

24 JAN 2002

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The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

First Published May 5th, 1949

24th January 2002

Issue number 550



The Clinton Global
Roadshow rolls in to LSE
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b:link urges us to go back
to the future

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Poor students don't find their way to LSE

Armin Schulz

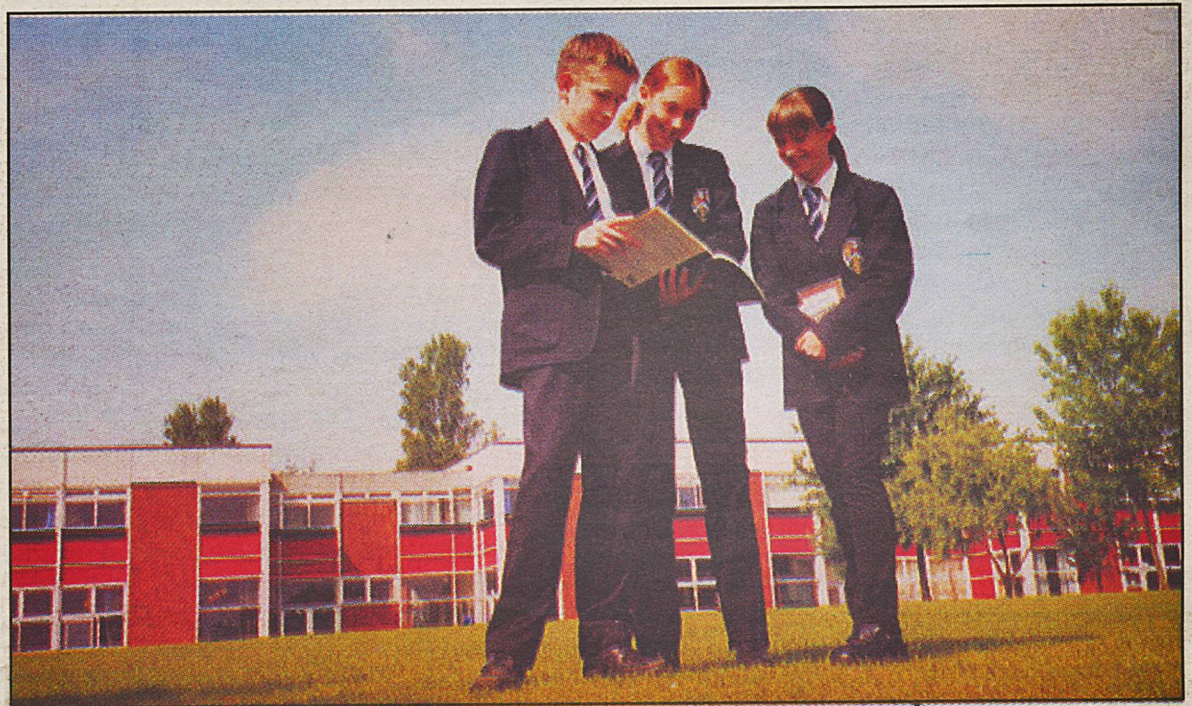
The income gap is widening - this was found in a recent survey by the National Audit Office. Whilst the number of students overall has been steadily increasing over the past six years, those from poorer economic backgrounds stayed put. Only 28 per cent of those eligible choose to go to higher education, the survey found. "Money worries" was the main off-putting reason for the vast majority of those asked. These numbers imply that the government's targets of having 50 per cent of all under-thirty year olds enrolled at Uni by 2010 cannot be met anymore unless there is a significant increase in the intake of students from these poorer backgrounds.

One of the reasons of these developments, as explained by the Higher Education Minister, Margaret Hodge, is that the financial system in place to help these poorer students is far too complicated to be of much use. Students do not know where to turn to and therefore decide to abandon the plan of going to college altogether. Which might not be bad reasoning at all, as the report also showed that these students have far less money available from home

whilst studying (£160 compared to £1375 for the ones from the richer backgrounds). This has two consequences: They are more likely to take up paid work at college and on average have higher debt at the end of their studies.

Bad as this may be, for the LSE this is by far not the worst part of the report's findings: LSE has the smallest intake of students from poorer socio-economic backgrounds, putting Bristol, Royal Vet, Cambridge and Oxford on places 2 through 5.

The big question is why this is so. According to Universities UK, an umbrella organisation of all UK universities, "successful expansion must be accompanied by appropriate additional funding". In other words: More money for the universities, either in form of tuition fees or from government funding, will give them the means to support more students in financial need. The LSE press office said that the school would like to offer more funding, but simply cannot do so due to lack of resources. This might be in line with what Universities UK says, but still does not explain why for example Wolverhampton (at the other end of the

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...take the tube to Holborn, take a left and it's just at the bottom of Kingsway.

All spin but no delivery

Elliot Simmons

Higher education was once again under intense public scrutiny last week. The 'heavy handed' tactics adopted by universities to extort tuition fees from their students were being widely reported, in the wake of the revelation that protestors at Oxford had been told they would sacrifice their degrees if they refused to pay Labour's 'tax on education'. These students are far from

alone in their struggle against the Government's apparent disregard for their welfare; MPs have reported that student funding was the single most unpopular issue on the doorsteps during the last general election. This student protest at Tony Blair's former Oxford college caused many people to ask once again how the Government was planning to deal with the hardship caused by its ill advised

higher education policies.

In September the Government announced, amid a great fanfare, a Review of Higher Education. In many quarters this was seized upon as evidence that Labour was finally listening to the concerns of students faced with ever mounting debt, since the introduction of tuition fees and the abolition of grants.

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Spin Doctors make themselves dizzy

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The Guardian even proclaimed (somewhat prematurely it now seems) that the death of tuition fees was imminent. In those heady days Tony Blair's claim that the review would "re-evaluate the balance of contributions", along with promises to raise student numbers and university standards, seemed to herald a new golden era in higher education and relief for those students suffering under the new regime.

However the truth began to emerge from beneath the spin five weeks later, when Margaret Hodge, Minister of State for Lifelong Learning and Higher Education, was wheeled out to announce that no new money was available for investment in universities. In December at the NUS lobbying day she made further revelations, despite her meaningless mantra of "nothing ruled in, nothing ruled out", which revealed that the plight of many students had fallen on deaf ears.

In conflict with the impression engendered by initial press reports and talk of a graduate tax, tuition fees were robustly defended on the grounds that only a third of students are liable for the full amount and that this sum covers only a quarter of the true cost of tuition. Opponents of this 'tax on education', like those at Oxford, draw attention to its psychological impact as well as the financial burden it places on students and their families. A recent study of sixth formers in a deprived area concluded that the fear of debt, manifested in the imposition of tuition fees and abolition of grants, was the main barrier preventing students from applying to university (even though the majority of those surveyed would not be liable for the fees).

Student debt has spiralled under the new regime, to an average of between £10,000 and £12,000 on graduation (according to a recent independent survey carried out by Barclays). Figures compiled by the NUS show that "the cost of living has been rising nearly three times faster than the provision of

student support for students inside London". Students from poorer backgrounds have particularly suffered - given inadequate Government loans which fail to cover the actual cost of living, they have been forced to seek employment and work longer hours during term time to survive, clearly



Ms Hodge in the flesh

to the detriment of their studies. Although Hodge did not rule out the resurrection of means tested grants, she revealed that the Review "won't affect existing students". The Government it seems is unwilling to take responsibility for the damage caused by its 'education experiment' to those less fortunate students who would have been eligible for financial aid under the old, and possibly reformed, system.

The inadequacy of the loan available to those studying in the capital should be apparent to anyone who considers that the maximum means tested loan amounts to only £4,700,

while the rent in halls of residence in central London often exceeds £3,500 a year. The Government's unwillingness to re-examine the London Weighted Loan (despite calls from the NUS and Student Unions based in London to do so) is widely believed to be rooted in its fear that any increase would

strengthen the demands of public sector workers in the capital for a better deal. This stance was reflected in the Hodge's dismissal of the genuine hardship felt by students in the capital, with her comment that a review of the London Weighting was "not a priority".

However, one of the most unsettling revelations concerns the intense level of secrecy that shrouds the Review. Hodge will not reveal who is advising her, publish internal reports commissioned for the Review and will only offer public consultation once the proposals (read decisions) have been published. The

Government's unwillingness to open a dialogue with those who will be affected by the outcome of the review can lead to uninformed opinion, which does not recognise the tough realities facing students today, at the highest levels. This was clearly manifested in Hodge's crass comment that on a recent trip to a Russell Group university. One of the students who berated her for the high level of student hardship caused by Labour's 'education experiment' was wearing a piece of Tiffany's jewellery she had considered too expensive to purchase for her own daughter. The implication of this story, namely that students at LSE and other leading institutions are awash with money, will come as a surprise to those studying there, as will the process and apparent outcome of a review which promised so much and delivered so little.

The Education Secretary Estelle Morris recently told MPs, with reference to the forthcoming Higher Education Review, not to expect "any significant changes" in student funding; underlining once again that the Labour Government's present attitude towards student hardship is destined to make entry to higher education more determined than ever by the ability to pay, not the ability to learn.

You can contact Elliot Simmons, the Communications Officer at e.c.simmons@lse.ac.uk or alternatively by leaving a message in the Communication Officers Pigeon Hole at the SU Reception.



NUS on the march

Poverty in the UK

Continued from Page 2

report) seems to have no problems with something that the LSE cannot cope with.

The press office further stressed the point that applications to the school are considered independently of economic backgrounds. Also, there are schemes in place which target these poorer students: Summer, Winter and Saturday Schools, student tutoring, the state school and visit program and student shadowing. However, with the report's findings on the one hand and these programs on the other, there seems to be ground for considerable doubt as to the effectiveness of the policies.

While universities such as the LSE might truly be non-discriminatory when it comes to applications from poorer backgrounds, the same applicants are far less likely to be successful than their better off peers. The steps named above taken to reduce this disparity have to do much more to ensure equality. This would also explain why for example Wolverhampton has much more students from poorer backgrounds than LSE, Oxford or Cambridge: The applications have a far better chance at succeeding at these less renowned institutions.

The urgent problem that still remains to be tackled is what exactly can be done to change the status quo. There is the unsettling thought in the background also that possibly the problem is not one only universities have to deal with. It may very well be that the solution has to start at an earlier level, before the students apply to university. The whole education system, including secondary education has to critically assess the way it works. This would mean that this problem, seemingly of a few top-ranking universities is merely the tip of the iceberg of a deeply rooted social and political problem.

However things turn out to be, one thing must be certain though: Those who have the capabilities to go to university must be given the means to as well. Full stop.

Clinton's World Tour

Aalia Datoo

As a celebrity-seeker myself, I was among the crowd of over 100 LSE students, mainly Americans and all Clinton enthusiasts eagerly awaiting a glimpse of the former US President, on the night of Thursday 13th December 2001.

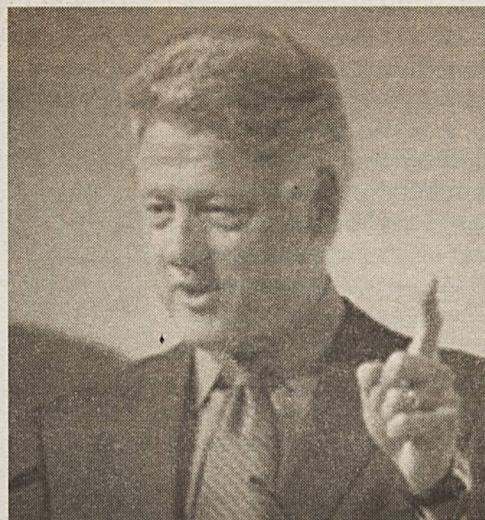
President Clinton, together with his daughter Chelsea, shook hands with many students ignoring the requests of his security guards to go back into his limousine. Chelsea was among the audience of four hundred people in the Old Theatre. The lecture was relayed by video links in Clement House and was also filmed by the BBC and CNN TV cameras and other media representatives. Another video link to the New Theatre broke down before the start of the lecture and thanks to the excellent planning of the conference unit those students could be placed in spare rooms. Otherwise the event was completely booked up weeks in advance. Indeed it was LSE's hour in the limelight.

Clinton was introduced by Professor Lord Meghnad Desai, who reprimanded him for his 'two mistakes'. As we wondered if he would dare to mention Monica Lewinsky on such a prestigious occasion for the LSE, we were disappointed to find that these mistakes simply referred to the fact that Clinton had opted for Oxford for himself and more recently, his daughter. We could have told him that.

Clinton's speech focused on global-

isation in light of the events of September 11th, calling for a 'common humanity' in response to world events. He insisted that 'we will win the fight against terrorism', claiming that terrorism is the 'marriage' of old hatred and new weapons. If we were to make more partnerships across the world, the barriers and walls would collapse, and so there would be fewer terrorists. He said that those responsible for September 11th believed our differences to be more important than our common humanity, yet the attacks were in fact a violation of the ethics of Islam. Last time the US and the UK used armed forces (before Afghanistan), he reminded the audience, was in order to defend Muslims in Bosnia and Kosovo. Even in the attacks of September 11th, 500 Muslims were killed.

Clinton acknowledged the fact that "answers are easy to give but harder to live", but he encouraged people to consider the cost of not acting. There is a need to take positive steps to relieve poverty, encourage democracies and education in the third world. This may cost money, but is cheaper than the cost of war in lives, weapons and fresh hatred. He identified Gandhi as an inspiration for us all. A Hindu, killed by a Hindu, because he believed in an India for all peoples: Hindus, Muslims, Jews and Christians. Finally, he concluded that if we are to create a safer world, a more peaceful millennium and "a



Bill Clinton tells it how it is

world without walls for your children and grandchildren, then it will have to be a world for all the world's children". Perhaps idealistic, but nevertheless true.

All this talk of 'common humanity' however, begs the question whether the US has ever actually been interested in promoting this concept. Have they really taken the time to appreciate the concerns of others, particularly the Middle Eastern Countries, when not trampling on feet first, playing the world's police man? Nevertheless, Clinton's well-rehearsed speech (also delivered at Harvard, Yale, Georgetown and David Dimbleby's Lecture Series BBC) was well received.



Union Jack

It was New Year chez UGM, and there was a revolution afoot. Lord Curry of Preston had been booted upstairs and a replacement needed to be found. Lord Curry's understudy Peter 'Peach' Bellendi had been eagerly eyeing his seat, but he would not be without rival. Two men stepped forward; the far from hirsute Peter Taylor, a man of great repute and experience and Rex Walker, more famous for propping up the bar in the Tuns than all the good work he does for charity.

In the end the two Peters split each other's vote and Rex Walker took the chicken run down from the balcony. Tall Paul would have joined him as his deputy were it not for the facts that a) he is far too tall and hence no sport for the paper throwers of the balcony and b) not totty. Totty was duly elected in the form of a girl called Laura SomethingorOther. At this point Jack realised that he had just lost 15 minutes of his life that he'd never get back again. Ah, he'd probably waste it anyway.

So it was on with the return of the Sabbs. Claire 'more hair than Peter' Taylor waded through all manner of administrative crap - ULU elections and LT cards - to get to the juicy bits. The Passfield saga continues to drag on, proving quite how ineffective the SU is. Expect to be able to move sometime in 2007.

Scarlet O'Hara, whose working year ends the moment the budget is passed, seemed to be scrambling around for stuff to do, and was reduced to nicking George Idunno's announcements for global week. That said, it looks like Scarlet's new role as tea-lady in the Café will keep him out of trouble for a bit.

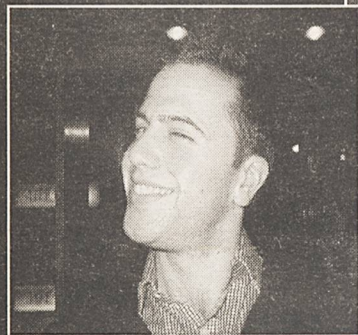
As always, Tom Packer was the most entertaining of the officers and, as always, it wasn't intentional. It appears that young 'Fudge' has been causing trouble at ULU. Jack loves to hear that Tom Packer has been causing strife at ULU, if only because it means he's not at LSE all the time. How the Financial Stationery sub-Committee: Pencil Division would ever cope without him is beyond Jack.

This was followed by announcement from the Mature Students' officer. It appears she is planning to organise a piss-up in a brewery, and Jack wishes her the best of luck.

From one old Beaver to another, 'Desperate' Dan Lewis bravely took to the stage to defend the honour of this august organ, Chris Wills having departed to spend more time with his wife and children. Lewis, widely tipped for another pointless run for Gen Sec this year, demonstrated that his sizeable stage presence is far from diminished.

In the end there was only time for one business motion this week, a call for more SU jobs to be given to LSE students. The motion would have been innocuous enough were it not for Bang Bang's 'Rivers of Beer' speech, proclaiming a jingoistic desire to keep impure non-LSE students out of our kitchens and coffee shops, under the guise of student Solidarity. Conversely, Scarlet O'Hara had a problem with the purity of LSE students, notably their lack of hygiene and, moreover, their incredible laziness. As always, nothing changed. The Exec sang, badly, and bemused Economics students wandered in the Old Theatre. It was good to be back.

LSE's favourite club 'Syndrome' (née Le Scandale) has closed its doors and become a Thai restaurant. We hit Houghton Street to see what people think.



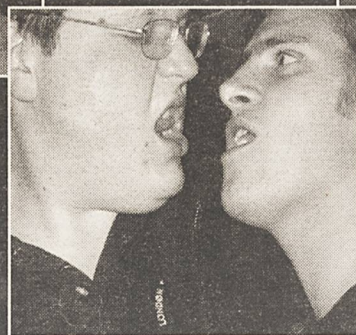
'I think Wright's Bar should apply for a late licence'

- Tim Baines



'A poor man's Crush where the music was as tacky as the floor and the women were as cheap as the drinks... a timeless combination'

- Rhodri Mason



'Le Scandale first brought us together, losing it is like losing a limb'

- FC and "friend"



'I can't believe it's closed. Where can I get served without ID now?'

- Chloe Schofield

Anthrax? We've got silk underwear

Saija Vuola

The world no longer talks about anthrax threats even though memories should still be fresh: only three months ago everyone was checking their mail rather more carefully than usual. Many government institutions took measures to ensure the safety of their employees. How about LSE?

The school is in the centre of London and many of the world's most prominent academics are conducting their work here. Despite rumors about terrorist recruitment at LSE last year it is hard to argue that it does not represent capitalist values.

Indeed, LSE did consider investing in a scanning machine but it was - surprise - a matter of money. It seems that after the Library was built, new devices are not acquired that easily.

Not even if certain academics see themselves under

immediate danger and try to merit the School buying a scanning machine. So far this has not come to fruition, and a scanning machine on its own would also not do the trick.

Scanning every item would take too long for the present post room staff, and require the hiring of new members of staff. Even more money would be needed. Instead, the personnel in the post room are expected to detect suspect packages in the mail with their own eyes.

After all, the IRA has been a source of worries for London's postal services for years already. 'We have not had too many problems with bomb or anthrax packages,' says Tony Simpson, the post room supervisor. 'Some of the post room staff have been trained in what to look for,' he adds, 'but not all of us.' This surely, is a point to think about for the people responsible for staff training.

So far, the post room staff,

sorting out the vast amount of letters addressed to the School and dealing with all the internal post, have had more reason to laugh than to fear. For example, they have received a

delivery of flowers with silk underwear inside.

Another time an American student sent in £600 in cash to pay his fees but omitted to include his registration num-

ber or any other details which might identify him.

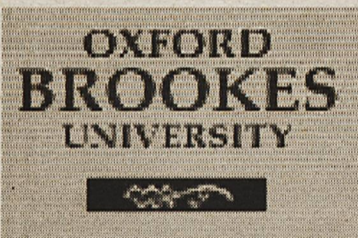
Let us hope the funny stories will continue to be more numerous than the dangerous ones.



Postmen: Bald with worry

Far Flung The Beaver's weekly round up of student news

with Lyle Jackson



Students at Oxford Brookes University are celebrating this week after learning that they have out performed their local rivals at Oxford University. Research at Oxford Brookes was rated higher in a recent survey. One student from Oxford who I didn't interview said, "I don't know whether to believe it or not, I may have been holding the paper upside down" - immediately confirming all research.



Nottingham

Oxford



Students at Nottingham Trent University were 'scared witless' at The Works student night recently after an attack on ex East17 star Brian Harvey. Harvey is reported to have been attacked with a machete.



The University of Nottingham again hits the headlines after another awesome display of drinking prowess. The seasoned boozers have been warned to stay off the juice after 'two stomach pumping incidents' after the Student's "Campus 14" Bar crawl, which entails students visiting all 14 Campus bars in alphabetical order. Group e-mails were sent to the students from concerned officials after ambulances were called to incidents outside 'The Aardvark's Arms' twice in a fortnight.

Black lesbians in wheelchairs?: positive discrimination

Kirsty-Anne Noble

Positive discrimination is back in political fashion. Conscious efforts are being made to look favourably on certain groups of people and to establish a job market that works on the basis of meritocracy, irrespective of ethnicity, gender, age or physical ability. Tony Blair has his women-only shortlists, the Law Society its quotas, and investment banks seem to hold women-only-dinners every other night. The political aim has to be to ensure that our democratic institutions actually begin to represent the people they are supposed to serve.

The myth of white, male superiority and its engaging partners, black and female incompetence, has taken a huge beating in the past thirty years. Colour of skin, gender and even class superiority are known not to determine capability. 'Inequality' is becoming recognised as the actual 'cause' of many of society's differences as opposed to defining them. The job market is not reflecting this perceived change in attitude.

The Industrial Society reported in December that just 5% of FTSE 100 directors are female. A recent Home Office report indicates that only 4% of the Metropolitan Police come

from ethnic minorities. The New Earnings Survey recently revealed that women's average hourly wages are around 22% less



than men's. Such statistics paint a bleak picture. When the British public was recently asked to name three Britons from an ethnic minority that they admire or consider to have made a substantial contribution to society, the list was fairly predictable. Trevor MacDonald ranked top, whilst sports stars dominated the rest.

This autumn was the sec-

ond time Tony Blair used his party conference to raise the issue of black representation, lamenting the fact that we have no Colin Powell in

Britain. Nor do have we a Jesse Jackson, another senior figure in American politics. These two role models are not exceptions to the rule, more a product of the rule initiated by African-Americans and President Johnson in 1965, implemented by President Nixon in 1971 and sustained by President Clinton in 1996. It is a rule based on positive discrimination to ensure that talent fulfils its potential and that public institutions look like their clients.

'Tokenism' is not the issue here, as opponents to positive discrimination would have us believe. Shortlists and quota-filling are simply outlets for 'opportunism' as exemplified by any socially significant minority leader. 'While we think training and aptitude are incredibly important, the evidence across Europe is that ultimately positive action is the only thing that can work,' says Mary-Anne Stephenson, director of the Fawcett Society, which campaigns for women's equality and for shortlisting. It is time employers realised that they are missing out on talent, and that a broader range of representatives will enable them to diversify their skills

and keep in touch with people's real concerns.

Modern day society has not only restructured the job market, but has brought with it the sexual revolution, every bit as controversial as the Swinging Sixties. This new female generation is having sex at a younger age, is changing sexual partners with a frequency that used to categorise them as 'slags' and is becoming less sensitive about one-night stands, while men aren't arguing back. Men are taking pride in being identified as 'new age' and welcoming the associated lifestyle change to that of the 'family'. They are supporting policy changes associated with paternal leave, flexi-time and on-site child care. 'Take your Daughters to Work Day' (27 April) has become nationally recognised and is expecting its biggest turnout this year.

Traditionalists, however, are not as enthusiastic. With 'job success' key to any traditional white man's sense of identity, and with this downwardly mobile economy it is not hard to understand why they are feeling in a tenuous position.

