm.

Bambi (U) Progs Sat 5.15pm.

Dumbo (U) Progs Sat 2pm.

Fantasia/2000 (U) Progs Fri 8.15pm.

The Fox And The Hound (U) Progs Tue 6pm.

Lady And The Tramp (U) Progs Sun 6pm.

The Lion King (U) Progs Sat 8.40pm.

Mulan (U) Progs Thur 8.15pm.

Peter Pan (U) Progs Mon 3pm.

Sleeping Beauty (PG) Progs Fri 6pm.

Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs (U) Progs Sat 11am, 3.30pm, Mon 3pm.

The Sword In The Stone (U) Progs Thur 6pm.

Tarzan (U) Progs Tue 8.15pm.

The Three Caballeros (U) Progs Wed 8.15pm.

BFI LONDON IMAX

1 Charlie Chaplin Walk, SE1 (020-7902 1234). £6.95, concs £5.95, child £4.95, under-threes free.

CyberWorld 3D (PG) Progs Fri/Sat 1pm (Fri), 4.45pm (Fri), 6pm (Sat), 9.45pm, Sun/Wed 3.30pm, Mon/Thur 6pm, Tue 2.15pm, 8.30pm.

Dolphins (IMAX) (U) Progs Mon 1pm.

Encounter In The Third Dimension 3-D (U) Progs Thur 3.30pm.

Gladiator (15) Progs Sat 9.30pm, Sun 8.30pm.

Haunted Castle 3-D (PG) Progs Fri/Wed 2.15pm, 6pm, 8.30pm, Sat/Sun/Thur 11.45am (Sat/Sun), 1pm (Thur), 4.45pm, 7.15pm (Sun), 8.30pm (Thur), Mon/Tue 3.30pm, 7.15pm (Tue).

Shackleton's Antarctic Adventure (U) Progs Fri/Sat/Mon/Wed/Thur 1pm (Sat/Wed), 2.15pm (Mon/Thur), 3.30pm (Fri/Sat), 4.45pm (Mon/Wed), 7.15pm, Sun/Tue 1pm (Sun), 6pm.

CLAPHAM PICTURE HOUSE

76 Venn Street, SW4 (info 020-7498 2242, booking 020-7498 3323). £6.50, mems £5.50, Tue-Fri before 6pm/Mon £5(mems £4), mems/NUS/OAP/ES40 Tue-Fri before 6pm £4, under-14s £3

A ma soeur! (18) Progs 1.10pm, 3.10pm, 5.10pm, 7.10pm, 9.10pm.

Apocalypse Now Redux (15) Progs 12.15pm (Sat), 4pm, 7.45pm.

Happiness/Hard Eight (18) Progs Sun noon.

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 11.30am (Sat/Sun), 2.30pm, 5.30pm, 8.30pm.

The Others (12) Progs Fri/Mon-Thur 1.45pm.

Sleeping Beauty (PG) Progs Sat 11.45am.

Storytelling (18) Progs 1.20pm (Sat/Sun), 3.20pm, 5.20pm (not Sun), 7.20pm (not Sun), 9.20pm.

CURZON MAYFAIR

38 Curzon Street, W1 (0871 871 0011). £7.50, Mon-Fri before 5pm/OAP/NUS/ES40 Mon-Thur £5, child £4.

The Man Who Wasn't There (15) Progs 8.45pm.

Meet Me In St Louis (U) Progs 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.15pm.

CURZON SOHO

93-107 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (info 0871 871 0022, booking 020-7734 2255). £8, Mon/Tue-Fri before 5pm/NUS Tue-Thur/OAP/ES40/Westminster residents/mems/Sun specials £5, child £4.

A ma soeur! (18) Progs Fri-Sun 1pm (not Sun), 3pm, 5pm, 7.10pm, 9.10pm, Mon-Thur noon, 2pm, 4pm, 7.10pm, 9.10pm.

Amélie (15) Progs 4.30pm, 7pm.

The Devil's Backbone (15) Progs 2.20pm (not Sun), 7pm, 9.15pm.

Eloge De L'Amour (PG) Progs 12.10pm (not Sun), 2.20pm, 9.25pm.

The Flower Of My Secret (15) Progs Sun 2.30pm.

Ghost World (15) Progs noon, 4.30pm.

Kika (18) Progs Sun 12.30pm.

Love And Death (PG) Progs Sun 1.35pm.

Serious About Shorts (NC) Progs Sat noon, Tue 6pm.

Sleeper (PG) Progs Sun noon.

GATE NOTTING HILL

87 Notting Hill Gate, W11 (020-7272 4043). £7, Mon-Fri first showing £4, concs Mon-Fri before 6pm/lates Fri/Sat £3.50

Apocalypse Now Redux (15) Progs Fri/Sat 3.30pm, 7.30pm, Sun-Thur 12.40pm, 4.25pm, 8.15pm.

Moulin Rouge (12) Progs Fri/Sat 11.30pm.

ODEON CAMDEN TOWN

14 Parkway, NW1 (0870 505 0007). £7, Mon-Fri before 5pm/Tue/OAP before 5pm £4.50.

The 51st State (18) Progs Fri-Sun 1.55pm, 4.05pm, 6.35pm, 8.40pm, 10.50pm (Fri/Sat), Mon-Thur 1.40pm, 3.55pm, 6.35pm, 8.55pm.

Apocalypse Now Redux (15) Progs Fri/Sat 9.05pm, Sun 8.10pm, Mon-Thur 7.25pm.

The Devil's Backbone (15) Progs Fri-Sun 1.30pm, 3.55pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm, Mon-Thur 1.25pm, 3.50pm, 6.25pm, 8.45pm.

Ghost World (15) Progs Fri-Sun 1.10pm (not Fri), 11.10pm (Fri/Sat).

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs Fri-Sun 11.50am, 2.55pm, 6.05pm, 9.15pm, Mon-Thur 1.50pm, 5pm, 8.10pm.

Heist (15) Progs Fri-Sun 3.35pm, 8.35pm, Mon-Thur 3.40pm, 8.40pm.

The Others (12) Progs Fri/Sat 2pm, 4.20pm, 6.45pm, Sun 1.15pm, 3.30pm, 5.50pm, Mon-Thur 12.35pm, 2.55pm, 5.10pm.

Spy Game (15) Progs Fri-Sun 12.50pm (Fri), 5.55pm, 11pm (Fri/Sat), Mon-Thur 12.50, 6pm.

ODEON COVENT GARDEN

135 Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (0870 505 0007). £8, concs/Mon/Tue-Fri before 5pm £5.

Amélie (15) Progs 12.30pm (not Tue), 3.10pm, 5.45pm, 8.30pm.

The Believer (15) Progs 1.20pm, 4pm, 6.25pm, 8.55pm.

The Devil's Backbone (15) Progs 1.05pm (not Fri), 3.35pm (not Fri), 6.10pm (not Fri), 8.40pm.

Storytelling (18) Progs 1.35pm, 3.50pm, 6pm (not Sat), 9.05pm (not Sat).

ODEON KENSINGTON

263 Kensington High Street, W8 (0870 505 0007). £8.20, ES40 Mon-Fri £5.20, Mon-Fri before 5pm £5, OAP Mon-Fri £4.80, NUS Mon-Fri/child £4.50, family £19.

Bandits (12) Progs 12.05pm, 2.45pm, 5.30pm, 8.15pm, 11.10pm (Fri/Sat).

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 12.15pm, 1.35pm, 3.35pm, 4.50pm, 6.50pm, 8.05pm, 10.15pm (Sat), 11.15pm (Fri/Sat).

The Others (12) Progs 12.55am, 3.25pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm, 11.05pm (Fri/Sat).

Riding In Cars With Boys (12) Progs 11.40am (Sat/Sun), 2.30pm, 5.20pm, 8.10pm, 11pm (Fri/Sat).

Spy Game (15) Progs noon, 2.50pm, 5.40pm, 8.30pm, 11.25pm (Fri/Sat).

ODEON LEICESTER

SQUARE
40 Leicester Square, WC2 (0870 505 0007). £10-£11, Mon-Fri before 5pm/under-15s £6-£6.50

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs Fri-Sun/Tue/Wed/Thur 10am (Sat/Sun), 1.30pm, 5.05pm, 8.35pm, midnight (Fri/Sat).

