

7-DEC 2001

N
58
BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL
& ECONOMIC SCIENCE

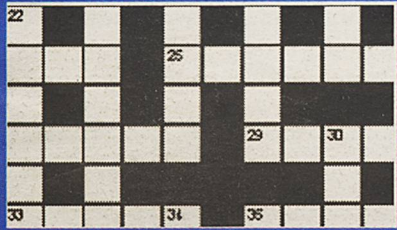
The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSESU

First Published May 5th, 1949

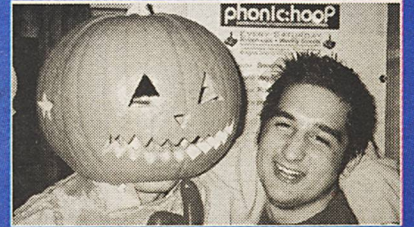
29th November 2001

Issue number 547



The Beaver Prize
Crossword is Back!
Page 4

The Fourth's lose yet
again. Full Report in
Beaver Sports.
Page 30



First it was King's. Now Princesses infiltrate course collection

Christopher Wills

For those of you that missed the Princess Anne rock festival - which I think includes everyone - it was quite a show. Descending from the balcony above the basement computer foyer her sequined fairy style dress and wand dazzled under the pink, blue and yellow spotlights emanating from beneath her. Sporting the now-back-in-fashion Gary Glitter style haircut she cut a dashing figure in her mohair pink cardigan and matching bodyguards.

All of this actually happened and no-one knows about because, of course, students weren't invited. And although you missed it, the surreality of the official opening of our library on Tuesday afternoon by Her Royal Highness Princess Anne didn't stop there.

Firstly, it seemed quite ridiculous that we were officially opening the library a full eight months after we began using it. For eight months now one leg has been getting longer than the other on those bloody circular stairs. Now I'm all for eating hors d'oeuvres and drinking champagne but we could have done this during the Easter holidays. In the library's defence, you do need time to book Princess Anne, make sure Norman Foster's free, make extra tickets for all the stu-

den...wait a minute, what's that:

'We're very sorry but Norman Foster is unable to make it today as he's attending other business'.

There was The Beaver, notepad in hand, trying to discover if he did have one leg longer than the other once and for all, and he couldn't even make it. Now I know that once you've built one spiral staircase you've built them all but if we can't hold him to account about that staircase at our official opening, then exactly when can we wring his neck? It has been said that he was responsible for the diktat that said that we students can't use the perfectly functional stairs in the corners of the library for a period of 10 years. They work, they allow people to get between floors faster than in a broken lift or on a mile-long spiral staircase, but we can't use them - yet. It's rumoured that Norman Foster wants to make sure that people use the spiral staircase to make it look busy, and therefore successful. Memo to Norman: The old library was busy too, and it was a dump. We at The Beaver wanted to ask Norman if these rumours were true, but as he had something better to do, we're still none the wiser.

With all the extra spaces



HRH opening our new library, surrounded by LSE dignitaries but no current students

due to our stay-away dignitaries one would have thought there would have been enough room for students, but alas no. Despite LSE's massive Persil washing powder give-away - a desperate attempt by The Beaver to make students acceptable to the LSE administration - we apparently still don't cut the mustard. How many times have we been down to the lower ground floor to be met with a diet of caviar in pastry rather than one of broken computers? How many times have we had floral arrangements laid out for us; certainly if the library gave away fre-

Continued on Page 3

Hall of Residence Crisis latest

With a decision confirming the closure of Passfield Hall for the 2002/03 academic year expected later this week and the absence of the purchase of a new hall in the foreseeable future, the Beaver has learnt that it is continuing students who are to bear the brunt of the inevitable accommodation short-fall.

While all students are guaranteed accommodation in halls of residence during their first year, the school currently

offers more than 450 places in halls for continuing students in their third years. However, as a result of the closure of Passfield and the re-location of first year students - who are guaranteed places in halls - the number of places offered to continuing students in other halls will be slashed, by at least 200 places.

Indeed The Beaver has learnt this is possibly only the first step towards a wider shift in accommodation policy. As

Continued on Page 2

Inside : b:link - this week's best features, 8 - 13; B:art - the latest films, music, books & clubs, 16 - 25; Sports - all the latest news & gossip, 26 - 32

Citigroup final application deadline for full-time positions - 30th November 2001
apply at www.citigroup.com/newgrads/recruits

citigroup corporate & investment bank
Schroder Salomon Smith Barney & Citibank

Lord Radice argues Britain must commit to EU

Matthias Benzer

Lord Radice, Labour Peer and Europe Expert, spoke last week at a talk organised by the European Society and the LSE-Socialists. He presented his argument in favour of a fully committed United Kingdom within the European Union, the coming into being of which he labelled the "greatest single event in history of free countries forming a unit". Acknowledging the developmental downsides of the European Union - which, according to him, will be remedied - Lord Radice resented the fact that especially in the UK, democracy, a huge single market, and the absence of boundaries, all of which will be expanding in the course of the Union's enlargement, are taken for granted. Hence, the scepticism among the British population. Contrary to what Eurosceptics argue, Lord Radice outlined the fact that in the European Union, power is where it should be. He believes strongly in the possibility of the Union's developing even more strength as a unified body in international affairs. He draws

hope from Europe's impressive and reasonable response to the events of September 11. Among the actions mentioned were the quickly reached agreement on plans to counter terrorism among all fifteen member states, but also the diplomatic achievements of these states, mediating between the United States and the countries of the Middle East, and, not to forget, the immense amount of humanitarian aid provided.

As for inner-European developments, Lord Radice presented the audience his arguments in favour of Britain's joining the Monetary Union, and criticised Euro-sceptics for putting forward the notion that Britain was "floating in the Atlantic" rather than acknowledging the fact that the country is "tied to the continent culturally and geographically." In favour of the Euro, Radice named above all the ease of travel, the advantages of price-transparency, and the securing of the nation's greatest market, namely the EU. Already, he pointed out, smaller and medium-size businesses are indeed

rather worried about their chances to survive under these circumstances. The problems of having to deal with unstable exchange-rates will prevail, if Britain "stays out". Finally, Radice identified trends of investment already drying up, and a competitive advantage of - for instance - France, as a ground for investment, in favour of a so far successful UK.

Lord Radice assured the audience at the LSE of the government's full commitment to Europe, of the government's opinion that despite mis-representations in the British press Europe is the only way to go for the UK, and of the fact that Britain - having been a late-comer already so many times in Europe, which socially, economically, and diplomatically has always been a disadvantage - will seek to take its chance this time. On her own, Britain, according to Radice, will definitively lose out.

2nd and 3rd years no longer welcome in LSE halls

Continued from Page 1

was reported in *The Beaver* (issue 545) the school now intends to increase the number of students attending the LSE from 6,500 to 8,500 by 2004. This policy began already with the admission of 500 additional students for this academic year. However, with the prospects of finding a new hall of residence before 2004 very slight (see Editorial Comment, page 7) and the intention to maintain guaranteed first year accommodation, it is believed to be only a matter of time before continuing students are no longer offered any places in halls of residences. With the exception of committee members - who are guaranteed accommodation throughout their time at LSE - it is believed that the withdrawal of places for continuing students will occur throughout all halls.

This would be a massive blow for poorer students who would be forced to live in more expensive private accommoda-

tion for two years instead of one. Indeed, the increased cost of accommodation at LSE would put off a great deal of students who may be unable to afford London's housing prices. If LSE was unable to purchase

"the increased cost of accommodation at LSE would put off a great deal of students from coming"

a hall within the next few years it may also make it difficult for them to increase student numbers to 8500 by 2004.

In the shorter term the greater problem for the LSE Accommodation Office will be the need to provide cheap accommodation during the

period in which Passfield is closed. When questioned on this issue by *The Beaver* the Accommodation Office stated that 'the provision of cheap accommodation is essential. We are currently looking at several accommodation projects at 10 or 11 sites around London which we hope could be funded by third parties.'

They are also considering the option of 'converting larger rooms in existing halls to provide cheaper accommodation. For example, large rooms in Bankside could be converted to low cost triple or quadruple rooms.' However, if none of these are ready by next year it is continuing students who are likely to find it much harder to gain places in halls in the very near future.

The Beaver's News In Brief

In a world first for the academic community, the IT Services team at the School has developed a creative solution - collaborating with institutions in Australia and the US to answer user IT queries 24 hours a day.

The Three Continents Helpdesk Service exploits the time difference between LSE and project partners in Australia (Macquarie University in Sydney and Newcastle University) and the US (the University of Colorado, who are in the early stages of joining the scheme). Students with IT queries at each institution email their generic IT helpdesk mailbox as normal. When local helpdesk services are closed, these emails are automatically redirected to a partner helpdesk mailbox, where the majority of the queries can be answered by helpdesk staff there. Each institution staffs the service for six hours a day. Any queries which cannot be solved are returned to the original institution and dealt with by more specialist staff the following day.

LSE's IT user services manager, Sue Wing, said: 'It's already proving an invaluable lifeline to those studying throughout the night, but we're also looking to extend and improve the service'.

On Friday the 30th, LSE SU & the Yearbook Society are presenting Skool Disco Crush. The Yearbook Society will be offering 3 shots in The Underground for £2.

The Music Society is presenting live jazz at the LSE next week. The world class Hudy Asherie Trio featuring Harvey Weston on bass and Stan Bourke on drums. Hudy Asherie on piano (from the Rainbox Room in New York) will also be appearing. The concert is on Wednesday December 5, at 7.30pm in the Shaw Library (Sixth Floor Old Building). Tickets are £5 for us students, and £10 for normal people.

If anyone is interested in coming along to the Women's gym hour on Thursday evening, please contact Rowan at Harvey, RL

The Drama Society is performing Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance* on Wednesday December 5th and Thursday December 6th. It's on at 7pm in the Old Theatre and tickets only cost £3 for members and £4 general admission

The European Society and the Business Society are having their annual Boat Party on the Thames on Wednesday, 5 December between 8pm and 1am. Tickets are on sale in Houghton St next week (£6 for members, £8 for non-members).

The IR debate organised by LSE and BBC World Service which took place on Monday 26th will be transmitted worldwide on Sunday December 2nd.

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

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

Who would you have liked to open the library?



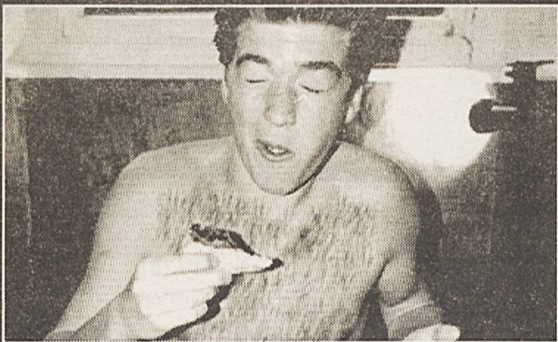
'The Princess Royal has done a great job as Chancellor of the University of London, and it is correct and proper that she was invited to open the Library.'

- Ian Curry



'The Princess stood on my grandma's foot once. Apparently, she looks like a horse close up. Anne, I mean, not my grandma.'

- Jimmy 'Mullet' Baker



'It's a bit of a non-meritocratic farce to choose Annie, but it did give a load of julfed-up jobsworths the chance to push students around.'

- Rupert Walker



'I do get sick of people slagging off the monarchy - if Giddens wants her to open the curtain in front of the plaque then let her bloody do it.'

- Mark Simpson

Library finally opens

Continued from Page 1

quent flier miles we'd have a hell of a lot more floral arrangements than Princess Anne.

Now I know what the school will say: 'There simply wasn't enough room to accommodate students.' but the fact remains that the school continues to hold events like this to which students are not invited. If the library is not for the students, then who is it for? Again, I already know the school's response to this accusation: 'A lot of the guests attending here today have donated very kindly to the school and we need to make sure they do so in the future.'

But what the school must remember is that we are the fundraisers of tomorrow, the ones who will be potential donators once we are alumni. While most of us will have very good memories of the university and its people, we are unlikely to feel a great deal of glee in donating money to an administration that treated us as second class citizens while we were here.

The school should occasionally remind itself that its title is a misnomer, as we are in fact a university. Sending us to the back of the class and keeping us out of view of the dignitaries will leave us with quite frosty memories when it is us who are required to give kindly for the Anthony Giddens Library in 30 or 40 years time. If that is not enough then the school should remember that the dignitaries wish we were at these events as much as we wish to be there. I imagine many of the older donators and alumnus are probably tired of talking to stuffy old men in stuffy old suits; they want to talk to students to find out first hand about the LSE of today and relate their stories about LSE in the 50s, 40s, and possibly even earlier. If the school does not recognise this and allow us out from the shadows it is both a missed opportunity for us and a missed opportunity for them.



Students had to watch from 4 floors up



One can never find one's library card



The Princess Anne Rock Show pyrotechnics



How long do you think the flowers will stay?



Union Jack

This week's UGM was all about space, or the lack of it. Why was Trafalgar Square so empty last Saturday? Why is Houghton Street so busy? Why is the air in the Shaw Library so murky? And who are those people sleeping rough outside Passfield Hall? For the answers to all these questions, and not many more, read on.

First questions first, and it was up to Claire 'still haven't come up with a nickname' Taylor. After bemoaning the lack of attendance at the NUS national march, why would she not name and, if you will, shame those on the Exec who didn't make it? Can't have been that important then?

The rest of the sabbs had very little to say, as per, but when it came to the first motion, Dave 'feet of' Clay was very vocal. This isn't the first time Jack has mentioned it, and it won't be the last, but the imminent closure of Passfield came before us yet again. The School's propensity to not give a fuck about students is being demonstrated yet again, as is the SU's inability to stand up to it. How are we to combat this closure? By signing a petition. Another lesson learned at a NUS training session no doubt.

The Passfield evictions may well leave students sleeping on the street, if they can find a space between the loiterers on Houghton Street. Dan 'Third Time Unlucky' Lewis demanded their immediate execution, or at least to have them moved on. But where can they go?

Well, not the Shaw Library. Not if they want to be able to breathe anyway. The last motion of the day asked whether it might be possible to keep those little white cancer sticks out of the Shaw Library. The numbers we there:- 4,000 chemicals in a cigarette, 60 of them carcinogenic, but when it came down to it the totals were clear - 100-odd smokers versus 80-odd non-smokers. Democracy by self-interest, don'tcha just love it.

Which brings Jack quite neatly to the last matter. Just a quick heads-up for the diary. Today's ought to be a real battle, fought where real battles are fought, in the Tuns. Pro-Cuban rebels, currently taking up a position just behind the Virtua Striker machine, are plotting to destroy the Tuns' Bacardi stocks. Fortunately, a team of hardened Bacardistas are set to defend them. The revolution will not be televised, so get along to UGM. Jack, out.

Letters to The Beaver

Have Your Say - thebeaver@lse.ac.uk

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

Sir,

I would like to say that I am disgusted with The Beaver this term, although, admittedly it has been better in the past two weeks. It is an absolute disgrace and you should be ashamed of yourself. Never, in all the time I have been here, has the paper been so consistently late, poorly printed, badly written, never distributed round the university and generally shit. The last issue was the only issue which has been good so far. Every week you are asked in the UGM where it is and every week you are either not there or come up with another excuse for what I've heard is nothing but sloppy editor work and missing print deadlines. In actual fact the Sports Section is the only but [sic] worth reading, surely the News section should be good as

its [sic] at the front and what about the editorials - can we read about something other than September 11th? The paper seems really badly organised and run. In my opinion, and I know for a fact that I speak for a great number of students, the reputation of The Beaver has been degraded and steadily ruined so far this term.

Yours,
A disgruntled reader

TheBeaver replies: Whilst we are happy for readers to have their own views on the quality of the paper, we would take issue with a couple of your 'facts'. TheBeaver has come out on time, each and every week, in the last month. Our readership has increased this year, and our print run has gone up by 10%. We've increased both the quality of the paper and the size of the paper, and the Editor has resolved a clash in his timetable and can now attend the UGM every week.

I was disgusted with the way we were treated as Princess Anne came to open the LSE 'night-club' - sorry, library (you have to

understand my confusion due to the excessive lights and music). Having to go through the back door as we are not worthy of being seen is bad enough, but due to the excessive lighting that was, of course a must, we were denied access to most of the computers. Worse than this though, all disabled access was blocked off and the voice sensitive computers were out of use, surely this amounts to discrimination of the disabled student by LSE. The flowers were also a nice touch, but we have to question how much did this all cost? Can't afford to renovate Passfield - yeah right!!!

Comedy moment was the sight of 7 police men controlling a crowd of 6 people! I think it is clear that they over estimated how bothered we all were by the presence of Her Royal Highness. We all had to be searched on our way out of the library - it's obviously alright for us to take our bombs and weapons in as long as we leave them in there. So once again we were right royally screwed over by LSE .

Yours,
Holly Featherstone

Sir,

I just wish to respond to Aurelie Basha's criticism of the Stop The War coalition which follows the now tedious path of berating us for anti-Americanism, when the fact is we are more diverse, being a coalition, than that simplistic criticism implies.