6 December marked the tenth anniversary of the Montreal Massacre when Marc Lépine walked into the engineering school at the University of Montreal and opened fire on every woman he encountered, shrieking 'I want the women. I hate feminists. You've taken everything.' This attitude, although extreme, will one day be eradicated in its entirety, but we need not knowingly wait for this traditionalist generation to pass. The New Earnings Survey estimates that the gap between men's and women's earnings will not close for 20 years. Positive discrimination is unfair, just like the old school tie. If, however, it results in an effective and efficient structural change to the job market that incorporates all, then the net effect would have to be seen as beneficial, just as its very name seems to imply.

Incidentally, Labour has now abolished its women-only shortlists: and there have never been as many women in parliament or seeking to enter it.



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Watch the screens to jump the PC queue

Cathy Wallace

In an extremely welcome move, IT Services have introduced a new electronic system of monitoring PC usage in the public computer rooms, aimed at eliminating the tedious but necessary queue for a PC most students see as a rite of passage.

Instead, the plasma screens in the Old Building, Connaught House, St Clement's Building and Clement House now display how many PCs are free in each of the major computer rooms around the school. The same information can be found at the kiosks in the Old Building, St Clement's Building, Clement House, 20 Kingsway and St Philip's North and South blocks.

The system identifies when a student has logged on or off, and is updated with pleasing regularity. Instead of queuing for hours in the Library while the basement of Clement House is unused, students can now check where the free PCs are and distribute themselves

accordingly.

This system reflects IT Services' aim to ensure all computers around LSE are used efficiently and to their maximum capacity by students, and eventual long term goal to have one PC for every five students. The only computer rooms not displayed are those in St Clement's Building, possibly because these are the rooms most frequently used for classes and tutorials. A particular strength of the system is that it divides the computers in the Library up into levels. Limping up and down the triumphant spiral staircase searching for a vacant computer is therefore a thing of the past as we can now see which floor the free PCs are on and go straight to them.

If your computer skills leave something to be desired, then IT Services offer free tutorials for all students and staff. Supervised courses are running in weeks 2, 3 and 4 of the Lent Term in room S08, and information can be obtained from the IT

Services page on the School's website, or from the IT Helpdesk on the first floor of the St Clement's Building.

If extra classes aren't your thing, there are numerous self-taught courses on offer, again accessible through the website, which can help you hone your skills in Microsoft Office, Word, Excel, Access, PowerPoint, Windows, Internet Explorer and SPSS.

I was delighted to see that Mavis Beacon Teaches Typing is also among the self-taught courses. This marvellous course is entirely responsible for my speedy touch-typing ability and I cannot recommend it enough to anyone who still adopts the two-finger-bashing approach.

On a final note, it remains to be seen whether or not IT Services will inject more PCs into the Old Building. With the Webb Room ripped out to make way for a new Research Centre

(the computers now live in the basement of Clement House) and the basement room A038 locked indefinitely, it appears that there is no way of accessing a computer in the Old Building.

Considering that the Old Building is probably the most frequented of all the LSE's buildings, the current lack of computer workstations has to go down as a black mark against an otherwise excellent service.



Mmmmm, technical

Baker's Mullet

NOW THEN Mullet fans, how ya diddlin? Mullet is up shit street at the moment and not for the first time.

It's that time of year when everybody receives that frightening email from their tutor, asking for you to come and discuss your report cards. Great. Mullet got this particular email last week and after a lot of umming and ahing decided he should get this out of the way.

One report card simply said "Does Mullet still do this class?" while another questioned Mullet's ability to get out of bed before Fifteen to One on Channel Four. Put plainly, Mullet has a habit of not turning up for classes or lectures.

Never mind, there's always next year to catch up on the work. Shit. No there isn't, this is Mullet's make or break time.

How was Christmas everyone? All the best for the new year, Mullet sincerely hopes that you had a great break and got everything you wanted to celebrate

the birth of our saviour, the son of God, our Lord Father Christmas.

It all seems so distance now but Mullet can clearly remember the first day of the Xmas break. He stepped through the door of his York abode and shouted for a good five minutes at his 18-year-old cat, before Mama Mullet kindly mentioned that poor Sooty had gone stone-cold deaf during November.

Christmas Eve was somewhat of a gas. At around 10.30 pm after consuming a ludicrous amount of Yorkshire bitter and cheap spirits, a further Tia Maria and double Tequila made Mullet puke at the bar in the Punch Bowl. A hand-

kerchief handily thrust in Mullet's direction made sure that the Landlady failed to see the spew, even though she was standing right in front of him.

Obviously Mullet got started on by a bunch of youths on the walk home, as is the custom in York. However Mullet and friend were so battered that the hooligans took pity on us and let us go with a firm, but fair warning.

Christmas day saw Mullet waking up still pissed and saw one of his mates being served Christmas dinner in bed and another (Fletch) being sick in front of his Nanna at the dinner table.

The inevitable cheesy mobile discos ensued for the

Mullet in order to make a bit of coinage. The highlight of said discos had to be the occasion on New Year's Eve when Mullet was told that he "Wasn't fit to be a DJ" because he had never heard of a song that some wrinkly old bird wanted to be played. Well here's news for you missus, although Mullet couldn't say this to you on the day, Fuck off. Crusty old bitch, hope your Fixident poisons your sorry ass.

With the advent (advent, get it?) of the new year Mullet once again set himself the same resolution as the one for 2001: Not to masturbate more times than there are days in the year. Today, it is the 22nd of January and already Mullet has a wanking deficit of 17 and quite a sore wrist.

So that was the Mullet for this week, clearly another work of outstanding literary genius like Shakespeare's masterpiece "Oliver Twist" and Barbara Cartland's "The Postman Always Rings For A Shag On Thursdays."

Chateau Neuf Du Pap!



Free goodies all around London

Saija Vuola

Many of us may have noticed the adverts in numerous tube station: "The best things in London are free." Thirteen museums and galleries altogether, including the famous Victoria and Albert Museum, the Science Museum, the Natural History Museum, the National Maritime Museum, the Imperial War Museum, the Museum of London and the National Museum of Performing Arts. The reason behind this wonderful reform is New Labour's manifesto of taking "25 steps to a better Britain", as Dan Glaister wrote in *The Guardian* on 1 December 2001, the day that the free admission was introduced.

Previously, we had to pay to see the art treasures hidden everywhere in London because of the policy on VAT. By charging visitors the museums were considered to be real businesses and could thus claim back VAT. Allowing the non-charging museums to do the same was not only against the Treasury's policy but also against EU regulations.

The commission agreed to the reform plans, however, and the government promised a three-year grant to cover the loss of admissions revenue. What happens after the three years have passed is another political decision and not to be predicted. So enjoy the free admission to museums while you can.

Many Londoners (and tourists) have already taken advantage of the new system according to the figures published on January, 7th, one month after the beginning of the experiment: The Museum of London and the Natural History Museum had for example almost double the amount of visitors compared with December 2000. The V&A had a four-time increase in people wanting to see 'beautiful objects'. However, the new British Galleries at the V&A were opened at around the same time which might explain the dramatic upsurge. But surely more people want to see the 'collection of British design and art' free of charge than pay pounds for it.

The drastic increase in the

amount of visitors might indeed be good for the gift shops and restaurants of the museums. But is it good for the genuine art lover who wants to enjoy the paintings or sculptures in peace? Is it good for the children who want to do their experiments in the Science Museums without having to queue for them for a long time?

As Dan Glaister puts it in his article, "the museums concerned were not wholly enthusiastic. Faced with the prospect of losing millions in VAT revenues, they argued that less is indeed more. Fewer visitors, we were told, meant better value." The other side of the story is the educative outlook taken by the Secretary of Culture, Tessa Jowell: "Clearly, charges were acting as a restraint to many people particularly

families. Visiting a national museum, like going to a park or taking a stroll, can once again be one of life's free pleasures."

Exceptions apply to those collections funded from royal revenues: The Treasury was only prepared to go along with

the Labour Manifesto if these were not to be touched.

Admission charges may also be levied by some special exhibitions but apart from that there is no more excuse of not doing something culturally...



Museum pieces - drunken fools



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Staying in for the summer: the internships quest begins

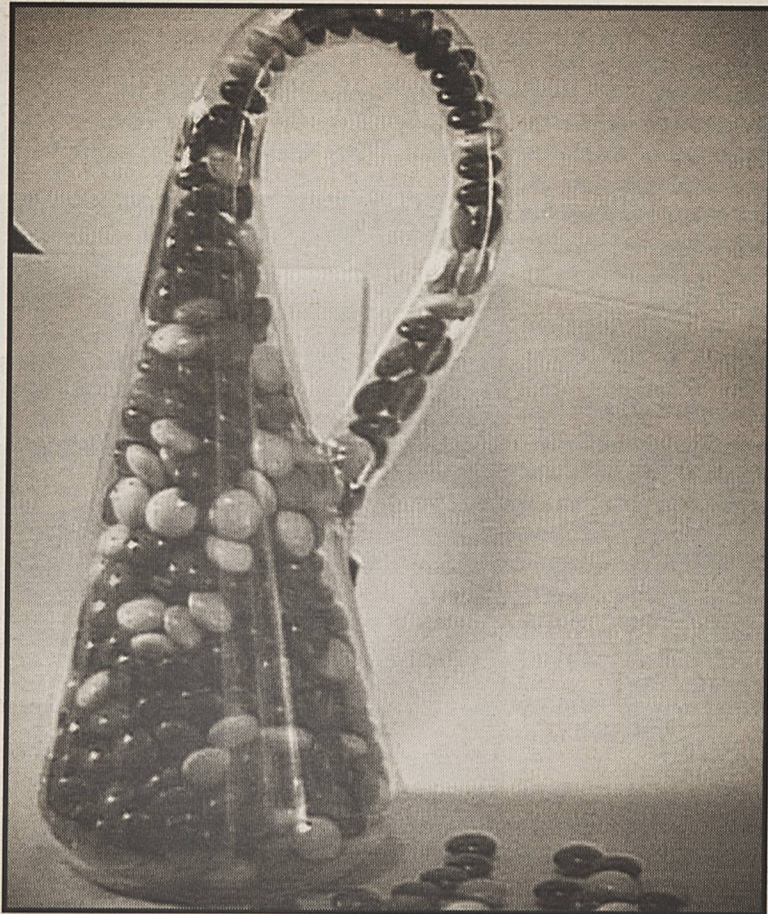
Justin Davda

Anybody who has been in the Library in the past few weeks will be familiar with the phenomenon. Students, mostly second-years, slink into the Library at godforsaken hours in their hundreds and are only seen again several hours later, often wearing slightly dazed expressions. This unusual behaviour is noted by the faculty. Is it drugs? Are they members of some bizarre cult? Surely they're not actually working? Investigations by 'The Beaver' have revealed that the reason you can't get a free computer for love nor money at present is not the Anna Kournikova nude photos circulating but instead something much more mundane: Internship Applications.

For those of you blissfully unaware of the current pre-occupation of most of your peers, an internship is a summer job with a blue-chip firm, especially those in the banking & finance industry. Why are they so important to otherwise apathetic students you may ask? Well, for one, they're financially extremely rewarding: salaries of £600 a week are common. Being an intern with a firm also puts you at the front of the queue for graduate jobs when time comes.

Perhaps most importantly though, an internship will enable you to see whether or not a particular job or industry is suitable for you. Working for an investment bank may sound like a dream job but after 10 weeks of 6am starts and 60-hour weeks you may decide otherwise. In today's competitive job market, the experiences and skills you acquire on a summer placement will be invaluable to you when you finally leave LSE and apply for graduate positions.

Many of you, having developed that curious perspective peculiar to LSE, will have decided that investment banking is the only thing worth doing in life and so will be furiously applying to such sinister-sounding acronyms as CFSB, DRKW and UBS. There are, however, a huge number of firms in a large variety of industries



They may make multicoloured sweets, but that's no reason to treat our applications like one.

that offer internships or summer placements, and at least one of these schemes is likely to be beneficial to both your career and your personal development, whatever job you have in mind.

Companies as diverse as BP Amoco, Unilever and Nestle all operate well-respected internship programmes and are always interested in getting their hands on some high-calibre LSE students. For this reason alone you should be thankful that you denied yourself the undoubted carnal pleasures of studying at some poly in Bristol and came to Houghton Street. Putting the good name of LSE on your CV will add a lustre to every application. It is said that many top employers only like to recruit from Oxford, Cambridge and the LSE although how true this is remains unclear.

Other rumours about the application process abound. Passed from student to student like a Chinese whisper, these myths only serve to heighten the sense of mystery surrounding the selection process, which in many cases is at least as challenging and comprehensive as that for a full graduate job. Since for many people this is

their first experience of job applications it appears that they will believe anything - especially if it helps to explain the seemingly arbitrary success or failure of one's application.

One story that reached my ears was that at Mars UK (as in chocolate bars) last year, the application forms were

printed in a variety of colours. When the number of applications became too large they simply burnt all the green and blue ones without looking at them. Another common one, often told about Deutsche Bank, is that first round selection is based solely on the number of times buzzwords like 'ambitious', 'team' and 'proactive' figure in the applications. Though seemingly unlikely, there is probably a grain of truth in anecdotes like these given the obvious difficulty of choosing between a hundred wannabee financiers, all of whom had 30 UCAS points and were prefects at school.

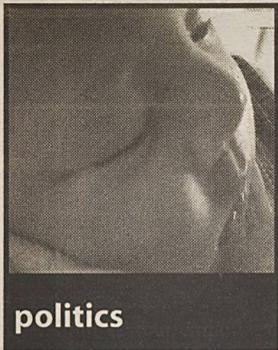
With this in mind, many employers have changed their application procedures from the traditional CV and cover letter approach to an online application form, which is both more efficient for the firm and more hassle for the applicant than the traditional method. On many open questions about problem-solving skills or leadership abilities. You also usually need to justify your reasons for applying and why you believe that you are suitable for the post. These questions would once only have been asked at interview, but

their inclusion here means that you have an opportunity to differentiate yourself from the thousands of other applicants or to explain poor exam results for example.

Another feature of many electronic applications, especially for investment banking, is an online numeracy test which can seem daunting but generally doesn't require advanced mathematical knowledge, just a decent grasp of numbers. Personality profiling is often a component in the initial application. Although it often says that there are no wrong answers to the questions, you can be sure that if you don't meet the criteria they're looking for you'll receive a depressingly impersonal rejection email very quickly.

Anyone interested in an internship this summer who has not yet started applying should get cracking: Several important deadlines have already passed with many more approaching in February and March. The best place to start is probably a visit to the Careers Office. There is also an Interns Fair this Friday in Camden (see posters around the school for details) that will be worth a look.

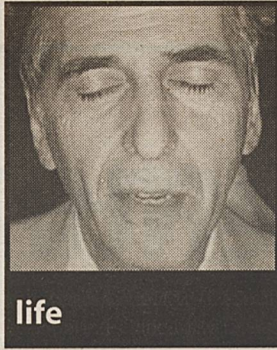
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time to get back to the future

words by charlie jurd

despairing about the direction in which we are headed. To the extent that television is reflective of social attitudes and preferences, the figure on the sofa is less concerned about the future than smirking at what they wore in the past or voyeuristically looking at what is normal through a "warts-and-all" life story of Mr and Mrs Average. The popularity of these programmes is assured, as the viewer is being bombarded with comforting reassurance that (a) they are a lot better off (ie. trendier) than they used to be and (b) they have the same trivial concerns as other people.

We can find examples of this smug contentment all around us. Academics write books called *The End of History* and art has become "post-modern" as if we have reached the end of development. The public/media-generated outcry which greets Norman Foster's new designs for office space in London, for example the new GLA offices decried as "the gherkin", shows how little people are willing to tolerate the new. Who gave us the right to decide when we had reached the summit of modernity? What we have reached is a point at which people choose not to think about the future. It is in fact a complacent defeatism. We would rather turn our backs on what lies ahead and call this the summit.

Fortunately there is a growing counterculture of Futurism, with a new breed of musicians such as Les

Rythmes Digitales, Zoot Woman, Daft Punk (on *Discovery*), Air (on *10,000hz Legend*) are offering us the promise of salvation. Although history is awash with futurists, it was Filippo Tommaso Marinetti who first chose to define himself and the literary movement he was part of as Futurist, and the concept was enshrined in Futurist Manifestos in 1909 and 1910. For Marinetti, Futurism was about dispensing with ideas of imitation, harmony and the "traditional", the knowledge from the library, the reverence for the cities of the past and finding beauty in modern metropolitan life and the speed, dynamism. He also

extolled his love of metamorphosis, revolution and war, even the danger of uncontrollable violence they carry with them. The inescapable feeling that this is morally wrong helps one realise that Futurism now can only be a very different being to that of 1910. The century that has passed has given us two world wars and dictators who have inflicted atrocities upon the human race of which only the most twisted mind could conceive. Equally, we live in Marinetti's future: the technology we look to harness is that of twentieth century Futurists' imagination.

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The year 2002 is upon us. 2001 passed without a space odyssey. We may be two years into a new millennium but we seem to be, as far as creativity is concerned, travelling into ourselves and our past on an inward spiral. Returning from four weeks of inactivity, I hope I can be allowed to use television as an example. The TV schedules are littered with retrospective programmes which give the impression that we have reached some sort of natural conclusion in society and that novelty can only come from examining the things we've done in the past or the way we've ended up. Consequentially we have to suffer bite-size retrospectives which condense great achievements into two minutes of chopped-up footage book-ended by

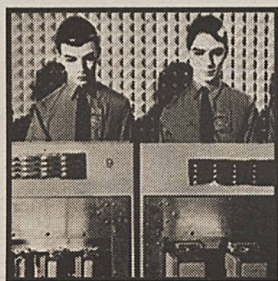
Stuart Maconie telling an anecdote of the time he fell over a cat whilst watching *Jim'll Fix It*. Programme makers seem unaware of how strained this genre has become. How long can it be before BBC2 has an *I Love the Nineteenth Century* night, or we get *Top Ten: Roman Emperors* on Channel 4? The other recent TV phenomenon has been "reality TV", from the fly-on-the-wall documentaries (*Airport, Airline, Driving School, Fat Club* etc.) to *Big Brother* and *Survivor* to spoof sitcoms about fly-on-the-wall documentaries (*The Office, People Like Us, Operation Good Guys*). I am not saying that these were not good programmes, although some unquestionably were not, and I probably watched more than most, but this does not disqualify me from

inside

new symbols of protest



the scars of lebensborn



a political chernobyl



from south america to genoa:

words by wanda trosczynska van genderen

Globalisation is probably one of the most frequently used words at LSE. From Director's Lectures through seminar papers to *TheBeaver* articles, one can learn about its nature, dynamics, speed, scope and direction. Embracing or resisting the forces of globalisation has been a hotly debated topic provoking much controversy and disagreement. The December screening of the independent film *Genova Libera*, organised by LSE SU Globalise Resistance, followed by a presentation by a speaker from Globalise Resistance UK, once again raised issues brought to the world's attention by mass protests that took place during the last G8 summit in Genoa.

Watching images of the Genoa protests as presented in the film *Genova Libera*, I saw bleeding protesters throwing things at the police, as well as vast masses of people behaving peacefully, representing not only various parts of Europe and North America, but also all kinds of political and ideological backgrounds. What really interested me were the symbols they carried on their flags and banners. In addition to familiar looking rainbow flags, hammers, sickles, and panda bears, I noticed mysteriously sounding abbreviations, such as MST, or slogans like Ya Basta! After some investigation, I discovered that most of these unfamiliar symbols and images represent various social resistance movements in South America.

In a similar way to European radicals in the sixties, who hanged images of the Argentinian revolutionary Che Guevara on their walls, the activists of today seem to be much inspired by the struggle of the indigenous population of Mexico's state of Chiapas. Their leader, the charismatic Subcomandante Marcos, captures imagination of people all over the world with his passionate speeches about the oppression, exploitation and injustices done to the Mayan peasants in Chiapas. Their Zapatista movement (named after another Mexican resistance hero, Emiliano Zapata) and its slogan Ya Basta! ('Enough Already!'), has gathered an impressive amount of attention and support worldwide. A simple internet search results in hundreds of hits: web pages designed by solidarity networks, institutions and individual peo-

ple. The images of their pipe-smoking, masked leader, quotes from his speeches, and countless videos and photos, show the strength of what has been named the 'first post-modernist revolution.'

In the Portuguese-speaking part of South America, resistance movements and social protest has traditionally shaped up the region's culture and politics. The followers of liberation theology in the sixties and seventies preached the ideas of equality, justice and freedom from poverty and racial oppression. Contemporary Brazil, a country of enormous diversity and income disparities, is home for one of the largest social movements in the world. The Landless Workers' Movement (*Movimento dos Trabalhadores Rurais Sem Terra*) unites vast masses of landless peasants fighting for a land reform and its just distribution. Supported by both international and part of the domestic public opinion, hundreds of landless rural Brazilians occupy unused plantations, hoping for the awaited government recognition.

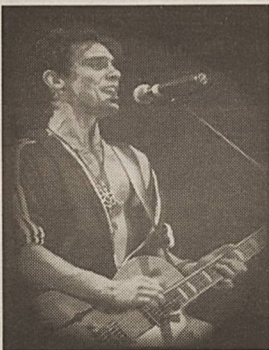
These and many other regional struggles strongly resonate with the anti-globalist culture and rhetoric in Europe and North America, on levels of both political discourses and popular culture. For example, one of the key anti-globalist artists, a French-born Spaniard Manu Chao, frequently refers to South American social movements, for example,

using parts of Marcos' speeches to illustrate the message of his songs. In his multicultural and multilingual repertoire, Manu Chao describes lives of immigrants, whose experiences he considers symptomatic of the era of globalisation we live in. In one of his interviews, he said that the protagonist of his first solo album *Clandestino* is a nameless Latin American migrant living in Europe, whose daily struggles, hardships and hopes for a better future remain invisible and ignored by the rest of society.

For both Manu Chao and the participants of the Genoa rallies, South American social movements and ideologies of resistance prove to be a valuable source of inspiration. Somewhat romanticized, they are considered to be examples of

pure and politically unpolluted struggles, embodying values of solidarity and protest anti-globalist groups seem to uphold. The linkages between South American and European or North American voices of social discontent mark the process of rapid formation of the global culture of resistance. This phenomenon can be looked at as both response to concrete issues related to particular groups of people, but also as being symptoms of the common anxieties, fears and uncertainties people face when confronted with harsh realities of the rapidly changing, globalising world around us.

This is Wanda's second article for b:link



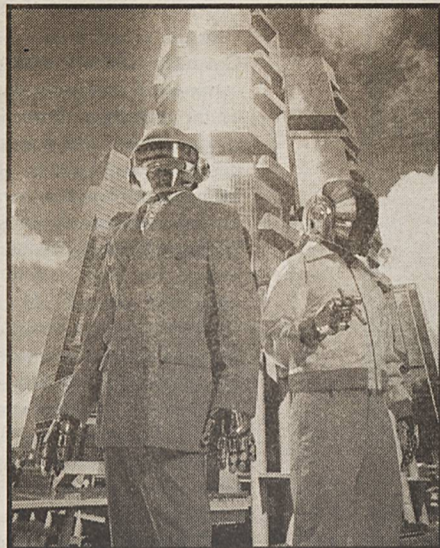
manu chao



new symbols of global resistance

sounds of tomorrow...