ODEON MARBLE ARCH

10 Edgware Road, W2 (0870 505 0007). £8, Mon-Fri before 5pm/OAP/NUS Mon-Thur/child £5.50.

The 51st State (18) Progs 2.30pm, 4.45pm, 7pm, 9.15pm, 11.45pm (Fri/Sat).

Bandits (12) Progs 12.25pm, 3.10pm, 5.55pm, 8.45pm, 11.35pm (Fri/Sat).

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs Fri/Sat noon, 1.20pm, 3.10pm, 4.35pm, 6.20pm, 7.50pm, 9.40pm, 11.05pm, Sun-Thur 11am, 1pm, 2.10pm, 4.15pm, 5.25pm, 7.30pm, 8.35pm.

Spy Game (15) Progs 12.30pm, 3.15pm, 6pm, 8.50pm, 11.40pm (Fri/Sat).

ODEON MEZZANINE

24-26 Leicester Square, WC2 (0870 505 0007). £8, Mon-Fri before 5pm/under-15s £5.

America's Sweethearts (12) Progs 1.25pm, 3.50pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm.

John Carpenter's Ghosts Of Mars (15) Progs Fri-Sun/Tue/Wed/Thur 1.15pm, 3.35pm, 6pm, 8.20pm.

Heist (15) Progs 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 6.15pm, 8.45pm.

The Man Who Wasn't There (15) Progs 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 5.50pm, 8.30pm.

Moulin Rouge (12) Progs 12.05pm, 2.50pm, 5.35pm, 8.25pm.

Spy Game (15) Progs Mon noon, 2.45pm, 5.30pm, 8.15pm.

ODEON PANTON STREET

11-18 Panton Street, SW1 (0870 505 0007). £7.50, Mon-Fri before 5pm/NUS Mon-Fri £4.50, child/OAP £4 + 50p booking fee per ticket.

Ghost World (15) Progs 12.15pm, 2.55pm, 5.35pm, 8.15pm.

The Man Who Wasn't There (15) Progs 12.35pm, 3.15pm, 6pm, 8.35pm.

Moulin Rouge (12) Progs 12.10pm, 2.50pm, 5.30pm, 8.20pm.

The Pledge (15) Progs Fri/Sat/Sun/Tue-Thur 12.20pm, 3pm, 5.45pm, 8.25pm.

Spy Game (15) Progs Mon 12.20pm, 3pm, 5.45pm, 8.25pm.

ODEON SWISS COTTAGE

96 Finchley Road, NW3 (0870 505 0007). £8, concs/Mon/Tue-Fri before 5pm £5.

Bandits (12) Progs 12.45pm (Sat/Sun), 2.15pm (not Sat/Sun), 3.25pm (Sat/Sun), 6.05pm, 8.45pm.

Ghost World (15) Progs 3.45pm, 8.50pm.

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs Fri/Mon-Thur 1pm, 1.45pm, 4.15pm, 5pm, 7.30pm, 8.15pm, Sat/Sun 11am, 1.10pm, 2.10pm, 4.20pm, 5.20pm, 7.30pm, 8.30pm.

The Others (12) Progs 1.20pm (not Sat/Sun), 6.30pm (not Sat/Sun).

Riding In Cars With Boys (12) Progs noon (Sat/Sun), 2pm (not Sat/Sun), 2.50pm (Sat/Sun), 5.30pm (not Sat/Sun), 5.45pm (Sat/Sun), 8.30pm.

Spy Game (15) Progs 12.35pm (Sat/Sun), 2.35pm (not Sat/Sun), 3.15pm (Sat/Sun), 5.55pm, 8.35pm.

ODEON TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

Tottenham Court Road, W1 (0870 505 0007). £8, Mon/Tue-Fri before 5pm/child/OAP/NUS £5.

The 51st State (18) Progs 1.30pm, 4.10pm, 6.55pm, 9.40pm, 11.45pm (Fri/Sat).

Ghost World (15) Progs Fri/Sat midnight.

Listings taken from the Evening Standard's Hot Tickets.

Its almost as good as Time Out, and comes free with the 20p Evening Standard on Thursday from the SU Shop

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 2.05pm, 5.40pm, 8.50pm.

The Others (12) Progs 1.05pm, 6.25pm.

Spy Game (15) Progs 3.45pm, 9.15pm, 11.55pm (Fri/Sat).

ODEON WARDOUR STREET

10 Wardour Street, W1 (0870 505 0007). £7.50, Mon/Tue-Fri before 5pm/OAP/child £4.50.

Amélie (15) Progs 12.45pm, 3.25pm, 5.55pm, 8.30pm.

The Believer (15) Progs 1.50pm, 4.10pm, 6.25pm, 8.50pm.

Ghost World (15) Progs 1.30pm, 3.50pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm.

The Piano Teacher (18) Progs 12.20pm, 3pm, 5.40pm, 8.20pm.

ODEON WEST END

40 Leicester Square, WC2 (0870 505 0007). £10, Mon-Fri before 5pm/NUS/OAP/child £6.

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 12.30pm, 1.30pm, 3.50pm, 4.50pm, 7.10pm, 8.10pm.

Spy Game (15) Progs Fri/Sat/Sun/Tue-Thur 12.20pm, 1.10pm, 3pm, 4pm, 5.40pm, 6.45pm (not Wed), 8.30pm, 9.30pm (not Wed), 11.30pm (Fri/Sat).

RENOIR

Brunswick Centre, WC1 (020-7837 8402). £6.80, Mon-Fri first showing £4.50, concs first showing £3.

A ma soeur! (18) Progs 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.45pm, 9pm.

The Piano Teacher (18) Progs 1pm, 3.30pm, 6.10pm, 8.50pm.

SCREEN ON BAKER STREET

96-98 Baker Street, W1 (020-7935 2772). £6.95, concs £5.95, child £4.95, under-threes free.

Storytelling (18) Progs 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7.15pm, 9.10pm.

Women Talking Dirty (15) Progs 3pm, 5pm, 7pm, 9pm.

SCREEN ON THE GREEN

83 Upper Street, N1 (020-7226 3520). £6.80, Mon/mats Tue-Fri/child £4.50, OAP Mon-Fri 3pm £4.

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 2.25pm, 5.30pm, 8.40pm.

SCREEN ON THE HILL

203 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (020-7435 3366). £6.95, concs £5.95, child £4.95, under-threes free.

The Believer (15) Progs 2.30pm, 4.40pm, 6.50pm, 9pm.

UCI EMPIRE

LEICESTER SQUARE
5-6 Leicester Square, WC2 (0870 010 2030). £7.50-£9.50, Fri/Mon-Thur before 5pm/OAP/child £5-£6.

The 51st State (18) Progs noon, 2.10pm, 4.15pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm, 11.15pm (Fri/Sat).

American Pie 2 (15) Progs 1pm, 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm, 10.55pm (Fri/Sat).

Apocalypse Now Redux (15) Progs 3pm, 7.15pm.

Kabhi Khushi Kabhie Gham (NC) Progs Wed 11pm.

UCI WHITELEYS

Queensway, W2 (0870 010 2030). £8, Mon-Fri before 5pm £5.75, OAP/child Mon-Thur £5 (before 5pm £4), NUS Mon-Thur £4.50.

The 51st State (18) Progs noon, 2.30pm, 6.50pm, 9.20pm.

Bandits (12) Progs 11.20am (Sat/Sun), 2.50pm, 5.40pm, 8.50pm.

Christmas Carol - The Movie (U) Progs 10.40am (Sat/Sun), 12.40pm, 3.30pm, 6.30pm, 9.35pm.

Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 12.20pm, 1pm, 1.30pm, 4pm, 4.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.30pm, 8pm, 8.30pm.

Heist (15) Progs 6.30pm, 9.30pm.

It's A Wonderful Life (U) Progs Tue 7pm.

The Santa Clause (U) Progs Sat 11am.

Spy Game (15) Progs 11.40am (Sat/Sun), 3.10pm, 6pm, 9pm.

Zoolander (12) Progs 2pm, 4.50pm, 7.10pm, 9.45pm.

UGC CHELSEA

279 Kings Road, SW3 (0870 907 0710). £8.20, ES40 Mon-Fri £5.20, Mon-Fri before 5pm £5, NUS Mon-Fri/child £4.50, OAP Mon-Fri £4.80, family £19.

Christmas Carol - The Movie (U) Progs Fri/Mon-Thur 12.15pm

Fifths massacre Goats from across the road

**Ricky
"Hugh Hefner"
Steele**

warning: this report does not contain the word facial. I know that some people may find that highly irregular, maybe even offensive, but it doesn't and I hope you can deal with it in a mature and adult fashion.