If Basha would really like to see the level of intellectual debate raised perhaps they could start by responding to our fears about dispensing with democracy, the rule of law, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, use of the UN, humanitarian aid, the record of the Northern Alliance, the general ignorance of human rights across the world which are also reasons why people belong to the protest movement?

After all, we could just accuse the pro-war lobby of having a Sun gung-ho mentality but that would be unfairly simplifying their cause too. Time to get serious.

Yours,
Nick Posford

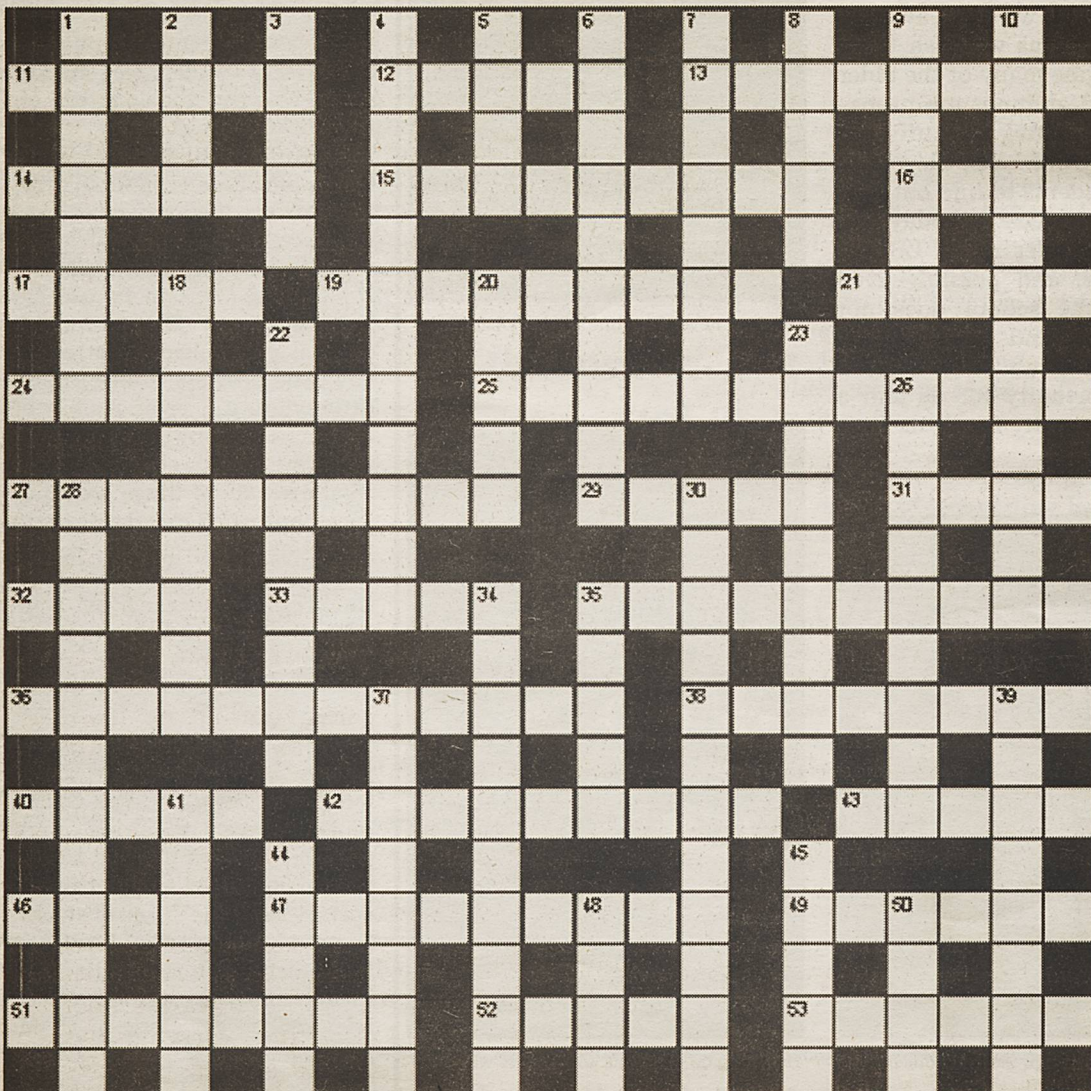
Sir,

I was most disappointed to find in the last edition of your esteemed newspaper that there was no picture of that lovable pin-up David Dickenson. Not only has he wowed us with his cheeky Yorkshire wit, but has become the saviour of many a student's spare time after the demise of This Morning. Having got us hooked at the beginning of the term it is downright cruel to deny us the image of our idol. The Beaver appears to be 'cheap as chips' without his presence. I hope this omission will not occur again.

Yours,
The Bargain Hunt Appreciation Society

TheBeaver replies: We would like to apologise profusely to all members of the Bargain Hunt Appreciation Society, and have tried to make amends by printing large pictures of both Mr Dickenson and Netball Girl on page 27.

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



- | Across | | Down | |
|--------|--|------|--|
| 11 | Car maker (6) | 1 | Instructions on doors (8) |
| 12 | Song by Blondie (5) | 2 | Snog (4) |
| 13 | Region (8) | 3 | Country (5) |
| 14 | Cambridge Spymaster (6) | 4 | Improvement (12) |
| 15 | Rotational existence (9) | 5 | Title (4) |
| 16 | Wrong (4) | 6 | Tall building to spot the enemy (5,5) |
| 17 | Fit Vampire Slayer (5) | 7 | Variety (8) |
| 19 | What there aren't enough of at LSE (9) | 8 | Some green (5) |
| 21 | Factor of production (5) | 9 | Legendary LSE bridge (6) |
| 24 | Star of M*A*S*H 4077 (4,4) | 10 | Types of bets made at the horse races (12) |
| 25 | New York's old name (3,9) | 18 | Cheap liking to someone (9) |
| 27 | What Joey and Chandler draw with! (friends) (10) | 20 | What is consumed by most students (5) |
| 29 | Priest (5) | 22 | A man who turns lead into gold (9) |
| 31 | Nordic God (4) | 23 | Connects different levels of a house (9) |
| 32 | Cowboy equipment (4) | 26 | Pay back (9) |
| 33 | Fruit (5) | 28 | List in a certain way (12) |
| 35 | Most Provocating (10) | 30 | Making initial design (12) |
| 36 | "Have his carcase" (6,6) | 34 | I made a mistake (10) |
| 38 | Fields (8) | 35 | Come in dozens (5) |
| 40 | Cymraeg (5) | 37 | An explicit specification of a conceptualization (8) |
| 42 | Type of boat (9) | 39 | Voltaire's paradise in "Candide" (8) |
| 43 | Composer of "La forza del destino" (5) | 41 | Author of "Bombastic" (6) |
| 46 | Goddess (4) | 44 | Action commonly associated with CRUSH (5) |
| 47 | Pub in Covert Garden (9) | 45 | Surname of female tennis player (5) |
| 49 | Former English cars (6) | 48 | Used in boats for movement (4) |
| 51 | One of the bar staff at the Tuns (8) | 50 | Incline (4) |
| 52 | Alarm (5) | | |
| 53 | ___ of Athenry (6) | | |

First Prize: Dinner for two at Wright's Bar

Second Prize: Signed photo of Tony Giddens

Answers to: e.j.cook@lse.ac.uk

The Beaver's weekly round up of student news

with Lyle Jackson & Ju Li Gan

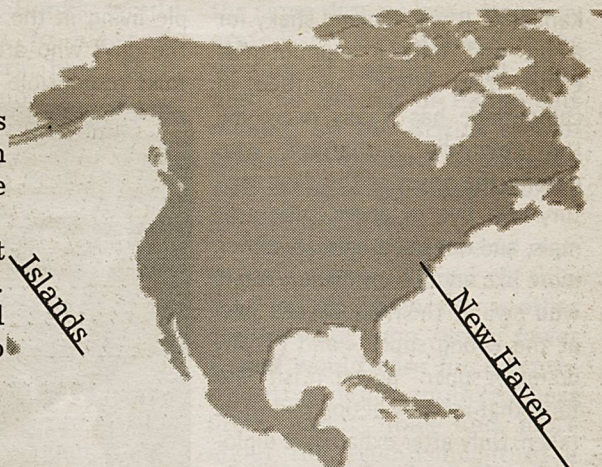


University of the Virgin Islands

Beauty and brains? The UVI holds annual beauty pageants, and this year's Miss UVI was taken by a 26 year-old Psychology major. In addition to the Miss UVI crown, she was given the titles "Miss Photogenic," "Miss Intellect" and "Best Talent," for an original poem she performed.

"Best Evening Wear" was won by a Biology 2nd year who was also given "Best Ambassadorial Presentation". Meanwhile, a Political Science major was given the "Miss Congeniality" title.

Miss UVI worked as an HIV/AIDS educator and was one of the youngest delegates to the International AIDS Conference last year in South Africa. Her new title entitles her to free tuition, room and board for two semesters.



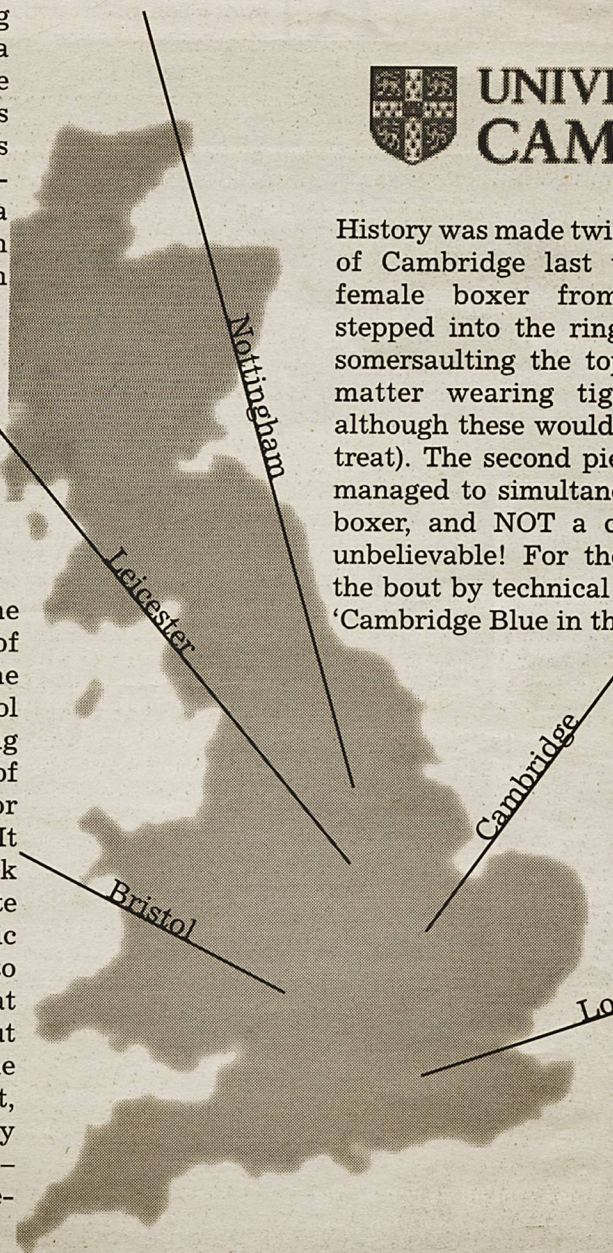
Nottingham

Nottingham, unreliably noted as being built by Robin Hood, last week won the acclaimed title of 'Best Student Night Out'. An awesome feat. Members of the University of

Nottingham partied hard into the early evening after hearing about their victory. Two snakebites later and it was all over. But, in the tradition of all student nights out – the less remembered, the better it was. Thanks to the Nottingham Lightweight and Public Schools Club for up-holding the tradition.

University of Leicester

The University of Leicester this week celebrates its 80th anniversary as a learning institute. Apparently, the University College opened in November 1921 at 10am with nine students and five staff – not a bad ratio, but nonetheless some shocking results still slipped through. With a similar total amount of knowledge and skill resources, the University is now home to some 17,000 students and 3,000 staff. The anniversary celebrations culminate on Friday with a live broadcast from the campus with BBC Radio Leicester. Celebration doesn't even get close.



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

History was made twice at the University of Cambridge last week as the first female boxer from the University stepped into the ring. (Stepped, ie not somersaulting the top rope or for that matter wearing tiger skin shorts – although these would have gone down a treat). The second piece of history? She managed to simultaneously be a female boxer, and NOT a complete minger – unbelievable! For the record, she won the bout by technical knockout. Cue the 'Cambridge Blue in the red corner' lines.

Yale University

The first annual Yale Angler's Journal Swedish fish eating contest – the what? 80 Yale students (aka Yalies) gathered to watch over 50 contestants stuff themselves with gummy fish in the first of what hopes to be a Yale tradition. Each contestant had to eat 25 fish in one minute to complete one round.

The winner got \$50 for eating 325 fish in 13 rounds. Apparently, there are 2395 calories in that many gummy fish. The winning technique was swallowing each gummy whole, one by one – the winner said the waxy texture of the fish made swallowing them easier. "This is the happiest I've ever felt while needing to vomit" said the winner. Anyone feel just a bit sick yet? He plans to spend his money on a meal with his friends.

The second runner-up ate 250 fish, claiming that he did it for the Yale Angler's Journal T-shirt prize, and for the honour of being in "such a prestigious event". An event that opened with the crowd banging their desks in unison. Very prestigious indeed.

KING'S College LONDON

On Monday, the world renowned Strand Poly yet again thoroughly embarrassed themselves by setting up a 'Teddy Bear Hospital'.

Around 120

Southwark schoolchildren aged four to seven will bring their sick teddies for consultation and treatment. The event, organised by the European Medical Students' Association (EMSA) at King's, 'aims to help young children overcome their fear or anxiety of visiting the doctor'. 'The white coats, stethoscopes or just fear of the unknown can make the whole business of seeking medical help very frightening indeed.' Indeed! 120 Southwark school children now spend their time worrying that they'll have a stethoscope shoved up their arse and won't be able to talk, walk or breath when they come out.



Bristol

A member of the Department of Archaeology at the University of Bristol has been working under the pretence of being a Doctor

although he does not have a PhD. It recently emerged that Mr. Patrick Quinney never completed his doctorate which entitles him to carry the academic title of 'doctor', but was often referred to as 'Dr. Quinney'. When it transpired that he was calling himself 'Doctor' without the appropriate accreditation, he resigned. Belle Turner, Union President, said "What's in a name?". Err, precisely Belle, absolutely nothing. Dr. Quincey – Medicine Man will now resubmit his thesis, 'How to get away with lying'.

Nelson's Column

The boys are going in. It must be a relief to all of those reading this that the U.S forces have finally got the upper hand and are ready to move in on Kandahar. It was looking shaky for a bit and only a monumental effort from heroes swathed in camouflage has finally overcome the cowardly barbarians who despite the onset of the 21st century still live in caves....like animals, and not good animals either, more like angry bears. Angry bears who swung their uncivilised paw at the wrong super - and I really do mean super - power. It isn't our fault that military action had to be taken. Only after exhaustive diplomatic efforts did Bush resort to military strikes - he apparently made 2, perhaps even three phonecalls to the Taliban leader, and we are talking about international rates - several pounds a minute. It is a shame to hear about the four brave young SAS soldiers injured in the conflict bringing the casualty list to an unacceptably high four. When will this inhuman suffering end; only when the Taliban and all those complicit, even unknowingly complicit, have been wiped out. As President Bush himself put it, "We will hunt down

the folks responsible and punish them, and then we will hunt down all the guys harbouring these folks and punish them, and then we will hunt down and punish all the people living in the country ruled by the guys who are harbouring the folks responsible for these atroci-



ties and punish them as well. Everyone involved, even peripherally, will be punished, even if I have to do it myself with a pistol and a whip". One has to congratulate Bush on his moderacy and also on the expert way he controlled the syntax in this extremely long sentence. Below average I.Q? I think not. Sadly, Bush's liberal moderacy may not be what it is needed at this time. What is needed is a fist of neverending democracy to distribute the infinite jus-

ture of Northern Alliance warlord hegemony and western liberal free trade economics then who knows, we might be buying oil and wine from the Afghans in years to come. What is needed is the placement of some sort of economic warlord to temper the predominantly fighting warlords that look set to take over the country. Perhaps Lord Saatchi would have the wisdom and economic nouse it takes. Whatever happens we cannot just forget about the people of



Afghanistan; we must keep an eye on these belligerent heathens in case they try and sneakily elect another military junta of a dubious religious nature. As Spock famously said "We must remember the past, lest we be doomed to repeat it.....in the future" And how right he may turn out to be. On a more pleasant note, the recently released Yvonne Ridley seemed in chipper mood when giving an interview to this paper. Having recovered from her ordeal at the hands of the brutish Taliban, who according to reports, would deny her access to conditioner on a daily basis leaving her hair exposed to damage from the harsh climate that required extensive reparatory work that cost upwards of £50 pounds at a salon in Kilburn. Thankfully, money made from her many newspaper exclusives covered the costs. Poor Yvonne must also cope with the guilt of knowing that her decision to go undercover cost the lives of her translator and guide, who sadly were not Western and were executed for treason. Our heart goes out to her in this time of need. So all that is left to say is God Bless and bring on Kandahar.