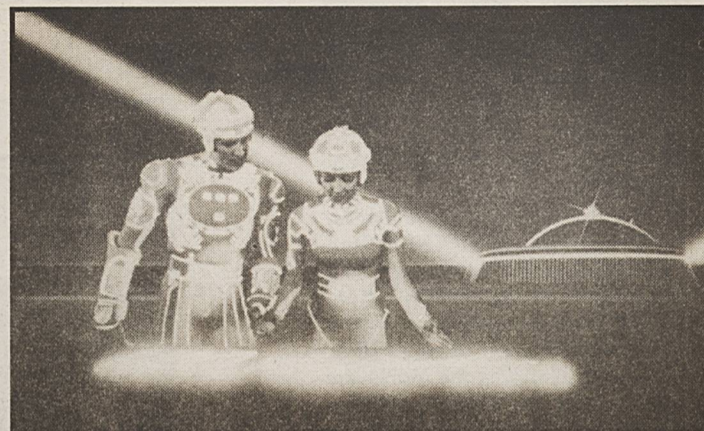
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daft punk



about the future. Economic monetarism seemingly offered stability and wealth, America had just elected an ex-movie star president, and high technology was having a real impact on people's lives. In the space of a couple of years at the start of the decade the world had CDs, fax machines and touch-screen shopping terminals. Most importantly, this was the first time people were able to afford to own personal computers. The IBM PC, the ZX Spectrum and, later, the Commodore 64, enabled people to bring very powerful machines into their own home, prompting an interest and appetite for technology and the future. The PC had shifted 5.5million units by 1982 and in 1983 the computer was named as *TIME* magazine's Man of the Year. The effect this had on the arts was instantaneous; science fiction was mainstream. In 1982 Disney released *Tron*, a visually stunning story of futuristic love and combat within a computer generated world; it was inspired by the technology which was used to create it. In literature the 'cyberpunk' movement spearheaded by William Gibson's *Neuromancer* and Bruce Sterling's *The Artificial Kid* was the product of a generation for whom technology was pervasive. With the introduction of the computer to the home, technology was no longer 'out there,' it was there with us, under our skin, and more importantly, inside our minds. At the same time MTV was born and the cult cyberpunk films *Blade Runner* and *Videodrome* were the product of the latest in graphics technology. Now we use computer technology reductively, to help us recreate the past rather than looking to it as a path to our future.



tron

for thousands of years, and it's not going to change'. White re-tells these stories with a compelling passion and natural aptitude which is more than listenable. No less authority than *The Sun's* Dominic Mohan, a man who 'shits showbiz', has sung his band's praises. However, in adopting such an attitude, Mr White is able to exploit the fashion for complacent apathy to the future and the present. White's contribution to this reductive mode of thought, which is predominant today, is seeing technology as superfluous to the creative process; he uses high-technology in a digital recording studio to erase all trace of our scientific progress from his music. In light of this I think we need to start viewing him and those who think like him as the ones who are fooling themselves.

and see the connection between what is and what might be. Thinking about the future requires us to extrapolate the things we have surrounded ourselves with today: artificial intelligence; genetic experimentation; even the international division of labour. This process does not produce literal predictions but may well give us important figurative warnings. This is what might happen, it proposes, if we do not think harder. At this point in the new millennium we are travelling nowhere at an amazing velocity; it's time to make that giant leap mentally and consider getting back to the future.

Charlie is a final year b:link editor who studies law in his spare time.

We should encourage and treasure the Futurists within society, through their efforts we are prompted to think of the future ourselves

The Futuristic music being created today draws inspiration from the electronic pioneers of the early 1980s, Kraftwerk, The Human League, Soft Cell and Gary Numan. Twenty years on artists such as FischerSpoooner, The Faint and Ladytron are again making electronic music and performing in a way which sounds and looks like the future. Cynics, especially in the music press, although not exclusively, suggest that, because these acts borrow and gain inspiration from the early 80s electronic pioneers, this is just another nostalgia-trip, an ironic exercise in 'retro'. This shows a total misunderstanding brought about because these critics obsess of 'post-modernity', they are too insecure in themselves to

believe that another person could genuinely like something about the a decade their society has conditioned them to see as 'naff'.

However, it is inevitable, given this climate of hostility, that today's Futurists find inspiration in an era when people were less narrow-minded and more interested in what the future has in store for them. How can they be expected to find a sense of connectedness with people whose concept of what is 'cool' or 'acceptable to like' excludes the last time in history at which there was an identifiable movement of people who were free and willing to think like them?

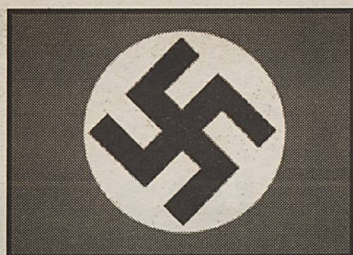
In the West the early 1980s were an exciting time; in society at large people were encouraged to think

Despite continued technological breakthroughs, people have 'unlearned' their passion for the new, and learnt an intolerance of those who wish to revive it. Thus electronic music which reminds them of the early 80s is viewed with suspicion and a snobbish sense of derision. For the post-modern its subtle simplicity is somehow subordinate, even to similarly elementary music on 'authentic' instruments. In this month's *MOJO* magazine Jack White, one half of The White Stripes, a guitar-and-drums duo playing old rhythm and blues songs comments, 'It seems like every other kind of music is fooling itself about being original or being the future. Well, it's not. These electronic instruments, these toys... Music has been storytelling and melody

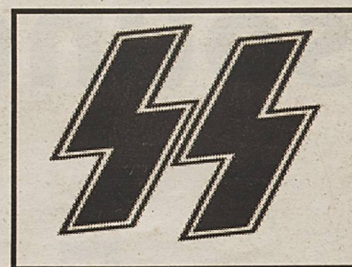


les rythmes digitales

...the music of today



legacy of evil



What links a group of 60-year-old Norwegian ex-mental asylum inmates, currently locked in legal battle with their government, to a group of 60-year-old Germans called Gudrun, Edda, Wolf-Rudiger, Martin and Rolf? The answer becomes clear when we learn that the former are products of the SS-run *Lebensborn* programme, and the latter are products of fathers called Himmler, Goering, Hess, Bormann and Mengele.

As if the events and legacy of the Third Reich have ever been out of our minds, a slew of recent articles, books, documentaries, a forthcoming feature film (with Charlton Heston wheeled out of retirement to play Auschwitz's 'Angel of Death'), and riots in Berlin last November, are yet again underlining the continuing impact of this twelve-year aberration on our personal lives. Two contemporary issues in particular are raised through examining the fate of children of the *Lebensborn* and of Nazi leaders. Most importantly, the issue of personal, familial, social and governmental responsibility and guilt, and also the issue of eugenics.

The *Lebensborn* (or Spring of Life) has been portrayed as a collection of 'SS bordellos', as 'stud farms' where SS officers and rampant Nordic goddesses mated for the Fatherland. The truth is more mundane. Cleared of being a criminal organisation at Nuremberg, the *Lebensborn* was in fact a Europe-wide maternity homes organisation, albeit one run along racist and eugenicist lines. It is ironic that the cruel abuse of *Lebensborn* children began only after the Nazis had left, and this is especially true in Norway. 400,000 German troops stationed there produced around 12,000 babies by local women, most in *Lebensborn* homes.

Viewed as *Tyskerungen* or 'German brats' by Norwegians ashamed at having given the world the word 'quisling', revenge was vented upon these infants. Harriet von Nickel had a swastika carved on her forehead with a rusty nail by some drunken fishermen, while other Norwegians simply watched. Paul Hansen's mother was forced to undergo a lobotomy, while he was sent to a mental asylum without diagnosis. In other cases, people queued to rape five-year-olds in children's homes, paying guards with liquor. These allegations are typical of the suffering. With claims amounting to £150,000 each, the vic-

tims argue the trial is not about money, but rather getting the Norwegian government to break its silence, admit guilt, and acknowledge the full scope of collaboration with the Nazis.

If even the Pope can apologise for the Crusades that ended 730 years ago, it seems untenable for the Norwegian Government to dismiss the claims because the crimes happened too long ago. The trial is proving to be a major long-term irritation to a Government keen to promote an image of brave Norwegian resistance in the vein of *The Heroes of Telemark*. Correctly noting that there was no official policy promoting discrimination does not reduce the Government's guilt. Randi Hagen Spydevold, representing the 170 *Lebensborn* claimants told *The Times*, 'Every society has its abusers, but this was systematic and the Government didn't do anything about it'.

The *Lebensborn* case highlights the discrimination faced by the children of 'ordinary' German soldiers at the hands of a society reacting to its own tortured past. A look at the fate of the children of Nazi leaders will show how this tortured past manifests itself in differing ways. Last October's publication of *Speer: The Final Verdict* sees Joachim Fest explaining how a gifted architect made a Faustian pact. Another book out last October, *My Father's Keeper* by father-and-son team Stephan and Norbert Lebert, examines how even the children of such men can find it hard to break a contract with the Devil. While both *Lebensborn* and Nazi leaders' children are vic-

tims by birth, and have often been subjected to subsequent discrimination, the choices made by the children of men like Hess and Himmler in how they deal with this burden of birth is revealing. The majority have certainly not gone the way of the Catholic priest son of Reichsleiter Bormann or the lawyer son of Hans Frank, Governor of occupied Poland. Bormann Jr distinguishes between the father he owes his existence to and Bormann the war criminal, a construction held together by his faith. Nicolaus Frank is more vociferous in his public condemnation of his father's crimes.

Given the reaction of the Norwegian public to the children of 'ordinary' German soldiers, it is curious that the German public should treat the children of Nazi leaders in the manner of Bormann Jr. Frank Jr and Rolf Mengele both condemned their fathers in newspaper articles, prompting widespread responses from the German public, arguing Frank and Mengele should note the crimes, but still honour their fathers. This sort of logic has been adopted to a more extreme

extent by the other Nazi children. Far from apologising, Gudrun Himmler and Edda Goering, daughters of Heinrich and Hermann, have long been prominent in neo-fascist circles. Gudrun works with Silent Help, a clandestine Nazi organisation which largely helps the now-elderly women concentration camp guards. Deputy Fuehrer Hess's son Wolf-Rudiger is also a committed neo-fascist. Old habits die hard.

While it can be expected that Nazi leaders would be more committed to the nihilist ideals of National Socialism than 'ordinary' German soldiers, the propaganda of Goebbels did not work so effectively that sixty years later their now adult children should be chained to such a defunct ideology. Living in the shadow of your father and his deeds is one thing, but the children of Nazi leaders were not abused in mental asylums, and were free to choose whether to uphold their fathers' values. In their case, victims of birth have become perpetrators.

Recent scholarship and the current controversial exhibition in Berlin prove many 'ordinary'

German soldiers also accepted, cooperated and actively participated in atrocities. Last November's riots in Berlin, which involved 9,000 neo- and anti-fascists, shows such facts are difficult to swallow in a post-war culture that has given the SS the role of Nazism's scapegoat. Just as the Berlin exhibition raises questions about the extent of responsibility for atrocities amongst all participants in Nazism, so the *Lebensborn* trial in Norway is raising difficult questions for Norway on collaboration and resistance, a subject that is still delicate in much of Europe.

Another issue the *Lebensborn* case touches upon is that of eugenics. While the Nazis exterminated those thought to be racially undesirable, promoting those believed to be racially superior, last month's announcement of the first human cloning indicates the issue is far from dead. Biotechnology is making easier the mechanics of the Nazis' wild old dreams - Mengele would be proud. Racism and genocide were the motivation behind this in the Third Reich; is the motivation behind today's sale of attractive and intelligent eggs and sperm any less heinous?

The Reichstag's recent approval to send troops to help in Afghanistan is a much needed step towards Germany playing a more prominent role in sharing responsibility for global leadership. However, November's riots, amongst the other issues highlighted and drawn together here, suggests 57 years of self-torture by Germany and Europe have far from exorcised the demons. What lasted for 12 years will take an eternity to comprehend.

Tristan Feunteun is a final year Geography undergraduate. This is his third article for TheBeaver



a political chernobyl

words by catherine baker

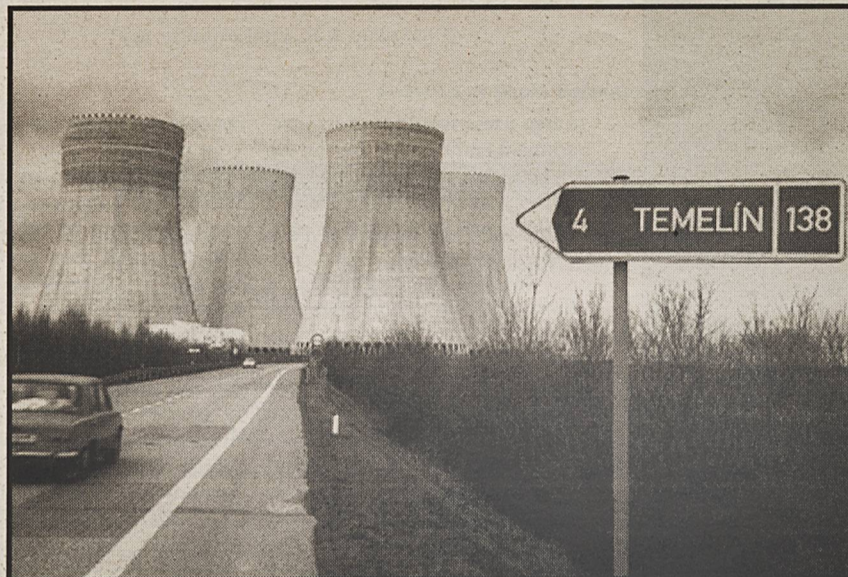
Leading a European party of the far right may be more of a thankless task than it would appear. At first glance, Jörg Haider's career at the head of Austria's Freedom Party might seem to offer a set of simple steps to continent-wide infamy. Locate your nearest party of ageing war veterans, insert yourself into the leadership and begin to win the support of voters rather younger than your original constituency, some of whom were boys back when your country still had a Habsburg emperor.

Sit back as the French National Front is pulled out from under the feet of Jean-Marie Le Pen, until then the undisputed elder statesman of Europe's extremists, and splits into two factions. Then mix the Austrians a cocktail of anti-immigration policies and win over a quarter of the vote in the relevant general election, enough to propel you into coalition with the centre-right ÖVP. And try to plaster over the inconvenient fact that in 1995 you told a hall of former Waffen SS members that their fellow servicemen had been 'decent men of good character.'

Time was when the infelicitous sayings of the man who would be Chancellor were picked over with the same kind of horrified fascination with which one might devour court reports from particularly salacious court proceedings. The FPÖ's entry into Austria's governing coalition in spring 2000 turned Haider, for a few months, into liberal Europe's favourite demon: at the insistence of France and Belgium, with an eye to their own far-right movements, the EU imposed diplomatic sanctions on Austria, lifted seven months later when its expert advisers concluded that as populist and radical as the FPÖ had shown itself to be, it was a long way off from restaging the Nuremberg rallies in the middle of the Ringstrasse.

Since then, however, Haider has remained unfamiliarly silent. Resisting the temptation to outrage that had seen him declare to *Die Zeit* before the election that 'there is a lot of excitement in the European chicken pen, although the fox hasn't even got in', and faced with the spectacle of Europe's foreign ministers riding east kitted out with bugles and red coats, the fox retreated into his den, otherwise known as Carinthia, the Alpine province of which he is still governor. Officially leaving the FPÖ under the leadership of Suzanne Reiss-Passer, nicknamed at the time 'the King's Cobra', he has since seen the far-right initiative move north to Norway and to Denmark, where the centre-right party which came to power late last year is forced to rely for parliamentary support on the Danish People's Party. Their leader, Pia Kjaersgaard, trades on a combination of Euroscepticism and hostility to non-European immigration which Austrians - or even observers of William Hague's ultimately self-defeating policies in Britain's own election - have already seen before.

Yet the petition organised by the FPÖ this week to call for the closure of a Czech nuclear power plant has made a certain bushy red tail twitch once more. 900,000 signatures, representing just under a sixth of the electorate,



have been collected, asking the government to veto the Czech Republic's joining the EU until the plant at Temelin is shut. Wolfgang Schüssel, Austria's chancellor and the leader of the ÖVP, has previously agreed with Prague that it should go ahead and has ruled out Austria using her veto against the Czechs: having weathered European disapproval, the coalition may now be in jeopardy with a cause of its own making. It's as if Juliet had to tell

Romeo she'd already married Tybalt.

Austrian environmentalists, and their colleagues in Germany and Prague, have agitated for the closure of the Soviet-built facility, 60 km over the Austrian border, since it came into operation eighteen months ago, but Haider's exploitation of the public's unease, under the slogan 'A No to Temelin is a Yes to life,' suggests not only a return to his old, vocal self but may even mark an attempt to reassume his

place as a national political figure. As governor of Carinthia, his most controversial act has been to oppose a ruling of the constitutional court that the provision of bilingual German and Slovene road-signs should be extended. Haider's own verdict, since you ask: instead of addressing Carinthia's policies to ethnic minorities, Austria should reform the constitutional court.

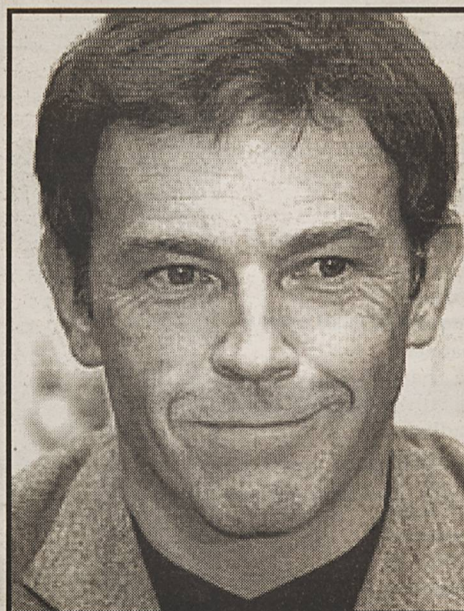
This time around, Europe's foreign ministers are otherwise engaged; the role of Master of Fox-Hounds has fallen to the Czech prime minister Milos Zeman. Despite having no formal leadership position in the FPÖ, Haider rather than his protégée Reiss-Passer has been the Austrian protagonist in the ensuing slanging match. Last Monday Zeman called for the Austrians to 'get rid of Mr Haider and his post-fascist party', and last Wednesday dubbed him 'a political Chernobyl', unlikely to be the most effective metaphor for the ears of an Austrian nation which has already rejected nuclear power in its own country.

Haider thereafter called his antagonist 'a Communist who has tried his hand at democracy by changing his clothes', and the FPÖ's parliamentary leader Peter Weisenthaler added that Zeman seemed 'more at home in the jungle than in the EU.' A party of foxes and cobras, perhaps, should know about the menagerie. Zeman's riposte was to term the Austrian politician 'a populist pro-Nazi', at which the Austrian president telephoned his Czech counterpart, the dissident playwright Václav Havel, and complained. Think of it as the diplomatic equivalent of running in from the playground to tell Teacher.

The fear underlying Zeman's outburst is that behind the appropriation of nuclear safety concerns that many think legitimate there may be concealed an attempt to drive through another agenda more in keeping with the FPÖ's traditional preoccupations, the obstruction of the central European applicants to the EU. Even the controversy over road-signs in Slovene, Haider's critics would suggest, would help to demonstrate hostility to Austria's neighbours in the east. It's an instance of unseemly behaviour all round, one might think, which would have had both men up before the headmistress if it had happened at St Mary's C of E one rainy break.

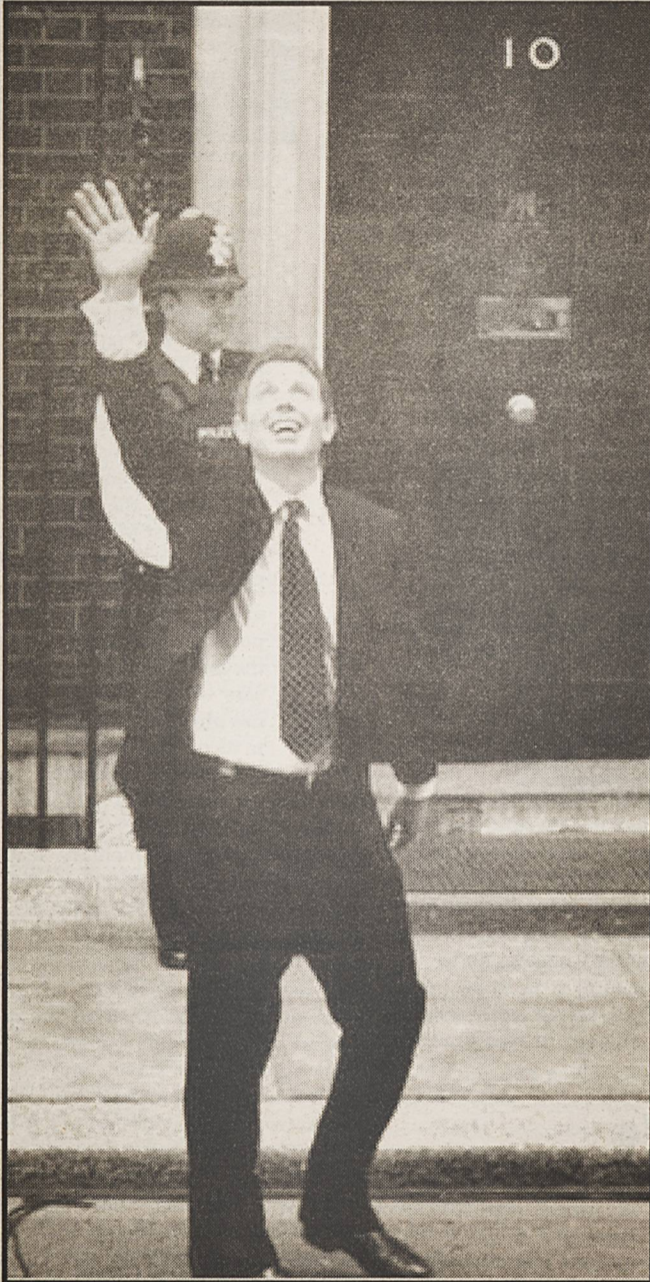
Yet bear in mind that at the last summit of European leaders Silvio Berlusconi claimed the European food safety authority for Italy because the Finns hadn't invented Parma ham. Jacques Chirac, meanwhile, slapped down Göran Persson's reasoning that, as one of the states in Europe most enthusiastic about information technology, Sweden should play host to an IT agency by wondering aloud whether the Swedes deserved a modelling agency too for being Europe's most beautiful women. Assuming they could be coaxed into occupying the same room, Haider and Zeman might feel right at home.

(no, that isn't.
he is.)



Catherine Baker is the joint editor of b:link.

where now for new labour?



words by jane linekar

a free press would find its government empty. Had they let the journalists take a look themselves, they would have found a government 'stuffed full of policies'.

One of these policies is Europe, which should clearly be central to Labour's second term. But with coverage of the euro's introduction flickering over our television screens for no more than five minutes, there seems little hope. Whatever our formal role in Europe, it is extremely worrying that such a huge event on our own continent can have such little impact. Will Hutton, chief executive of the Industrial Society, levelled a similar criticism at Giddens' book.

Giddens himself nodded in the direction of Europe, regretting British insularity, but Hutton encouraged New Labour to go further and adopt a European model of development, since in France and Germany productivity is higher, social mobility is higher, income is higher, public service performance is higher, and employment growth higher than in the USA. This must have been music to the ears of the former French finance minister Dominique Strauss-Kahn (well, if he stopped shredding his speech into tiny pieces for long enough). Strauss-Kahn welcomed the new jobs created by the single currency and told Britain that if it

chooses not to join the euro, 'it is your problem'.

Surely, too, if we are to know where New Labour is going we must be aware of future challenges? Not just those that remain unresolved, but approaching issues. Giddens didn't much discuss the future, the challenge of population ageing and pensions, consequences of environmental damage and international migration, all of which are variations on his favourite theme of globalisation.