Another week, another six points. Or so we thought as we set off to Berrylands on Wednesday to take on RVC. Unfortunately, the failed medics realised that the only glory they would get this year would be a scabby 92nd minute equaliser against everyone's favourite league topping team. One was not amused. Matt tried to take the blame, but he hadn't missed over twenty clear cut chances in front of the RVC goal, had he John / Dan / Yaz?

Following this grave disappointment in our top of the table clash, the opponents of the next match were going to feel our wrath. And who better to take the impending violation than the Temple Tech Fifth Eleven? But before I go off on one about the quality of football on display, and the sheer wizardry that resulted in us defeating the Olde Enemy 5 - 1, let me explain why my glorious team

arrived at Berrylands (the cheaper side) with just eight men. Self professed Hard Man of the team, Justin Davda, was at a play rehearsal. A fucking play rehearsal. A FUCKING PLAY REHEARSAL. Dan Poulton missed the train, but apparently Dodgy Doug is to blame. John Beer had too much work to do, but this didn't stop him from getting off his nut on Friday night (with Dan Poulton). Ben was in Amsterdam, and Chris thought that Ben was playing thus no keeper. To those of you that know and love the 5s as intimately as I do, no Ben and no Chris means Simon in nets, and Simon is without a doubt the greatest living centre back in the world. Combine this sorry state



"Ricky taught me everything I know"

Men's Football

LSE 5ths "Barrel rapists" 5

Strand Poly 5ths "Barrel rape victims" 1

of affairs with Davda off thesping, and yours truly has to play centre back along side our other full back, Barnett. Anyway, the picture is painted, and I had to take on the scum with a very weakened bunch.

1-1 at half time, and things were not going quite as planned. Even though our sixes had had to dig deep to beat the Poly 5s, I had not anticipated them putting up a fight

at all. Yet what could I say at half time to turn the team around? What words could be great enough to lift this sorry, underperforming and hungover team? Well, just when you think that perhaps Kings isn't a place of study for students that want to go to London but are too thick to get in anywhere else, they go and prove you wrong. In response to my cry of

"for fuck's sake lads, we're top of the League let's start looking like it", their dozy right mid started to laugh "how are you lot top of the League?". To cut a long and tedious story short, this comment offended Tom Mythen's arrogant inner child, and he began to nutmeg, flick and juggle his way to the most cheeky hat-trick ever witnessed by my good self. Once again he scored an impossible goal from the tightest of angles (reminiscent of his goal against RVC), and this time we had to believe that it was intentional, and that the only reason he had done it was because the "keeper wasn't showing me enough respect". The goals continued to flow until the 12 year old referee blew his whistle and let us all go home, content in the knowledge that for the second year running the mighty 5s will take another 12 points from the Poly.

My apologies for writing a football review of sorts, and further apologies for steering clear of any sexual references, but no doubt the sports editor will have given a headline filthy enough to have put you off your lunch.

4ths Shock! Win 2-2

**Dave
"Facial Hair"
Bains**

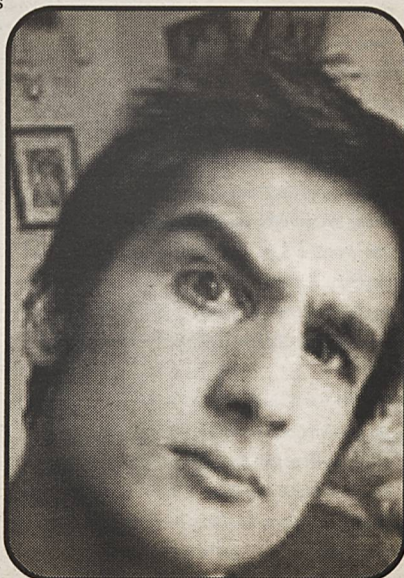
It had to happen. It should have happened a long time ago, back in the day when we drew every game 3-1. The reality is that the LSE 4ths play beautiful football, but just can't seem to win. This is probably due to the fact that before every game the team sings 'oh pretty baby' to get in the mood.

However, after deciding enough was enough, the latest invention in football team spirit aka the email system came to the rescue. By the simple method of pressing 'reply to all' the team can communicate to each other better than on the pitch (which is normally in a eerie silence). El Capitano started it with the plea of 'we need to help and fight for each other. More Determination and Fire power' followed by the ever useful "eeeeehh-hhhhh" war cry. This was the contributed to by snow white's and Cantona's words of "Control ball, look-up, pass ball" and "the 3 C's (commitment, composure and concentration)". The tone was lowered by Omar (who although able to speak and write English, cant seem to understand it) who stated that 'we just don't celebrate enough'. However, the underlying message, described by the Swedish lover man was that 'what we need is not just efforts to make sure everyone gets pissed on Wednesday nights'???

So heavily motivated, we all went out to crush the night before the game. Dave felt

asleep in a toilet (triple aftershock and Smirnoff ice=immense pain) whilst DUDU lost trousers and shoes trying to shag two birds on two different floors at Bankside. However, everyone arrived at fortress berry lands aiming to show GKT 2'S what we are made of. However, in the pre-match speech Dave forgot to explain that football is not cricket. It does not consist of one team trying to score as many goals in the first innings and then let the opposition have their reply in the second. This is what happened as we scored 3 in the first half (aydee 2, rich) and then in the second half flopped like Flan's 'genuine favourite' chat up lines with football of a similar standard to Antti 'long winded' stories.

Anyway, Wednesday was the day to turn it around. CCCC 3rd's was always going to be a hard game and it didn't help that half the team warmed up for 90 minutes before the game while the other half had no warm up. The game kicked off at frantic pace, allowing Alan and martin the chance to kick a few people. The first goal came as the ball was passed across the defence, martin to del boy to Dudu to the Flannigans. Flan then chipped a delightful ball down the line; Dave took it past one before sliding the ball in front of mike who hit it first time into



"I was shocked too"

Men's Football

LSE 4ths (On their way to Division 4) 2

CCCC 4ths (Canterbury college of complete cunts) 2

the top corner of the net. It was the greatest goal ever seen at berry lands. From Omar's email rant, mike ran to the team where once in a circle, each facing someone else's arsehole, semen was passed around. Aydee was especially pleased as it gave him the opportunity to get his own back on Dave from the sex-fuelled 'gay tour of Brighton'.

The other team replied quickly with a goal so poor it should have been disallowed.

So intent on making sure that we were all marking a player at a corner that we didn't notice them take a short corner, their player walk into our box and score. They must have really though they (Canterbury college of cum & crap) had outsmarted us. However, we fought on and got another goal back. From a trademark Alan 'chip'; Aydee niftily won a corner for Carl to loop across the box. The ball then bounced about 4 times before Dudu (who refuses to head the ball with a hangover) headed it in. This

time the circle changed direction, as LSE 4TH's are a team of harmony. Alcohol flowed and festive songs were sung and danced to.

Half time came and Davey b tried to rally the troops while aydee got rid of the rest of his cum he hadn't managed to get rid of into martin's ass. Everyone knew the score. If we lost this game all self-belief would have gone down the drain and the team would have dissolved into something resembling the LSE 2nd's. We went out and we fought for the full half. They were big and strong but we were smaller and stronger. Anthony I shagged my bird 26 times in 4 days' came on and proved that he is one hard bastard. However, half way through the half it went pear-shaped. Antti saved one. Their player was clean through and Antti rushed out and pushed the ball away to safety!!!! In the after match interview, he admitted that 'I tried to jump out the way and he hit it at me' but the team were still too in shock to comment on his heroics.

In the end they scored but who gives a fuck. We won 2-2 and rightly so. Those dickheads, who incidentally all had the same 'mohican' haircut, were pissed off as their season was going so well until they met the bestest best 'bottom of the league' team in Britain...ever

Can you smell what the 4ths are cooking?

7ths + Guns + Tea Towels + Japanese Flag = Yasser Arafat's Mum

Doug "I love midget porn" Hancock

Enraged by a hatred of the UCL 7ths scum who had so embarrassingly tonked the 7ths 9-0 on the opening day of the season LSE's finest football side assembled at Waterloo baying for Tech blood like a pack of Tigers on heat. All the 7ths were psyched and ready and raring to play their usual champagne football; champing at the bit to get to fortress Berrylands.