Baker's Mullet

IT HAS BEEN brought to Mullet's attention that this term the Mullet has been lacking something. Sure, the wanking jokes are still there as are the ramblings about nothing, but something has defiantly been missing...

Last term the Mullet contained all sorts of stories of drunkenness. Who could forgot the picnic table incident, the homeless girl episode and the one where Walford Warwick stole a dog?. This term we haven't seen any drunken shenanigans in this column. On Friday though, the Father Figure like a Phoenix from the flames, rose again.

Mullet got up (as usual for a Friday) just in time to catch the second numbers game on Countdown; the irrepressible Loz was still in the champion's chair and Barry Norman was in Dictionary Corner. After this Mullet listened to the new Mick Jagger album, that nobody but him has bought, then watched a double helping of the Simpsons. After a pot noodle, a wank over Pop Idol, a shit, a shower, a shave and a splash of Brut, Mullet was ready for the night ahead.

Meeting Trigger outside of the Old Building was easy enough as was ordering the first round of treble vodka and Smirnoff Ice. After that, it all seems a bit hazy.

The last thing Mullet remembers is swaying into Dave Clay with a Jack Daniels in hand just after demanding that Rowan (who did a great job DJing) should play an AC/DC record.

The hours between 12am and 5am on Saturday morning are a mystery to the Mullet. At 5 he seemed to wake up propped against a lamp post in Wapping. Upon not realising where the fuck he was Mullet then proceeded to buzz an intercom at a Wapping mansion to get directions back to Southwark.

Finally reaching his room

at 7am Mullet prepared a hearty meal of an all day beans breakfast on toast and drank a litre of pineapple juice.

Come Saturday, Mullet's phone rang with Trigger on the other end asking what the fuck had occurred the previous night. Knowing little about the afore mentioned night, Mullet pondered on the subject. No memory, at all, could be recalled.

After extensive research conducted with the aid of a number of reliable sources, notably Cleo, Bang Bang, Pete Bellendi and the only gay Eski-Mo Mullet can conclude the following:

1. Mullet was found asleep at the Tun's urinal with his trousers around ankles.

2. Mullet stole one of the bar staff's pints of Guinness and then stuck his face in it.

3. Mullet performed his best ever rendition of George Michael's Father Figure on a Tuns table.

4. During Father Figure, Mullet put his head through one of the roofing tiles in the Tuns.

5. Mullet informed Yoge that he "loved him."

6. Mullet refused to get in a taxi, wandered around the Old Building for a bit and then ended up in Wapping.

Even as Mullet writes this, nothing is coming back to him. But, as Mullet's Grandad used to say, "If you can't remember it, it didn't happen."

So taking the wisdom of dear old Grandad (God rest his soul) Mullet feels exonerated from any blame for this drunken show. It didn't happen, he wasn't there, end of. Any deviation from this view is clearly lies.

If Grandad's theory worked for Harold Shipman's wife it'll work for the Mullet.

WANK!

The Beaver

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Chris Wills

DIRECTOR
Nicholas Stoker

BUSINESS MANAGER
Celine Infeld

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITORS
Mark Simpson
Jerica Kraljic

LAYOUT EDITORS
Armin Schulz
Jon Baylis
Nikhil Oza
Sulem Mueyed

CAMPUS NEWS EDITOR
Armin Schulz

NATIONAL STUDENT NEWS EDITOR
Jon Baylis

INTERNATIONAL NEWS EDITOR
Lindsay Hoag

SOCIETY NEWS EDITOR
Sulem Mueyed

B:LINK EDITORS
Charlie Jurd
Catherine Baker

B:LINK POLITICS
Mark Lobel

B:LINK FEATURES
Ariana Adjani

B: LINK INTERNATIONAL EDITOR
Maidah Ahmad

B:LINK EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Jane Linekar
Tyler Cavell

B:ART EDITOR
Tom Whitaker

MUSIC EDITORS
Peter Davies
Andrew Swann

CLUBBING EDITORS
Tom Davies
Ruth McCormack

STYLE EDITOR
Amy Williams

LIVING SECTION EDITOR
Ian Curry

FINE ARTS EDITORS
Daniel Lewis
Peter Skipworth

FEATURES EDITOR
Kerron Rohrer

LITERARY EDITORS
Saphira Isa
Seniha Sami

SPORTS EDITORS
Justin Jewell
Matt Trenhaile

THE COLLECTIVE

Serif Alp Atakan, Matthew Bargh, Christina Beharry, Matthias Benzer, Vida Bromby - Tavener, Farzan Bilimoria, Jimmy Baker, Leonard Brouwer, Hannah Bryce, Iain Bundred, Peter Callas, Peter Charterhouse, Lorne Charles, Ed Cook, Naomi Colvin, Peter Coupe, Dan Cumming, Ruth Daniels, Amit Desai, Helen Donald, Ritesh Doshi, Nafesa Ernes, Juli Gan, Ian Gascoigne, Julia Giese, Sarah Greenberg, Laura Hales, Sib Hayer, Lindsay Hoag, Katherine Jacob, Lyie Jackson, Edward Jones, Candice MacDonald, Dan Madden, Gabrielle Menezes, Ruth Molyneux, Linda Morris, Shashwat Nanda, Robin Noble, Daniela Ott, Neel Patel, Nicholas Puro, Alison Perine, Chelsea Phua, Kirstine Potts, Claire Pryde, Vanessa Raizberg, Jan Rattay, Zaf Rashid, Loretta Reehill, Mark 'Tunt' Ready, Piers Sanders, Susannah Sava, James Sharrock, Matthew Stoate, Jamie Tehrani, Julius Walker, Amy Williams.

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

Editorial Comment

What is LSE to do?

The LSE administration appears to be living in cloud cuckoo land at the moment. No sooner have they announced that Passfield Hall is likely to be closed for the 2002/03 academic year - a statement that will confirm closure is expected later this week - they also announce new admissions targets that will take the number of students studying at LSE from 7000 to 8500 by 2004.

Fine, you might say, this simply means they'll have to purchase another hall of residence that little bit sooner. The problem is, they can't. LSE's Accommodation Office is currently the biggest loss making section of the school with debts trailing back to the purchas-

es of Bankside and Holborn halls of residence. A conservative estimate put the level of these debts at £5 million. With £35 million having recently been spent on the library and LSE's fundraising attempts lacking lustre - the director stated yesterday that £40 million had been raised, though £18 million is believed to be closer to the actual figure - this debt cannot be met from other sectors within the school. The result of these bad figures: not only can LSE not afford new accommodation outright but they cannot even secure a commercial loan to fund the investment. All attempts to gain a private loan for a new hall of residence have so far proved fruitless.

Power or Performance

The Labour party has reached a juncture on the domestic front which is as important as any danger they have yet dealt with. With morale and trust of Britain's public services at an all time low do they increase taxes - and face the wrath of votes who elected them on the grounds they would not - or do they leave public services in a withered state and gradually see them replaced by the private sector? The middle ground - of which Labour is so fond - which would increase public sector spending without increasing taxes is look ever less viable. However, if Labour look further into the future they have another choice to make: do they want three or four terms in office?

Given that the Conservative party are still unlikely to mount a competitive challenge at the next election the Labour party appears to be presented with the following choice:

A) They increase taxes and public spending during this term. A turn-around begins to be seen in public services, public confidence is restored and they gain a landslide victory. However, with the majority of public services restored to good health within two years of their third term the electorate begin to get bored. The Tories are looking more electable than ever -

Modern day conquest

Modern day conquest is, quite simply, premised on the control of economic resources and the establishment of a homogenous world order. Therefore not much has really changed since the days of the land-grabbing contests that occupied civilized Europe for the best of two centuries. Case in point is Afghanistan. There is no doubt that concern for the tremendously unfortunate Afghan victims of megalomaniac zealots, has moved the American conscience enough to carpet the country with bombs. However, Afghanistan also just happens to be of vital strategic importance to America in its quest to impose a uniform order in its image onto the world, and control the territory through which oil and natural gas pipelines from the resource rich Central Asian region must run. No other route is viable

thank God that Michael Howard's gone and Archer's in jail, again - and the Tories gain a narrow victory.

B) Labour do not increase taxes in their second term and public services continue their decline. However, they do state in their manifesto for the next general election that 'they will reconsider tax and public service spending' - a sure promise of future tax increases if ever there was one. Nevertheless, the lack of competitive opposition by the Conservative party sees them still retain a convincing election victory and a third term. As 'promised' Labour do increase tax and spending on public services a year into this government. Towards the end of their third term public confidence is restored in the public services, another land-slide victory is assured and Labour gain a historic fourth term. Once again they guarantee to hold a European referendum sometime within this Parliament.

So there you have it. The current choice over tax and spending is actually a decision as to whether want three or four terms in office. Just please don't tell them that, because most of us would really rather they choose choice A.

and America needs this last crucial tract in order to hold effective supremacy over all major oil-producing regions in the world. Its instrument is the institution of democracy. This system, gaining respectability by ostensibly embracing basic civil liberties and human rights, escapes serious contestation of its suitability for every society. Democracy in this ancient land of Khorasan would allow America to legitimately and plausibly protect its essential interests and consolidate its status, legitimacy not having historically been a sticking point for American administrations. Ultimately it is in the best interests of Afghanistan and the world to bring it into the 21st Century, but it is also important to recognize and appreciate the significance of ulterior motives to actions that do impact on the rest of the world.

Catherine Baker on political animals

It has long been a popular trait of the British media to introduce animals into serious political debate. As the United Front call for the US to form an interim government, it seems Westminster is more concerned with sending veterinary aid to Kabul. Although the lion in question may have indeed been very badly treated, surely this represents a clear waste of time and resources.

Marjan, true, is in rather a sorry state. If the Taliban had had more flair for propaganda and had been looking for an image of Britain's decay, Kabul zoo could well have been their first stop. One of his eye-sockets is empty, giving him the incongruous look of a long-term inmate of the Dolls' Hospital, and an open sore is festering on his nose. If he had been found like that in the wilderness, rather than inside an enclosure on the receiving end of stonings by Taliban soldiers before now (there are clearly more opportunities for adultery in the middle of a lions' pen than one would have thought), the hunter concerned, not being as well-

informed on animal rights as Tony Banks and the eight other MPs behind the motion, might well have lowered his shotgun and delivered a merciful coup de grace.

Perhaps Mr Banks would like to explain to his constituents exactly how their interests are supposed to be fulfilled by the despatching of the hitherto-unknown All Creatures Great And Small Brigade of the Royal Marines, assuming it isn't all to set up the background for the Vets in the Wild Christmas Special. Although Marjan the one-eyed lion is but the latest of animals to become an unlikely parliamentary mascot: while British hill-farmers were facing the ruin of their livelihoods during the foot-and-mouth outbreak, Westminster's flavour of the month (in a purely metaphorical sense, of course) was a calf called Phoenix, rescued from underneath a pile of culled cattle.

Unfortunately, though, this may be exactly what pleases his constituents the most, and what price parliamentary dignity,

after all, if it keeps the votes rolling in. One Midlands MP, now a parliamentary private secretary in the DTI, found himself compelled, while still a back bencher, to propose - on the same day, no less - two separate Early Day Motions on the welfare of parrots. But then, high on the list of ingredients making up the British stereotype is the tendency to place the well-being of our animals above our own species.

Yet surely it was never supposed to be so literal as this, least of all when many other constituents who write fewer letters would care for a representative who enquired less often about lions and more about the establishment of a government which the Afghan people will view with legitimacy. And if, with the passage of time, that chamber starts tying itself in knots about the suffering of the elephants at Whipsnade, then we will know our own leaders did the best they could to help it on its way. Until then, there's still work to be done.

Mark Paustenbach on Cheech, Chong and Milton Friedman

An interesting bi-product of the current war in Afghanistan is the question of opium. This correspondent was unaware, until only recently, of the fact that Afghanistan is the source of approximately 70 percent of the western world's opium. The head of the United States' Drug Enforcement Administration, former congressman Asa Hutchinson, has said that the U.S. has a unique opportunity to significantly affect the flow of drugs into his country through the current campaign to reshape Afghanistan.

Unfortunately, those that grow poppies to supply the west with heroin and those that are attempting to stop the use of drugs are both rely upon economic principles to drive their respective business and public policy decisions.

In Afghanistan, a country ravaged by civil war for the past twenty years, there is nothing of value to export, a critical link to foreign currency that would help begin the process of economic recovery. Accordingly, many turn to growing poppies that according to The Guardian can turn a small 13-pound investment in seeds into a harvest worth upwards of 200 pounds. And, with the average Afghani wage at 5 pounds per month it does not take long to realise the appeal of poppy cultivation.

So, if the United States really wants to end poppy production, it will have to supply the Afghani farmers with a crop or exportable

product that can provide equivalent returns on their investment. More importantly, even if the aforementioned plan works, poppy production will just switch to another part of the world where both the physical and political climate allow such plants to flourish.

On the other end of the spectrum, the western world forcefully led by the United States, is also attempting to reduce the consumption of drugs inside its borders. This group also has an economic justification for their public policy decisions.

It is very difficult to argue that drugs are morally reprehensible. Nancy Reagan tried to stigmatise drug users in the 1980s with her "Just Say No" campaign, but ultimately failed. As long as adults can drink and smoke and eat as much as they want without regard to their health and safety, the argument that "drugs are bad" gets bucked off its moral and ethical high horse.

The only real justification for the "War on Drugs" is an economic one. The more citizens of the western world use drugs, the less productive they become. According to this logic, a high school student who uses marijuana will only do 80 percent of the assigned reading in his world history class, and a factory worker will produce only 30 auto parts on the assembly line, instead of her daily quota of 50.

Why else would you put someone in jail for possessing narcotics? What makes drugs so much worse

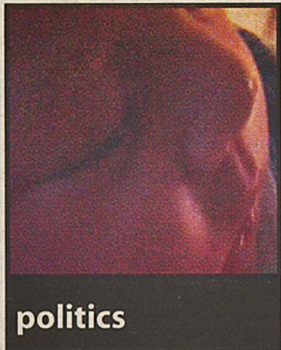
than alcohol or tobacco? Some would say that there exists a societal stigma against them, as they are not ingrained into our social and historical fabric, whereas alcohol and tobacco have been used regularly for centuries and have become an acceptable form of recreation. The real fear with drugs is that the west's economic standing will be harmed if there is even a slight increase in usage by formerly industrious citizens.

At various times over the past thirty years, these two economic ideas, that of supply and demand and the strength of the consumer, and the fear of reduced productivity have collided head on. In every confrontation, the former principle has won.

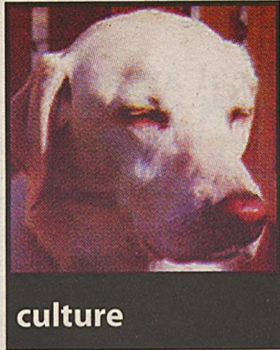
Before Columbia became the focus of American efforts to end the production of cocaine, Bolivia had been the previous drug-growing capital. Pressure applied to Bolivia caused cartels to move to Columbia. Now that Columbia is set to receive over a billion dollars in aid to from the United States, Brazil is worried that drug cartels will move into its sparsely populated northeast region. In fact, Brazilian troops have already been sent to the border to prevent any spillover from an upswing in fighting in Colombia.

As for the west, we will have to decide how to reconcile our hope for economic competitiveness with the reality that drugs will always be available if there are people willing to buy them.

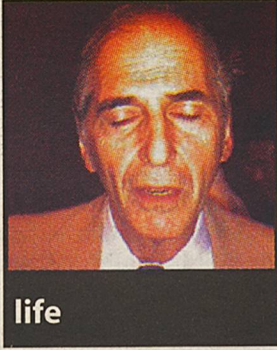
Comments should be sent c.d.wills@lse.ac.uk



politics



culture

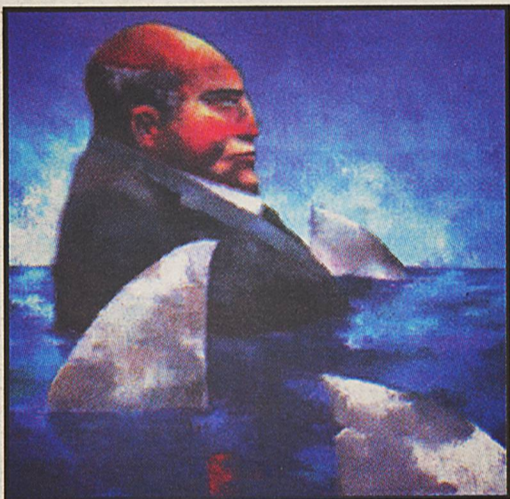


life

charlie jurd : c.r.jurd@lse.ac.uk catherine baker : c.e.baker@lse.ac.uk

credit to the nation

words by jane linekar



The British treat banks like supermarkets, according to a financial services analyst. We need banks like we need supermarkets - mortgages, car loans, credit cards, overdrafts, it's almost impossible to live without them.

Today, the average graduate will begin their working life at least £10,000 in the red. But, as this debt is government sponsored, unavoidable, and in the good cause of education and high earning in the long-term, it is accepted. There is no shame to be living on credit.