It was an aide to the German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder who asked real questions about the direction of socialism: the essential question is not whether New Labour is still socialist, but whether the businessmen who leapt so eagerly into bed with New Labour and its 'New Britain' have accepted any socialist values, any reciprocal obligations in delivering this 'New Britain', which should be more than wealth creation.

Meanwhile, Michael Jacobs, general secretary of the Fabian Society, criticised Giddens' and Mandelson's opposition to 'tax and spend' as 'ridiculous, because that is what governments do'. He argued for 'New Labour, new tax and spend', which, as Gordon Brown seemed to indicate at the end of last year, may be the intention. But it is equally important to go beyond

the immediate, practical problems of tax rates and policies to understand why society doesn't want to make more of a contribution or to participate, something that is at the core of socialism.

Have social democrats sacrificed ideology in their efforts to prove themselves pragmatic leaders, capable of government? Giddens thinks we need a new New Labour ('as long as it isn't a reversion to anything close to old Labour') just because everything grows a bit faded with age. But what type? Just as the ideology of New Labour remains a mystery to me, one is left little the wiser about its likely successor.

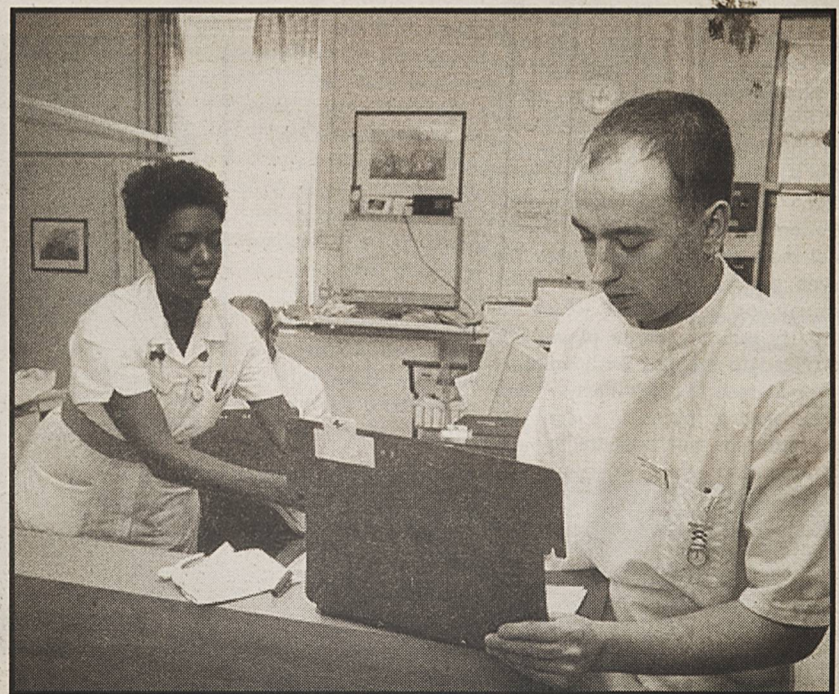
Jane Linekar is an editorial assistant on b:link.

The title of Anthony Giddens' new book was also the title of the discussion held at LSE a fortnight ago to celebrate its launch. The problem is that, despite having read the book, most of the panellists - and even the Chair Peter Mandelson MP - still didn't seem too sure where New Labour was going.

And maybe it's because Labour's first term has achieved so much it can rest on its laurels. Giddens' list was lengthy: 1m people raised out of poverty; proof of economic competence; money spent left, right and centre without a noticeable increase in the tax burden; successful devolution; and public services functioning 'pretty well'. I can only presume that Giddens has no young children, doesn't come to work by train, and is a very healthy man. For, according to

him, 'there is essentially no crisis in the NHS'.

I suppose it depends on what you call a crisis. A trainee midwife in Portsmouth works on a ward with a staff of eight: according to the rules the optimum number of staff is 22, and the safe minimum 13. An elderly lady went into hospital for a routine operation, and died of infections contracted at the hospital and subsequent ill treatment. Events such as these have become so unexceptional they no longer hit the headlines. Maybe Giddens' rose-coloured spectacles do not reveal all. In fact, the only criticisms we heard of Labour were their 'presentational mistakes: in a state of hyper-spin, the government's manipulation of the media became so overpowering that Labour appeared frightened that



If you have never been able to make the simplest of meals or put together a meal decent enough to impress a guest then this book is for you. It is a detailed step-by-step process on how to make very simple dishes. There is nothing complex or complicated in the instructions given. The recipes are simple in terms of implements required and cooking skills. It simply helps you to make a proper and tolerable meal out of limited means. It is quite appropriate for student life. Below is a simple recipe:

Tomato Pasta Sauce

Serves 4

Ingredients

- 2tbs of olive/vegetable oil
- 1 tin of chopped tomatoes
- 1 onion, peeled and chopped
- 2 oz (50g) of Parmesan cheese
- 2 cloves of garlic, peeled and finely chopped
- 1 tbs of tomato puree
- 6 Fresh Basil Leaves or 1 tsp of Dried Oregano
- Salt
- Pepper

Method

Heat the oil in a saucepan then add the onions and garlic and fry gently for 3 to 4 minutes. Then add the other ingredients and

simmer for 20 minutes. Serve with pasta of your choice, topped with Parmesan cheese. Easy!

This book is targeted for people who have no experience of cooking and there is an attitude of relaxation towards cooking and a fun element of experimenting. This is quite unlike most cookery books, which are targeted to those who have some cookery experience. Cooking does not have to be tedious or mind worrying, with this book, it is quite fun!!!

★★★★☆

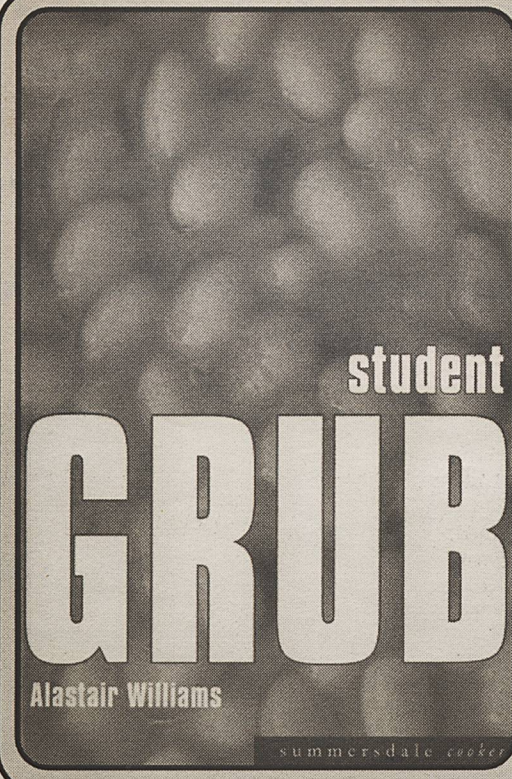
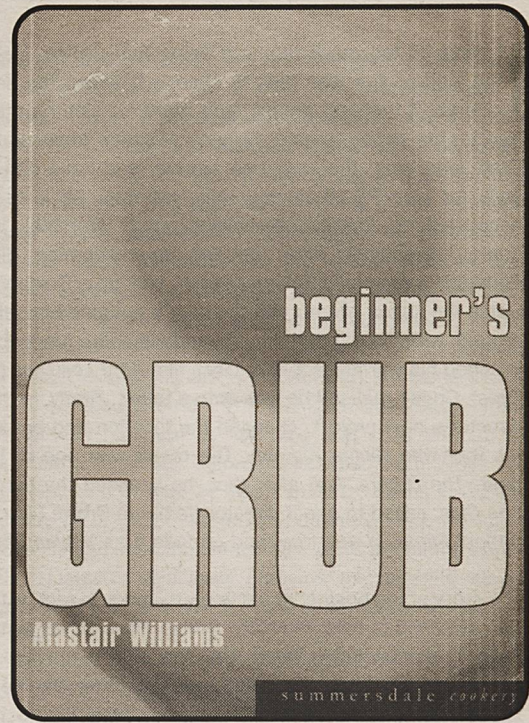
reviewed by **Shola Babington-Ashaye**

competition

If you want to win a copy of this idiot's (student) guide to cooking email us at seni8saph@hotmail.com with the answer to this easy question:

How many grams are there in one ounce?

- a. 10g
- b. 15g
- c. 25g



So what could this book possibly teach two third year culinary princesses like us? Certainly nothing to make our mothers proud. However, we hear you, 'Never judge a book by its (baked bean) cover', so we haven't.

We may be students and yes we do like our 'grub', but that doesn't mean we'll eat anything. We can totally understand how pre-school kids would be tempted by most of the desserts however, when you find yourself cooking for ten fellow undergraduate students and being asked, 'What's for dessert?', No matter which Merchant Bank your father founded, or how many horses you own 'Lemon Snow' is 'Lemon Snow' and no matter how you say it, or who says it, no one wants to eat it (unless you give it to your boyfriend when he's so engrossed in the football that that he won't know whether it's snow he's eating or..... (well, you get the picture).

So was there anything that tickled our taste buds? The Flapjacks got the thumbs up, but we'd recommend you replace the pinch of salt with a truck load of chocolate chips and certainly don't use any margarine, use full fat butter.

Flapjacks Ingredients

- 8 oz (200g) of Porridge oats
- 4 oz (100g) Margarine
- 3 oz (75g) Sugar
- 4 Level tbs of Golden Syrup
- a pinch of salt

Melt the margarine, add the syrup and leave over a low heat for a couple of minutes. Remove from the heat and add the sugar, salt and the oats. Mix. (Add the chocolate chips if you're following our recipe.

Grease a shallow baking tray and evenly spoon in the mixture. Cook for 20-30 mins at gas mark 4 (350 F, 180 C). After cooking, cut the flapjacks into bars before they cool.

So it wasn't a great hit with us, but if you still want a slice of the action, just email us with the answer to the following question and the first name of the chief's hat will be the proud owner of their very own copy of STUDENT GRUB!

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Seniha Sami and Saphira Isa**

competition

If you want to win a copy of this idiot's (student) guide to cooking email us at seni8saph@hotmail.com with the answer to this easy question:

What would you add to thicken a sauce?

- a. Cauliflower
- b. Cumin Seeds
- c. Corn Flour

Don't worry, for all you Veggies out there, we're not leaving you out- would we do a thing like that? Alastair Williams, the mastermind behind this trilogy has also put together a collection of culinary veggie delights. Try this one for starters. Don't worry you may not have heard of Okra, you may know them as ladies' fingers

Okra and Tomatoes

Serves 4

- 3 tbs olive oil
- 1 lb (500g) Okra
- 1 lb (500g) tomatoes
- 1 small onion peeled and chopped
- 1 clove of garlic, peeled and crushed
- 1 tbs Lemon juice
- 1 tsp of garam masala
- 2 tbs chopped coriander
- Salt
- Pepper

Method

Trim the thick ends of the okra and then cut them in half. Place the tomatoes in boiling water for 1 minute. Remove the tomato skins and quarter.

Heat the oil in a large frying pan, and then cook the onion for five minutes. Stir in the other ingredients, except for the coriander and cook until the okra is tender. Garnish with the coriander. Simple!

It's enough to make anyone turn to the veggie lifestyle.....well almost!

★★★★☆

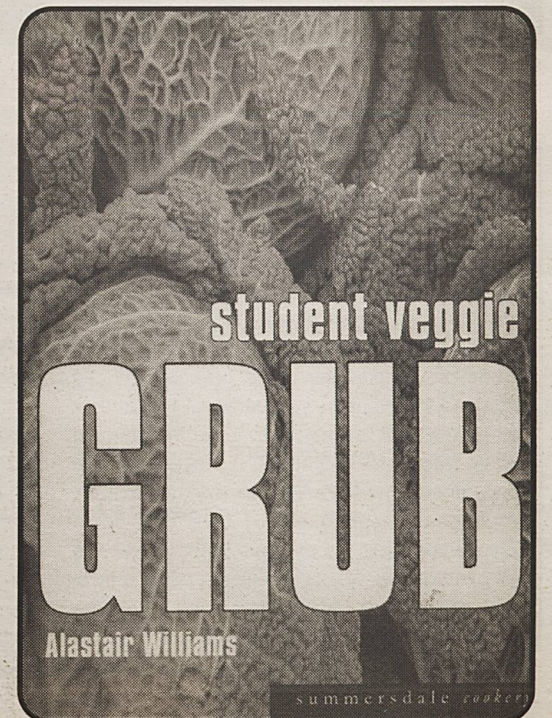
reviewed by **Seniha Sami and Saphira Isa**

competition

If you want to win a copy of this idiot's (student) guide to cooking email us at seni8saph@hotmail.com with the answer to this easy question:

What is gas mark 9 in Fahrenheit?

- a. 450
- b. 475
- c. 500



Vanilla Sky



It can't be too much of a chore being Tom Cruise. He's not just the kind of star who gets to choose between the scripts he's offered; if the right project isn't there for him, he makes it up. Need a hot action director for your *Mission: Impossible* sequel? Grab John Woo, the best one around, and have him adapt his style for your PG-13 demographic (whether he likes it or not, because he's contractually-obliged not to grumble). In need of some credibility? Jump aboard up-and-coming director PT Anderson's *Magnolia*, take a pay cut, pick up a Golden Globe and watch the kudos pile up. But the man's outdone himself this time around, with the aid of a man named Alejandro Amenábar. Having watched his warmly received 1997 film *Abre Los Ojos* (*Open Your Eyes*), Cruise realised he was onto a talent. Firstly, he nabbed the director's next project, changed the location and produced it for his then-wife Nicole Kidman. The result was one of last year's best, *The Others*. And after that, he licensed the rights to *Abre Los Ojos*, called to see if director Cameron Crowe (*Jerry Maguire*, *Almost Famous*) was free, and remade it as *Vanilla Sky*.

The story of the original remains pretty much in tact, with the location switched to New York City. Cruise plays David Aames (that's "aims", pronunciation fans), the son of a mega-rich publishing company, left to carry on the business after the death of his father. He's a multimillionaire playboy type (in an impressive cameo, Steven Spielberg turns up at his birthday bash) but his life is as empty as his minimalist apartment (after the flat-screen TV has folded into the floor at the press of a button). Still, we don't feel too sorry for him, seeing as Julie Gianni (Cameron Diaz) has a habit of popping up in his bedroom for a spot of fluid exchange. But (as the trailer reveals, so I don't have to feel too guilty) she becomes more than a touch jealous when David hooks up with Sofia (Penelope Cruz), and the ensuing row sees Julie driving herself off a bridge, with David as a passenger. In the meantime, constant flashbacks (or maybe flash-forwards; it's confusing) see David being interviewed by a shrink for an unspecified crime. Then he wakes from his coma, impressively disfigured, and things start to get really weird.

Of course, if you ask Cruise and Crowe about their new film, they describe it not as a simple 'remake', but more along the lines of an 'affectionate cover version'. Still, if pillaging world cinema is what's necessary to get an expectation-confounding, genre-bending blockbuster on our screens, so be it. As long as it's good. The (potentially) contractually-obliged Amenábar claims to be happy with the end result, so who are we to argue? I'll tell you who. We're the audience who stumbled from an occasionally breathtaking, sometimes flawed mind-fisting that's on one hand immensely satisfying, yet on the other quite stupidly frustrating.

"...an occasionally breathtaking, sometimes flawed mind-fisting that's on one hand immensely satisfying, yet on the other quite stupidly frustrating..."

The satisfaction stems from the flashes of brilliance and the refreshing originality. The cast are uniformly excellent, with Diaz reminding us that she can act when she's called upon to. Tom Cruise turns in an admirable performance, unafraid to shed his pretty boy good-looks for a good half of the running time, and flipping believably from one side of his character to the other as the convoluted script calls for it. Cruz, who reprises her role from the

Just The Facts...

Starring: Tom Cruise, Cameron Diaz, Penelope Cruz
Directed by: Cameron Crowe
Release Date: 25/01/02 Running Time: 135 mins

original, justifies her return. You'll never question why David falls for her, even with stiff competition from Ms. Diaz, and she shines throughout. It's no wonder she got together with Cruise after the filming finished, and their flirtatious chemistry is all here to see. Cameron Crowe pulls some nifty tricks from his directorial bag, and raids his CD collection with the usual aplomb. The use of the Beach Boys' *Good Vibrations* doesn't just border on pop-culture genius, it practically defines it.

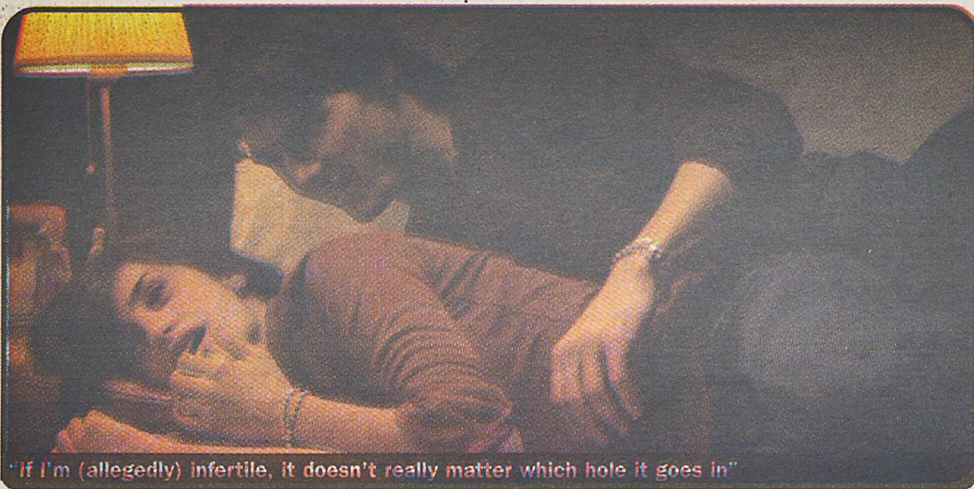
And then there's the frustration. Frustration which stems from the film's reckless desire to perform logistical backflips, handstands, cartwheels and somersaults all at once, but doesn't have the conviction to carry off a decent landing. By the end of the film, a few scenes still won't make sense, but a lot of them will thanks to some shockingly heavy-handed exposition delivered in the closing moments. And after you've gathered your thoughts together, you may end up deciding that whilst the story just about works, the conclusion is a bit of an anti-climax; like spending days in a high-tech maze and finding a slightly tatty Sega Megadrive (that's Sega 'Genesis', US console name fans) at the centre. What's more, the 'twist' in this state-of-the-art blockbuster bears a scary resemblance to the one in an action-film made over a decade ago.

Vanilla Sky is not a 'great' film, but it's certainly not a bad one, and at least its flaws are intriguing. It's sure to rattle around in your head for a good few days afterwards, and leaving the cinema you'll feel confused and quite possibly amazed like you did as you stumbled out of *Fight Club* or *Magnolia*. It's just that I don't get the feeling that repeat viewings will put it up there with those modern classics.

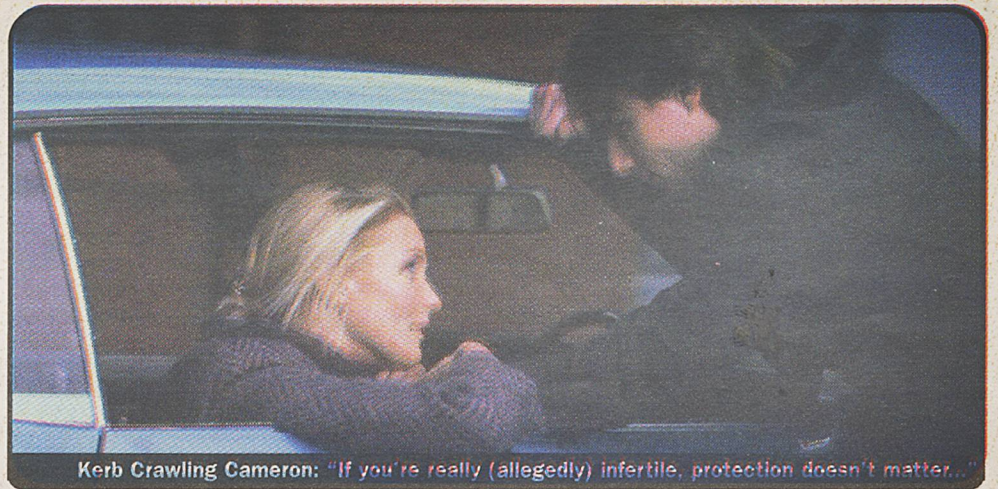
But then again, at least it makes more sense than *Mulholland Drive*.

★★★★☆

reviewed by Tom Whittaker



"If I'm (allegedly) infertile, it doesn't really matter which hole it goes in"



Kerb Crawling Cameron: "If you're really (allegedly) infertile, protection doesn't matter..."

Starring: Josh Hartnett, Ewan MacGregor, Tom Sizemore, Eric Bana / Directed by: Ridley Scott / Certificate: 15 / Running Time: 144 mins

The new buzz-phrase for 1993 is "Liberal Interventionism". In every newspaper, they are baying for blood. "US intervene in Bosnia", "America sort out Somalia" scream the headlines. People who might have questioned American intervention in Nicaragua, Panama or the Middle East are raging that the Marines did not go into Somalia sooner. Aid agencies who condemned America's role in Central America are begging them to extend their mission in Somalia. Sending the marines in to "solve" the crisis in Somalia was rather like sending a pyromaniac with a can of petrol to put out a fire. The famine in Somalia is man-made. It is a result of

the underdevelopment caused by colonialism and the later refusal of the big powers to let many of the ex-colonies develop their economies. Somalia up to 1991 was a net exporter of agricultural products, 64% of its exports being livestock and meat. Most of the population are subsistence level nomads but two million were involved in fairly well developed agriculture.

A truly graphic film of woe, oppression, struggle, and bittersweet triumph. It is based upon the non-fiction book, *Black Hawk Down: A Story of Modern War*, by Mark Bowden, which tells the account of the Battle of Mogadishu, on October 3rd, 1993, during the Somali Civil War. It is a true story of America's catastrophic action in Mogadishu during the civil war in Somalia, when

Black Hawk Down

a group of elite US soldiers were sent to capture a handful of key lieutenants of Somali warlord General Aidid. The Americans suffered dreadfully from underestimating the Somalis. It is a graphic tale that questions humanity and conscience. Though the film ranks as one of the most authentic combat movies ever made, the amount of warfare does not leave a lot of in-depth story to tell. There is not much room for insights into the nature of the political situation or the wider issues of national guilt and international responsibility. What you get from the film was that it does not matter who is in the right or wrong, what matters is that humanity is at a

level of barbarism in that not only do we hurt others but we also hurt ourselves. It makes you ask the question, what is the point?

It is a Jerry Bruckheimer production so it's loud, noisy and violent. It is as brilliant and action-packed as Spielberg's monumental television series, *Band of Brothers*. It is a visually stunning; seat buckling and heart stopping film. Josh Hartnett was brilliant. It is a film worth watching in the cinemas; you should not wait for it to come out on Sky or Channel 4!