Unfortunately South West trains had other ideas. Usually South West trains run a half decent service, the trains aren't usually too late and their inspectors rarely bother AU members who are just 'too busy' or in 'too much of a rush' to buy tickets for the journey down to Berrylands. However, last Wednesday South West trains performed the most heinous of crimes: they cancelled the 1:26pm train! A scandal of biblical proportions which left the 7ths with no choice but to get on the 1:48pm to New Malden and bum 4 taxis to get them to the hallowed turf where LSEFC dreams are made.

Once there the downward trend of the



Hancock's Facialeers marvel at the bounteous messy facial offensive replay!

edge of the LSE area one of the Tech forwards was going nowhere but an unfortunate ricochet of the boot of Lee looped over Mr. Schwartz who was stranded in goal. Disgusted by the Tech's inability to play football yet still be in the lead the 7ths came storming forward like tsunami.

the half and one towards the end when the light was fading to black. The heroes of the 7ths didn't deserve to lose, but then the Bridge between the Old Building and St. Clement's Building doesn't deserved to go unnamed, some things in life just aren't fair.

Vengeance for Wednesday's defeat was the theme of the day on Saturday as the mighty 7ths took on UCL 5ths (from now on known as Bloomsbury School of Retards on account of the fact that one of their midfielders moaned like a 5-year old all afternoon and couldn't even string a sentence together) in the ULU Vase competition. Missing regulars such as the lightning Jerome, latecomer Rhys and Alan Blue Boots (still injured after tripping over a particularly vicious blade of grass against QMWank) the 7ths enlisted help from J. M. Barrie and recruited two players from Team Neverneverland (LSEFC 1sts) by the names of Peter Pan and the Pirate. New recruits Cool Keith and 'Rock Steady' Eddie Wallis slotted into the line-up up front whilst the neverneverland twins occupied midfield. For the first twenty minutes the 7ths played football as sloppy as the birds that Caustic Steve and Beaver pull at Hombres and consequently swiftly went 3-0 down. Encouraged by the positive cries of the pessimist Bevan ("we're probably going to lose now, so let's just give a good account") the 7ths remained solid for the rest of the half.

Something radical had to be done and Dodgy Doug went for the plunge: "Right lads, we're going to switch to 3-5-2". In actual fact it turned out to be more of a cheeky 3-4-3 with sub Vimal and Ed and Cool Keith all pushing forward. Miraculously it worked: a loose ball from a corner fell to the beautiful Barnet at the edge of the

area and he volleyed it home and then proceeded to strangle the pessimist Bevi in celebration. 'Almost LSE' Franci planted a fantastic header into the Bloomsbury goal from a Peter Pan corner. The 7ths pushed forward for the elusive equaliser with Peter Pan, the Pirate and even Dodgy Doug striking forward with rapier runs and mesmerising interplay but sadly it never came. With 1 minute to go a 7ths goal kick found the Pirate's head and the ball got through to Franci inside the retards' penalty area, he got round the 'keeper and from a tight angle hit the post. Everyone fell to their knees, the mighty Sevenths weeping in frustration, the Bloomsbury boys to thank God for their undeserved good fortune. A minute later Joss conspired to use his beautiful

Barnet to practise headers against Mr. Schwartz, he was successful and scored the 7ths first own goal of the season.

In celebration of their loss the 7ths began a dirty pub crawl. First stop the Berrylands, then Cooper's (the pub inside Waterloo station). In dirty Sixths inbred style the 7ths are now considering making Cooper's a regular Beaver's Retreat-style stop before the Tuns...or maybe not. Next bar on the crawl was the Belching Beaver in Bankside and then on to Backpackers in Kings Cross. Dodgy Doug and Ivan dropped out early for alternative venues, but Oslo, Andrew and Joss lead the charge as pints of Green Death were quaffed and the Dentist's Chair was used into the early hours.

Men's Football - LEAGUE

LSE 7th XI (UN ass kickers) 4

UCL7th XI (Tomahawk targets) 5

Men's Football - CUP

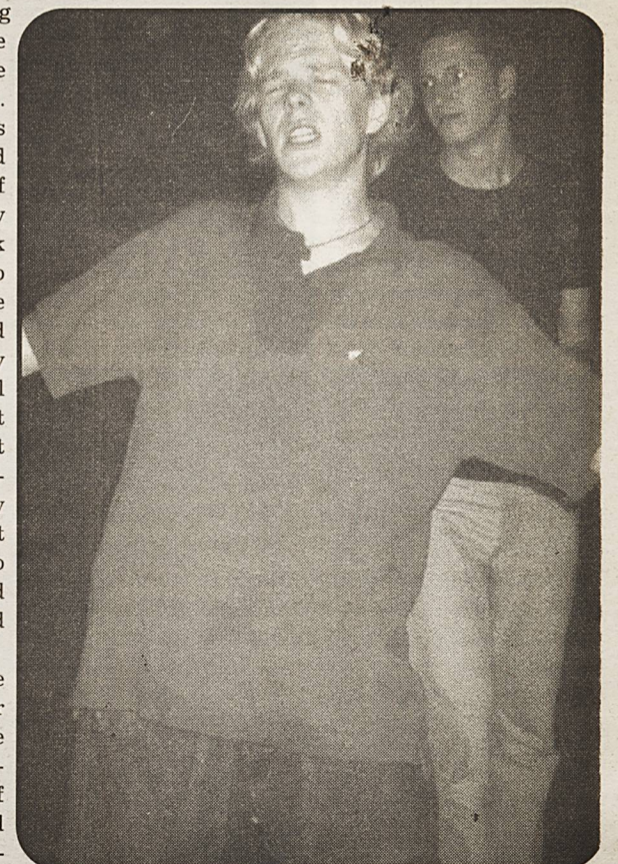
LSE 7th XI (Freedom Fighters) 2

UCL 5ht XI (Foul Infidels) 4

day continued as Gav Peck and the 2nds stole the 7ths' referee who has proved to be somewhat of a lucky mascot for the sevenths over the past few months. Refereeless and having discovered that the Euston Tech scum had avoided South West Trains' bumbling by getting an earlier service to Berrylands the 7ths were all at sea for the first ten minutes. This lack of organisation was duly punished when the defence laid down, rolled over and applauded as one of the Tech scum strikers minced his way into the penalty area and shot past Mr. Schwartz in goal. This proved to be an effective catalyst for 7ths action and sure enough a goal came their way. Andrew "Baron of the Bankside Belching Beaver" Lee sent in a typical vintage corner which the Tech scum only cleared so far as Lee's partner in Bankside wrongness, Ivan "Yummy" Yam. Yam the man sent a looping shot from the corner of their penalty area over the bewildered Tech buffoons and into the far corner of the goal. 1-1. Then the inevitable Euston Tech jamminess came into play, one the

Another corner and latecomer Rhys headed against the bar but Oslo was on hand to tidy up and headed into the net, the man refuses the score with his feet! Straight from the kick-off forwards Paddy and the lightning Jerome Louf were troubling the Euston defence and Paddy slipped a ball into the area and the Tech scum were struck by lightning. 3-2. Then the bastards scored again, fuck knows how, it can only be put down to dodgyness in the 7ths defence. Just before half time Paddy danced a merry jig around the blundering oafs in the Euston defence and appeared at the back post to slot the ball under the 'keeper.

4-3 up at half time and Captain Dodgy Doug was confident of more goals in the second half and a handsome victory for the 7ths. His confidence, as usual, was sorely misplaced. The second half was atrocious compared to the first. The 7ths consistently lost the ball in mid-field and never released the lightning and Paddy to embarrass the Tech defence as they had done in the first half. One goal was conceded at the start of



Oslo reels from full force of pant explosion, messy facial combo!

3rds captained by syphilis victim

Jez
"Colonial Conqueror"
Healy

The thirds juggernaut rolls on. Even against the mighty 12 men of UCL, LSE's finest (yes Callas- you know we're better) stayed on course for an historic League Championship title.

With no other LSE teams playing (except Doug's hungover 7ths) on Saturday, the total might of LSE football was available for 3rd team duty. However, a combination of lazy bastard syndrome (Billy), and dodgy tube problems (Gaylord Buttery) meant that the full extent of our ringers was limited to some noisy bastard with verbal diarrhoea and a

tribution had been more David Jason than David Beckham. G too became more accustomed to kicking people rather than the ball, and even Callas put in one glorious raking tackle, leaving stud marks from throat to ankle. Truly the 3rds are a team after my own heart.....