Well, not for some. There remain a few who resist the temptations of borrowing. Student loans have proved not just a financial deterrent, but also a cultural deterrent to higher education. People from lower income backgrounds are more put off going to university by debt than

the middle classes. Different religions and ethnic backgrounds can also mean that borrowing isn't ok. For example, some Muslim students feel constrained to transfer to part-time courses, so they can pay their way without borrowing.

Once students have decided to take the plunge, some go to the extreme of taking out student accounts with maximum overdrafts and credit cards at all 4 main banks, as well as maximum loans. If you are already faced with an inevitable £10,000 debt, and someone offers you another thousand at no extra cost, well why not? It's the best deal you'll ever get, and you don't even have to think about paying it back for years, when, as one student puts it, you'll have 'waltzed into a highly paid job' - and it would make life right now a hell of a lot easier. For three years many students live pretty good lives on

credit, mobile phone in one hand, pint in the other. 15% of credit cards are owned by a social group on little or no income - us - students.

Clearly, it's not just student loans that form our attitudes to credit, debt, and borrowing. British society actively encourages consumption - and credit to pay for it. Mortgages are necessary, and banks play a big part. Without a long credit history (credit cards, mortgage), you may be flagged as bad credit in any other applications. The total consumer debt in the UK is £700 billion, and the average debt of each UK household is £5,300 before mortgages.

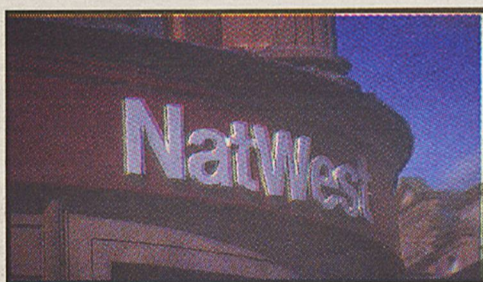
But student loans are making a difference. Borrowing isn't reserved for emergencies anymore, the casual attitude to the necessary and fairly inexpensive borrowing from the Student Loans Company is spreading to other forms of credit. Graduation brings graduate accounts, and special overdraft facilities. Bank Managers point out what a fantastic time it is to get a foot on the property ladder and buy a car

(using the very attractive graduate loan facility). Letters start arriving offering "platinum" credit cards. With a car to get to work, a house (renting is not economical), you then need to furnish the house. According to Company magazine, 25% of young women owe more than £15,000. People are no longer afraid to stretch their finances and buy on credit. Even though many are taking on these debts when already severely in the red (remember that small issue of the long forgotten student loan?).

Until now the economy has been doing well, we have been encouraged to spend all we can. But what happens to the debt when life changes? Most personal financial crises are due to unex-

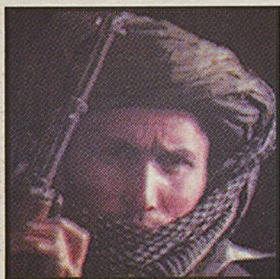
pected changes, such as unemployment, when all those debts cannot be repaid. The Consumer Credit Counselling Service is concerned. Borrowing is increasing at an alarming rate and so are defaults (up by 30% over the last year). They are already seriously worried that student loans encourage borrowing and we are yet to see the full consequences for graduates of the loans-only system, those with the highest debts. There were reasons why older generation were taught not to borrow, and it seems that we have forgotten.

Jane Linekar is an Editorial Assistant in b:link



inside

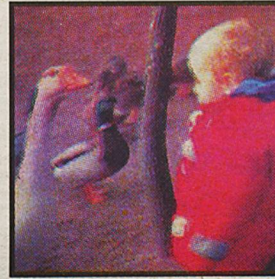
terrorists for hire



a tale of two rasmussens

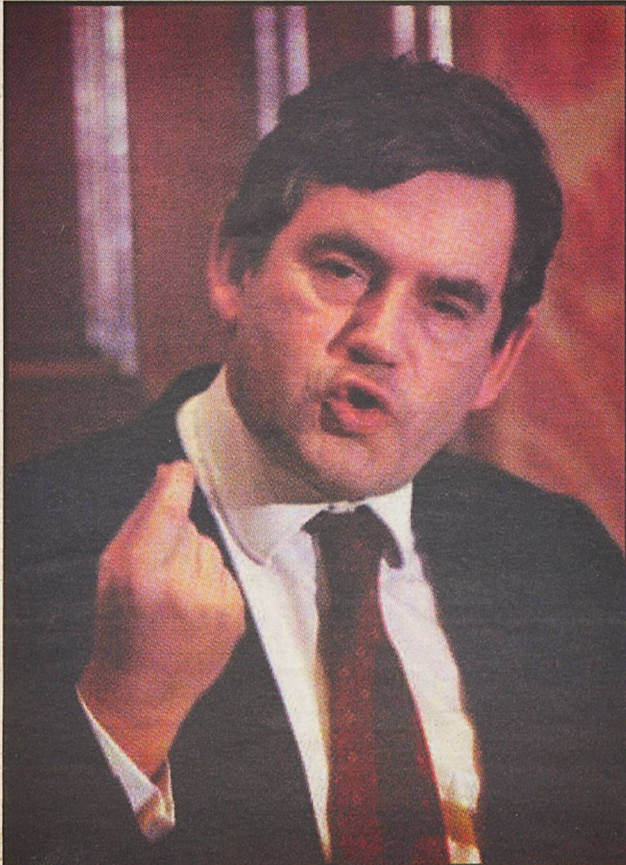


clinton comes to tea



and once we've finished with afghanistan...

words by jo kibble



desperate stand or as a stepping-stone to regain the vast swathes of Middle England that GAG has captured since 1994. Worries remain in the Alliance's camp that, whilst Brown may be losing the tactical conflict, he is winning the propaganda war. Concerns that his regular broadcasts on the Al-Campbell satellite channel may contain coded messages to supporters were confirmed after Brown described Blair as his 'best friend'. Luckily, the code was unsophisticated and easily cracked, hence the speedy rebuttal from Blair's spokesman, indicating that he was 'very pleased' with Brown's statement. 'Pleased' in the same way that Hitler was pleased to read the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, that is.

Easy as it is to be taken in by the apparently moderate, soothing words of Brown, we must always remember the true face of the regime he espouses. Claiming its legitimacy from the so-called 'Granita Pact' of 1994, an accord that was signed only in the fertile imagination of this fanatic, a Brownian government would undertake to oppress minorities and destroy progressive policies. A traditional target of Brown's malignancy has been the tribe of Spending Ministers, who he has forced to dress from head to toe in an all-encompassing, massively constraining piece of clothing known as a 'Prudence'. Furthermore, forced marriages have long been a hallmark of Brownism, these having often resulted in terrible cases of abuse - yet many of the offending partners have been permitted to marry again and again. The case of Capita, who abused innocents such as the Passport Agency and numerous Local Education Authorities, is well known. It is hoped that a speedy victory against the Brownites may prevent yet another potentially disastrous forced marriage: that between Balfour Beatty

There were those who said that this war should not be fought; those who said it was not inevitable; those who blame our own leaders for creating conflict through their own war-mongering. Such people massively underestimate the seriousness of the situation in which we find ourselves, lacking as they do any viable alternative to the policy now being pursued. For, whilst the dangers of action are great, the dangers of inaction are far greater: whilst our enemy has frightening strength, we can overcome. Those who look wishfully for cracks and wobbles within the coalition will look in vain; the Global Alliance against Gordon (GAG) has never been more united.

As I write, Commander-in-Chief Blair is being inundated with offers of support in his struggle from quarters that not so long ago would have been sworn enemies. Lieutenants Milburn, Byers, Morris and Cook have placed their not insignificant forces under his overall command; Air Marshal Prescott is preparing for a devastating suicide mission against key Brownian targets. Even the Independent Socialist Republic of Clare Short has grudgingly allowed her territory to be used as a base for limited tactical strikes, although she remains concerned that millions of British people will suffer from a starvation of policy initiatives this winter.

For make no mistake about it. This war will be long, difficult and bloody. The opposition's leader, the treacherous Brown, is highly skilled in guerrilla warfare, having spent many years crawling around in the undergrowth of the Scottish Labour Party. He is knowingly engaged in bolstering support in those few areas of the country that remain loyal to him. The appointment of ultra-loyalist Mullah McConnell as Commandant of the northern enclave known as 'Scotland' suggests that Brown will attempt to use this area as a base either for a last,



and Victoria Line. Brown would threaten regional security by pushing forward an isolationist economic policy, thus destroying carefully crafted diplomatic relationships with the neighbouring states of Wim and Romano. The Brownites' sole functioning embassy, at Cape Cod (Mass.), led by Ambassador Noam Chomsky, has repeatedly turned down invitations from the Blairistas to enter into the regional economic alliance. When questioned regarding this matter, Brown chooses to hide behind the flimsy screen of his fundamentalist 'Five Commandments', of which number one reads: 'Thou shalt not enter into a single currency unless thy people do wish thereto'. If taken in its literal sense, this ruling could lead to the long, painful death of the British manufacturing sector.

Yet what if the unthinkable were to happen? What if a carefully aimed Brownian Neo-Endogenous Soundbite is able to evade the Blairista Spin Shield and dislodges the Commander-in-Chief from his seat? Fear not. Aide-de-Camp Blunkett is currently being held safe in an undisclosed location (rumoured to be the Home Office, Whitehall) and is fully briefed to take over should it become necessary. Some unkind individuals may have questioned his commitment to the cause in the past, yet such claims remain unfounded. The rights of the individual would be entirely safe in his hands, for none is more attached

than he to the principle of habeas corpus, or at least none will be in five years time.

So rest assured, there is no realistic threat to the people of Britain. Life must go on as usual, however trying the circumstances. Our best defence against the Brownites is to spend - so, Estelle, we'll have three hundred shiny new schools; Alan, a hospital for every town; Clare, a Big Mac for every Afghan; Steven, shall we pay for the West Coast Mainline upgrade? We would caution, however, against too much spending on the part of consumers - it's dangerous out there on the streets and your pensions don't look that secure. Anyway, excessive consumer spending could lead to an upturn in the economy, which could only play into the Brownites' hands; just remember that never, in the field of human borrowing, has so much been owed by so many to so few loan sharks.

OK, that's the hard bit sorted out. Now about defeating the Taliban...

Jo Kibble is a Government student who gets strange pleasure from internecine warfare.

For the record, he supports Blunkett.

thousands of wannabe terrorists seek good home

words by angela koh

At the time of writing, Kandahar looked set to fall into Northern Alliance hands. News was reported of scores of Afghani Taliban militiamen being evacuated and sent back to their villages. Worryingly, there was no mention of the motley collection of foreign fighters who have gathered at the Taliban's door, hoping to save it. They are mostly from Pakistan - graduates of the fundamentalist Islamic schools that bred the Taliban. Some are from Chechnya, or from the Arab states of the Middle East; there are even a few from Britain who have answered Bin Laden's call to wage holy war.

The old civil war in Afghanistan has witnessed Afghans do battle with their fellow Afghans with a bone-gnashing, soul-wailing ferocity. Apparently, though, it is nothing compared to the ferocity Afghans reserve for outsiders (hell hath no fury like an Afghan who feels colonised). The revenge taken by the Northern Alliance in Kabul and other places have seen the foreign mujahideens singled out - reportedly, they were the only defenders left, their local allies having long fled and abandoned them to their fate. What then to do with these lost terrorists who no longer have a cause to fight for?

Unlike their native comrades in arms, it will not be easy for them to melt into the mountains or return to their villages and wait in hiding till they have an opportunity to strike again in the guerrilla warfare that now looks set to be southern Afghanistan's foreseeable future. Even if this was to be feasible for them (and by all accounts the people of Afghanistan at best only tolerated the presence of the Taliban's foreign allies before the harbouring of foreigners just

like of Osama brought American bombs over their heads), it surely is not a desirable option to allow them to take. The Northern Alliance leaders have granted that if another country will take them, she is welcome to. But what country in their right mind is going to offer asylum to thousands of avowed wannabe terrorists? Even Canada which has a famously tolerant approach to immigration (as opposed to the sheer xenophobia in Australian policies) is not exactly clamouring for die-hard fanatics who are quite reconciled to the idea of killing lots of innocent civilians.

But to leave them (despite the hand-wringing act of the Northern Alliance's commanders) is to let them face certain and probably brutal death. However enlightened the intentions of the Northern Alliance may be now, we have to keep in mind that they have been fighting a bitter civil war replete with atrocities and sundry butcheries on both sides. Shaking hands and making up is not exactly on the Northern Alliance's list of priorities even if they seem to have left off putting women in burqas. In fact, events in the aftermath of Kabul's capture suggest it's old-fashioned, blood-thirsty vengeance they are after. Despite this, the Americans are so far refusing to take prisoners. This washing of hands leaves them exposed to charges of being tantamount accomplices to the potential wholesale slaughter of these lost terrorists.

Oh, what a pity, but let's move on to the more deserving issue of, say, getting food to the innocent and long-suffering people. Perhaps it's hard to be sympathetic to the sort of men who have left their homes and travelled long distances for the privilege of defending one of the

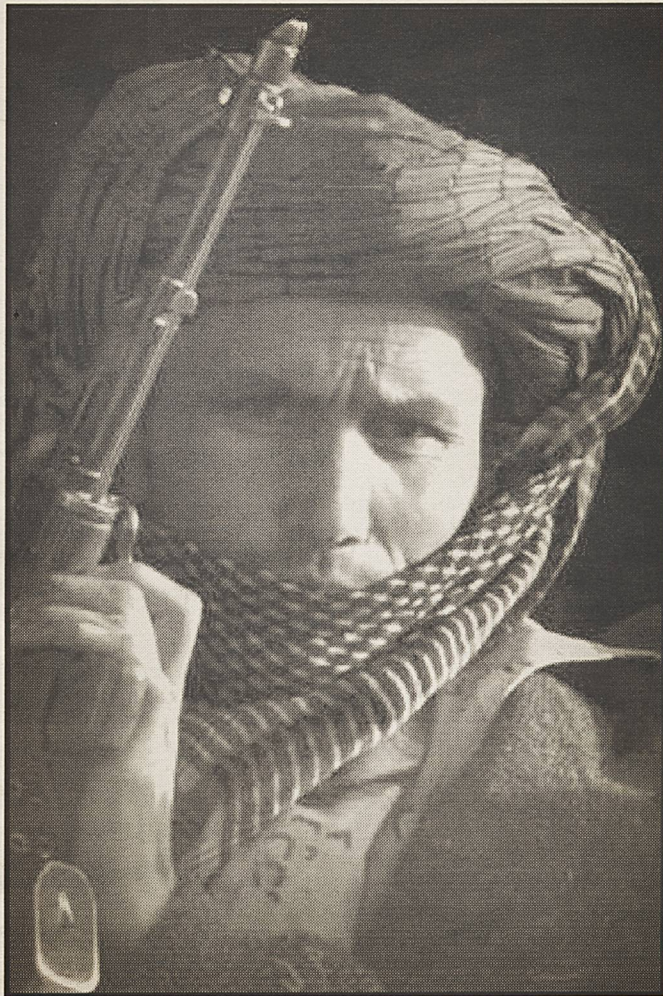
most wretched regimes to exist on the face of this earth. While it certainly won't do to coo over them and send the poor misguided dears to bed early for a week, letting them be massacred while we look the other way isn't the solution either.

For one thing, it doesn't make for a happy ending, does it? (Though the odds are it will be glossed over, or attributed as Britain's fault, in the inevitable Oscar-worthy epic by Hollywood... starring Russell Crowe as President Bush Jr. and Hugh Grant as Blair.)

Frankly, these are murderous fanatics we are talking about - the sort of bastards who rub their hands gleefully at the thought of 99 doe-eyed virgins waiting for them in heaven as they vie for the chance to blow up planes. Even if we were to send them to one of these delightful refugee centres in the middle of Cumbria that the Home Office is planning to set up (which one could argue is a fate slightly preferable to having your eyeballs sliced up by an unforgiving Uzbek), they'd probably want to start stoning the local women.

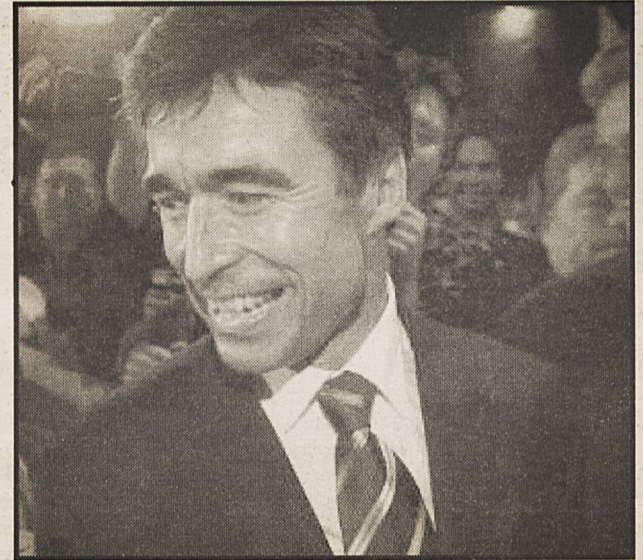
Clearly, this is going to be one of those awful moral quandaries that provoke the instinct to hum and look out the window till it goes away. The problem is that the scenery nowadays isn't terribly reassuring or all that pleasant: Anthrax! Famine in North Korea! Unrest in Zimbabwe! That International Criminal Court looks awfully handy right about now.