★★★★☆

reviewed by Shola Babington-Ashaye

Waking Life



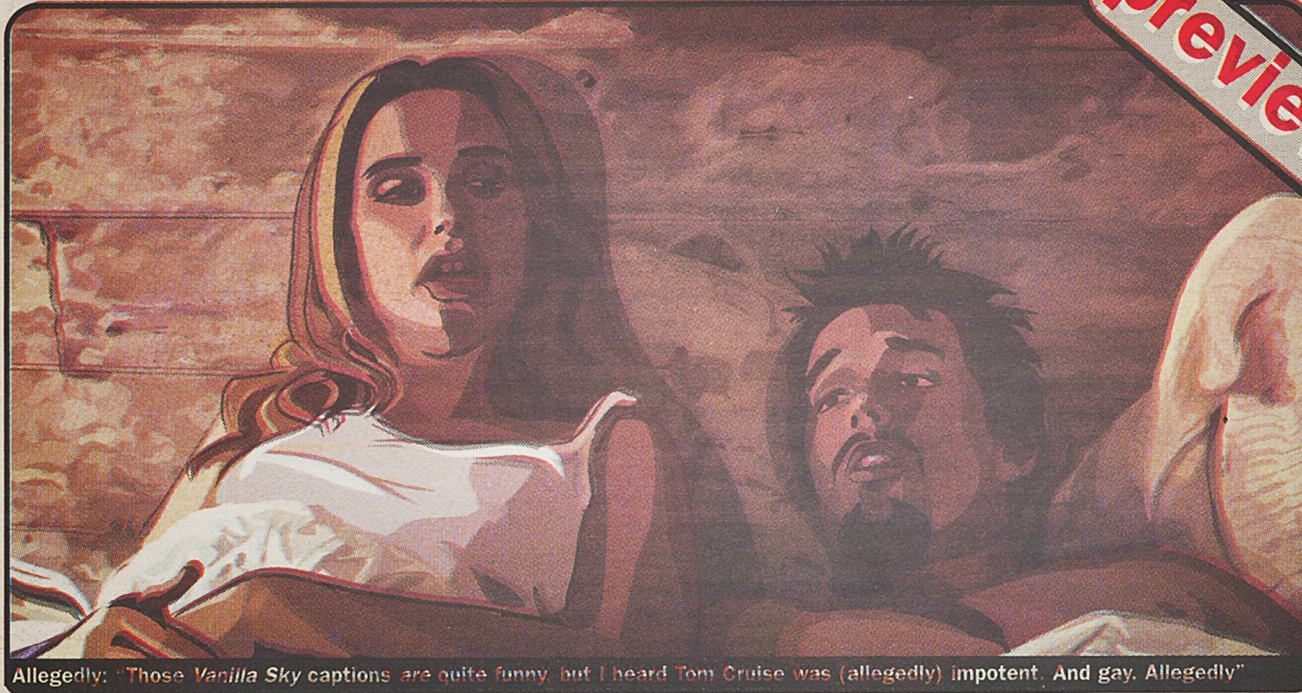
Just The Facts...

Starring: Ethan Hawke, Julie Delpy

Directed by: Richard Linklater

Release Date: April tbc

Running Time: 99 mins



preview

Allegedly: "Those *Vanilla Sky* captions are quite funny, but I heard Tom Cruise was (allegedly) impotent. And gay. Allegedly"

Richard Linklater's latest film *Waking Life* sets out to discuss the sanctity and meaningless of life. The dazzling film expertly couples ethereal visuals with its mind-boggling message.

The plot of the film follows a young man, played by Wiley Wiggins, meandering through a dreamscape while discussing the meaning of life and the human condition with a score of intellectuals and

street-philosophers. The entire film is presented as realistic animation; an effect achieved by shooting with conventional film stock and then drawing over the image. The look is as unstable and tenuous as a dream itself and, like a dream, appears as if it could disintegrate at any moment. The effects enhance the speech of the characters and playfully brings intangible concepts to light. At first the animation is a bit jarring, but as the logic of the film progresses this style becomes entirely appropriate.

The film starts out a bit slow. The first few guides seem a bit snobbish, and quite frankly, full of shit. The main character is also initially frustrating. It appears that his single memorable feature is that he is totally unremarkable (the effect is completely intentional; Linklater did not even bother to bestow him a name.) The viewer may begin to worry that a film with such lofty goals might succumb to the pratfall of pretension. However, these fears evaporate as the viewer realizes that Linklater is not pontificating but simply offering varying perspectives on life. The ideas range from the profound (What is the more universal human trait: fear or laziness?) to the absurd (When you discover that you are a character in someone else's dream, that's self-awareness). The dialogue dizzily skips from one mind-shattering concept to the next that it is difficult to absorb all at once. Linklater incorporates ideas from evolution, to existentialism, to LSD-induced hippie musing. Some ideas are easy to dismiss as crackpot blather, and others voice sentiments of intellectuals like philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre and film theorist Andre Bazin. Linklater objectively presents the differing views, and even presents his own near the end of the film in an extended cameo role.

All too often, films are much like the main character, either 'sleep-walking through life, or wake-walking through a dream.' With *Waking Life*, Linklater defines the term 'auteur' and truly connects with the viewer. The film's message and innovative visual style are a refreshing break from today's computer-enhanced Hollywood swill. Linklater's finished product is wonderfully achieved: a brilliantly conceived and beautifully executed mind-fuck that deserves a second viewing.

★★★★★

review by Greg Pearman

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LSE jobs



Age Against the Machine?

Machine Head
Supported by Ill Nino, Thumb
@ Brixton Academy
8:12:01



Machine Head came crashing onto the metal scene back in '94 with their amazing debut album *Burn My Eyes*. Now its time for them to hit back at the critics who panned their fourth album 'Supercharger', the music media hated it but the band claim that it's their best piece of work to date.

The first act on Thumb, were not bad considering they are virtually unknown and the crowd was already pretty full. They annoyed me by talking about the fact they were bullied at school, it's like 'get over it man, you're successful, you don't need the therapy and pity'. I'd heard a lot of good things about Ill Nino and they did not disappoint. They are a whirlwind of frenetic energy aggro punk propelled into tribal dervishes, skanked out dub, fucked up hip-hop and occasional freewheeling jazz noise that sounds so big. But still we eagerly await the main act.

Machine Head take the stage. Launching into a song off *Supercharger* there is no problem with the music; they've never sounded harder in their life, Robb Flynn mashing together stoner drone-rock, epic blues and a demented speed that threatens

to make the mosh pit boil over. A great set follows with a good mix of all four albums including 'I'm Your God Now' starting with an amazing intro on the bass. Other favourites like *Ten Ton Hammer* and *The Blood, The Sweat, The Tears* were played. Probably the best song off the *Burning Red, From This Day* led to every member of the crowd singing along. Flynn rambled a little before he started the encore, leading the crowd in a toast of 'Fuck Osama Bin Laden'. Then the band played *Davidian*, surely one of the greatest metal songs of all time, with

the entire crowd pumping their fist to the line 'Let freedom ring with a shotgun blast'. After introducing the band, Flynn declares himself to be Bruce Dickinson and fires into a great rendition of *The Number of the Beast*. A tribute to the great metal bands that went before them, this is followed by Sabbath's *Iron Man*. *Supercharger* finished off the night. Machine Head hit back at those critics who said they had lost it, a sold out audience at the Academy cannot be wrong. Keep rocking on Machine Head, London loves you.

Emma Corbett

Tet-a-Tet

Tetra Splendour
Pretend Robots From Porthcawl

Tetra Splendour are according to their website 4 robots who used to be 3 brothers and someone else who no one knows, from Porthcawl [an obscure place in south Wales, where the main attraction is buying a stick of rock and spending many days on a rainy, wet and cold beach]. Tetra Splendour define themselves as Hyper-guitar-psych-pop act. In other words they resemble something between Air, The Charlatans and Radiohead. They are very quirky and experimental.

The first song on the album aptly named *Mr Bishi* is very fresh in comparison to most new guitar acts. It begins like an electro-indie act and then slowly develops into an indie tune shifting occasionally back into Air-esque music. To combine all three styles in one song and make it sound quite fantastic is an achievement. *In Flight Manual* is unfortunately rather like Porthcawl; average, dull and very miserable. For some reason Tetra Splendour decided to skip the funky experimental tunes of *Mr Bishi* and go for something resembling a bad indie band. Then there is *Pollen Fever*, OH DEAR! OH FUCKING DEAR. If you are not supremely talented don't ever attempt to do Radiohead style music, because a weekend in Porthcawl would seem like more of an attractive option after listening to *Pollen Fever*. The song is about hay fever, yes hay fever for a whole three minutes, and as everyone knows there is nothing worse than someone come up to you and complain about hay fever!

Luckily for Tetra Splendour the final song revives their earlier efforts. *Black and Gray* unlike Porthcawl is interesting and ambitious. It is a mix of jazzy tunes and electro indie. The 'New Order' like feel of the song definitely works well and repairs the damage done by the wannabee melancholy songs.

Tetra Splendour are not exactly the greatest band to have come out of Wales! But maybe Porthcawl! They have potential and to be fair, when they experiment they do it well. Their album, if it resembles *Mr Bishi* is worth buying and if it is like *Pollen Fever* is worth burning along with Porthcawl.

★★★★☆
Adam Barnett

The Sin Bin



The De-bin-itive guide to the week's singles

Jimmy Eat World
The Middle

Hurrah! US emo-rockers Jimmy Eat World follow up their *Bleed American* (sorry, *Salt, Sweat, Sugar* to be politically correct) single with another infectious gem. Ultra-melodic verses, a chorus catchier than herpes, this band can truly do no wrong. Destined for great things!

★★★★☆
Peter Davies

The Best Intentions
22 Down/ Heart Throb/ Slow Fall

Well, here's a guitar band who, in Steps-stylee, have released a rather groovy-sounding triple (that's right, triple!) A-side single. Groovy as it might sound getting triple the sonic fun, the whole affair is unfortunately pretty generic and full of your typically bland indie rock musings. However, if you enjoy guitar fun and jaunty pop rock in the vein of Ash, Feeder or, indeed, any other dull and inoffensive guitar band, then this stuff's right up your proverbial.

★★★★☆
Aditi Mene

Badly Drawn Boy
Donna and Blitzen

A limited edition festive release from the author of "101 Things to do with a Tea Cosy" which would sit comfortably in an easy chair alongside Christmas legends Bing Crosby and Cliff Richard whilst all three have their chestnuts roasted. This is a slow, sweeping, jingle all the way Christmas song, which is traditional and nostalgic without being ironic or cliché.

★★★★☆
Charlie Jurd

Ladyvib
Communication feat. Elizabeth Wilson

More funky beats from Nuphonic - incredibly catchy and repetitive vocal on top of lots and lots of drums, its nowt special and by no means innovative, but if you've got a good formula, why change it? There's nothing much else to say - not worth buying unless you like nice but boring records. It gets slightly more interesting after the 4 minute mark when there's a new sentence introduced and the beat changes, but apart from that its all a little bit Sophie Ellis Bextor.

★★★★☆
Vidadelica

Aaron Soul
Ring Ring Ring

The fact that a man has to have a special surname to convince people that he has "soul" does cause some concern from the outset. You can't blame him for trying though. It's just a pity his first name isn't just Ron and then he would be an "R. Soul". This is smooth r'n'b track about Aaron's cellphone problems (if you're wondering he seems to be One2One and has an Ericsson phone). It is not nice. The Jack Jones Voicemail remix is equally sparse, containing a bassline which is about as fat as Kate Moss on Slim Fast.

★★★☆☆
Charlie Jurd

Swann's Song



With the new year increase in all things work, winter going on and a hell of a lot of illness going round, what we all need is a healthy dose of great music to while away the months until festival season. Well, come January 1st I was all ready, waiting for the first tunes of the year to grace my ears. Where were they? Nowhere to be seen! This may be to do with my allegiance to radio two, due to the fact that the bollocks radio one plays. Take for example Sara 'Coxy' Cox...twat. Jo Whiley... knob head and Lamacq has gone right down hill. For the last forty years under the banner of "new" music, Radio One has been playing *Starlight* by the Supermen lovers.

That aside, nowhere to be found is this year's saviour of the world, no next big thing in sight. **Starsailor**... 'Good Souls?' Recycled souls more like. The reason Radio Two is now the most listened to station in the country is because it plays music that mattered and still does. Today's music is fly-by-night, there is no innovation, nothing memorable. Gone are the days of a band putting their all into their music, both recorded and live; the outspoken rock band, the controversy. Anything as such today is some nasally pierced pubescent wanker in knee length shorts picking his nose, it doesn't match up. Maybe it is the consumer age we live in, the age of convenience. Dance music is made by anyone with a PC and a bedroom, Nu-metal is a bunch of spotty cunts screaming and hitting a speaker (I'm sure if they had learned their skill they would have been quite good, but no room for that these days!) and as for indie at the moment, been there, got the t-shirt, hat, sweaty towel and even record! There is nothing new in new music today. Until someone stands up, takes a hold of music by the bollocks and swings it back upright, things will continue to go down hill. By the early Seventies, rock and roll thought it would inherit the world, no such conviction today!

Teenage Dirtbags

Whilst on tour to promote their new split single *Leroy/Wannabe Gangster*, US pop-rockers **Wheatus** spoke to the Beaver's **Peter Davies**.



Having burst onto the British music scene with the Iron Maiden pastiche *Teenage Dirtbag*, New Yorkers Wheatus were thrust into the spotlight and the upper echelons of the charts on these shores. Their self-produced debut album was equally successful, gaining platinum status, and winning many plaudits with its slick self-deprecating pop-rock.

In light of their ode to Iron Maiden and their cover of 80's synth pop outfit Eurasure's *A Little Respect*, many people have suggested that these groups have influenced Wheatus' sound, yet the band beg to differ. 'We all have different influences.....' 'We kind of influence each other lately,' adds singer Brendan Brown.

Unlike many of their contemporaries, Wheatus were given the license by their record company to self produce their debut album, and the band openly embrace this degree of artistic freedom. Reflecting on the arrangement, the band claim 'it was both essential because we didn't have another way to do it and preferential because that's the way we wanted to do it'. In terms of the songwriting process, it has been rumoured that Brown has an unconventional approach, thinking of song titles before actually writing the song. 'All I'm gonna say for now...it usually happens on the toilet'. Joking aside, he acknowledges that he does follow this unusual method. 'It does happen, but not all the time. Sometimes I find it makes for a better song, so to speak.'

The release of *Teenage Dirtbag* brought the band enormous commercial success throughout Europe, dominating playlists and bringing blanket MTV coverage. 'It was great!' exclaims keyboardist Phil.

"We kind of influence each other..."

It has, however, been suggested that this turned the spotlight away from what was an accomplished all-round album; one which maybe didn't get the recognition that it deserved. The band deny this, Brown defensively stating 'I don't mind. A lot of people have it,...It went platinum.' With the success of their singles, there is the perception in rock circles that the band are little more than a novelty act, yet the band emphatically refute these claims. 'Screw you man, we don't care', shouts bassist Mike, pointing out that the band have three albums worth of material, thus putting a rest to lingering doubts about their longevity.

In true rock'n'roll tradition, Wheatus have a pair of siblings in the band, yet unlike other bands such as Oasis and the Beach Boys, this doesn't appear to be a source of conflict. 'It's not so much different from anything else. They have never reached that start and end between 5 and 8 years old', jokes Brown.

With regards to the current rock scene, the band enthuse about Eve6 and U2, before elaborating on their current marathon UK tour. 'The crowds are warmer, more receptive and polite.' Having toured the country pre-chart success, the band have certainly noticed a difference in the size of their audiences. 'There's just more and more. It's like the beach got more crowded.' And for the future? 'Most of the second album's been done for a while...we're going back to Long Island to record it in January.' The eagerly anticipated follow up to their eponymous debut will therefore surface sometime this year, although when will depend on the record company. Meanwhile, Wheatus will embark on the rest of their UK dates, entertaining audiences nationwide. Respect!

Don't Mention the GWAR

Rammstein
Supported by **Clawfinger**
@ **Brixton Academy**
2 : 12 : 01

Armageddon awaits... Rammstein...The end is nigh. This was the eagerly awaited London show of the most spectacular band on earth, rescheduled after the fire safety people at the Astoria wouldn't let them perform for being too dangerous. They promised to come back to London and boy did they give one hell of a show. I knew it was going to be a good night when a roadie gave me a pass to the after show party, not only were Rammstein great, but I actually got to meet them!

The support came from rap-metal band Clawfinger, how have influenced the likes of Papa Roach and Linkin Park. They gave a pretty good performance, but the crowd were really just waiting for the main act.

Finally the stage was set for Rammstein, and they did not disappoint. Till Lindeman came swinging onto the stage like the hunchback of Notre Dame. The show was an amazing combination of theatrics, comedy, real poignancy, heart-stopping emotion and sheer blistering pyrotechnics quite unlike anything seem on stage before. The set was a good mix of all three albums including *Herzleid* (Heartache), *Mutter* (Mother), *Engle* (Angel), *Sehnsucht* (Longing) and the anthem made famous by 'The Matrix', *Du Hast* (You Hate). Highlights of the set include Till and the guitarists strapping masks to their faces to throw out 15-foot flames during *Fever Freil* and Till putting on a flame proof jacket and setting fire to himself. The S&M faves were played brilliantly, *Bestrafe Mich* (Punish Me) and *Buck Dich* (Bend Over), which led to keyboardist Flake, being assaulted by Till's giant dildo which proceed to spew fake (I hope) cum onto the audience.

The encore consisted of *Sonne* (Sun) and *Ich Will* (I Want) off the latest album. The final song was *Let Me See You Stripped* where Flake road over the crowd in a rubber dinghy. The media ignore these guys because they sing in German, but that's the whole charm of it all. Singing in German gives the songs the passion and fire, if they were translated into English it would have all the committal and intent of karaoke. I've been to a lot of gigs, but this is the most outstanding I've ever been too. Hurry back Rammstein, and this time don't take so long about it.



Emma Corbett

News

Andy Swan's Off

Following the death of George Harrison we have more bad news....**Andy Swan** has stepped down as co-music editor of the Beaver. Throughout his tenure in the hot seat, Andy became famed for his bizarre love of **Shed Seven**, his massive sideburns (or maybe I'm just jealous due to my lack of facial hair! ED), and his cutting edge editorials which have brought a whole new meaning to the phrase Swansong. In his place will be Geordie music stalwart **Mike Burn**.

Glast of the Summer; Whine!

Glastonbury Festival looks set to go ahead this summer, but organiser **Michael Eavis** is intent on preventing overcrowding. Michael Eavis has written an open letter pleading with festivalgoers not to turn up to this year's event without tickets, as they are risking the festival's closure "for ever". In a passionate appeal to music fans across the world titled 'Glastonbury - Time To Get Real', Eavis claims that if the 2002 event suffers from overcrowding, future generations of music lovers will be unable to experience the "magical, memorable moments that others have had over the last 30 years".

Recommended Gigs

Jimmy Eat World @ London Astoria Friday 25th January
Toilet Boys @ Wembley Arena Saturday 19th January

LONDON, TUESDAY, 13 NOVEMBER 2001

www.thisispandora.co.uk

Incorporating THE EVENING NEWS

A Crying Shane

The Pogues
Manchester Apollo

With the original band name being PogueMahone, meaning kiss my arse in Irish, you get an idea of the bands mentality - one time punk, public schoolboy and mental hospital patient, Shane MacGowan has for many years been the drunkest man in music, with songs to reflect that ("lend me ten pounds and I'll buy you a drink"). The band have been quiet of late with various splitting up and reforming shenanigans, and most notably MacGowan's creation of rival band Shane MacGowan and the Pogues, but this tour shows marks their reformation. It was pure mayhem of the type that only a band whose frontman thinks of a beer tray over the head as percussion can, and the audience were most definitely gagging for it. The gig itself was loud to say the least, and the sight of MacGowan lurching around the stage clutching his drink was comical. So, on to the music. It's easy to forget that the Pogues have released some brilliant stuff - most famously a cover of *Dirty Old Town* and of course *Fairytale of New York* which originally featured Kirsty MacColl but tonight features what looks and sounds like a Popstars reject. They play literally their whole back catalogue as this is essentially a greatest hits tour, and its good to be able to say that they were brilliant, the sheer energy is amazing and the mix of rock and roll, folk and punk works better than expected. The one bizarre moment of the night was the Spanish flamenco style *Fiesta* - a song that sounds strangely like the music off an Iceland advert. So all in all a great gig with great music and of course when all is said and done, you have to admire a man who can drink that much and still be standing, let alone singing.

Vidadelica

Chunk Rock

Superchunk
Here's To Shutting Up

North Carolinian rockers Superchunk have been around since 1989, yet unlike many of their punk-rock peers, they haven't been afraid to evolve and develop their sound. The result of their evolution is *Here's To Shutting Up*, a superb collection of songs that eschews the band's *Slack Muthafucker* punk roots in favour of a mature, downbeat, yet rich guitar sound, complete with gorgeous melodies and interludes of lush string arrangements.

Opener and first single *Late Century Dream* is a fine slice of melancholia, Mac McCaughlin's high pitched, understated vocals complementing the subtle mix of guitar, cello and mellotron. Equally, *Phone Sex* is an acoustic gem with a haunting flute line and harmonised backing vocals, whilst 'Rainy Streets' shows that the band are still more than capable of rocking out when the occasion demands it. The release also displays a great level of consistency, with the high standard being



maintained from start to finish.

In *Here's To Shutting Up*, Superchunk have created a beautiful, mellow album that will be treasured by rock and pop fans alike. The band are undoubtedly growing old, but unlike many of their contemporaries, they're growing old gracefully.

★★★★☆
Peter Davies

Gold Against the Soul

Goldfrapp
@ Shepherd's Bush Empire
4:12:01

Having cancelled their last round of concerts, Goldfrapp were eagerly anticipated last December. Would their eerie orchestral sound survive the live stage and provide the thrills demanded by the baying audience?

On tenterhooks throughout the inaugural performances, I tapped my feet impatiently to Skinny. This new band warmed up the crowd with tunes that blended indie with electronica, but that wasn't what I was after hearing.

Skinny came off and still no Goldfrapp. Instead they were followed by a busy Indian opera singer and a couple of baldies dressed as hotel bell-boys who claimed to represent a 'classical music nightclub'. As the diva burst into song so shrill it almost shattered my glasses, the other two accompanied her on tambourines. Praise be to god it didn't last long, for abusive booing aborted the cacophony.

When Goldfrapp finally deigned to turn up, they redeemed not just the evening but the entire week. Alluringly dressed in semi-transparent black, Alison Goldfrapp was everything we could have wished for. Who else could reduce you to tears with a song named *Brown Paper Bag*?

On the cover of her debut album, Goldfrapp is depicted as a Siamese twin. While the

image seems an apt enough symbol of the freakish beauty of the music, two heads is something of an understatement. Goldfrapp is more akin to a divine hydra. The myriad of moods and styles she is mistress of leaves the listener trembling, bewildered, and an ardent fan. There is melancholy in her joy and mischief in her sorrow, and it comes through whether she is whistling or yodelling, crooning or whispering. Whether her voice is naked or warped by technology, the effect is sublime.



The intensity of opening songs *Human*, *Deer Stop* and *Lovely Head* had the audience captivated from the start. Throughout the evening Goldfrapp betrayed nothing, fidgeting incessantly but making few interjections. The electrifying music spoke for itself and made perfect sense of the surreal lyrics. The group returned for three encores. I would have enjoyed five and still had room for more. The unearthly funfair romp of *Oompa Radar* was missing, but we were compensated with an inordinately erotic version of *Physical*, a cover that miraculously breathed life into the limp eighties UK Girls (s)hit.

Goldfrapp is a beautiful voice of unreason, a spanner in the lifeless wheels of commonsense. The music defies categorisation and conveys the most unutterable desires. A concert to dream about night and day.

Mark McClean

Mellow Doubt?

No Doubt
Rock Steady

After 15 years in the business, it's about time No Doubt made a decent album, and this time they seem to have, in the main at least, abandoned the dodgy Ska sound of their last albums. After her collaboration with Eve, Gwen Stefani seems to have acquired a taste for a more R'n'B tinged sound, working with producers like Nellee Hooper, Sly and Robbie, William Orbit as well as Prince/The Artist Formerly known as or whatever. Worryingly enough the album is fairly good, even the bits that sound like Paula Abdul. The songs are catchy at least - and not in an irritating *Don't Speak* way - the stand out track being *Hella Good*. The only thing to worry about is if they'll stick to this rather than going back to their previous stuff.