After a dreadful foul on Simon prevented him from making it one-nil to the Arsenal, it was clear for all to see that a red card was the only option for referee I. W. Ankalot. Sadly, however, the referee's guide-dog was most inconsiderately fouling public parkland at the time of the incident and the bumbling fool waved play-on. This brought a Lazarus-like resurrection from the bench, where Healy's ankle was suddenly healed sufficiently for him to "race" (never the fastest though was he?) 40 yards across the pitch to remonstrate with the referee. Callas,

Men's Football

LSE 3rd XI (Freelance Gynos) 0

Euston Tech 2nd XI (VD carriers) 0

Harry Potter book, and the SU Treasurer, playing in his once familiar midfield enforcer role. Cheers for your help G and Callas!!

The first half was unspeakably dull, duller even than a 1st XV rugby report by Mr illiterate himself; the monotony only broken by the pleasant and now familiar sound of shattering ankles. "It's just badly bruised isn't it?" groaned the suffering UCL defender to Dr Healy on the sidelines as all admired the impressive right angle bend in his obviously dislocated ankle. The look on his face when the paramedic routinely mentioned the words "emergency surgery" and "plaster for 3 months" was a picture. Anyway, apart from that and UCL's answer to Steven Spielberg playing with a digital camcorder on the touchline, the first 45 minutes of the game were a good opportunity for Healy to recover from the previous night's introduction to the cut-throat world of bare-knuckle ultimate fighting.

After enjoying a good sleep in the first half though, the manager was rudely awoken by an explosive second half. Bosnian refugee Tom, obviously worried about the impending harsh Winter in the Balkans' likely effect on his starving peasant family, decided to impose himself on the game once more. Apart from one glorious 30 yard free-kick against the crossbar, Boz's first-half contri-

momentarily masquerading as Gav Russell for legal reasons, got a deserved yellow card for pointing out the obvious similarity between the ref and a particular part of a women's anatomy (cryptic clue: rhymes with ref you are a stupid blind clucking hunt) Anyway, the mupets of Euston were deservedly down to 10 men just a couple of minutes later when their sub George Lucas decided to return to his camerawork after a suspicious-looking fight with a bald-headed Eastern European gypsy.

And so to the dramatic, nail-biting last 10 minutes, when LSE's dominance really should have been rewarded. G rose majestically like a salmon (sic) to head against the angle of bar and post with the keeper floundering, Harry forced a smart save when he really should have squared across an open net, while Simon was denied by the temporary intervention of Gordon Banks in the UCL goal. A last minute corner culminated in three LSE men in the back of the net- but still no goal.

Alas it wasn't to be, but the 3rds march on regardless, maintaining 2nd place just a point behind the fools of UCL, with only 4 games remaining. In the words of UCL skipper Jamie Grey, "we are both teams full of cunts, who make it difficult to play against and like fighting. Oh yeah, and the UCL man of the match was the ref". Bastards.



"I don't want to spill a drop"

LSE Sporting Legends: Gav Russell

Apologies for the absence of your favourite slanderous diatribe in last week's edition of London's premier fish and chip wrapper, however, a last minute High Court injunction ensured that Ricky Steele's lovelife remained out of the public domain- what happened to free speech i ask you? Anyway, staying with the football theme (Hockey = Rolf, Rugby = boring, Netball = women), this week's inductee to the Sporting Legends Hall of Shame is none other than LSEFC's all-singing, all-dancing, all-vomiting club captain, GAVIN RUSSELL. LADIES- BE WARNED- stay away from this man- he is armed, most-probably drunk, and CONSIDERED VERY DANGEROUS. ALIAS:

"Drunken Arse" is succinct, concise and says pretty much all that needs to be said. Avid Beaver readers will also know that Gavin has recently coined his own epithet- "Baresi", on account of his unusual lack of pace, fitness or passing ability on the football pitch. Previous favourite nicknames include "Cunt", although Tommy C's attempts to introduce this one to the wider viewing public were not as successful as at first expected. FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:

Undoubtedly something belonging to YOUR girlfriend. Trust me, if you think Gav hasn't shagged your bird yet you are obviously possessed of serious delusional tendencies. WORST ITEM OF CLOTHING:

Anyone under the misassumption that John Motson had recently become Honorary President of LSEFC should be aware of a number of things- yes the sheep-skin coat is a real item of clothing, no he is not wearing it for a bet, and yes he thinks it looks cool. Be warned, almost as dangerous as letting Gavin meet your girlfriend is discussing second hand cars with him- only a man with serious Del Boy/Arthur Daley aspirations could ever purchase a garment of such abhorrent obnoxiousness. For the record, it is a matter of great pride to Mr Russell that said Golden Fleece "only cost me twenty quid". Is it really any fucking wonder? AMBITION:

While his contemporaries diligently strive for that perfect CV, filled with details of City Internships, Investment Bank presentations and impressive academic credentials, Gavin's humble aim in life is to complete the infamous "FC's Four Shot Challenge" without reacquainting the entire Tuns with the Wright's Bar haute cuisine he ate for dinner. On the footballing front, "Franco Baresi" dreams that one day he will play the perfect game- namely 90 minutes without leaving the centre-circle. Anonomous sources inform us that Gav came perilously close to accomplishing this laudable achievement in a recent 3rd XI match.

FAVOURITE TOTTY: An easy one: SOMEONE ELSE'S BIRD. Preferably a mate at that. In fact Gavin's

infidelity is so instinctive that he actually struggles with people's mothers- after all, Callas' mum is a very attractive lady, and just because she appears currently occupied with Papa Smurf and his pot-holing progeny doesn't mean she wouldn't enjoy a smidgen of the full Russell treatment. PAST CONQUESTS:



Editor- how long do we have? Gavin has left a string of broken-hearted ladies (and their equally lovelorn boyfriends) among LSE's female community and beyond. Most recent is Tuns layabout/barmaid Lynsey, who fell by the waste-side as Gav pursued Charterhouse's flame, Helena. Worryingly for Callas, there have been no reports of Gavin dallying with Simi- a sure sign that something is going on. Previous Russell love-tri-

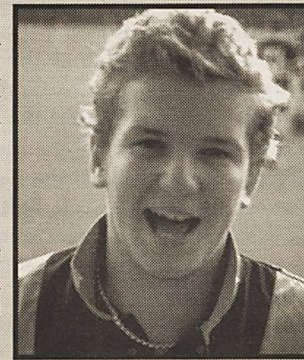
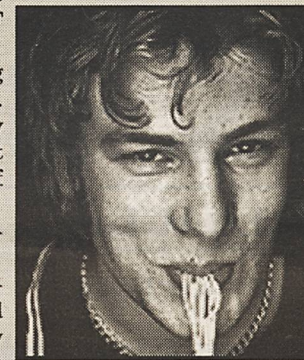
angles include the rather more square-shaped Gav-Kim-Sarah-Tommy affair, which must have proved a logistical nightmare for all concerned, and the Dirty Laura affair where LSE's most morally relaxed fresher spent consecutive nights chez-Russell in each room of the house.....

FAVOURITE HOBBY:

Drinking- pure and simple. As a rough guide, the more alcohol Gavin has imbibed, the wider open his mouth will be, until around 9.30pm, at the hiatus of the evening's entertainment, Gavin experiences Rabies-like symptoms as his mouth becomes locked open, causing him to resemble somewhat a Whale filtering plankton. The noises from his mouth are by this point unintelligible to all, and at this point it would be wise for interested bystanders to clear the immediate vicinity, as the well-known medical syndrome of copious vomitous eruptions is nigh.

BIGGEST MISMATCH:

Gavin versus Kim was a good one, with football's favourite General Course Cheerleader coming off better than Gav's genitals in an alcohol fuelled night of "passion". Sadly for the LSE's music-loving public, Gav's banjo-playing career ended somewhat prematurely that night at Bankside. Equally amusing was the ongoing saga of Gav v Tommy C for the affections of diminutive hockey starlet Sarah Woolnough, however with both suitors firmly stuck in Blighty, Sarah takes her world tour around the opium dens of South America. Boot's on the other foot now



hey Gav? Final contest is the aforementioned Gav v FC Challenge- like his successor as 3rd XI captain, Gavin's Friday nights often get shot down in flames after a clash with this flammable monstrosity. Thankfully for public safety, however, Gavin always thoughtfully obliges the immediate fire-fighting needs with a well-timed blast of semi-digested Mixed Grill and stomach lining. Mmmmm, pleasant..... And so concludes another episode of the AU's favourite drama- tune in next week for a Barrel special edition of Sporting Legends.....