This is Angela Koh's third article for b:link.



both of these men are called rasmussen

words by catherine baker



Scandinavia can never be said to electrify European politics very often. When it can, it's usually because the mood lighting in a European Commissioner's new office came from Ikea.

Which means that, in other circumstances, the recent general election in Denmark might have been best approached by an adaptation of the publishing industry's rule of thumb about quoting equations in pop-science books: for every mention of the words 'Danish election', the readership will drop by one half.

Which means it's something of a risk even to print this at all, but the now-outgoing Prime Minister, Poul Nyrup Rasmussen, would know about taking a gamble or two: with more than half a year left before his term of office expired, he called a snap election on the grounds that in the new international situation, 'four months of campaigning would not be good for Denmark.' Four months of campaigning might not do all that much for Britain, either, with our streets submerged under a soggy mass of discarded Special Election Supplements from the broadsheet press and identikit glossy leaflets handed out in the shopping centre and thrown away on the spot, but it's probably safe to say that wherever al-Qa'ida might have regrouped, their battle plan to bring down western civilisation is unlikely to be affected by whether or not the Danish Prime Minister is talking to old ladies in Aarhus about the hospitals today.

And so, claiming the need for 'increased cohesion and solidarity', Rasmussen went to the country, rely-

ing on opinion polls that showed popular approval for his leadership style after 11 September had reversed the downward trend of support for his Social Democratic Party. Yet other preoccupations, after the attack on America, appear to be weighing more heavily on Danish minds: the main theme of the truncated campaign emerged as policy on immigration and refugees, four months of which - at least one of Rasmussen's political calculations hit the mark - is quite enough for anyone. Parliamentary power now belongs to the centre-right, also led by a Rasmussen.

It should probably be stressed that Poul Nyrup and Anders Fogh, his replacement as Prime Minister, aren't related. If, however, there turns out to have been a particularly insatiable Mr Rasmussen several generations ago about whom neither of them yet know, then one could quite profitably start selling ringside tickets to this year's Rasmussen Christmas dinner. A free-marketeer rather than a hard-line conservative, Anders Fogh nonetheless tapped into a rising sense of unease about immigration to Denmark, already a political football before 11 September by promising stricter controls on the welfare system to avoid its abuse by immigrants. Despite the rather striking physical resemblance he bears to Austria's Jörg Haider, leader of the controversial FPÖ, Rasmussen the Slightly Darker Haired (possibilities for Scandinavian nicknames really aren't what they were in Viking days) is far from exemplifying another Demon of the European Far Right.

When you have politicians like

Pia Kjaersgaard around, on the other hand, you needn't do it yourself.

Paradoxically in a region whose permissive, liberal traditions are almost as well-known as its taste in minimalist stripped-pine furniture, Kjaersgaard's advocacy of a total freeze on refugees enjoys the support of just over 10% of the Danish population, not quite elevating her to Haider-esque levels of popularity but putting her on a par with the French National Front. In August her Danish People's Party took out an advertisement in the country's top broadsheet newspaper to publish the names of 5,000 recent immigrants granted Danish citizenship, while the events of 11 September have, unfortunately, played straight into her hands: a 'holy war', she says, should be declared on Islam. Following the fundamental rule of far-right propagandists that nothing should be left to the imagination, one DPP poster depicts a winsome Danish child, as flaxen-haired as a *Sound of Music* extra, and the caption: 'When she retires, Denmark will have a Muslim majority'. Her fears are echoed by Mogens Camre, one of her MEPs, who has stated that 'they're waiting till there are enough of them to get rid of us.'

No government posts, we were reassured this week, are in the offing for the Danish People's Party. To have invited Kjaersgaard into the cabinet would have left Denmark open to the same EU sanctions imposed on Austria after Haider entered a similar coalition with the centre-right in 1999: Danish applicants would not be recommended for posts on EU committees, and while Denmark would still be included in EU-wide gatherings, bilateral visits by other heads of state would cease. Still, the vagaries of proportional representation mean that the former nursing-home assistant is unlikely to need an official

portfolio to wreak her brand of inflammatory havoc: despite knocking the Social Democrats down from the place as Denmark's largest party which they had occupied since 1924, the Liberal-Conservative alliance still falls short of the 90 seats necessary to win a parliamentary majority. The most likely solution is a Liberal accommodation with the DPP; or as Kjaersgaard put it after the election result was announced, 'We are in charge now.'

The Austrian parallel, of course, shouldn't be over-emphasised. Rasmussen - that is, Rasmussen the New - has assuaged concerns to an extent by pledging that he will seek support from the right wing or the left as the situation demands; but he may not find the left so willing to assist him in making the government appear inclusive. The immigration debate, meanwhile, remains defined in Kjaersgaard terms, with the chord her rhetoric strikes with the anxieties of many Danes producing what is, for British observers, an all too famil-

iar race to the bottom. A Liberal minister, discussing the abolition of an automatic entitlement for immigrants to bring over their families, singled out Turks, Pakistanis and Somalis for criticism, while assuring that Americans who marry Danes would still receive residence permits because 'they don't move their homeland to Denmark'; one Social Democrat proposal last year was that asylum-seekers should be quarantined on an island in the Baltic Sea.

Danish social integration, one might be tempted to think, might make faster progress if Pia Kjaersgaard was sent to winter there instead.

Catherine Baker is the joint editor of b:link.

(but only one depends on parliamentary support from a woman who wants to wage holy war on islam)

a third world

experience



words by tyler cavell

It was in August of this year that I found myself leaning against a crumpled wall in a crumbling hospital in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. It was over 35 degrees. Perspiring walls staggered with feeble malaria victims as well as hostages of hunger. As I stood hunched on the third floor, I realized that the first

will never grow. Forty-five minutes above the big city of Tegucigalpa, lies lazy Coral.

Coral sits uneasily upon solid rock. Gardens do not grow here. Instead garbage and skeleton-thin yelping dogs are rooted here. The people that inhabit this hilly land are called 'squatters'. This name denotes the fact that the land they live on does not in fact belong to them. The land these nomads ruefully roam is no more than a sandbox of false hope. The arable land below is owned by Dole Fruits and other irresponsible corporations.

As a student at Canada's Huron University, I joined our leading Political Science Professors to study the realities of the Third World through relief work.

We lived in a well-kept brick long house with rusty bunk beds and wonderful local people. At 5:30 we rose with the roosters to digest porridge and beans. By 7:00 AM our climbs to the most peripheral and poorest slopes of Honduras were greeted with daily exhaustion. By 12:00 p.m. dehydration and adrenaline gave us a natural high. A finished roof or the start of a new latrine provided sober hope.

Women, with up to eight children scraped and slipped to suffering trees that offered petty protection from hail that beats at your skin like stones washing jeans. Occasionally, beneath the glare of a relentless, sickening sun the staggering shade of a drunken husband greeted our sweaty eye-brows dead-on.

After my third refusal to escort this particular father of starving children to buy cocaine in the village, he grabbed a shovel and began hacking through the rock to reach two-meters below to build a latrine.

At that juncture, it occurred to me that my 'missionary' disposition had taken the power from the father of his household. While Jorge could not provide the cement, shovels, city planners, or water for the construction of a latrine for his family, he did possess the heart and the willpower. With our support and his efforts we built a latrine for his family.

While our daily rituals of digging latrines and building roofs were physically taxing, the cerebral exercises at night were stimulating. Surrounded by our most thought provoking professors, my twelve teammates and I were young

entrepreneurs building at the grass-roots level. We accomplished. We studied with perspective. We were prepared.

Three months before departing for Honduras, we decided to raise money. Through the support of key corporations and our former Conservative Prime Minister, Brian Mulroney, our team raised over \$25,000 Canadian dollars.

We used the money to pay for our staples as beans, peanut butter and rice. We also started a bank. Modeled after the Grameen Bank in India, our money paid for the education of women. They were taught basic cottage industry skills that they now practice in opening small micro enterprises (SMEs).

Through basic empowerment, over twenty women in Coral have worked together to open a shop that sells their wares as pickled carrots or homemade dresses. The women have also successfully invested \$3,000 Canadian dollars to consult and create with specialists a bank to fund future shops.

The women are earning enough money to feed and clothe their children. After bare necessities are taken care of, education is the next most important thing. Without education, the people of Coral have no way of entering into any democracy or even considering itself autonomous.

Without a literacy rate and education standard that facilitates a population active in its government, charities, workforce, and cultural mosaic, Coral will remain behind, starving in a veritable sandbox on the hill.

All of the arable land below has been taken over; first by colonizers and currently by transnational corporations (TNCs) as Chiquita Banana or Dole Fruits.

This is not to say that global corporations are bad. I have worked for a couple that are very positive contributors to the developing countries that they invest in. However, in this case, select corporations have taken over the land that is habitable, converted it to cash crops, and shoved the indigenous people up to 'squat' in the mountains.

As world students we cannot stand for this.

In 1997, John Boli and George M. Thomas penned pages for American Sociological Review on "World Culture

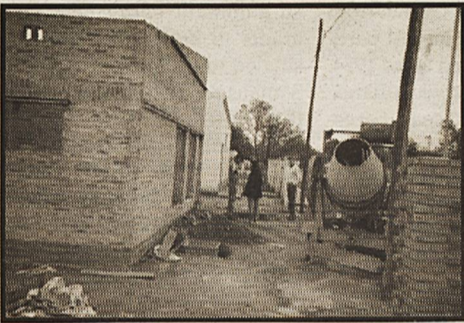
in the World Polity: A Century of International Non-Governmental Organization." The publication highlights that since 1850, more than 25,000 private, not-for-profit organizations with a focus on international humanity and rights have debuted on the world stage. As the report discerns, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights denotes that a global citizen's rights transcend national boundaries.

The London School of Economics has students from 150 different countries. You transcend national boundaries.

If it is true that we are amongst the top minds of the global schools in this world, then we have a real opportunity to transcend national borders by promoting humanity. It is possible. Our team proved it this summer.

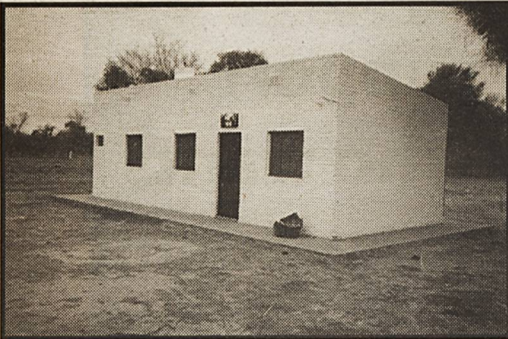
The project appears to be successful. Accomplishments include: constructing of latrines for ten families; erecting of two roofs; providing full workshops for over twenty women; facilitating SMEs; and a bank that grows today.

Tyler is now pursuing another challenging project as Editorial Assistant for b:link.



two floors of the hospital and its patients were drowned in Hurricane Mitch.

Tegucigalpa, pounded by poverty and overpopulation is surrounded by sun soaked, barren mountains dripping with sun-dried mud huts, enclosed with human waste. Latrines are non-existent. Water is undrinkable and forests have been slashed and burned for crops that



when clinton

words by maidah ahmad

came for tea

It has many a time been asked why is America hated so much, why is America blamed for many of the world's problems, why are there factions dedicated to the destruction of America and rejoice in its miseries? The answers are complex, but, yet again, so simple that they are hard to believe. At the centre lie two of the most fundamental characteristics of human nature: humiliation and pride.

Bill Clinton's tour of Bangladesh last year provoked a storm of opposition. Initially it was assumed that the main purpose of the trip was to pay homage to the Grameen Bank's microcredit programme, which both Hillary and Bill had often praised at international events. A slightly bigger incentive may have been the bidding war by US oil companies - primarily Occidental and Unocal - over massive untapped gas reserves in Bangladesh. US oil is the most effective player in the ongoing auction of key Bangladeshi gas licences. In 1996 American investments in Bangladeshi oil and gas exploration was \$20 million; by 1999 it had rocketed to \$700 million. It should be noted that this increase in 'investment' came at a time when disparities between rich and poor reached stratospheric levels. The arguments supporting and opposing US exploration in Bangladesh will not be examined within this article, but you need not look further to prove the existence of American imperialism in the 21st century.

Leftist activists in Bangladesh were clearly aware of and appre-

hensive about the real reasons for Clinton's visit. Two years beforehand, continuous street protests by the opposition Bangladesh National Party (BNP) forced the government to take action. Home Affairs Minister Mohammad Nasim, Dr Mohammed Yunus, head of the Grameen Bank, and US Ambassador John Holzman were dispatched to 'talk sense' to the BNP. Everything had to perfect for this visit.

Despite all attempts of controlling any form of opposition to the visit, the US security team came to the conclusion that Dhaka was a city in the midst of civil war and a haven for international terrorists. In the two months leading up to Clinton's trip, Dhaka was visited by a 'US Site Survey Team', a 'Pre-Advance Team' and finally an 'Advance Team'. White House officials talked openly about their lack of confidence in the Bangladeshi government's ability to manage security. Purely alarmist US press reports (later discredited) about Osama bin Laden possibly extending his training camp into Bangladesh fuelled this paranoia (similar to what was experienced with the bioterror panic recently).

The Americans demanded and received: a five-hour block on all flights to the airport; barricades preventing any trucks from entering Dhaka; and a special force of 12,000 Bangladeshi police and soldiers deployed through the city. Where in any other country has a conversion of a city into a US garrison occurred?

Joipura, a small, quiet village, had been designated as the centre-

piece of the Clinton visit to enable him to experience authentic Bangladesh. As can be predicted, Joipura was ruined in the madness of preparation. The precious social, cultural and economic dimensions of the village were ruined as the entire village was remade, including the construction of a 'royal toilet' (just in case Clinton needed to relieve himself during the 20 minutes or so he would be in Joipura). The village was also kept under strict armed guard. During the Eid holiday, a time of great festivity, no children played in the streets, no greetings and presents were conveyed to family and relatives throughout the village, no feasting occurred. Why you may ask? Because nobody was allowed to leave the village or their home (unless absolutely necessary) - just in case they managed to somehow connect with an international cabal of Muslim terrorists!

At 11pm, the night before the grand day, the White House security chief abruptly announced that Clinton's visit to the village would have to be cancelled. All the preparations had gone to waste. No apologies were given to the children who had for hours been rehearsing dance routines, lyrics in plays and songs not to mention the words to 'The Star-Spangled Banner'. The explanation given was that the White House felt the forest Clinton would have to fly over was not adequately secured. Terrorists could use it to launch a rocket attack. In the tumult of the next few hours, no official had the courage to ask: why was quiet Bangladesh, which had never been linked to any act of terrorism, suddenly such an object of fear? The answer, as local journalist Farida Akhtar explains, 'lies in the number one source of American paranoia: Islam. Bangladesh is 83% Muslim. And when the US President comes calling, Muslims are a problem. They cannot be trusted at all. The American idea is that every house here is training Osama bin Ladens!'

By the time Clinton's plane touched down on 20 March, Dhaka was a ghost town. City dwellers were trapped at home for the entire day, all major roads were

barricaded and the steel boots of police kept protestors off the streets. Left to greet Clinton were streets empty but for hundreds of carefully placed flag-waving school children. The Americans felt no shame whatsoever for their arrogance when claiming that as Clinton was unable to go to the village, the village should be brought to him! And so, the masters' wishes were granted. A hundred villagers including the performers were transported to the embassy in Dhaka to entertain Clinton.

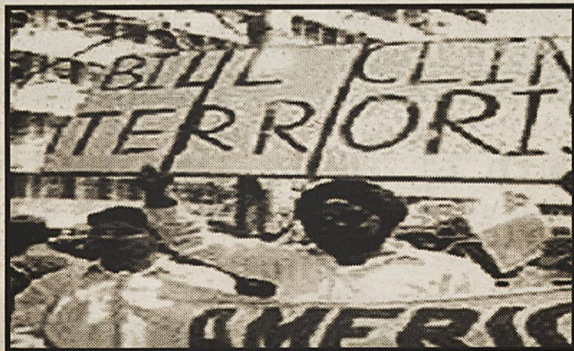
A further snub by the Americans was regarded as the most severe of insults, one that could not be reconciled within the hearts of the Bangladeshis. This was the cancellation of another part of the trip - this time to Bangladesh's 1970 war memorial; the reason being that the US would not be willing to apologise for supporting the genocidal war which occurred in 1971, the delayed recognition of Bangladesh as a sovereign nation and the withholding of a vital grain shipment which might have helped prevent the 1974 famine.

Therefore, it is all too easy to say 'why worry about the past, it is the future that matters' when people continue to suffer from the racist, selfish actions of powerful

states. The trip is estimated to have cost anything from \$30 million to \$100 million. All this for a trip that lasted 10 hours and was primarily spent sitting in the US embassy compound. The deep humiliation and loss of self-worth is still evident within the hearts and minds of Joipura residents, not to mention the economic repercussions from the loss of farmland which was destroyed in the preparations.