★★★★☆
Vidadelica

Beggar Off!

Mantra Recordings
The First Five Years

Mantra Records came to life in 1995 part of the Beggars Banquet group, to sign bands not conforming to the Beggars or XL Recordings labels essence.

This brief has given them a large catchment area and it shows with the bands on their roster veering widely from each other in genre type.

The bands Six by Seven, Parva, Groop Dogdrill and China Drum, provide the heaviness on the album. More popular in America than over here through more airplay, Six by Seven have like many bands been looked over for bands newer to the scene. Their track *So Close* is one of the best two songs of the album with bleak guitars accompanied by moody lyrics.

Parva's *Heavy* which was released last year and are newly

signed to the label is a welcome return to the ears with great guitars and decent lyrics. China Drum (who have left the label and are now called plainly The Drum) and Groop Dogdrill (have split up) let the side down. China Drum's track is dreary and Groop Dogdrill's starts great and then has a chorus line, which destroys the build up menace into a laughable mess. The album's direction takes an abrupt change with the King of Woolworths *Stalker* song. With distorted words of a policeman interviewing a woman who has been burgled by her stalker at the start and the end of the track, the song has a definite eerie and menacing nature but the music in-between the sampled words does not give the same atmosphere, leaving the listener confused.

Dot Allison's *Only Science* pops up next. Another recent signing to the label, it's a hit and miss affair of dance with the occasion line of speech.

The Saint Etienne track, albeit a strange intro, is typical of the band - disappointing, whilst the Gorky's "How I long" off the last album is the usual mellow, summery, even perhaps folksy pop that we are accustomed to.

Amid those two is the second class track of the album courtesy of the Delgados. *Pull the Wires from the Wall*, I think was the winner of John Peel's Festive Fifty in 1998, and is a simple song but Emma Pollock's voice makes it class. Natacha Atlas's song sounds like traditional Arabic music electronically mixed and modernised. Acclaimed by others but to my uncultured ears not for me.

The First Five Years is a decent album showing off the diverse artists on the label but so diverse that one person will not like everything on the album.

★★★★☆
Ryan Cooray

Trio, Trio

I Want A Trio And I Want One Now

Valeria Severini talks to US pop-punk crew the Alkaline Trio

An Interview with **Dan Adriano**

Q: Is this your first time in London?

A: Yes. We are going to Camden tomorrow, although there isn't much time for visiting the city while we're on tour.

Q: Which are your main sources of inspiration?

A: Music in general. Our songs derive from life experience.

Q: Has the increasing popularity of "pop-punk" changed your outlook on what you want out of your musical career?

A: Not really. The only difference is that with bands like Blink 182 and Sum 41 being successful it's easier for other artists in this genre to do well.

Q: How difficult is it to be truly original in song writing?

A: Very difficult. I've caught myself ripping something off before.

Q: What piece of advice would you give to aspiring musicians or songwriters?

A: Just keep playing. Don't care about what people say and try your best to get shows.

Q: Has the death of Joey Ramone affected you?

A: Yeah. Not directly but I think about it. It's the death of an era and he was a pioneer... but I was equally affected by the death

Alkaline Trio

From Here to Infirmity

If you really must insist on listening to brattish American punk bands, please make sure Alkaline Trio are among them. They come across as the older, angstier, less fart-obsessed brothers of Blink 182 - or, more accurately, The Descendents.



This kind of band makes a living from sticking unswervingly to the same formula, which has little real virtue, but keeps the kids happy. The key trick is to give them something they can relate to - hence the majority of the lyrics on this album concern either death, self-mutilation, and failed adolescent relationships. This isn't to imply that Alkaline Trio are doom-mongering Goths - far from it - although they do have a certain film noir tinge. The best track by far is the opener, *Private Eye*: a hardened, cynical song belying the current myth that all punk music should sound happy.

If only the rest of the album carried on this vein. Sadly, what happens is the inevitable slide into obscurity, with most of the tracks merging into each other after the first five. This is hardly surprising given that such a limited formula is stretched over 14 songs, when they could have easily been cut down to ten without losing anything.

The one other positive aspect of the album is its straight-forward, no gimmicks production. With practically no guitar overdubs, what you hear on your stereo is what you would get live. Well, it gives the kids something to rely on.

★★★★☆

Victoria Peckett

of George Harrison. I'm actually more of a Beatles than a Ramones fan.

Q: Which music instrument would you be and why?

A: Probably a cello or an upright bass because they are nice warm-stringed instruments that generate pretty sounds.

Q: Punk and trade marketed Punk, does it matter to you?

A: I don't care. It's a just a label.

Q: Which record label do you feel produces the best punk acts?

A: Vagrant (note: this is the Alkaline Trio's own label), J Tree, Fat Wreck and Lookout!, which put out some of the acts I listened to while I was growing up (Operation Ivy, Green Day, The Queers).

Q: If you had to choose between living without music or living without books for the rest of your life, what would you choose?

A: Books, unfortunately. I love music. It might change in a few years though.

Q: What was the most memorable moment of your life so far?

A: The day I decided to marry my fiancée.

Q: Do you like Ben and Jerry's? If so, what are your favourite flavours?

A: I love Ben and Jerry's. My top three flavours are Concession Obsession, Festivus and Triple Caramel Chunk.

Q: What are the best and the worst things about touring?

A: The best things are visiting new places and meeting new people. The worst is the food. I love to cook and I want to be a chef.

Q: Which is your favourite alcoholic drink?

A: Red Wine. I like Marlot and Shiraz.

Alkaline Trio

@ ULU

07:12:01

The Alkaline Trio opened their first concert in London with a powerful live version of *Private Eye*, the first single to be released from their new album *From Here To Infirmity*. As soon as Matt Skiba "dragged this lake, looking for corpses" the audience echoed his words, proving that the Alkaline Trio's overseas fans are as enthusiastic as their American counterparts. From then on, Matt and Dan "Panny" Adriano alternatively took the vocal lead throughout most of their recently written songs including *Take Lots With Alcohol*, *Mr Chainsaw* and their upcoming single *Stupid Kid*. Despite the small size of the venue, it didn't take long before the crowd started pulsing to the power chords in a very tight mosh pit. Surprisingly, the crowd was asked to "calm down" for security reasons. This attempt to control a devoted set of fans failed when, after a split second of shock, the moshing resumed more vigorously than before.

The mixture of sensitive lyrics, occasional melancholy melodies and fast beats displayed throughout the concert could have satisfied emo as well as punk lovers. Dan's interpretation of *Take Lots With Alcohol* was exceptionally soul-touching thanks to the uniqueness of his voice's timber. Although probably already impressed with the audience's perfect knowledge of most of their lyrics, it wasn't until a chorus repeatedly requested *Radio* that the three performers realised how devoted their British fans truly were. Of course, the trio from Chicago couldn't but satisfy its audience with a heartfelt live version of *Maybe I'll Catch Fire*'s most popular track.

A very good show overall and definitely a band to keep an eye on in 2002

Valeria Severini



Trio the Best?

Q: What should I name my black cat when I get one?

A: Snowflake. You don't like that? Hmm... it's hard to say. Cats and me don't get along. It's not that I don't like them, they're the ones who don't like me. What about Morticia?

Q: What do you think of crews and gangs of punks, skins and rudies?

A: I don't know much about them. Some skins come to shows and start fights but I don't want to generalise.

Q: What's your favourite film?

A: I like Hitchcock's films, especially *Vertigo*. *Nightmare before Christmas* and *Edward Scissor Hands* are also among my favourites.

Q: What do you hope Santa will bring you?

A: A printer. I just bought a kick ass camera and I want to print out some pictures.

A Stroke of Good Fortune

Win Tickets to see The Strokes

Following the massive success for The Strokes in 2001 (#1 album, Top 20 single, sold out tour), the band return to these shores in February and March to play a series of live shows.

Sat 23/2 LEEDS University/Sun 24/2 BIRMINGHAM Academy/Fri 22/3 GLASGOW Barrowlands/Sat 23/3 EDINBURGH Corn Exchange/Mon 25/3 MANCHESTER Apollo/Tues 26/3 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange/Thurs 28/3 LONDON, Brixton

Academy/Fri 29/3 LONDON, Brixton Academy

These are the hottest tickets in town and all the shows are already totally sold out! So how about this then?

Cool Delta/Rough Trade Records are giving one lucky fan (plus a friend) the opportunity to catch The Strokes play at their London date. The prize includes travel and accommodation expenses plus tickets to the gig on the 28th March!

There will be a few runners up prizes aswell (signed albums, posters, t-shirts).

To enter just email cooldelta@def71.com with the answer to the following question:

Who is JP Bowersock in relation to the band?

The closing date for entries is 1st March 2002. Please also include your full contact details (address, tel no) plus your age.

Eager Beavers

Amy Williams gets to grips with pubic topiary.

With a title so provocative as 'The Beaver' it suddenly struck me that we have definitely let the side down and never delved quite deep enough (ahem!) into the area in question. So here it is readers, pubic hair: friend or foe?

Pubic hair and its relationship with the Mach III is the final taboo: while I will gladly kill time in the kitchen arguing over anal sex and happily have my ear bent by a certain Beaver boy about the pleasures of rimming (you know who you are!) the shave or not to shave issue is one that most of us still find, quite literally, a bit too close to home. So, in a desperate attempt to avoid doing a VoxPop I decided to take the pussies way out and do some internet research. Whilst wading through images spanning from the Kojack's to the Bob Marley's of the pubic domain, I managed to stumble upon the world's most verbally explicit website and retrieved this little gem on the subject:

A tastefully trimmed twat doesn't happen by accident; it takes time, technique, and talent. For girls in the sex biz, whose pussies are their paycheques, a stylish snatch is just as important as false eyelashes and smudge-proof lipstick. When it comes to mowing our lickable lawns, the hairstyle you choose for your kitty can be an expression of your personal taste. You may want to neatly trim the edges, leaving the fullness of your bush mostly intact. Opt for a traditional triangle and create the bottom of an arrow to point the way to pleasure. Crop your hair into a vertical so-called "landing strip". Once you've decided on a general shape, think about height and fullness: Do you want a fluffy tuft or a shorter, trimmed-to-the-nape-of-the-neck look? Perhaps you're daring enough to make your beaver completely bare.

Er...Ok!? But what about the boys? Plenty of men were more than willing to give their opinions on our 'lickable

lawns' but there was a distinct shortage of opinion on whether men should presume that all us ladies like them to 'go with the 'fro'. And a-ha! Ladies, and Gentleman this is where you privileged few get to hear a little secret from my own sordid sex life. Back in my feistier days, an old plaything of mine arrived at my house declaring that he had a 'special surprise' for me. Of course I spent the next half an hour guessing at all manner of girly things: jewellery, underwear, holiday, tattoo? But oh no, finally he realised my guessing wasn't getting us anywhere and so he whipped his trousers off and there it was... completely bald and staring at me from its single eye like a comedy rubber chicken. And why did he do it? BECAUSE HE THOUGHT I'D LIKE IT! Of course it had the opposite effect as I had no desire to go getting a stubble rash and I ran off with his best friend soon after. But that's by the by.

But what if, like him, you really are the adventurous type? What if your idea of a well spent Sunday afternoon is one spent squatting over a mirror with a pair of scissors? For my own personal Beaver readers I endured a lengthy discussion with members of both sexes over a couple of glasses of wine and a game of pool and came up with out top three styling tips.

But hey, at the end of the day unless there's a bikini/ballcrunchers, fit bloke/bird or *Playboy/Playgirl* shoot involved then the way Mother Nature intended is probably easiest hence avoiding nasty shaving rashes, chaffing, an embarrassing visit to your beautician for a hot wax or blocking your dad's razor.

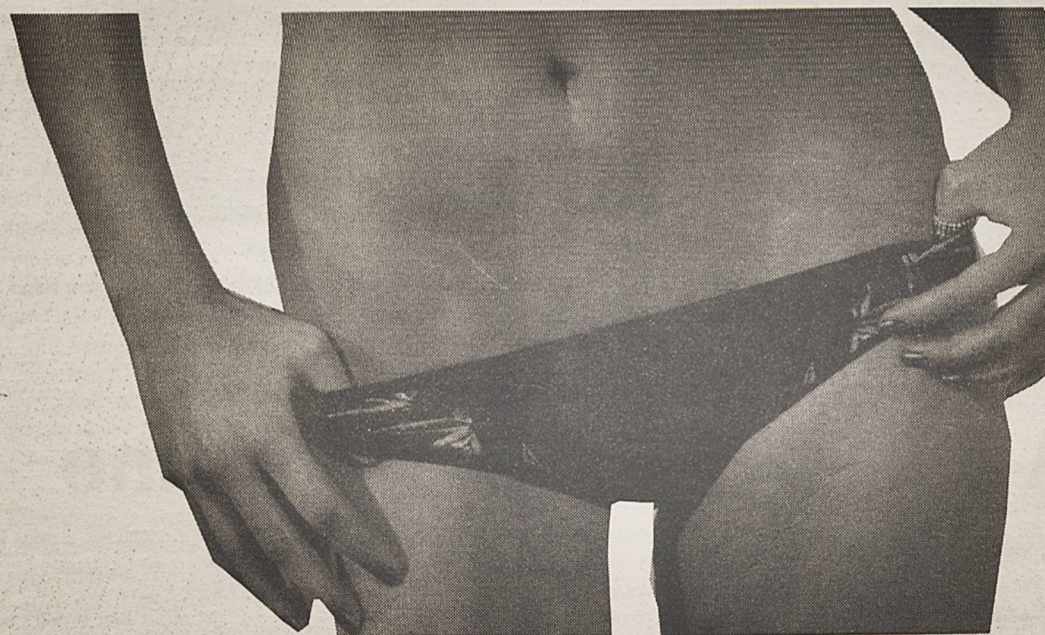
Official Style Guide to Unisex

Pubic Topiary

★**Contrasting Collar and Cuffs:** following the fashion trends as ever why not go the same way as those city boy shirts and shock an unsuspecting lay with pubes from the opposite end of the spectrum? Don't think I'd want to get too up close and personal with some bleach though (ouch!)

★**The King has Left the Building:** sideburns are soooo passé! And that goes for the ones below the waistline too. Girls get immac-happy and boys get out those trimmers to keep the bearded briefs at bay.

★**Short Back and Sides:** Everyone's favourite this one. A tidy triangle of grass on the pitch up top but then smooth as silk underneath. And guys this applies to you too - any girl would prefer smooth plums to hairy kiwis.



Phantom of The Opera

Gaston Leroux's book *Le Fantome de l'Opera* was set in the Paris Opera house in the last quarter of the 19th century. Andrew Lloyd Webber and Charles Hart have brought it to life on the stage with their music and lyrics. The story begins with an auction where an old man bids for a strange musical box, which holds special memories for him. We are swept back in time to Paris in the 19th century at a grand opera house where the story of love, passion and vengeance begins. The rumour is that a Phantom haunts the House and this is intensified by strange happenings. There are too many accidents happening to people. The main characters are Christine, Raoul (the old man) and the Phantom. The Phantom is not happy when Raoul falls for his beloved Christine. The trial of love in this story is truly wonderful to behold.

Simply fell in love with this show. The music, the lyrics, the set and the acts were spellbinding! It is ravishingly grand!!! John Owen-Jones is a fantastic phantom with a God-given voice to behold! Deborah Dutcher played a very convincing Christine and her love scene with Raoul (Mathew Cammelle) was very believable.

To put it simply, I love the Phantom of the Opera. I must watch it again!!!

★★★★★

Reviewed by **Shola Babington-Ashaye**

The Phantom Of The Opera

By Andrew Lloyd Webber. Dir: Harold Prince. With Mike Sterling, Charlotte Page, Gardar Thor Cortes.

Her Majesty's Theatre Haymarket, SW1Y 4QL, 020 7494 5400 Piccadilly Circus

Mon-Sat 7.45pm, mats Wed, Sat 3pm, booking to Mar 30, 2002

£10-£37.50



CATS

Set in the remains of a junkyard, *Cats* by Andrew Lloyd-Webber is magnificent. There is no way else to describe it. It is a fairy-tale based on 'Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats' by T.S. Eliot, and it is basically an insight into the life and minds of cats. Therefore all you cat owners, the next time that your cat sits looking bored, know that he has not yet decided to condescend to your level to treat you as a trusted friend and he is probably silently contemplating his name- because that's what cats do.

The show starts with an invitation to the Jellicle Ball where the jellicle cats meet once a year to celebrate and wait for their leader, Old Deuteronomy, to choose which of the cats will travel to the Heavyside Layer to be reborn into a new life. In the meantime their celebration is often interrupted by suggestions that the evil villain Macavity would arrive and spoil everything. When he does arrive, it is a bit disappointing- even the audience had begun to get scared of this Macavity cat. He wasn't on for long, and I did wonder why everyone was so scared of him, if at the end he could be chased off quite so easily. But I didn't let that bother me; you can't when the cast is giving out one excellent performance after the other. The cool cat, Rum Tum Tugger (John Partridge) was Cliff Richard and Elvis rolled into one mass of fur. As the playboy and the comic relief in an almost serious show he alleviated any anxiety with a shake of his well-toned bum, and his voice- so sweet, so wonderful.

I found myself gripped by the songs and the voices- such excellent voices. Talent was oozing out of every paw. The choreography was excellent, and even when in one case an actor made a mistake he professionally improvised as though nothing was wrong. All the cats were lovable, except of course the bad Macavity. Being a cat-hater, I have never owned a cat, but the ladies behind me

assured me that the actors' movements were just like their cats at home. One woman remarked on how clever it was that they were able to capture, so convincingly, the behaviour of a cat. Impressed? Watch the show, you would love it. There is so much that one cannot describe- the lighting, the set, the atmosphere. Even my anti-theatre friend who I had dragged there kicking and screaming, left impressed. Although, if by now you are wincing in discomfort then this show is not for you. Be true to yourself, watch this if you really love musicals in

★★★★☆

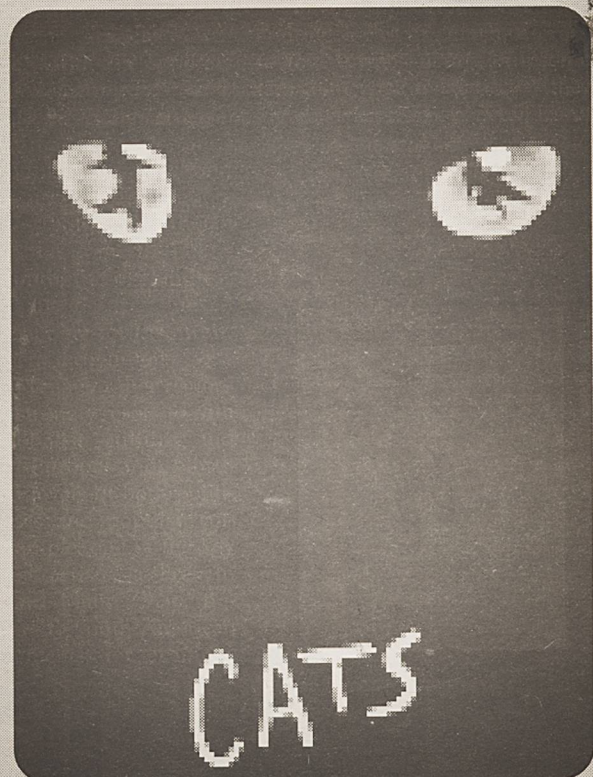
Reviewed by **Adejoke Babington-Ashaye**

At the New London Theatre, 020 7405 0072,

Nearest tube: Holborn Station

Price range: £10.50-37.50

Composed by: Andrew Lloyd-Webber



Boston Marriage

David Mamet combines love, jealousy, wit and devotion in his play, *Boston Marriage*. The play begins with the reunion of two lovers, Anna and Claire. Anna is played by Zoë Wanamaker, recently seen as Madam Hooch in *Harry Potter*, and Claire is played by Anna Chancellor. The warm beginning turns cold and sarcastic as Claire reveals that while separated she has fallen in love with a younger woman. Anna had spent their time apart acquiring the devotion of a wealthy man to provide their relationship with both financial and social security. With Anna's plans spoiled the dialogue shifts between jealousy, loss, and outrage but maintains an intelligent blend of satire and sarcasm. Mamet sets these two jaunted lovers into an ironic turn of events that they are ill equipped to deal with. Stability and relief is provided by the third character, the female servant Catherine played by newcomer Lyndsey Marshal. Though her name is rarely remembered correctly, her performance is perhaps the most memorable with her simple and honest observations. *Boston Marriage* provides the audience with lessons of love and life as the play unfolds. Mamet's language is rich with quick turns of phrase and

intelligent shifts in the dialogue. This simple production of Mamet's one-act play is a must-see as all three actors' performances were superb and the material is really fantastic.

Boston Marriage is playing at the New Ambassadors Theater
Tube: Leicester Square

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Jonathon Steinberg**



Hamlet

A new production of *Hamlet*, which takes it to a new level. Still very much Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, this production takes us to a modern set fully equipped with equipped with pistols, machine guns and video cameras. Directed by Steven Pimlott, this production will shock traditionalists. Yet despite the modern look, it does not take away from the depth, strength and language of Shakespeare's original work.

Young Hamlet is born at Elsinore, the seat of Danish government. He grows up loving and respecting his father. His father dies in suspicious circumstances, a month later his uncle, Claudius, is made King and married his mother, Gertrude. Young Hamlet, the only other candidate to the throne, is named Claudius's nominated heir and a party is held in his honour. However, Hamlet meets with the ghost of his father who confirms that he had died in suspicious circumstances. Hamlet is driven to revenge on behalf of his father and hence the temporary madness evolved.

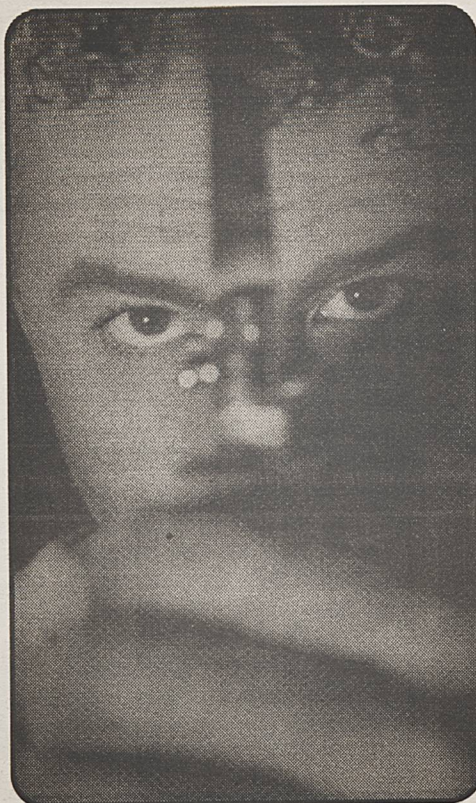
This is a remarkable story, well acted by the cast. Samuel West is a fantastic Hamlet. This is a funky, modern and thrilling production. If anyone has ever wondered what the fuss is about Shakespeare, I recommend you see this show.