Tae Kwondo: excuse for good fisting?

Amy
"she likes to grapple"
Jeenes

Its not everyday that you get invited to Cambridge to kick their asses. But that's just what happened when LSE TKD Club were invited to take part in the Cambridge Open. After weeks of gruelling training from Master Ken it was off to the historic university city at the civilised hour of ten o'clock Saturday the 24th (The National Student Championships earlier in the year had involved getting up at four in the morning and returning at midnight).

An hour and a half later, after receiving the Alex Kay tour of Cambridge, we arrived at Cambridge's finest Sports Hall, at the Chesterton Community College (think Glaswegian shooting gallery but with basket ball hoops). For those of you familiar with Cambridge, need I say more. For those of you who are not, think back to the smell of the sports hall at your primary school, then add blood in the sinks and a swimming pool full of urine; the images will start to form!! So we arrived the Olvo carrying us speedily with only one break for the three smokers on the team to have a sneaky "benny" behind the bike sheds. However when we arrived our hosts were still combing their facial hair (that's all of them boys and girls) and deciding exactly how to rig the event, clearly studying in medieval conditions and never drinking alcohol or leaving your cell like dorm makes you a fantastic cheat. Claiming it was done at random using a formula devised by the great cripple himself (hi Steve) they managed to pair Sabrina "compatriot of Brian Lara and Dwight York-same height same individual sporting genius" with

a monster larger than the Texan Grizzly himself, she put up a great fight but was sadly taken out by a series of belly flops from her rotund opponent. They also managed to place the injured Lara "Natalie Edwards" Croft against someone four belts above her (she decided that she would be safer cheering us on and planning the night out).

For those of us that had starved ourselves the night before in order to weigh in at the correct weight for our category this was too soon! Suffice to say that many of us fought our first fights on severely empty stomachs. Of course this was not going to stop us, as the first fights were to be the precedent for the afternoon. Amy, having starved herself all week to get into a weight category that in the end didn't actually exist took all her frustration out on the troll that Cambridge sent out first, after a series of chop kicks she ended up shorter and fatter than she started.

Next came Maria's performance against an unsuspecting University of Birmingham competitor could be summed up in a similar way to our team performance; one of total domination!! We finally realised why all our trainings had been filled with one hour drills of high chop kicks (think Karate Kid style crane kicks), designed for maximum impact on the head and maximum pain in the hamstrings, were paying off as competitor after competitor fell to the superior technical capabilities of LSE fighters. More impressive still were the appearances of these kicks in the late rounds

of the competition when fighters had already endured two rounds of fights to get to finals. Again, though, we prevailed and Doug and Bin (our captain) put on unforgettable shows of dominance, technical skill and accuracy to overhaul their opponents. These guys were on fire. Totally focussed, they stayed true to Ken's coaching and when told to 'finish them off' as Doug was told in his Semi-final, they did just that!!

As the competition for the intermediate and beginners wound down, the Black belt fights served to create an electric atmosphere with their spectacular fighting bouts. Our very own Ty decided to turn on the style and annihilate his opponent within 12 seconds in his first fight with a Bruce Lee stylee flying kick. His second competitor proved to be no real competition and the final was, as one Cambridge bloke put it 'the best fight ever witnessed'. To put into words the intensity and skill of this duel, the penultimate fight of the competition, is virtually impossible. This was to be the only let down of a very suc-

cessful afternoon; that Ty was given Silver not Gold. What can I say? Referees aren't perfect we all know that, but this referee better hide if he's intending to referee at this year's nationals!

Perhaps one of our best tournament performances yet, but we did have the presence of our spiritual guide/mascot Go jnr (Grandson of the mighty Gordon the Gopher) to help us along. While we might not always have been able to make out screams of support in the audience we certainly could here the ever present shrill of the squeak of the gopher.

Many thanks to our coaches Ken, Kien and James. Thanks to Binara and Raymond for all their organisational brilliance. Well done to all the beginners, you put on a good show (esp. the performance from Blake 'the Bear') Finally thanks for the time out people took to come and support us, it was greatly appreciated.

As for the results: 3 golds (Binara, Doug and Maria) and 3 silvers (Blake, Assim and Ty) and overall position: first!!

On thursdays we wrestle in mud wearing nothing but loin cloths



As the Hockey Girl Said to the Bishop

"having just taken the mitre up the shiter"

Su
"clerically gifted"
Simargool

After being away for 2 weeks because no one dared to play against us, we marked our return to the hockey pitch with a vengeance. We won! Again! Will wonders never cease? Although we almost didn't get to play because the men's team just wouldn't get off the pitch, overrunning into our match time. And we're not impressed with a certain men's team member saying that 'it's OK the girls can just play two 25s.' We know who you are.....

So when we eventually got onto the pitch late into the evening, we took on a team that is a fair few leagues above us in ULU and frankly, we weren't particularly impressed with them. We got off to a pretty good start, focussing on a solid defence to take on the anticipated offence (well, they weren't that offensive, they were quite nice actually - for hockey girls). But due to the excellent performance by the halves and the backs, particularly The Corruptor, no offence was forthcoming.

Then, because Skywalker had had a bit

Women's Hockey	
LSE 1st XI	1
RUMS	0

of a rough day, she decided to sound out RUMS' backboard to test the acoustics at Battersea park. The goalie didn't even notice that the ball had whistled past her. I think we need to provide a 'fluffer' for her from now on, so she can be angry as she steps on pitch.

The rest of the game was a struggle to find the net, with many of our team members missing, especially our super-efficient right wing, Nina. All I can say is Nina, you need to be careful about what you put in your mouth, you know - and get better soon. That should also extended to Funky Monkey who I guess has been getting a little too 'Funky' recently, and keeping her away from the pitch and more importantly the Tuns.

As the game wound down, I think some of us were glad that it was only 30 minutes each way as the last 10 minutes were a bit of a shambles. This caused much nervousness for Jo who, despite having made several saves already, feared that the team would

collapse from exhaustion leaving her in an 11-1 situation. At least she managed to try out her new kit after two weeks of cancelled matches, but no opposition has been good enough for us to test the quality of the kit as yet.....

Turn-out at the Tuns was pretty poor this week, with only the hardcore out to represent. The fineage officer has specifically

asked for those who regularly don't turn up to be named and shamed, so here goes.....No, you know who you are, and anyway, I'm sure Beaver space is very precious. Your Tuns dues are building up and collecting interest, you need to come out sometime..... But for those who did come, we were provided with much karaoke entertainment and a few funny dancing girls.....



The hockey girls, mutton dressed as lamb?

BeaverSports: Apology.. Last week we printed a very similar page to this which was supposed to include the men's first team hockey report which you see in front of you today. However due to the

mindless incompetence of Rolfie, he somehow managed to send us Justin Davda's 5th team match report instead of his own. We apologise to all our readers who noticed this mistake, and were forced to endure the shoddy journalism practiced by Justin Davda. (Rolfie is of course only marginally more competent, as the ability to both speak and write English is such a big help when composing pieces for this fine organ.)

World-Beaters or Wife-Beaters?

Rolfie -

Wife beating will put in you prison one day

The passage to Kingston passed surprisingly quickly, despite a twenty minute wait for Vish Suppa to get out of bed. Our vessel was one of sturdy Germanic construction and possessed that much vaunted asset amongst minibuses... a cd player. Shame no one brought any cds.

Our captain for the journey had been

made to look like a schoolboy in this precise manner at least 10 times during the match) before playing the ball to Carlos the Jackal who drew a foul from Jan de Cock. LSE moved to take position for the ensuing short corner, but no.... Kingston's care in the community umpire had already threatened to send Van Hobbledonk from the sidelines for saying "good tackle" to Rasta (In Dutch) and from his vantage point, thirty yards behind the play it was a clear penalty. Carlos coolly stepped up and rocketed it into the top corner to make it 1-1. Soon Ladyfiddler had given LSE the lead again but Rolfie put in his best Fabien

Men's Hockey

LSE 1st XI (Top of the League) 5

Kingston (Pooh) Pirates (2nd) 1

up front and Boris and Pistol Pete were dribbling past defenders (except for Carlos) at will. Suddenly Psycho got himself sent off and with him disappeared LSE's chance of winning the game. A fantastic excuse and Mayur's ridiculous antics saved him dick of the day but it was backs to the wall time for LSE. In the end a solid performance from Shithouse and Jan de Cock at the back and some good saves from Rolfie saved the day and it ended 3-3.