America, to a large extent, has created its own problems. Before Clinton's offensive actions, very rarely would you hear anti-American chants; anti-transnational corporations maybe, but not specifically anti-American. Very rarely would you see the support that certain groups within Bangladesh voiced for the Taliban or Bin Laden. Very rarely would you hear claims that the West was embarking on a crusade against Islam. The world for Bangladesh changed, not on 11 September, but when Clinton came for tea.

Maidah Ahmad is
b:link international editor.



Week 9 (3rd - 9th, Dec), update
Brought to you by LSE Students Union Entertainments



Monday 3rd December: LSE Cinema feat The Mexican



New Theatre
6 pm

LSE Students £1
Free with Ents and
Gold Card

**Tuesday 4th December: STA Quiz. pre Ball party in the Quad
And the LSE SU Christmas Ball @ The Rock**

Brilliant Quiz night in the Three Tuns, freebies
and £50 for the winners. 8 pm



Come down for a
drink, enjoy good
music and maybe get
a last minute date for
the ball, this night is
doomed to rock



Welcome to the first ever LSE
Students Union Christmas
Ball Hosted by one of
London's most reputable
clubs, and featuring your fa-
vourite music this night will
stay in History!

Wednesday 5th December: Karaoke in the Tuns

The LSE phenomenon, Toned bodies and vocal talents come
into play for the LSE sporty Karaoke night. In the Three Tuns

**Friday 7th December: Crush featuring the return of Swing Ting in the
Underground Bar**

Hit and Cheesy music upstairs and Lse's favourite RnB,
Hip Hop and Garage music delivered by Swing Tings DJs

SEE SOME FILMS!

FILMS FROM NOV 30

CLAPHAM PICTURE HOUSE

76 Venn Street, SW4 (info 020-7498 2242, booking 020-7498 3323). £6.50, mems £4-£5.50, Mon/Tue-Fri before 6pm £5, mems/NUS/OAP/ES40 Tue-Fri before 6pm £4, under 14 £3.
 Apocalypse Now Redux (15) Progs 12.15pm (Sat/Sun), 4pm, 7.45pm.
 Bonnie Et Clyde/Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid (18) Progs Sun noon.
 Ghost World (15) Progs 2pm (not Sun), 6.45pm.
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 11.30am (Sat/Sun), 2.30pm, 5.30pm, 8.30pm.
 Help! I'm A Fish (U) Progs Sat 11.15am.
 The Others (12) Progs 4.30pm, 9.10pm.
 Storytelling (18) Progs 1.20pm, 3.20pm, 5.20pm, 7.20pm, 9.20pm.

CURZON SOHO

93-107 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (info 0871 871 0022, booking 020-7734 2255). £8, Mon/Tue-Fri before 5pm/concs Tue-Thur/Sun specials £5, child £4.
 Amélie (15) Progs 5pm.
 The Devil's Backbone (15) Progs noon, 2.15pm (not Sun), 6.50pm (not Tue/Wed), 7.40pm (Tue/Wed), 9.15pm (not Tue/Wed), 9.30pm (Tue/Wed).
 Eloge de l'amour (PG) Progs 12.40pm (not Sat/Sun), 2.50pm, 7.25pm, 9.30pm.
 Ghost World (15) Progs 12.15pm (not Sun), 4.30pm.
 Lift To The Scaffold (18) Progs Sun 12.30pm.
 Once Upon A Time In The West (Re-issue) (15) Progs Sun noon.
 Plein Soleil (PG) Progs Sun 2.10pm.
 Serious About Shorts (NC) Progs Sat 12.30pm, Tue 6.30pm.

THE EVERYMAN HAMPSTEAD

Holly Bush Vale, NW3 (7431 1777). £12, stalls/love seats per person £6.80, Mon/NUS/OAP/ES40 Mon-Fri/Sun double bills £5.
 The Deep End (15) Progs Sat 3.15pm.
 The Devil's Backbone (15) Progs 6.15pm, 8.45pm.
 The Spider's Stratagem/The Conformist (PG)/(18) Progs Sun 2pm.
 The Young Magician (PG) Progs Sat 10.45am.

ODEON CAMDEN TOWN

14 Parkway, NW1 (0870 505 0007). £7, OAP before 5pm £4.50, Mon-Fri before 5pm/Tue £4.50.
 Apocalypse Now Redux (15) Progs Fri/Sat 9.05pm, Sun 8.10pm, Mon-Thur 7.35pm.
 The Devil's Backbone (15) Progs 1.25pm (Mon-Thur), 1.30pm (Fri-Sun), 3.50pm, 6.25pm, 8.50pm, 11.15pm (Fri/Sat).
 Ghost World (15) Progs Fri/Sat 11.10pm.
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs Fri-Sun 11.50am, 3pm, 6.10pm, 9.20pm, Mon-Thur 1.55pm, 5.10pm, 8.20pm.
 Heist (15) Progs 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm (Fri-Sun), 8.45pm (Mon-Thur).
 The Others (12) Progs Fri/Sat 2.05pm, 4.25pm, 6.45pm, Sun 1.15pm, 3.30pm, 5.50pm, Mon-Thur 12.35pm, 2.55pm, 5.15pm.
 Spy Game (15) Progs Fri-Sun 12.30pm, 3.15pm, 5.55pm, 8.35pm, 11.20pm (Fri/Sat), Mon-Thur 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 5.50pm, 8.30pm.

ODEON COVENT GARDEN

135 Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (0870 505 0007).

Listings nicked from the Evening Standard's tribute to Time Out, Hot Tickets.

Their listings also include other stuff going on in London such as gigs, theatre, and art exhibitions where people have made pictures of mountain goats using a mixture of their own bodily fluids and condensation collected from car windows.



£8, concs/Mon/Tue-Fri before 5pm £5.

Amélie (15) Progs 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 5.45pm (not Wed), 8.30pm.
 The Devil's Backbone (15) Progs 1.05pm, 3.35pm, 6.10pm, 8.35pm.
 Heist (15) Progs 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 6.20pm, 8.45pm.
 Storytelling (18) Progs 1.35pm, 3.50pm, 6.35pm (not Thur), 9pm (not Thur).

ODEON KENSINGTON

263 Kensington High Street, W8 (0870 505 0007). £8.20, ES40 Mon-Fri £5.20, Mon-Fri before 5pm £5, OAP Mon-Fri £4.80, NUS Mon-Fri/child £4.50, family £19.
 Bandits (12) Progs 12.05pm, 2.45pm, 5.30pm, 8.15pm, 11.10pm (Fri/Sat).
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 10.20am (Sat/Sun), 12.15pm, 1.35pm, 3.35pm, 4.50pm, 6.50pm, 8.05pm, 10.15pm (Sat), 11.15pm (Fri/Sat).
 Heist (15) Progs 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 6.15pm, 8.45pm, 11.20pm (Fri/Sat).
 The Others (12) Progs 12.55pm, 3.25pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm, 11.05pm (Fri/Sat).
 Spy Game (15) Progs noon, 2.50pm, 5.40pm, 8.30pm, 11.25pm (Fri/Sat).

ODEON LEICESTER SQUARE

40 Leicester Square, WC2 (0870 505 0007). £10-£11, Mon-Fri before 5pm/under-15s £6-£6.50.
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 10am, 1.30pm, 5.05pm, 8.35pm, midnight (Fri/Sat).

ODEON MARBLE ARCH

10 Edgware Road, W2 (0870 505 0007). £8, Mon-Fri before 5pm/OAP/NUS (Mon-Thur)/child £5.50.
 Bandits (12) Progs 12.25pm, 3.10pm, 5.55pm, 8.45pm, 11.35pm (Fri/Sat).
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs Fri/Sat/Mon-Thur 11am, 12.30pm (Fri/Sat), 1pm (Mon-Thur), 2.30pm, 3.40pm (Fri/Sat), 4.10pm (Mon-Thur), 5.40pm, 6.50pm (Fri/Sat), 7.20pm (Mon-Thur), 8.50pm, 10.10pm (Fri/Sat), midnight (Fri/Sat), Sun 1pm, 4.10pm, 7.20pm.
 The Others (12) Progs 1.30pm, 4pm, 6.30pm, 9.05pm, 11.35pm (Fri/Sat).
 Spy Game (15) Progs 12.30pm, 3.15pm, 6pm, 8.50pm, 11.40pm (Fri/Sat).

ODEON MEZZANINE

24-26 Leicester Square, WC2 (0870 505 0007).

£8, Mon-Fri before 5pm/under-15s £5.

America's Sweethearts (12) Progs 1.25pm, 3.50pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm.
 Bridget Jones's Diary (15) Progs 1.40pm, 3.55pm, 6.20pm, 8.45pm.
 John Carpenter's Ghosts Of Mars (15) Progs 1.20pm, 3.30pm, 6.05pm, 8.35pm.
 The Man Who Wasn't There (15) Progs 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 5.50pm, 8.30pm.
 Moulin Rouge (12) Progs 12.05pm, 2.50pm, 5.35pm, 8.25pm.

ODEON SWISS COTTAGE

96 Finchley Road, NW3 (0870 505 0007). £7, Mon-Fri before 5pm/Sat/Sun before 2pm/NUS/child £4.50, Mon-Fri before 5pm/Sat/Sun before 2pm/OAP £4.
 Bandits (12) Progs 12.45pm (Sat/Sun), 2.15pm (not Sat/Sun), 3.25pm (Sat/Sun), 6.05pm, 8.45pm.
 Ghost World (15) Progs 3.45pm, 8.50pm.
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs Fri/Mon-Thur 1pm, 1.45pm, 4.15pm, 5pm, 7.30pm, 8.15pm, Sat/Sun 11am, 1.10pm, 2.10pm, 4.20pm, 5.20pm, 7.30pm, 8.30pm.
 Me Without You (15) Progs 1.35pm, 6.30pm.
 The Others (12) Progs 4pm, 8.55pm.
 The Piano Teacher (18) Progs 1.10pm, 6.10pm.
 Spy Game (15) Progs Fri/Mon-Thur 2.35pm, 5.55pm, 8.35pm, Sat/Sun 12.45pm, 3.25pm, 6.05pm, 8.45pm.

ODEON TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

Tottenham Court Road, W1 (0870 505 0007). £8, Mon Et Tue-Fri before 5pm/child/OAP/NUS £5.
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs Fri/Mon-Thur 2.05pm, 5.40pm, 8.50pm, Sat/Sun 11.35am, 2.40pm, 5.50pm, 9pm.
 The Man Who Wasn't There (15) Progs Fri/Sat midnight.
 The Others (12) Progs 1.35pm, 4.10pm, 7pm, 9.30pm, 11.45pm (Fri/Sat).
 Spy Game (15) Progs 1.05pm, 3.45pm, 6.30pm, 9.15pm, 11.55pm (Fri/Sat).

ODEON WARDOUR STREET

10 Wardour Street, W1 (0870 505 0007). £7.50, Mon/Tue-Fri before 5pm/OAP/child £4.50.
 Amélie (15) Progs 1pm, 3.35pm, 6.05pm, 8.40pm.
 Brotherhood Of The Wolf (15) Progs 12.10pm, 3pm, 5.40pm, 8.25pm.
 Ghost World (15) Progs 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm,

8.50pm.

The Piano Teacher (18) Progs 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 5.50pm, 8.30pm.

ODEON WEST END

40 Leicester Square, WC2 (0870 505 0007). £10, Mon-Fri before 5pm/NUS/OAP/child £6.
 Spy Game (15) Progs 12.20pm, 1.10pm, 3pm, 4pm, 5.40pm, 6.45pm, 8.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm (Fri/Sat).

RENOIR

Brunswick Centre, WC1 (info 020-7837 8402, booking 020-7837 8402). £6.80, Mon-Fri first showing £4.50, concs first showing only £3.
 Eloge de l'amour (PG) Progs 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.45pm, 9pm.
 The Piano Teacher (18) Progs 1pm, 3.30pm, 6.10pm, 8.50pm.

SCREEN ON BAKER STREET

96-98 Baker Street, W1 (020-7935 2772). £6.95, concs £5.95, child £4.95, under-threes free.
 Storytelling (18) Progs 3pm, 5pm, 7pm, 9pm.
 Zoolander (12) Progs 3.10pm, 5.10pm, 7.10pm, 9.10pm.

SCREEN ON THE GREEN

83 Upper Street, N1 (020-7226 3520). £6.95, concs £5.95, child £4.95, under-threes free.
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 2.25pm, 5.30pm, 8.40pm.

SCREEN ON THE HILL

203 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (020-7435 3366). £6.95, concs £5.95, child £4.95, under-threes free.
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs 2.25pm, 5.30pm, 8.35pm.

THE TRICYCLE CINEMA

269 Kilburn High Road, NW6 (info 020-7328 1000). £6.50, Mon/Mon-Fri before 5pm £4, child £3, NUS/OAP/ES40 £1 off Mon-Fri before 8pm, Sat/Sun before 5pm, Tue 7pm pay what you can.
 Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15) Progs Thur 2.30pm.
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs Fri/Mon/Wed/Thur 2.30pm (Fri), 5.30pm, 8.30pm, Sat/Sun 1pm, 3.45pm, 6.30pm, Tue 2pm, 5pm.

UCI EMPIRE LEICESTER SQUARE

5-6 Leicester Square, WC2 (0870 010 2030).

£7.50-£9.50, Fri/Mon-Thur before 5pm/OAP/child £5-£6.

American Pie 2 (15) Progs Fri-Wed 1.40pm, 3.55pm, 6.20pm (not Tue), 8.50pm.
 Apocalypse Now Redux (15) Progs 10.45am (Fri/Sat), 3pm, 7.15pm.
 Enigma (15) Progs 3.20pm, 6pm, 8.30pm.

UCI WHITELEYS

Queensway, W2 (0870 010 2030). £8, Mon-Fri before 5pm £5.75, OAP/child Mon-Thur £5, before 5pm £4, NUS Mon-Thur £4.50.
 Bandits (12) Progs 11.20am (Sat/Sun), 3.10pm, 6.10pm, 9pm.
 Bande a part (PG) Progs Tue 7pm.
 Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG) Progs noon, 1pm, 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 4.30pm, 5pm, 7pm, 8pm, 8.30pm.
 Heist (15) Progs 1.20pm, 4.10pm, 6.50pm, 9.20pm.
 The Others (12) Progs 11.15am (Sat/Sun), 2.30pm, 6.30pm (not Tue), 9.40pm.
 Shrek (U) Progs Sat 11am.
 Spy Game (15) Progs 11.40am (Sat/Sun), 2.50pm, 5.50pm, 9.10pm.
 Zoolander (12) Progs 12.30pm, 3.50pm, 6.40pm, 9.30pm.

UGC TROCADERO

13 Coventry Street, W1 (0870 907 0716). £8.50, ES40/OAP/NUS (Mon-Fri) £6, child £5, family Mon-Fri £20, Sat/Sun £22, 40p booking fee per ticket.
 Atlantis (U) Progs Sat/Sun 12.30pm, 2.35pm.
 Baby Boy (15) Progs noon (Fri/Mon-Thur), 2.40pm, 5.15pm, 8.05pm, 11.45pm (Fri/Sat).
 Bandits (12) Progs 2.20pm, 5.20pm, 8.15pm, 11.10pm (Fri/Sat).
 Jay And Silent Bob Strike Back (18) Progs Fri/Sat 1.40pm, 4.10pm, 6.45pm, 9.15pm, midnight, Sun-Thur 1.35pm, 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.45pm.
 Kiss Of The Dragon (18) Progs 9pm, 11.10pm (Fri/Sat).
 Legally Blonde (12) Progs 12.15pm (Fri/Mon-Thur), 2.30pm (Fri/Mon-Thur), 4.40pm, 6.45pm.
 The Others (12) Progs 1pm, 4.10pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm, 11pm (Fri/Sat).
 Storytelling (18) Progs 1.40pm (not Sun), 4pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm, 11pm (Fri/Sat).
 Thunderbirds VI (U) Progs Sat/Sun noon, 2pm.
 Zoolander (12) Progs Fri/Sat 11.55am, 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.45pm, 9pm, 11.30pm, Sun-Thur 1.50pm, 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.35pm.

Surprising as it may seem, the Evening Standard is also available during the day, and not just after dusk.

Buy it from the warm SU Shop for 20p from Smiley Steve or try your luck with a wind-battered Cockney wideboy on the Aldwych who will take 35p from you.

Apocalypse Now Redux 18

"The horror. The horror". Now that *Apocalypse Now*, never the easiest film to watch in the first place, has been made nearly an hour longer, these last words from Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando) become all the more appropriate. Over the course of Francis Ford Coppola's Vietnam epic, the audience is increasingly drawn into the hallucinatory world of Willard (Martin Sheen) as he is assigned a mission to travel upriver and terminate the renegade Kurtz 'with extreme prejudice'. This remarkably simple storyline, based on the Joseph Conrad novella *Heart of Darkness*, allows Coppola to supply scene after scene of legendary cinema.