Dir: Steven Pimlott. With Samuel West, Alan David, John Dougall, Larry Lamb
Barbican Theatre Silk Street, EC2Y 8BQ
02076388891 Barbican/Moorgate
Jan 10, 17-19, Feb 13, 15 & 16, 18 & 19, 27,

Mar 1 & 2, 4 & 5, 15 & 16, 18 & 19, 28-30,
Apr 1 & 2, 7pm, Jan 19, Feb 14, 16, 28, Mar 2,
16, 30, 1.15pm
£5-£32, concs available

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Shola Babington-Ashaye**



Rent

Hmmm, to like or not to like that is the question. *Rent* covers a year in the lives of Benny, Mark, Maureen, Joanne, Collins, Angel, Mimi and Roger. Mark is the narrator who is paralysed by the knowledge he lives in a society that basically does not give a damn! Jonathan Larson's rent is famous 1995 New York musical is set in Manhattan's Lower East side with Aids as the fate that racks their living. Jonathan Larson asks the question, how do you measure a year in a person's life? In cups of coffee? In sunsets? In truths that you have learned? Do you measure it in love? Jonathan Larson's medium soft rock score, with traces of gospel and blues describe the experience of love and pain.

All in all, interesting to watch. It is a musical set in modern day New York and inspired by *La Bohème*.

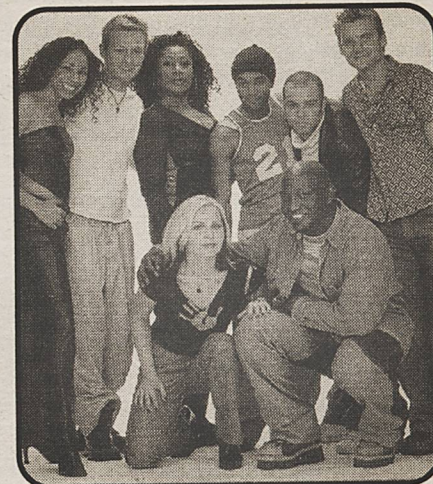
Review by Shola Babington-Ashaye
By Jonathan Larson. Dir: Michael Greif. With Peter Eldridge, Lorraine Velez, Desune Coleman.

Prince Of Wales Theatre Coventry Street,

W1D 6AS 020 7839 5972 Leicester Square/Piccadilly Circus
Mon-Thu 7.45pm, Fri 5pm & 8.30pm, Sat 4pm & 7.45pm, booking to Jan 26, 2002
£12.50-£35, concs available (£12.50 seats available from 5pm or 2 hours prior performance on day only)

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Shola Babington-Ashaye**



Top Girls

Caryl Churchill's 1982 drama is one of the top plays of the post-war period. This is a hysterically funny and emotional play spanning the centuries of woman empowerment and struggle. It is in three parts. The first part deals with a dinner party of famous historical and fictional women. Amongst them are Pope Joan, Isabella Bird Bishop, Lady Niño and Patient Griselda. They have an intellectually stimulating conversation at this lively dinner. The second section gives a vivid picture of the modern world and how women are trying to make their way in it. The third section is an old-fashioned fistfight, a court of rage and love between two sisters and their journey to realising how much they hate and need each other.

This play was enlightening and interesting to watch. Well acted and skilfully set on stage.

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Shola Babington-Ashaye**

Top Girls
Dir: Thea Sharrock. With Background/Oxford Stage Company.
Caryl Churchill's 1982 play about the changing role of women from ancient times to Thatcherism is revived by Thea Sharrock. Sharrock won the James Menzies-Kitchin Award for best young director before staging this production at Battersea Arts Centre last year.

Aldwych Theatre 49 Aldwych, WC2B 4DF
0870 400 0805 Holborn
From Jan 8, Mon-Sat 7.30pm (press night Jan 9, 7pm), mats Thu & Sat 2.30pm, ends Feb 2, £10-£28.50, concs available.



Alone It Stands

When I learnt what this play was about, I thought: can they keep me entertained for 2 hours 10 minutes going on about rugby? Surprisingly they did. The play, set in Limerick, charts the historic event when on the 31st of October 1978 the much feared New Zealand All Blacks lost to the comparatively weak Munsters. We are taken through the scrubs to experience first hand the emotions of each player. Most impressive is the ability of the writer and director, John Breen, to maintain other interesting, non-sport related story-lines on the side. These do not overshadow the main story, but make sure there is something for everybody.

The cast comprised of only 6 actors, do a remarkable job of handling about 10 characters each. The only female actor, Niamh McGrath, is very convincing as an All Black/Munster rugby player, and also as an expectant mother delivering an imaginary baby. What was very interesting was the way the play gives you the different perspectives of the game, from the view of the players and spectators. One can also see the parallels between the emotions of the match and the trauma of

childbirth.

The play leaves you laughing and sad- and there is such a mixture of emotions that you don't really have to be a rugby fan to enjoy it. It is worth noting however, that the accents may be a bit tough to catch for one not used to the Irish accent.

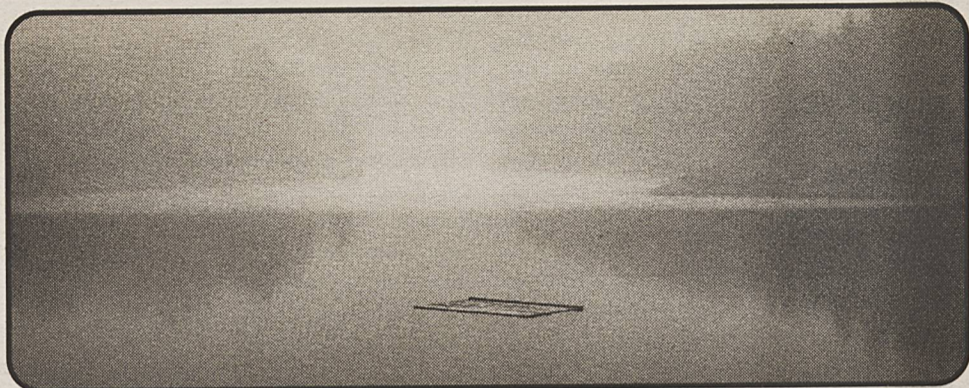
27 Dec 2001 - 9 Feb 2002
Monday to Saturday at 8 pm
Wednesday at 3 pm and 8 pm
Saturday at 4 pm and 8 pm
Duchess Theatre, Catherine Street WC2 (close to the Aldwych)
Nearest Tube: Covent Garden
Ticket prices: £22.50 - 29.50
0870 890 1103 (booking fee applies)

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Adejoke Babington-Ashaye**



No Man's Land



As the classically Pinter production goes, you will leave this play saying to yourself what in the hell, who to what did the what what? Yes this play is ambiguous. Yes this play is difficult, and terrifyingly hyper-real. And yes, if you like your mind jumbled and your thoughts challenged, this is the play to see.

Especially considering that the last actor to play the character of Hirst in the 1993 production at the Almeida was Harold Pinter himself, Corin Redgrave is phenomenal. Directed by the man himself, Pinter continues to make himself accessible (but not always comprehensible) to theatre lovers.

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Sarah Greenberg**

Written and directed by Harold Pinter, with Andy de la Tour, Corin Redgrave, Danny Dyer, John Wood
The National Theatre, Lyttelton
020 7452 3000, www.nationaltheatre.org.uk
tube-Waterloo
Booking through March
£10-£32

"Pinter remains to his credit, a permanent public nuisance, a questioner of accepted truths, both in life and art. In fact the two persistently inter-act."

The Life and Work of Harold Pinter, Michael Billington, (Faber and Faber, London 1996)

Ever Wonder?

The Wonder Of Sex

Teaming up with the London's National Theatre, The National Theatre of Brent offers us the wonderfully funny 'The Wonder of Sex', written by Patrick Barlow. The two man show takes the predominately white middle aged national theatre audience on a many centuries long sexual adventure playing out such historical scenes as Freud and Anne Doolan, the Italian Cassanova and his Dames, Henry the 8th and his six wives, and many more pertaining to the sexual history of the world. For scenes needing many characters, such as the Russian Revolution, they simply ask the audience.

Set in a large room, sterile as a sperm lab, with ushers dressed as acupuncturists, the audience very much got into the action. John Ramm and Martin Duncan should rent themselves out to parents around the world when it comes time for the big 'sex talk'. My only criticism of the play is that with such hilarious, tightly woven dialogue, that just screams slapstick, the performance should have moved to a faster beat, for it does drag a bit in the second act. This play is spunky

and naughty while still being appropriate enough for me to take along the Mom and Dad. I didn't ask them if they learned anything, and they didn't ask me.

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Sarah Greenberg**

The National Theatre, Lyttelton
020 7452 3000
tube-Waterloo
\$\$\$10-32, standby for concessions \$8 (45 min. Before show, subject to avail)
Through Feb. 16th



Monkey

Monkey dates back to the Indian epic, Ramayana. Mick Gordon, the director has unearthed a character that appeals to children with simian skills and cheekiness. Monkey is clever, resourceful, agile and physically invulnerable. Using magic tricks, he carries a magic stick and rides a magic cloud. He defies the authority of the gods and is punished by Budha who imprisons him in a mountain for 500 years. He can only be let out by a monk of a pure heart who needs his help. This monk is Tripitaka who seeks the holy book in the west but he would need Monkey's help to reach there. With them are Pigsy and Sandy. Pigsy was a general of the Jade Emperor's Water Army until he got drunk and misbehaved. Sandy is a water spirit and also a disgraced soldier of the Jade Emperor's army. Monkey helps them get to the West after after overcoming treacherous and evil obstacles. He is eventually rewarded with the title 'Budha Victorious in Strife'.

This is a delight for children and adults. It is very simple in props and dialogue but funny and very entertaining

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Shola babington-Ashaye**



Gagarin Way

The title of this play springs from two sources. Firstly, it refers to Yuri Gagarin, the first human in space, and his place as a shining star in Soviet history. Secondly, Gagarin Way is the name of a street in West Fife, Scotland, which as writer Gregory Burke claims, 'was a hotbed of communism'.

The play opens with two characters Tom, a security guard/bushy-eyed university student who likes to talk philosophy and Eddie, a violent working class tortured type, who likes to make trouble, discussing the likes of Sartre and Genet. When Tom leaves and returns for his hat he finds Eddie and his accomplice Gary with a suited, capitalist, six figure salaried, hardly sees his kids, Multinational supporting hostage named Frank. Why must they always return for the hat?? As the two taunt and torture Gary with death, it turns out that the plan goes comically awry, yet the seriousness is maintained with debate amongst the characters.

Bringing politics and economics to life, this play gives me nothing I haven't seen before. The symbolism is obvious, and the contrived message is fed to the audience (ironically) with a silver spoon. A play of this sort needs either more comic value, or needs to demand a higher level of thought from the audience.

There is, however, something exciting about seeing the work of a brand new playwright on a major stage in London. Gagarin Way is

Gregory Burke's first play. A hit at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, Gagarin Way won a Best of the Fringe First Award and The Scotsman Readers' Fringe Favorite Award. I look forward to seeing what he brings us in the future.

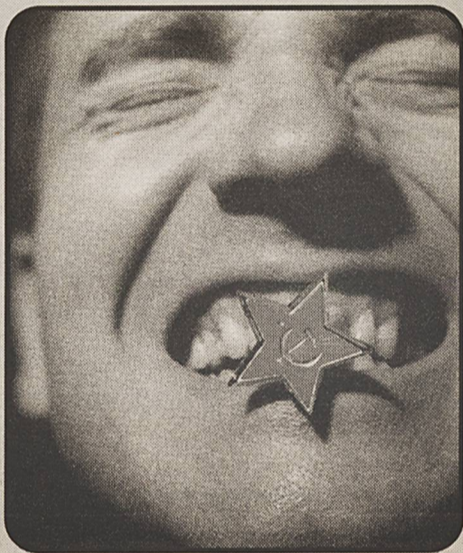
National Theatre, Cottesloe
020 7452 3000

Tube station- Waterloo
£13-£24

Runs through Jan 31st

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Sarah Greenberg**



Sci-Fi Adventure

The Future of Shakespeare

Inspired by the B-movies that dominated the 1980's, Bob Carlton decided to revamp the 1950's sci-fi version of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, entitled *The Forbidden Planet*. Staying true to the classic B-movie elements like a low budget set, a giant robot, and an overly dramatic MAD scientist, infused with rock N' roll hits from the 50's and 60's such as *All Shook Up*, and *This is a Man's World*, *The Return of the Forbidden Planet* screams cult classic.

During the first act I felt like I was at SU's Crush, sans alcohol, combined with talent quest kereoke night. The music was cheesy and the character's fun, but all in all nothing you feel you have to embrace whole heartedly.

The play spices up when things get naughty in the second act, with the Science Officer (played by Diana Croft) reemerging as the sex villain, and Miranda (Sarah Beaumont) adding a little vampy glam to her 1950's girlish charm. The fantastic performances by these two female leads reinforce the theme "This is a man's world, but it ain't nothing without a woman on the earth".

When you see this show you really have to

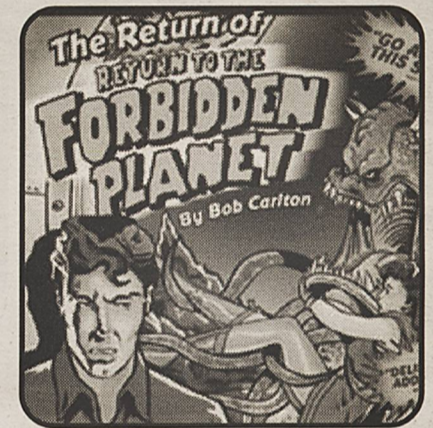
get into it. If you and your friends ever loved dressing up and going wild at *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (sorry, no transsexuals), you should have no trouble getting into this cosmic action. Dancing in your seats is allowed.

Written and directed by Bob Carlton, musical direction by Julian Littman
Savoy Theatre 020 7863 8888
Tube-Charing Cross
£12.59-£35

Last performance January 19th

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Sarah Greenberg**



Joe Egg

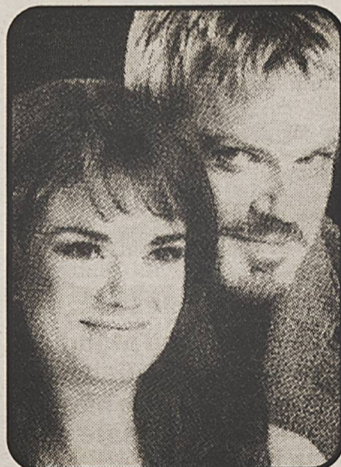
A Day In the Death of Joe Egg

Joe Egg centers around a couple raising a child who can not speak, can not move, and can hardly react to anything around her. She must be fed, washed, changed, and constantly watched for fear something may happen. But above all, 'life' for Joe is not going to change. The audience watches as the parents of Joe, the extraordinarily loving 'Sheila' and the ebbing on a nervous breakdown 'Bri', played by Victoria Hamilton and Eddie Izzard, struggle to cope with their work, their art, and their family. It is heartwarming to watch how the couple uses imagination to breathe life into Joe, and heartbreaking to see a parent question 'Is it worth it?'. This very funny black comedy is an emotional ride as it demands that stomach cringing laughter off a very sober situation. Containing all the right elements: moving performances, well timed direction, and a wonderful script to start from, I highly recommend Joe Egg.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Sarah Greenberg**

Written by Peter Nichols, directed by Laurence Boswell
Comedy Theatre 020 7369 1731
Panton Street SW1
tube-Piccadilly Circus
Last Performance Feb. 9th
£10-£32



Star Quality

Penelope Keith returns to the West end stage after a long absence to play Lorraine Barrie in Noel Coward's *Star Quality*. He initially wrote this as a short story in the 1950s and adapted for the stage in the 1960s. The play is based on Lorraine Barrie, a has-been star of an older generation who is struggling to maintain her fame and popularity by agreeing to act the leading role in a new play by an unknown and star struck playwright Bryan Snow. She has to struggle with competition from younger actresses so she fights hard to make sure only females who are inferior to her in acting are cast alongside her. Here she brings in Marion Blake, an acquaintance she secretly loathes because she is unattractive, clumsy and practically biddable but these are the very same reasons she is perfect as a fellow female in the play that way, she can always shine as the star. She makes a show of caring for her career. Alas, she has to contend with the director Ray Malcolm who is not prepared to take any nonsense from her.

Una Stubbs who plays Marion Blake, I have to say was the most interesting character on stage. The play is undazzling but good light comedy.

Now Playing
Apollo Theatre Mon-Sat 8pm, mat Thu 3pm,
Sat 4pm, booking to Jan 26 £11.50-£35

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Shola Bahington-Ashaye**



Competition Time!

Test your LSE wits and reap the benefits!

- 1) Win tickets to see the fabulous performances of *Cats* and *Phantom of the Opera*, by correctly answering this question: Which of the following does Andrew Lloyd Weber not own?
 - a) An apartment in New York City's Trump Tower
 - b) A golf course in Scotland
 - c) A castle outside Dublin
 - d) A horse
 - e) A personality
- 2) Now for you Shakespeare Buffs, to win tickets to see *Hamlet* at the Barbican, please tell us the name of his wife, eight years his senior.
- 3) True or False. Women blink nearly twice as much as men. Answer this question right, and you get free tickets to *Top Girls*.
- 4) The fun continues! Win tickets to see *Alone It Stands*, at the Duchess Theatre, by telling us the name of the first man in space. (Clue: read our section carefully!)
- 5) All you have to do to win tickets to see *Star Quality* with Penelope Keith is tell us about your favorite constellation. What makes it so special?
- 6) We just can't stop giving! Win tickets to see *Rent* by answering this question. In the Puccini Opera on which *RENT* is based, what is the disease afflicting the main characters?
 - a) AIDS
 - b) Tuberculosis
 - c) Whooping Cough
 - d) Scarlet Fever

Email us at sstheatre@hotmail.com. All tickets are subject to availability.

King John

Clad in the often difficult Shakespearean English, *King John* is both a drama and a comedy. To break down the plot, *King John* is a play about the inevitable downfall of the King as he battles to save his crown from France, the Roman Catholic Church and eventually his own noblemen. He is domineered by his macho mother, Queen Eleanor (formerly Eleanor of Aquitaine) and at times one wonders who is really the King of England, as often *King John* is portrayed as a weak, easily manipulated individual. The various themes which run through the plot are that of conflict and power of religion and decadence vs. purity. In the midst of the power struggle is the rightful heir to the throne, with his defenceless ever crying mother, Constance. The play welds together the madness of *King John* and the ulterior motives of France and the Church- and only very few are true to the cause for which they fight.

The Pit Theatre is quite small and cosy. I would recommend buying seats in the stall from AA to E as anywhere else the actors have a tendency to turn their back on you, and you may miss crucial stage effects.

The actors are all very talented, and one cannot say enough good things about the actor who plays *King John*- Guy Henry. (you

can also find him playing the role of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*). The only problem I have is with the constant screaming of Constance, which in the small area of the Pit Theatre rings in your ears like a thousand dying creatures. She is however very good at conveying her emotions, and at the end one cannot help but feel her pain.

King John is funny and dramatic, and one only wishes they had performed it in a bigger theatre, where the loud crashes of war and Lady Constance's sorrow do not pierce your ears.

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Adejoke Babington-Ashaye**

6th December 2001 - 18th February 2002

Venue: Barbican, Pit Theatre

Nearest Tube: Barbican/Moorgate (from the Barbican tube station follow the yellow lines)

www.barbican.org.uk, 020 7638 8891 (note £1.65 is added to total transaction for telephone bookings)

Performance Times

Monday to Saturday at 7.15 pm

Afternoons at 1.45 pm - days vary according to repertoire, check at time of booking.

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

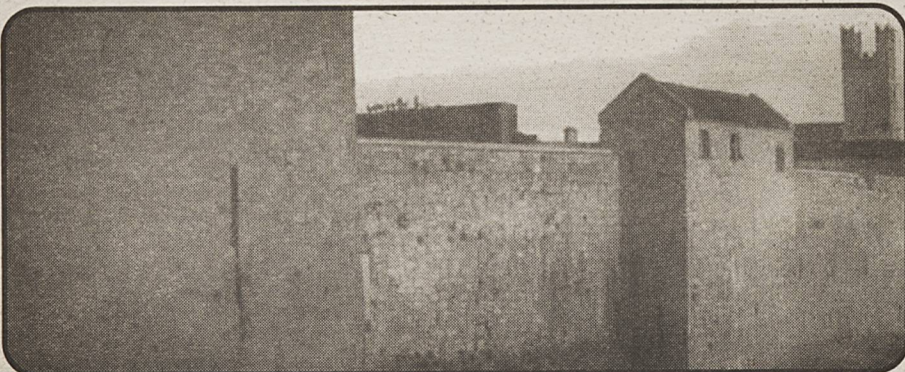
Student Prices!

Student discounts available at the National Theatre to see shows such as *No Man's Land*, *Wonder of Sex* and *South Pacific*!!!! Come to the National Theatre after 8pm and get tickets for £8!!!!

Student discounts available from The Royal Shakespeare Company at the Barbican Center for shows such as *Hamlet*, *King John*, *Prisoner's Dilemma* and others. Their £7 student rate, which applies to all productions and performances can be booked in advance. Students are given best available seats for just £7.

Readership Offer!

Noel Coward's comedy *Star Quality* starring Penelope Keith and Uma Stubbs is showing at the Apollo Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. B:art has teamed up with their publicity company to make a 'LSE's Reader Offer'. Where by you call or visit the box office and quote the 'LSE offer' and get the best available tickets for only 10. Offer valid £10. Offer available from Mon - Wed w/c 28 Jan. The Box office number is 02074945070.



Hot Or Not? The World Has Decided!

It is with sadness that I have to report that this year's Hot or Not competition has had to be abandoned. Rumours have been flying around of vote rigging and cheating and upon seeing the final scores the independent adjudicator had no choice but to declare the contest null and void. The quite obviously ridiculous score of 9.9 for Jarlath O'Hara opened

our eyes to the depths plunged in a desperate search for victory and bragging rights. However it is not thought that Jarlath himself is the main culprit, the finger of suspicion has pointed instead to Karlie Etim, his seemingly innocent girlfriend of some years.

Although Mr O'Hara's score is the first to meet the eye for sheer inexplicable lunacy the judges were also surprised by the disappointingly low score recorded by the Sabb initially considered favourite for the title of "Sabbatical of the Year 2001-2002". Clare Taylor's score of only 7 can surely only be put down to the lowest form of electioneering seen since the similarly disgraceful episode that saw a slack jawed Texan with a history of charlie brown abuse elected to the White House.

However never fear beaverwatchers as within the month we hope to bring you a "Sabbatical of the Year" who is not besmirched by scandal.

7.5
You are hotter than 72% of men on this site!

181 people have rated you

7.6
You are hotter than 72% of men on this site!

174 people have rated you

9.9
You are hotter than 98% of men on this site!

184 people have rated you

6
You are hotter than 55% of men on this site!

178 people have rated you

7
You are hotter than 66% of women on this site!

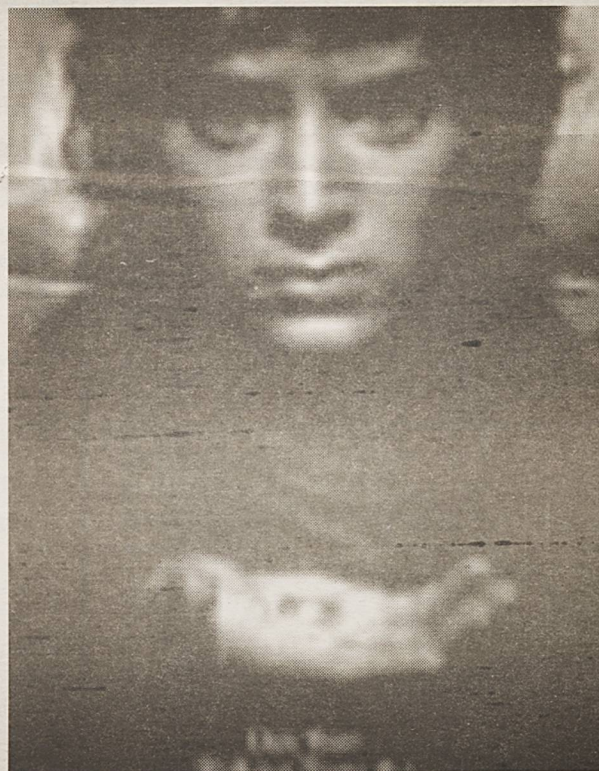
2861 people have rated you

LSE Sportingalikes! Apology

Well we have a new section for you this wee where take some of LSE's greatest sporting Legends and try and find look-alikes for them in the far less glamorous worlds of movies and porn and such enjoy this weeks first contender Ricky steele's uncanny Likeness to some sphincter obsessed fictional character.