The changing rooms after the game provided some comedy with Rolfie making sure every last crevice was absolutely dry before returning Rasta's towel to its peg without him noticing. Sharkie then had a hand in force feeding the LSE keeper Pistol Pete's boxer shorts which he admitted wearing several days in a row, and I must confess had a cheesy flavour. This will not happen next week of course as Pistol will be wearing his girlfriends

ing resemblance borne by the Kingston players to a band of pirates... well, perhaps they were going to a fancy dress party. Rolfie was crowned man of the match despite his first half blunder and Shithouse fondled a dogs testicles. Yes, that is not a joke, he literally did. During fines instead of reaching for his wallet Shithouse absentmindedly grabbed the Barman's dog's testicles, with a disturbed yelp the dog fled.

The earlier assessment of our Essex man bus driver proved correct and we all arrived back at the tuns somewhat inebriated. All except Nathan Foley-Fagott (He's not gay, but its practically his real name). So desperate was he for a piss that he leapt out of the bus near Elephant and Castle and peed at the side of the road, he was then pursued by mounted police to the tuns, somewhere along the way losing his room key. Sharkie was finally initiated

after being at the club for nearly four years, as was Psycho. Psycho downed a stein of lager upside down without serious ill effect whilst Sharkie chundered neatly in the door of the tuns following his wine monster.

Carnage ensued and a good time was had by all.



Preperation for the sperm bath

chosen wisely and was of the Essex wide-boy variety who we felt was far more likely to allow us a tot of ship's rum (or even vodkamilch) on the return journey. He navigated us coolly and calmly down the dirt track that led to a pitch in the middle of a field, tres village

methinks. Thanking god that Sharkie had forgotten his hard house collection, we stumbled ashore.

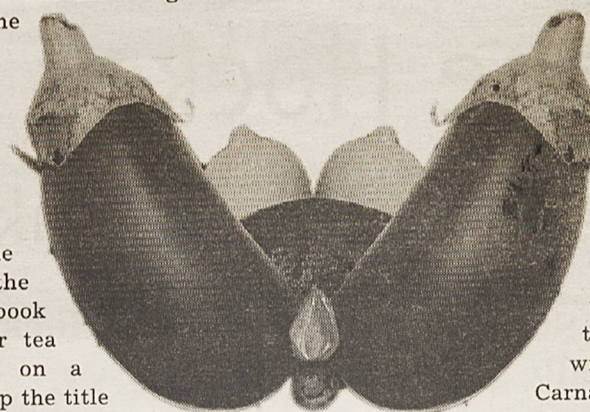
The Kingston team that greeted us were a totally different outfit from those who we thumped 7-1 at the beginning of the season. As well as Carlos the Jackal, high class international midfielder, other players with talent were evident in their warmup, this was not going to be another one man show. LSE knew they had a game on their hands from the start, with Kingston thrusting forwards and looking dangerous. Hastily stepping up several gears, LSE carved an opening for Vish Suppa to make it 7 goals in three games. Kingston hit back immediately, their centre forward nutmegging Rasta for the first time (It in fact turned out that Rasta was

Bartez impression, allowing their centre forward to score from a narrow angle. For this, Rolfie received an angry stare from Pistol Pete of which Alex Ferguson would be oh so proud. Carlos the Jackal then added Kingston's third with a neat finish and LSE went to half time 3-2 down.

he second half began with a little comedy cameo from Mayur, our left back. First he decided to run like a headless chicken around Jan de Cock inside a radius of roughly one yard, as he attempted to take a sixteen. What he was doing has never been satisfactorily explained but with an air of German efficiency, Jan de Cock simply pushed him over and carried on with the game. Then, minutes later Mayur forgot he was playing hockey and opted to go for a stroll around the pitch, as the ball fizzed towards him from Rasta, he attempted to recover only to "crash and burn" into the pitch in front of the Holloway bench to the sound of raucous laughter. Eventually, Boris Becker levelled it for LSE, and Kingston began to see the writing on the wall. Psycho was playing particularly well

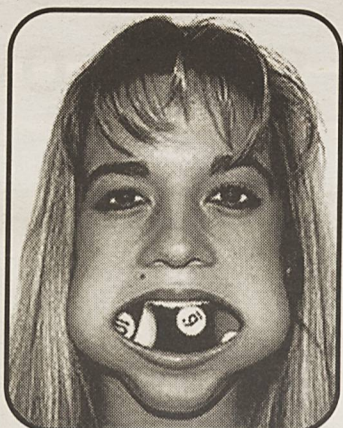
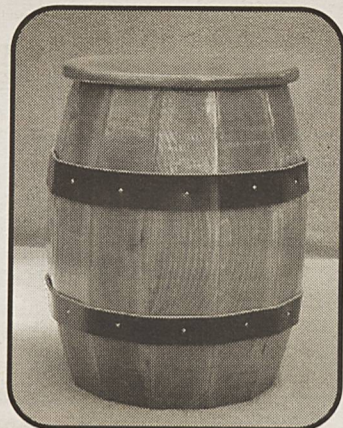
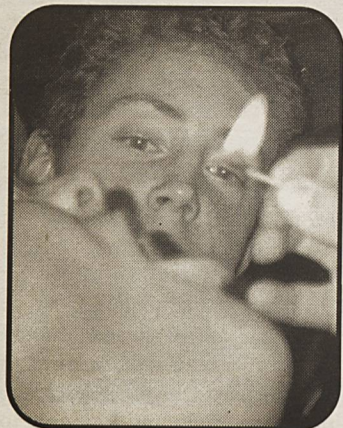
thong for the whole of Wednesday night (this is why gambling is a sin Pete) come and see it if you dare.

Over the curry from the diarrhoea handbook that passed for tea LSE reflected on a chance to sew up the title gone to waste, and the strik-



Filler of the bounteous sperm bath

Fat Angry Man's prelude to "The Barrel"



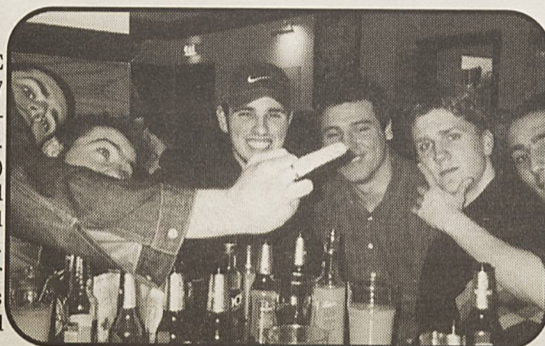
AU Barrel: Underground Bar Friday December 9th, 11am
Peacock Theatre 1:00 for 1:30 Don't be Late

Continued from Back Page

give in to your hatred. Strike me down with your weapon". Well if you insist. There was just time for Yoda to steal in and finish the sorry Empire off. Their over confidence was was their weakness- that and the fact we were f*cking brilliant!

The LSE passing was first rate. Even Billy managed to find a man with a blue shirt (admittedly he was off the pitch walking his dog... but that's another story). The ref even decided to blow up early to allow LSE to hit the pub earlier than planned and prevent the Emperor's fleet from being totally obliterated!

ed! In most of my time at LSE (all 7 years 3 months and 27 days) I haven't seen a performance to rival this one. Everyone was in his (or her) element. Telepathy. Mind reading. Porn. As Yoda said "That's the shit I'm on about. That's the f*cking shit" (Star Wars Episode VII: Yoda's Return as a foul-mouthed Arsenal supporting Gay-Icon Wanker from Luton).