The benefits of paying to see *Redux* on the big screen become apparent during its opening sequence. A stretch of forest being incinerated by napalm and set against the music of The Doors begins the process of audience desensitisation and disorientation. The simple device of having a ceiling fan making the noise of helicopter blades brings us out of this nightmare and into Willard's own personal, alcohol-fuelled hell. Walter Murch was responsible for the film's sound design and his work was nothing short of revolutionary back in 1979. Now, fully re-mastered, it is still shocking in its realism and its ability to completely bombard the listener from all angles. The incredibly filmed helicopter attack is famously set against Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries*, which now sounds even more bombastic and considerably less tinny. This whole scene is remarkable in its scope and intensity and is almost cheapened by its now over-familiar coda: "I love the smell of napalm in the morning". Apart from the big musical set-pieces Murch also provided an array of dazzling sound effects - from the relentless throb of the helicopters to the river's own deceptively peaceful ambience.

The use of helicopter and boat as Willard's means of transport gives the director of photography, Vittorio Storaro, a great deal of scope. His panoramic shots of the 'Vietnamese' landscape (the film was shot in the Philippines) are breathtakingly rich in colour and depth, giving the scenery an alien quality when set against the invading US military hardware.

Most critics have agreed that the original *Apocalypse Now* did indeed sound and look good, but become divided over the issue of plot and characterisation. *Redux* aims to improve in these areas with the additional hour of footage. This, however, achieves mixed success by turning the film into an almost unbearable endurance test - much like Willard's own mission.

In some areas the film is definitely improved, most notably in the performance of its difficult 'star', Marlon Brando. His portrayal of Kurtz was always a disappointment in the original *Apocalypse Now*, hard to reconcile with Brando's enormous fee. Yet in *Redux* Kurtz says and does so much more, making the difficulty of Willard's mission to assassinate the Colonel painfully obvious.

"scene after scene of legendary cinema"

The lighting of these concluding scenes, with the mercurial Kurtz taunting Willard, is superb - Kurtz's face is not initially revealed in full, instead only a portion of the dome of his bald head is illuminated in golden candlelight. The impact of this is matched only by the later image of Willard rising out of the smoky water, face camouflaged, eyes intense and focused. Dennis Hopper's performance as a freelance photographer is somewhat annoying during these later scenes, although his unnerving quirkiness gives a good idea of Kurtz's power when Willard first arrives.

The most talked-about *Redux* scene takes place on a French plantation and is an attempt to politically charge a tale which, in all fairness, does little to address the plight of its 'native' people. It fails however - the dialogue is uninspired, Willard is clearly no philosopher and the whole setting seems a century out of date. More successful is a scene where the Playboy playmates

are re-introduced after their earlier show. Some oil barrels are exchanged for an hour with the girls, and the ensuing 'sex' scene is fraught, outlining the emotional desolation of both the models and the soldiers. The rain and mud here also indicate a more familiar arena of twentieth century warfare.

The best parts of this film, however, are still the best parts from the original *Apocalypse Now*. Robert Duvall's Lt-Col Kilgore is still hypnotic to watch, more entertaining even than Hartman in *Full Metal Jacket*. He is also more sinister - throwing playing cards onto the corpses of dead NVA, gunning down 'savages' and instigating the playing of Wagner as a scare tactic.

The limitations of the mostly blank-faced Martin Sheen (who, admittedly, had a heart attack while making the film) are more than compensated for by Willard's narration, provided by Vietnam journal writer Michael Herr. The rough, hypnotic sound of Herr's voice works in perfect rhythm with the river's inexorable progress towards Kurtz's heart of darkness.

Was it worth releasing *Apocalypse Now Redux*? Admittedly, it does feel a bit like sacrilege with the 'new' characters and scenes not feeling entirely natural or comfortable. Yet the immense experience of seeing this film - re-mastered - on a cinema screen is one that challenges, excites and entertains. It is an example of pure cinema, the focused personal vision of Coppola being achieved against all odds. No amount of 'redux' is going to make it anything but a flawed masterpiece, and it would be hard to want it any other way.

★★★★★
Edward Staines

Just The Facts...

Starring: Martin Sheen, Robert Duvall, Marlon Brando
Directed by: Francis Ford Coppola
Release Date: Out Now **Running Time:** 202 mins



Martin Sheen Shines Umpteen Things Clean! : Charlie's Dad joins up with 'Charlie', goes a little mad and forgets what a bath looks like. War, eh? It's hell.

Ghosts Of Mars 15

Starring: Natasha Henstridge, Ice Cube / **Directed by:** John Carpenter / **Release Date:** 30.11.01

Like Tab Clear, Michael Barrymore and Rod Hull, everything that once seemed a good idea has to fall from a great height. Add to that list the thought of giving John Carpenter a film to direct. Once the man who practically created the slasher genre with the low budget classic *Halloween* (and he wrote that music, too), he has admittedly stuck to his low budget roots. These days, he peddles unwatchable shit to the lowest bidder, and sticks his name in front of the title to remind us he's still ticking along. With *John Carpenter's Ghosts Of Mars* (to give its full title), he's outdone his last film (*Vampires*, a film bad enough for the worst Baldwin brother, Daniel), with a low grade B-movie that elicited groans after twenty minutes, sniggers by the half-way point and belly laughs from the audience during the hideous finale. As the credits rolled, the normally blank-faced press screening crowd broke into applause with ironic appreciation.

Right, there's some people on a train. On Mars. They head off to a deserted mining town to bring back heavyweight crim 'Desolation' Williams (Ice Cube), then find that the place is riddled with

murderous baddies, and try to run away, forced to fight side by side with their homicidal chum. In other words, they're in the same position as the characters in the infinitely superior *Pitch Black*.

The story is told in flashback. In *Halloween*, Carpenter cast a bunch of unknowns, adding to the mystery of quite who will survive. Here, we know who survives right from the off. Genius. Jason Statham pops up as a comedy cockney to spout crap like "Wot got 'im so sparked?" at inopportune moments. Pam Grier is around for a while, but does very little. Ice Cube is so bad that I completely forgot he was the same actor who'd been in a quality flick like *Three Kings*. And Carpenter tops off his sluggish, half-arsed direction with a soundtrack in collaboration with current favourites, Anthrax. And that's about as welcome as their name suggests.

But one line sums the film up, really. As our heroes run away from the scene of the crime, they suddenly realise that the running time isn't long enough yet. So, in a stroke of sheer brilliance, the heroine (Natasha Henstridge, in case I forgot to mention) storms to the front of the train carriage and asks, "What do you think would happen if we blew up the nuclear power station?" Ignoring the fact that the damn thing hasn't been mentioned yet in the film, what the fuck do you think might happen? Blow up the cast, crew, cameras and all filmed footage for this abhorrent cinematic cesspool? If only...

☆☆☆☆ (yes, that's NO stars) / Tom Whitaker

Jay And Silent Bob Strike Back 18

You have to admire Kevin Smith. The director of *Clerks*, *Mallrats* and *Chasing Amy* has successfully forged a career from movies about guys hanging out, getting stoned, talking shit and watching movies. As anyone who's seen one of those films will know, one sure thing in a Kevin Smith movie is the appearance of Jay and Silent Bob. Transformed from bored stoners in *Clerks* to shopping centre super-hero stoners in *Mallrats*, Jay (Mewes) and Silent Bob (Smith himself) are mainstays of all of Smith's films, and even popped up in *Scream 3*. This hapless duo provides the easy comic relief amongst the fantastic dialogue and genuine wit of most of his films. Taken out of that context, however, Jay and Silent Bob make for occasionally hysterical, but often frustrating viewing.

In Smith's world, Jay and Silent Bob have become the basis for two characters, Bluntman and Chronic, and their fictional adventures appear on the pages of a comic book. Whilst they hang out



"if you're going to make a self-indulgent, self-obsessed movie, it needs to be shorter, sweeter, and ruthlessly edited"

outside the Quick Stop, the movie right to the comic have been sold, and Miramax are just days away from production. Stumbling upon an internet chatroom, our heroes discover that they are being slated by the 'net nerd community. Incensed by comments along the lines of "Fuck Jay and Silent Bob. Fuck them up their stupid asses," they set out to disrupt the movie, finding themselves in the middle of a jewel heist along the way.

With the movie theme set up, there's plenty of room here for self-referential jokes about the Kevin Smith universe, and self-deferential comments about the idea of a movie based on Jay and Silent Bob. The sad fact is that the latter comments are far too near the mark to be brushed off by a heavy dose of irony. Given that one of the leads doesn't even talk for the vast majority of the film, Smith's trademark dialogue is sadly lacking. In terms of his older films, this is closest to *Mallrats*. Whilst that's widely regarded as the worst of his previous films, a variety of characters kept it enjoyable for pretty much the entire running time. Whilst *JSBSB* has one-joke cameos galore (some of which are very funny), the recurring characters are lacking, with the federal officer on their trail in particular failing to justify his screen time.

If you're expecting another *Clerks* or *Chasing Amy*, then, you'll be disappointed. Even *Dogma*, whilst patchy, was more original than what's on offer here, and actually had the guts to take a pop at a far more interesting target. *JSBSB*, however, is predominantly concerned with the movie industry. Spoofs of various recent films (*Scream*, *Charlie's Angels*, a hilarious take on *Good Will Hunting*, and a tired nod to *The Fugitive*) come thick and fast, but there's little here that we've not seen before. *Scream* got away with the endless slew of horror-movies-are-so-bad gags, mainly because the film itself was a damned effective example of the genre.

There's certainly fun to be had here, especially with the scenes of actors playing themselves, slating each other and their movies. Along the way there are enough hilarious encounters to keep you interested, and you're always sure that there's another coming along soon enough to keep you in your seat. Sadly, for every top notch gag (like a fantastic take on the devil and an angel on each shoulder battling for Jay's conscience), there's an embarrassing fart joke, or simply the re-use of a sketch that worked so well earlier in the film. All of this just goes to show that if you're going to make a self-indulgent, self-obsessed movie, it needs to be shorter, sweeter, and ruthlessly edited. Still, full marks for effort, and if you're a fan of the other Kevin Smith movies, it's surely worth a look. You get the feeling that it might work a whole lot better, however, on video.

★★★★☆

Tom Whitaker

Just The Facts...

Starring: Jason Mewes, Kevin Smith, Ben Affleck
Directed by: Kevin Smith
Release Date: 30.11.01 **Running Time:** 104 mins

A rise in Interest Rates?

With LSEjobs, the brand new recruitment service exclusively for the School's graduating students and alumni, interest rates are on the way up.

Our service is completely free for job seekers and enables employers to recruit from a community of the world's brightest and most able graduates.

10 Bedford Street, London WC2E 9HE T 020 7420 8097

www.lsejobs.com

LSE jobs

Heist

15

Just The Facts...

Starring: Gene Hackman, Delroy Lindo, Danny DeVito
Directed by: David Mamet
Release Date: Out Now **Running Time:** 111 mins

Heist is an anagram of shite. For that, this film gets a star.

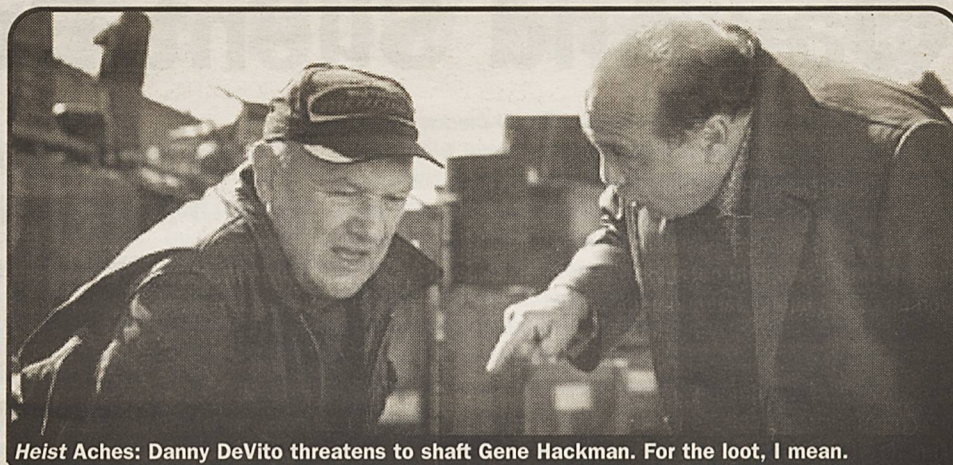
And whilst we'd love to be so nonchalant as to brush off this tawdry affair with that one comment (which, to be fair, sums it up pretty nicely), it's probably reasonable to back up that little cuss with some substance. It gives you something to read, and lets me vent my spleen, which is in dire need of venting.

Gene Hackman plays Joe Moore, a scheming bandit forced to choose between carrying out the age-old One Last Job for Bergman (Danny DeVito) or walking away from his career somehow penniless (don't ask, they don't tell). Teaming up with long-time compadre Bobby Blane (Delroy Lindo) and taking Bergman's wet-behind-the-ears wannabe crim Jimmy (Sam Rockwell) along for the ride, he sets out to do the "Swiss thing" before sailing off into the sunset with his young wife Fran (Rebecca Pidgeon).

So, three big names (Hackman, DeVito and Lindo), an eager young upstart and a final job for a veteran swag-nabber. Sound familiar? Yes, kids, Hollywood's done it again, and given us two very similar films in the space of a year. But whilst some argued that *The Score* was slightly slack-paced and not complex enough, *Heist* is proof positive of Frank "Yoda" Oz's films sheer superiority. The voice of the Jolly Green Jedi made a far better film than David Mamet (an old-hand with a type-writer, who's scripted many a play and film, and here directs his ninth flick), who has instead crafted a joyless, lagging, repugantly convoluted attempt at a crime caper, and pissed away a good deal of talent in doing so.

Hackman and Lindo are usually worth watching, but here they're hamstrung by a script which has them repeatedly spout a few cloying words and phrases ("the Swiss thing," "this job is burned," "he's a lame") and dancing around in a seemingly directionless farce which never really explains anything. If *The Score* had one twist too few, *Heist* makes up for it in spades (really big spades, too). By the end of a film like this, you should at least be able to work out the original plan, and it'd be a bonus to know what went wrong where and who did the double-cross at which time. Hackman's character attempts to justify this silliness, claiming that one should always have a back-up plan. Fine. Here, everyone has a back-up plan for a back-up plan for a... you get the point. Sam Rockwell, as Jimmy, is... scratch that, he looks and acts a lot like he did in *Galaxy Quest* (as the fearful bit-part player), and never once comes across as vaguely capable of a scam as a man called Jimmy Silk should be. And quite what Rebecca Pidgeon, so perfectly cast in Mamet's *State And Main* as an innocent, idealistic small-town bookseller, is doing here as a sultry, sexy femme fatale is beyond me. Except that she's Mamet's wife. Still, on this evidence, you can bet that they never

"steals a pretty good twist from *The Score* and a gunfight from *Naked Gun 2½½*"



Heist Aches: Danny DeVito threatens to shaft Gene Hackman. For the loot, I mean.

wrote "I promise not to turn in a pathetic, half-arsed performance which is way out of my reach" into their marriage vows. Either that, or David should be searching wildly for that pre-nup.

So, any positive points? Well, there's one pretty good twist (pilfered from, oops, *The Score*, and the same character uses it three times here). Mamet's trademark dialogue shines through on a couple of occasions (we are assured of Hackman's talents with the gem, "My motherfucker's so cool, when he goes to bed sheep count him.") Still, they also steal a gunfight from *Naked Gun 2½½* (remember, the one with the barrel?) and scenes sporadically pop up for which there was obviously no purpose other than to slot in another line of supposedly cracking dialogue. Often, however, we get nonsense of the following calibre: "Nobody lives for ever." "Frank Sinatra tried".

Eh?!

But what's really, truly unforgivable is the arrogance. When you name a film after a sub-genre, you give people reason to expect quality. Whilst *Heist* opens with a pretty poor example of heistery, it pulls out all the stops for the film's main set-piece: a tension-free, languidly edited sequence riddled with contrivances and set to, erm, the sounds of silence. And not in a good, *Mission: Impossible*, suspense-raising manner. For suspense, it would require the audience to have a clue of what was going on, what might go wrong, and who might backstab who. No, this has a desperate air of "we ran out of music, will this do?".

Dammit, Mamet, it won't. Now go away before I taunt you a second time.

☆☆☆☆

Tom Whitaker

Me Without You

15

Just The Facts...

Starring: Anna Friel, Michelle Williams
Directed by: Sandra Goldbacher
Release Date: Out Now

It would seem that any movie for which the press notes begin 'One long, hot summer...' and depicts sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll has all the ingredients for a great film. Add some gratuitous nudity and you're looking at a sure fire hit. However, *Me Without You*, directed by Sandra Goldbacher falls where those films with less ambitious themes might have succeeded.

The story covers two decades of the relationship of two girls living in London who swear to be best friends forever. Holly (Michelle Williams of *Dawson's Creek* fame) is the self-conscious, bookish one, and Marina (Anna Friel) is the wild, sexy one. The two are very close and share many life-defining experiences together... including sleeping with their teacher. It seems that Goldbacher wants very much for us to identify with the characters and relive those turbulent times together... Remember Pac-Man? Remember *The Clash*? Remember the time your best friend slept with your brother?