A hobbit like creature obsessed with his ring!



Ricky Steele

Well what can I say other than I am so sorry for this weeks Beaver Sports which is not upto its usual standards this is in part due to the new editor FC who is still a bit wet behind the ears and partly due to a miss alignment of the constellations. I promise to do better next week. Oh and by the way you can help by actually sending me some sporting stories.

LSE girls sing "hit me with your Hockey stick....."

Women's Hockey

LSE (It's all in the wrist) 8

RUMS (Wannabe Gynos) 1

We marked our return to the hockey pitch after a very indulgent Christmas break with a fat whipping. However, our performance left little to be appreciated as most of us had forgotten how to hit the ball, but one shining star from the match came in the form of one Dude. She has finally revealed herself (better late than never) as the prolific goal-hanger, a job we have been trying to fulfil for years and contributed two goals to the tally.

The first 20 minutes was decidedly dodgy as we familiarised ourselves with how to run and use a hockey stick, and somehow, RUMS managed to sneak a goal in under the watchful eye of our goalie. Although I'm sure the fact that none of us could see anything didn't help too much - some lights please? No one seemed to have

any idea what was going on, so we decided to just forget about it and carry on with the slaying.

It wasn't all bad though, the German alliance once again came to rescue as Super-Efficient Nina and Skywalker both put in two a piece. After a good deal of shouting by some and panting was had by all, we finally realised that the holiday was over, time to get back to work.....

The second half was a vague improvement, the Corruptor got a bit bored at the back and decided to come and teach RUMS a lesson with a swift 2 goals. So despite the lacklustre performance, we managed to rely on sheer smacking power and a bit of cheekiness to come through relatively unscathed.

"We marked our return to the hockey pitch after a very indulgent Christmas break with a fat whipping." (suits me sir Ed)



The RUMS girls didn't think this was what the LSE girls had in mind.



In the dressing rooms the new netball costumes were met with some tittering and guffawing.

Women's Hockey

LSE (Yet more wrist relief) 3

Imperial (Trainee Lab assistants) 1

OK so it's a Sunday match, which made me a little nervous anyway, but to top it off it was grey, wet and cold - would we have a team? Sundays at LSE have usually been characterised by lack of bodies, but I think today was the first time we had a full team though it was a pretty close call to see if they would wait for our goalie. A word must go to our expert bus driver who was so keen to get rid of us that he managed to drop us off at some football pitch instead of the hockey pitch. I realise that they are both green and have a goal at each end, but come on, it's not that much to ask. So the team took a trip down memory lane - sorry Sipson Lane (all of you who have been sent on weekend hikes at school should know what I'm talking about).

Today saw the team come together perfectly, passing and backing each other up, won't go on about it too much but it was stark contrast to Wednesday and everyone should be chuffed with themselves - couldn't have asked for more.

We came out hard and fast, taking the game to Imperial, who incidentally are 2 leagues above us in BUSA, and caught them totally off-guard. Skywalker notched up a point early on to get us into the swing. It's hard to pick out people who performed

exceptionally as we all did, but Funky Monkey, who has finally returned to the fold must have been training over the holidays as she held up the midfield fantastically, where the majority of the battle seemed to be fought. But the forwards also managed to capitalise on the chances that we had. The Dude managed to pop up in just the right place to latch on to the end of a pass and it was just.....huh, I'm speechless.

Despite the goals, the game could have gone either way, and after half time, the fatigue began to show, which then showed up the spectacular passing that was going on. So Skywalker thought she'd do us all a favour and put in another one just to put us a little at rest. Until some Amazon came back at us from a short corner and smacked it in - really rather a little Skywalker-esque so inevitably there was nothing that Jo could do - well, we'll let them have one, don't want to seem ungracious and all.

I think we were all pretty glad when it was all over, Imperial weren't too happy about it though..... Not everyone has been mentioned here, but you all know how great we played, so no words necessary. Well done girlies, think we should celebrate with a full showing at the Tuns on Wednesday.

LSE Sporting Legends: Ed Cook HND GNVQ

Well hello folks, and a belated Happy New Year from all your friends and mine here at the LSE AU Sporting Legends Committee. We know you missed our delightful column over the vacation period, so we return now with a bumper issue, including our new feature this term, LSE Sporting Look-a-likes.

Crazy..... Today's victim, sorry, "winner", is 1st XV Rugby Captain and Balcony Boys stalwart, that's right- everyone's favourite Frenchman, Ed Cook.

ALIAS: "Ed the Duck" (also "Ed the Crook" after the heinous Stash money-laundering scandal), "Captain Cook" (when he turns up), and just plain old "Cookie".

Judging by his belly someone should really add the word "monster" to that.

FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING: The Power Suit, generally more BHS than Saville Row, however.

WORST ITEM OF CLOTHING: Stash. Everyone wants it, only Ed has it. Nightmare! The LSE sports clothing scandal looks set to dwarf Watergate as a high-profile scandal- Maxwell, Barings, Enron, move over.

AMBITION: Our sources reveal young Eddie expressed his first interest in becoming a coke-snorting, champagne-quaffing, braces-wearing City Boy before he could walk. Sadly for this Gorden Gekko wannabe, however, a cheap bottle of Spanish sparkling wine in Limelight and a tub of Johnson's talcum powder are the closest he'll ever get to trading-floor glamour. Never mind, McInternship deadlines aren't till June, and with his poor grasp of the English language he'll fit in nicely. "Large fries to go please".....

FAVOURITE TOTTY: Older women, usually mingling but yet mysteriously out of reach. Americans too, generally very attractive, rich, and about as monogamous as a Conservative MP. Or even Gav Russell.....

PAST CONQUESTS: After a slightly inglorious start to his LSE pulling career, bedding a voiciferous fresher known affectionately as "Screamer" for her late night



Martina Hingis impressions. Sadly for Ed, however, this tennis player seems to prefer women's doubles after her taste of Cookie's Monster. Ed then fell head over heels in love with a couple of delightful Third Years, erstwhile netball favourite Candice and UGM demagogue Alex Hartley.

Unfortunately for poor Eddie, his youthful good-looks and boyish charm proved all too resistable for these older ladies. Such a magnificent run of form was continued with a mid-term jousting match, third Musketeer Eddie crossing swords with two others (including Oscar, Seventh Earl of Kent) on the way to conquering his very own

Welsh Valley. Somehow Ed's PR machine swept all this under the carpet, with only an illiterate and incomprehensible diatribe



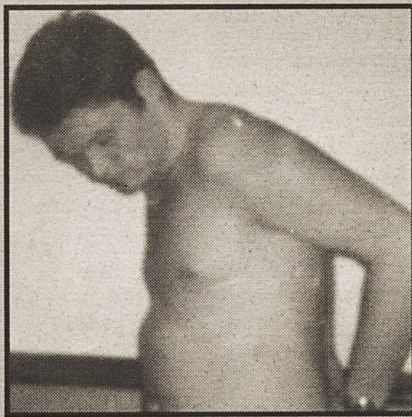
surfacing in the Beaver. Some months later, this comendable publicity effort allowing him to bed a beautiful and obscenely rich Californian General Course student. With Ed's heart broken at her impending departure, however, love seemed to have conquered all as Andrea appeared set for a 2002 return with Goldman Sachs; sadly this will be in tandem with her new boyfriend.



FAVOURITE HOBBY: Making a fool of himself at the UGM. If Callas is the unfunny Charterhouse, Ed is the unfunny Callas. "I give so much to this University", says Ed, "so much". As the unofficial leader of the UGM (self-appointed), Ed truly gives a lot. But when you subtract the amount stolen from Stash, the net result is definitely dwindling shareholder-value.



BIGGEST MISMATCH: Ed v Organisation. Piss-up, brewery, organise, draw your own conclusions. Ed v American Women. Only Healy gets fucked (over) by more American women than Cookie Ed v Sword-measuring contest prior to Bankside 4's famous jousting



match- nuff said Ed v The Queen's English. Can you understand a word of his rugby reports?

Well there we have it, one more happy customer. See you in court Ed.....

Women and their Bouncing Balls and Small Rings

Well where to begin in the coverage of our blinding victory over the thirds. At the beginning of the season I set the team a goal - to win the first round of the cup vs the team deemed superior to us. To prove what we already knew - that we ruled. Our goal achieved we are left in limbo - forced to move onto lesser goals such as passing our exams or applying for jobs. But no other achievement can compare to this victory - though the 3rds could have at least put up a decent fight!!!! So the steam roller of a winning machine that is the LSE 4ths rolls on towards the second round vs Kings 2nds. They could prove a bit of a brick wall - but who cares - we beat the 3rds!!!!!! Anyway on to the game.

Tuns (which was mysteriously absent of 3rds) to drink the promised shot of after-shock for every goal we won by. We blessed the AU with our singing - headed by honorary netball girl Bang Bang, watched Holly get bladdered (I ofcourse remained stone cold sober - kinda), admired Ali and Rachel's drinking capacities and eventually stumbled home. I would also like to mention briefly our last match vs Holloway 5ths. Given the kicking we got from their 4ths they expected a sure fire win. However, despite the 2.5 hour haul we went through to get there - and the fact that we only had 7 players - we thrashed them 22-9. The score speaks our brilliance for us.

Women's Netball

LSE 4ths (Dominatrixes)

10
6

LSE 3rds (Whipped Bitches)

Lucy was on amazing form - filled with the aggression of a hungry tiger (a Holly quote). Despite being half the height of the opposition she stood her ground, while we could only stand in awe. We've started to take the amazing duo of Krystal and Valli's always outstanding performance for granted - but as always we bow down to your brilliance and can but adore you and your skills. Angela was so exasperated at Pru's fantastic ability that she was reduced to begging her to 'go away' - and ultimately running into the netball post in an obvious attempt to find an excuse for her teams loss. The initial cheerleading team of Cristina, Manjula, Ali and myself take full credit for our initial surge ahead to 3-0 within the first 10 minutes -

we were obviously very inspiring. Though once myself and Ali stepped onto the court our rath was inspired by our mutual hatred for general pathetic excuses for men (i.e LSE boys) - cruising us home to victory. Keely gets woman of the match and Holly was duracel bunny personified. A trend Holly took on throughout the night (we can but hope hockey captian Pete had lots of energy). On the subject of my randy team members quote of the week goes to Pru - referring to the depth of feeling Pru had towards Wednesday night drinking celebrations; "I really want to get f***ed, no really, I REALLY want to get f***ed" -hope jammers up to the job. Wednesday night was just as successful as the day, starting at the now legendary OldOrleans with a large cocktail session.

After informing the cute bar bloke of our victory they presented us with personalised balloons - with a special one for our new ents organiser - Neda. Onto the



Above: Jane pictured pre-op and pre-career change. Jane is now suing for malpractice whereas the FA are not.

Fat Angry Man's Fairy Tale



First of all before I launch into a yarn the likes of which has not been seen since The Lord of the Rings I would like to recap on what was said at last weeks UGM. A colonist stood up and had the audacity to froth over the unprofessionalism of "The Beaver". Well what can I say apart from lock him up in Arkansas mental institute with a twin personality gynaecologist and sodomite nut bag. "The Beaver" I am proud to say is not only a pleasure to work on but a pleasure to read in my opinion and I cannot think of anything more enjoyable than spreading a Beaver wide and salivating over the contents. Now onto more pressing matters.

All similarity to persons in real life or in the Tuns is purely coincidental. It was a cold January Wednesday night when our hero strode proudly into the beer hall. Our Hero is a rotund man of loud disposition and a twisted twinkle in his eyes which makes people either melt with fondness or clutch their genitals in the hope he had already eaten. Our hero was none other than Vaginus Maximus and he had come to sup on the milk of human kindness. He joined his fellow comrades and began to quaff bounteous flat ale. Soon the witching hour rolled around and the Bard began to play and songs of gold and revelry rung throughout the beer hall.

Our Hero not content with mere ale

set about the task of putting his body through the beserker like transformation of the Vikings which one of his norwegian comrades had taught him. The bar tender poured a colourless sweet liquid into a glass with much Ice and looked on in fear and terror as our hero saw it off in one gulp. One shadow of a man challenged our hero to a medieval torture game called the ChumbWumba and nor did he drink just a whiskey drink nay not just a lager drink, forbidden to merely just drink a cider drink and chastised for suggesting they just drink a Vodka drink. All four flowed down our hero's gullet surpassing the challenger but he did not care as the sung songs that reminded them of the better times.



By this time our hero felt the hunger for violence and entered the hand to hand combat ring outside the drinking hall to rapturous applause. He delivered the most legendary move of old the Vaginus drop and eviscerated his meek foes but damaged his mighty bear paws he called hands. Fortunately his trusty handsome rugged aid was on hand to deliver some first aid much to the howling of our hero. The two then set off for the Castle of Don quixote who begged their forgiveness and lavished them with the finest food the world has ever seen. At this point

the friends journey separates as Our hero's compatriot set off for the Limelithren home of the beautiful while our Hero had something else in mind.

Our hero plunged himself into the abyss known only as Sodom where he was welcomed by dancing girls and ladies of the night. The gatekeeper of the Abyss welcomed our hero with operaharms pouring sparkling acid down his gullet and proffering Snuff for all to partake in. He said he knew of an Inn that they all might adjourn to enjoy the sins of the abyss. Our hero head spinning found himself with many of the kings of old from such kingdoms as Goldmaneth Sachdo and Ubes Warburgarden. Here he was tempted countless times with naked devils in tall shoes with hot oil more sparkling acid acid and snuff beyond his wildest dreams.

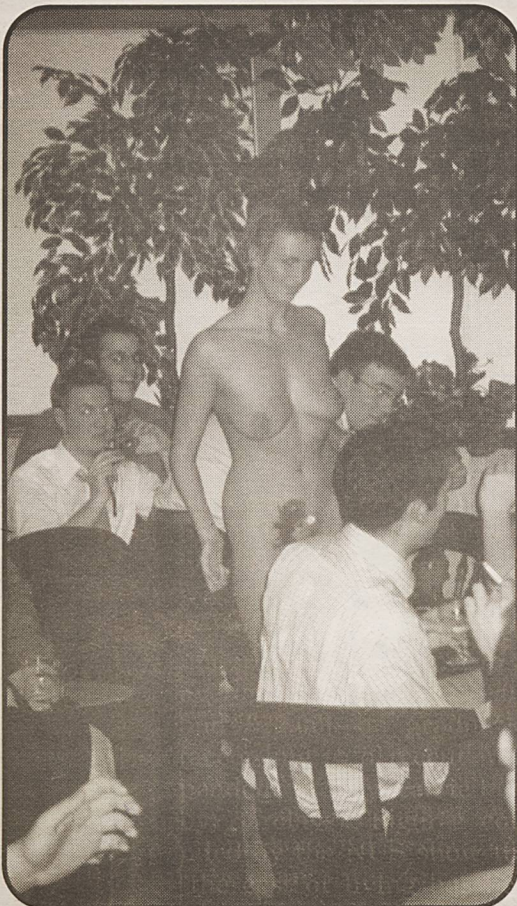
Our hero's memory goes blank at this point until he arose on a place called Southamptonerth Roweth and made the long trek back to the comforts of the drinking hall. Some say that the true occurrences of the Abyss are held tightly within the inner recesses of one man's mind but one thing I know is they are not for the likes of the ears of young boys and girls as yourselves.

Yea word of the day is Nutbishop.

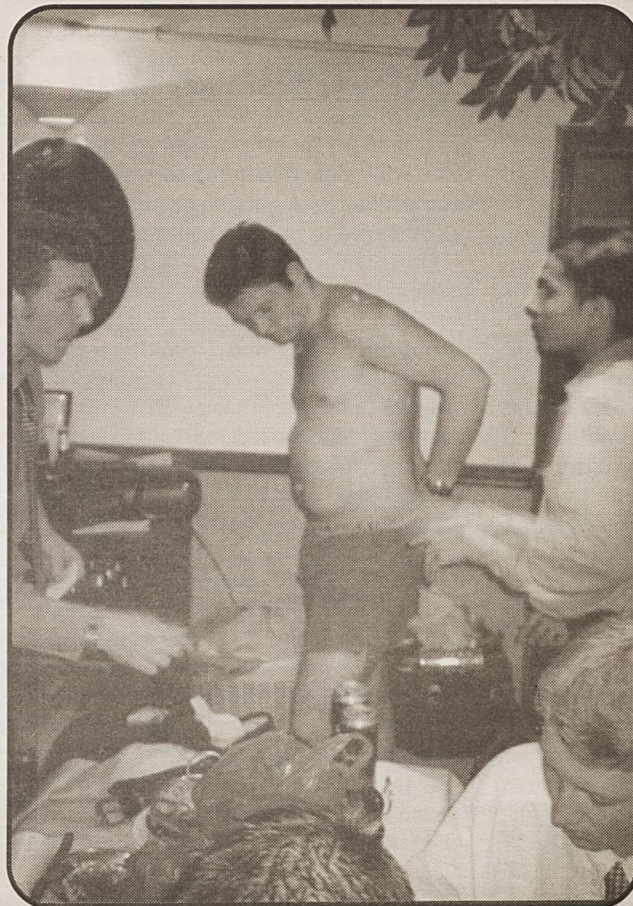
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.....in the place was the inflatable sheep that Craig had already bagged it looked like the pair of us would be going home alone. However our hopes were raised by a Japanese lady who appeared to have taken a shining to us. When I recovered from the shock and started listening to what she was saying I heard "... so its fifty quid for you and extra for the d(f)uck" I thought it may be time to get the drunk fool to leave her alone. Andy on the other hand was trying to score with anything that moved yet seemed to be having no success despite having mastered the grab any part of the anatomy and hang on for dear life technique that has served even the drunken fool well in the past.

Quote of the evening however must go to Helena who when speaking of Charterhouse said "He won't give it to me.....the bowler hat that is", so thats what he's started calling his penis now is it. On finally deciding to cut my losses I dragged the drunk fool outside limelight to be met by the most convincing transvestite I have seen, but then again it looked remarkably like a Brazilian sporting



Craig tries first ever amateur Gyno photo



A French man scorned is F*cking hilarious!

legend with make-up on and glitter in his hair. When confronted on his appearance Pele's only response was that he had let filthy Laura give him a facial in an effort to make "the bouncers think I'm gay so they will let me in" having failed in this plan he had headed off with another nameless third team player (you know who you are) to a gay bar where they slept together, all very disturbing. But Healey was not finished there he then went on to advise Godders on the virtues of taking home munters "I'd do it if I were you, what have you got to lose?" Answers on a postcard to the address at the end of the article, who knows you may even win a prize.

So kids remember that a bird is for life not just for Christmas and I hope you all enjoyed the Holidays and are ready for some more carnage this term as I shall be trying to get out more this term. If you have any complaints about this article, know what it is Pele has lost or more importantly if you want to make sweet love to a randy duck (or a drunken fool - TP), then drop me a line with your photo at Tyson_the_duck@yahoo.co.uk and

I'll probably not bother to reply but you never know your luck.

Rugby Curry Club = Hot Rings

Tyson the duck "I really am fowl"

For those of you who have not met me I am an escapee duck liberated from an Irish ferry by the Rugby team on their Easter tour. After missing the barrel (a severe case of bad feather day) I demanded to go to the Rugby Christmas dinner. The protagonists assembled in the Tuns (some may well wish they hadn't left but more of that later) and began the descent into oblivion. Chris received a shock when his parents called him and revealed an alarming knowledge of his activities at the barrel (an internal investigation is taking place to find the mole). Brierley obviously shaken by the knowledge that his parents knew about the watering can phoned up the wrong restaurant to confirm we were coming.

Needless to say that they had no idea what he was jabbering about "table for 50? What the fuck are you talking about, we can give you one for 5". After his mistake was realised we confirmed our booking and departed to everyone's favourite restaurant City Spice. This is where everything became a bit blurry for everyone else but being made of foam and impervious to alcohol I can safely tell of the carnage that ensued. Everything started off respectably enough with toasts to the Queen and the captains. Cookie then began unloading the mysterious box he had been carrying around with him and produced enough mixed spirits and wine to kill an army. Many casualties of the said box ensued with the opening of the "schools of Tall Paul". The patron of the school toasted all of the inductees and soon our trusty treasurer was reeling. Most of the first year joined him in his inebriated state as one after another they were brought up on a variety of trumped up charges. 'Teflon' Morgan thus named for his ability to avoid doing any fines in a year and a half of Rugby remained true to his name and managed to slide through unscathed despite handing out some of the most heinous fines I have ever seen (I am surprised the 'wolfman' a.k.a. 'tar baby' Ellis is still alive after the drink he was given).

After eating our fill it was time to satisfy our appetite for flesh. Thankfully FC had done the boys proud by organising a veritable banquet for the troops to feast their eyes upon (personally I was looking for more feathers but I think I was in the minority). At this point there was an invasion of people from upstairs, the faces looked familiar but I was sure that even Spunky managed to graduate last year but there they were, a number of miscreants from the previous years team who just 'happened' by some coincidence to be having dinner in the same restaurant. The dancers started off in inauspicious fashion with the CD player refusing to work but FC again coming to the rescue with some live musical accompaniment, all together now "doo doo daaa da". Desert was then served with Rhys being particularly concerned with the way that his marshmallows were being served. The captains then received a special "messy facial manoeuvre" courtesy of Jules. I've never seen Jays



Stripper £100, Lager £10, Curry £12. Threeway facial - priceless

eyes open so wide in my life and I think he may have needed a bit of a lie down hence his no show at Limelight later. Cookie then got lashed in every sense of the word and then in a blink the dinner was over and we rolled off towards Limelight. It was at this point that Ellis tried to emulate Psycho John once more by finding himself a new doorstep.

At this point my night went a bit downhill as I got stuck taking care of Tall Paul who shall, for the rest of this article, be known as the drunken fool. All was going well until leaving the taxi at high speed on Tottenham Court Rd. The drunken fool suffered a major gravity surge and ended up sprawled face down, in the gutter, much to everyone's amusement. On arrival at the discotheque there was some debate as to whether or not the drunken fool was going to be allowed in but finally I managed to talk the bouncers into it.

On entering limelight I can only describe the scene as one of utter chaos there were bodies all over the place gyrating, or in Gav Russels case convulsing, wildly and I could see that it could well become "Sloppy-loppy" very quickly for some. Will and Godders both kept their eyes on the prize (a bottle of Moet no less) and put in sterling efforts, but due to a lack of an independent adjudicator it was declared a dead heat. Gibbo on the other hand followed our illustrious director (see the Beaver issue 549 pg27) into the 'I pulled filthy Laura' club without any sort of argument, other than Rex carrying him onto the dance floor for one last strut to "sweet child of mine". Psycho John on the other hand has hit a recent rich run of form taking his chances with everyone's favourite soap author. Remember if she needs any medical advice 'Colin's dad is a gyno.' (Tabatabai & Charterhouse 2001). The drunken fool however was able to repel women like nobodies business and since the only other animal (hockey birds excluded)

Continued on page 31

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

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