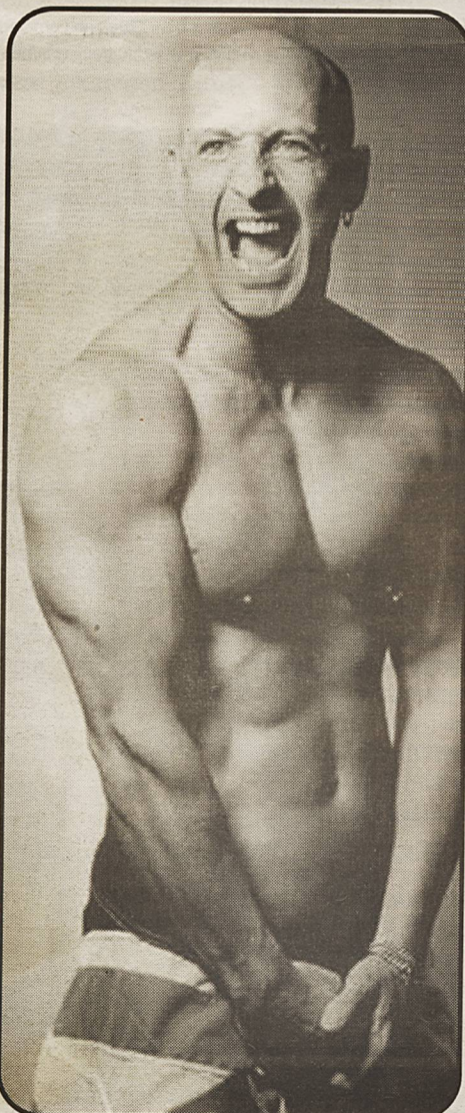
Believe it or not, the firsts do know how to have fun. Never in the tuns however.

Squash Geisha Balls!

The Beard of Evil: An epic tale from Quadjickstan

Will "just pull them out" Rowlands-Rees

but at least the results and efforts from the lads has been much better since the start of term, lets hope that it continues.



Tom Whitaker - gay bald c*nt?

The captain, Bungle, la machina and the Field Marshall rocked up to play at RUMS for a double header as they were apparently incapable of fielding a team then. It would seem that it is a trend that they haven't managed to arrest, as despite the fact that 4 of their players turned up, they needn't have bothered as they were particularly pants. No. That's generous.

They were the Ipswich Town of our Mens Premier league - once, so they say, they were actually alright, which surprised everyone, but now they are fucking dire. The only real disappointment that I felt at our 5-0 (every game 3-0 except the walkover we got for the 5th seed) was that no-one achieved the 'Ultimate Insult' as mentioned in previous Beavers'.

The Field Marshall got a 27-0 but despite his valiant efforts could not achieve the insult, and the rest of us pretty much gave up when we lost a point. La machina was again superlative and uncompromising, Bungle played like a man needing to get off court as quickly as humanly possible so that he could punish his bit of ass with his extensive love truncheon, and I would like to self-endow myself with an award for expending the least energy ever seen on a squash court. This was due to sheer laziness on my behalf (the influence of my housemate Thomas E Whitaker (Bommy to his pals) has rubbed off - I am now truly a lazy fascist cunt. I take solice in the fact though that I am not bald - yet).

So, nothing more for squash until next term, we are nicely placed in both ULU and BUSA to achieve some mid-table mediocrity,

Garret "The Quadfather" Martin

Once upon a time there was a man named Mangina. Mangina was an ordinary man in every way but one, he had a beard, a Beard of Evil. The Beard was a savage, immoral being that delighted in the torment and pain of others. One of the Beards favourite past-times, for example, was to soak itself in piss before sneaking on to a sleeping child's face and wiping itself liberally from side to side. The Beard of Evil stank. It refused any attempt Mangina made to clean it, screaming at the top of its whining, high-pitched, Irish voice.

Consequently, the Beard of Evil was encrusted with dried foodstuffs and vomit. It was in many ways unfortunate that Mangina's favourite food was soup, and every night after supper the Beard of Evil would have thick streams of pungent soup running down its sides. Far from being angry, the Beard of Evil was sent into a shrieking ecstasy by the coagulating mess that clogged its hairs. In the Beards opinion, the stench only made it more evil, and evil it was.

The Beard plotted endlessly to do some thing really evil, something much more evil than dropping its hairs in other peoples food. The Beard wanted to kill, but it was hampered by the fact that Mangina was a retarded, ginger recluse, who rarely left his flat. However, the Beard had been watching TV and it had seen the man it wanted to be attached to, the man of evil himself. This man was so evil that he had dedicated his life to a holy crusade of destruction. The crusade was pointless, it hurt people, and that was exactly the kind of thing that The Beard of

Evil wanted to be involved with. The man was of course, Jeremy Beadle. The Beard of Evil's break came via Beadle's original evil sidekick, the Hand of Evil. The Hand of Evil was so evil that, in a jealous rage, it had shrivelled Beadles other, normal hand, when Beadle had used it to pick his nose. Beadles was livid and immediately launched a violent, hilarious television program targeting retarded, ginger recluses and smashing up their cars.

By coincidence, Beadles first victim was Mangina, who drove a shiny red beetle. As Beadles began to smash it with the Hand of Evil, the Beard of Evil took its chance and lept onto Beadles face. Beadle was overjoyed and immediately celebrated by declaring himself God and creating Steve Morrow. At the same moment, in a land afar called Berrylands, the Beautiful 6th XI had just finished shafting UCL and thus claim their 6th consecutive victory.

The end.



"We're going Live to Garret, reporting live for CNN"

The Barrel is just around the corner and our Fat Angry Man is salivating at the prospect



Jabba the Hut - "I spaff over BeaverSports"



Pic - Mark Simpson

"hmmm messy facial mind trick - too much porn watching you have been"

Come the second half, the hyper-drive was reconnected and LSE made the jump to light speed. With G taking on the role of Obi-Wan, he was able to guide the soft haired Lozzer (Luke Skywalker) as well as Lando (Bisexual) and the Pirate (Darth Vader) after he had turned back from the dark side) forward enabling the midfield and forwards to set up camp in the ICSM half. Wave on wave of attacks came through punishing their tie-fighters and destroying most of their Super-Star Destroyers on the way. Buttery (Yoda) marshalled the Wookies and after the Ickle Tyke had removed himself from the action and allowed Han Solo Sexual Andy on, the enemy had already been beaten.

ICSM had total possession of the ball for a grand total of 3:49.34 in the second half. LSE were awesome. Sexual Andy bagged a great double including a sweeping move starting from G and going from left-back to the right-wing with ease before Grandfather 1sts Sharpey sent over a Beckham-like cross for Andy to volley in off the far post. Even the Phantom Finisher managed to score such was our dominance. The immortal words could be heard "Your fleet is lost and your friends on the forest moon will not survive..."

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Pete Callas:

"I dress like Princess Leia for Simi"

"That's the shit I'm on about boys. That's the f*cking shit". Gay icon Buttery said it all. He had just participated in one of LSE's finest sporting moments. "For my ally is the force and a powerful ally it is. Life creates it, makes it grow. Its energy surrounds us and binds us" (Yoda Star Wars Episode V: The Empire Strikes Back). And indeed it did.

The day started as usual. Train to the game, Callas making people laugh and joke. The Pirate showing off his new hook to Peter Pan whilst Big Face asked Ickle whether his face really was that big or whether it was actually a trick of the light. Sexual Andy Stringfellow tried to chat the old woman by the window up whilst G 'The Most Violent Man in the World' treasured in the corner (it's what we pay him for). Lozzer, as usual, dreamt of Waterloo mingers and the time when he would be allowed to speak again whilst in transit to matches, whereas The Phantom Finisher longed for the day he would again score a goal. The

Men's Football

LSE 1sts (Jedi Virgins) 5

Incredibly Crap School of Medicine 1sts 0

only thing unusual about the day was that Bisexual Billy Muppet managed to turn up on time and catch the right train. Strange. That, and the chill in the expectant air as we disembarked at Berrylands station. Everyone pulled their jackets



Buttery dream sequence resulting in soiled bed

around them looking around, their spines tingling, safe in the knowledge that something great was about to occur.

"Do or do not. There is no try" (Yoda in the aforementioned film). The mood in the changing room was one of excitement. Old Grandfather

1sts Sharpey looked and saw the troop of Jedi trot out, confident, the force running through them as one. He could sense blood. The game got underway.

Each and everyone of the team got in on the action early doors. ICSM had had a good team last year and the 1sts had only managed a narrow 2-1 victory. Controlling our fear we were not seduced by the dark side. Buttery started out like Yoda on heat. Together with Big Face and Grandfather 1st team the midfield rampaged like Wookies with blasters. Big Face made a couple of facial expressions, which the great Chewbacca would've been proud of (along with a number of grunts). The Ickle Tyke up front warned the ICSM defence not to "...judge me by my size do you? Judge not. For my ally is the force...". And with the Force in toe a looping Big Face header sent him through to punish the lacklustre IC medics (heaven forbid any of us ever get injured and are treated by these Masters of Muppetry). Half-time saw the blue brigade 1-0 up.

Would you rather voice your opinion at the watercooler or in the conference room?

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