It is the identification with the characters, or lack thereof, is the most significant fault of the film. At no point does the viewer ever feel strongly attached to either of the two characters. Considering the ending of the film, it seems that Goldbacher thought that we should have liked Holly all along. Well I didn't. They were both

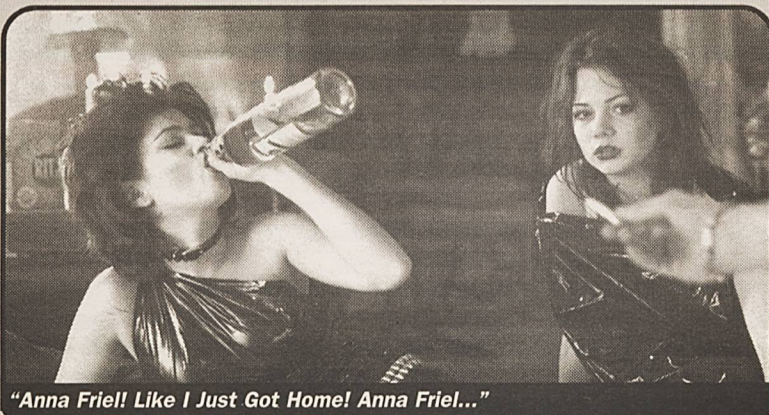
manipulative and obsessive. At least Marina is prettier. The ambiguity makes the title a bit deceiving; it should be something more like, *Me With You Until the Last Five Minutes... When I Stab You in the Back*.

The depiction of the female friendship dynamic may divide the audience's attitude toward this film by gender. To me, both Holly and Marina were bitchy and domineering. The only positive character was Holly's brother, Nat (played by Oliver Milburn). *Me Without You* has the feel of *The Virgin Suicides* but without the latter's more gender-neutral viewpoint. As a guy, maybe there is something I simply do not understand. To the girls who see the poster and are interested in the movie: see the film and inform me of why it's wonderful. And to the guys who see this film with their girlfriends... well, at

least there is a bathtub scene between Anna Friel and Michelle Williams that will snap you to attention. However, I wouldn't say that the film was entirely unentertaining. I did get to see Anna Friel smoke a cigarette with her feet (twice) and learned a new way to snort coke with a Bic pen.

☆☆☆☆

Greg Pearman



"Anna Friel! Like I Just Got Home! Anna Friel..."

Glitter

Starring: Mariah Carey / **Dir:** Vondie Curtis Hall
Out: Now / **Rated:** PG / **Run Time:** 104 Mins

OK, you're probably groaning at the prospect of a Mariah movie, so I'll set it straight from the start. It wasn't as bad as I expected. Surprise, surprise, Mariah could actually act!

The story line is rather simple and lame. A young and incredibly gifted singer, Billie, finds her true voice, overcoming her tragic childhood and a failed love affair. Gripping, eh? During the entire movie, I wondered who designed the costume for Mariah. I mean, did she go through her Mom's closet to find ugly shirts to wrap around her breasts or did she get her fashion tips from some sleazy shops in Soho? Did she ever wonder why the hell none of her costumes covered any of her body? I'm not being a prude; even Max Beasley (who plays her boyfriend) is forced to tell her, "Look at you. Everything is hanging down."

But I do have to admit that I actually enjoyed the movie. Maybe because it was for free, I don't know. My male friend really enjoyed it and thanked me for over an hour. Then again, he is a huge Mariah fan. I guess watching her non-stop for two hours was too much for me though. Still, if you're babysitting 10 years old wannabe pop-stars and would like them to shut up for couple of hours, drag them to the movie. As long as *Harry Potter's* sold out. Otherwise wait for the video, or just don't bother.

☆☆☆☆ / Hye-Young Lim

Starlight Express

Embarked on in 1992, revamped with five new songs for the modern generation, the 'new' Starlight Express has just kept on running. It is shocking, therefore, that a closing date has been set for January 12th. As to why, it is not so clear. An usher said that it was Andrew Lloyd Weber's decision, in order to make way for his new musical, 'Bombay Dreams' to be launched in summer 2002. Someone backstage said, 'It's financial reasons, as it always is. It was just time...' Speaking to one of the actors backstage after the show, he said, 'At first it was a shock...we were all counting on a couple more years for financial reasons.' Are they going to continue the show on tour? 'We're not sure. It's all happening upstairs now. I hope so.' Is it a fun show to work on? '(Laughter) I wouldn't say fun. It's hard work. But rewarding at the end because people just love it.'

Taking place within the imagination of a small boy's head, the idea of the show is that characters, wearing roller skates, play trains. These trains are competing to win the speed race. Rusty, the old school, honorable steam train, must compete against the modern electric (depicted on right), and the slick 'greaser' diesel train. Not only is Rusty competing for the same title that his fellow steam engine, Blues Singin' Poppa won, but he is competing for the girl. A love story, and a roller-skating extravaganza, this show is buzzing with energy. The actors, with apparent ease, skate around the impressive, sprawling set, which twists around and circles the audience on both levels. The songs, though none too complex, are energetic and catchy. The actors are most lovable, particularly Rusty, played by Mark McGee.

What has made Starlight Express the longest running West End show after Cats? Well, first of all, as the actor remarked, "it appeals to everyone. Kids love it, adults love it..." It can be a day out for the family or a night out for us college kids. More importantly though, is the sheer energy of the show. The actors are literally singing, dancing, and skating circles around the audience. Though at times quite tacky, I could not help but smile the whole way through. Besides the occasional ultra-cheesy factor of the show, the fact that the costumes could easily be from the first performance in 1984, and the small detail that the actors do not give a bow at the end that does them justice, this show should be enjoyed by anyone who enjoys a light hearted, fast paced, fun night on the West End. This show through the years has certainly become an institution. Though it will not challenge you, or give you insight into the meaning of life, I would recommend that you see it before the race is over. Especially if you have younger brothers or sisters to take over the holidays, or if you just still got some kid left in that twenty-something heart. It can certainly be said that 'the fastest show on Earth' has not had 'the fastest run on Earth' for good reason.

★★★★☆

review by Sarah Greenberg

At the Apollo Victoria 020 7416 6070

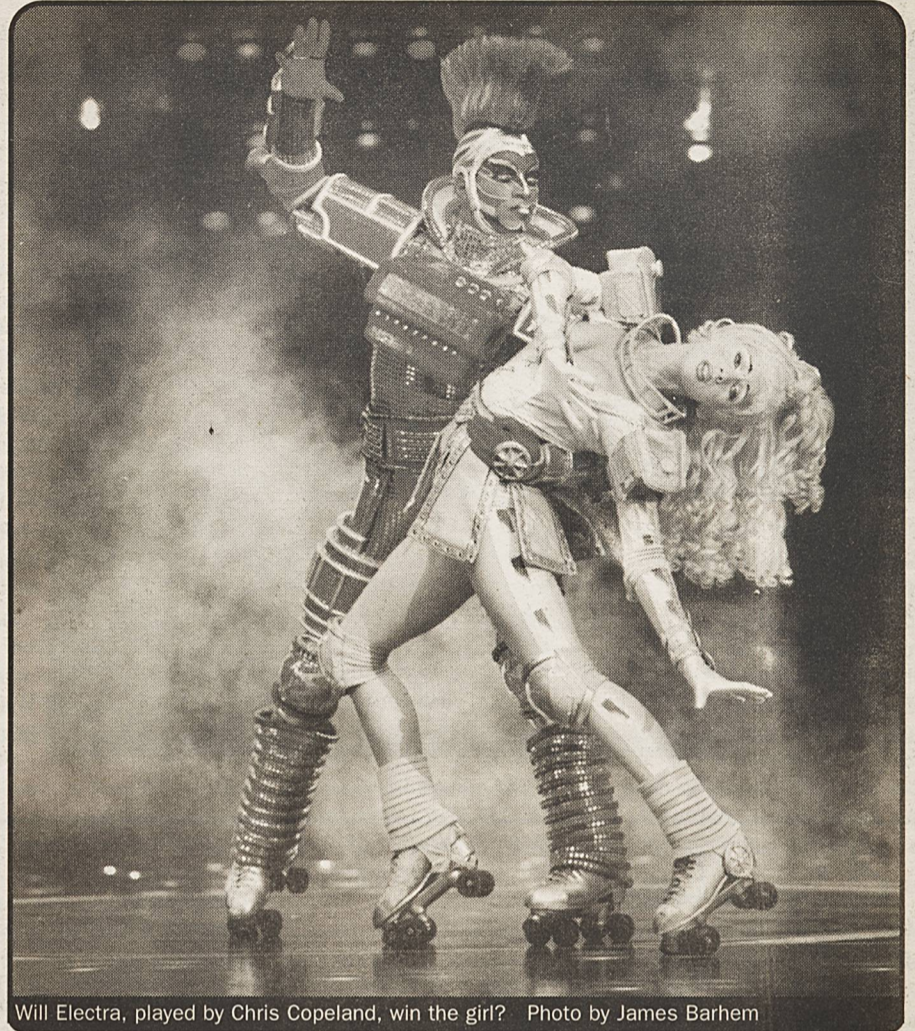
Tube Station-Victoria

£12.50-30

By Andrew Lloyd Weber, Lyrics Richard Stilgoe,

Directed by Trevor Nunn

Runs through January 12th



Will Electra, played by Chris Copeland, win the girl? Photo by James Barhem

Noble and Silver

Hmm, to like or not to like, that is the question. This is a different sort of comedy, not just stand-up. It is definitely subjective in its taste of material and appeals only to those who like something out of the norm. It got different reactions from the audience, some laughed to their hearts content while others were still wondering what the heck was going on. It is based on two main characters, Tim and Stewart and a few odd people from the audience who are part of the act. The actors who play Tim and Stewart are quite good in their part. This duo plays around with the perception of time and reality. The comedy is unique in the sense that it is different from the ordinary sort of comedy you get usually. It is also unique in its use of gadgets such as tape-recorders and projectors. It was very well synchronised, where the characters say something and there is an immediate response from the tape recorder or the audience. The actors who play Tim and Stewart are quite good in themselves. Their radical approach picked up a 2000 Perrier Newcomers award.

Nevertheless, there is still an hmmm factor. It is not a comedy that will appeal to everyone, it is the sort that if you like change, you should go and see. Everyone reacts to it differently. Where others like the material and joined in the laughter others think it is simply crap. It has been described as a comedy that puts you in a spin. Judge for yourself!

★★★★☆



review by

Shola Babington-Ashaye

Noble & Silver, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, Covent Garden, WC2H 7JB, Covent Garden 0207-8363334

Nov 14-Dec 1, Nov 14-17, 21-24, 28-Dec 1, 9.15pm, £16.50, concs £12.50

Competition Time

**10 PAIRS OF FREE TICKETS
TO SEE NOBLE AND SILVER!**

We've got our hands on enough tickets to get 20 people along, for nothing! But, because we're nice like that, we're giving them away...

Answer the following question:

In what theatre production did Nicole Kidman cause raves by baring all? Is it

- a) The Rainbow Room
- b) The Blue Room
- c) Get a Room

The first 10 people to reply get a free pair of tickets each.

Email us at ssstheatre@hotmail.com.

The show ends 1st December so be quick!!!!

Join Us!

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

If you've seen a show and liked, or seen a show and *hated* it, give us your thoughts and we'll put them in print.

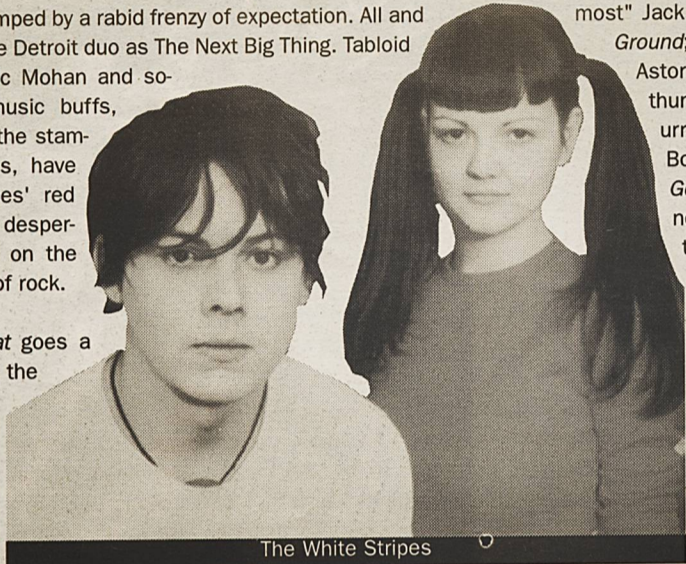
Get in contact with us Shola and Sarah - ssstheatre@hotmail.com

Strip-e Show

The White Stripes
@ London Astoria
21: 11 :01

Since their On feature in NME at the turn of the year, Jack and Meg White have been swamped by a rabid frenzy of expectation. All and sundry have hailed the Detroit duo as The Next Big Thing. Tabloid no-marks like Dominic Mohan and so-called broadsheet music buffs, after missing out on the stampede for The Strokes, have clung onto the Stripes' red and white coat tails, desperate not to miss out on the proclaimed saviours of rock.

I Think I Smell A Rat goes a long way to justifying the hype. The sheer power emanating from Jack's red and white guitar (colour co-ordination features heavily here)



The White Stripes

sends shudders through the packed Astoria. Hype? Fuck hype, the mesmeric force of this mere two-piece makes you sit up, take notice and call for more.

"Any fool with a microphone can tell you what he loves the most" Jack insists during *Dead Leaves On The Dirty Ground*; the thing is, Jack ain't no fool and the Astoria rises to his charismatic energy and the thunderous might of Meg's drums, which resurrect the ghost of Led Zeppelin's John Bonham. *I'm Finding It Harder To Be A Gentleman* is simply awesome, with Jack now playing the weary lover whilst Meg continues to gaze at him half-intensely and half-indifferently, intentionally playing up to the popular myth that there may be more to this brother-sister relationship than meets the eye.

Even *Hotel Yorba* is a vast improvement on the version released as a single, sounding rawer and more robust yet still snappy enough, without any over the top guitar wankery, simply pure punk pop.



Any doubts have not merely been dispelled, they've been obliterated and the intensity continues through *Death Letter* and *Expecting* right up until the Astoria has begged them twice back for more and the closing gem of *You're Pretty Good Looking*.

Tonight, The White Stripes certainly earn their, err, stripes. Look good, sound incredible; just for once ignore the command of Public Enemy, DO believe the hype.

Dean Best

Single File

Elevation
Elevation EP

Ex-3 Colours Red mainman Pete Vukovic returns in style with the debut EP from his new band. With beats aplenty, this represents a marked shift from the punk-rock material of yore, yet it's epic, guitar heavy chorus should be enough to win over his old fans. A triumphant comeback.

★★★★☆
Peter Davies

Nitin Sawhney feat. Tina Grace
Cold & Intimate

Released on December 3, this is the second single from the MOBO award-winner's fifth album, *Prophesy*. Currently touring Europe, the much-underrated artist will be back in London in December to play the Royal Albert Hall, along with the likes of Jeff Beck on guitar duty and the ubiquitous MJ Cole on keyboards. Written apparently about 'de-sensitisation and indifference' the single shows the ground-breaking production you would expect and a surprise appearance from folk-jazz legend Terry Callier adds extra quality to an excellent release.

★★★★☆
Joe Rudkin

Alien Ant Farm
Movies

This is the type of track you want to listen to in the morning, when you need some happy, energy-packed music to get you going. *Movies* is being reissued after the success of the follow-up release, *Smooth Criminal*, and although it's not as good, it is worthwhile hearing. The syncopated, heavy rhythm, marked by electric guitar power chords, contrasts well with the lead singer's smooth voice. However, the bonus track, which is an acoustic version of the same song, is not brilliant.

★★★★☆
R. Le Frogge

The Factor Factor

- ★★★★★ The Krypton Factor
- ★★★★☆ The X-Factor
- ★★★☆☆ Willy Wonka's Factor(y)
- ★★☆☆☆ Max Factor
- ★☆☆☆☆ Factor [s of production]



The Avalanches
Electricity

As with much of the Avalanches work, this is an excellently mastered instrumental track using the bare minimum in the way of lyrics. From the outset there is a haunting strings/ angels singing thing going on and then when you lulling in the induced calm in drops a beat that is at once funky but with more 'maturity' if that can be applied to a beat. On top of that add a hefty sprinkling of head bobbing base and the result is a full-funky-feel-good-factor track. To add to the general euphoria there are 6 remixes including clubbing styles from DJ Sneak Electrix and Harvey's Nightclub and just to finish you off there is a tasty remix of *A Different Feeling* to end the evenings entertainment.

★★★★☆
Riyan Itani

Oxide & Neutrino
U Can't Stop Dis Shit (Rap Diss) / Only Wanna Know Cos Ure Famous (Remix)

To be released on the 26th November this is not the best tune from the now mainstream Oxide & Neutrino. This is a bit too much wannabe gangster, baggy trouser wearing, magnum gun shooting, 7eleven hold up, drug taking rude boy massive. The tune has too many lyrics and doesn't have a good beat to get you going. They want to go towards the direction of The Notorious B.I.G but are more likened to Vanilla Ice.

★★★★☆
George Voyatzis

The Kennedy Soundtrack
Killing Music

If you like Limp Bizkit, you might take solace in listening to the beats of yet another nu-metal band. Actually, you'll probably fail to notice the difference between the Welsh newcomers and Fred Durst's crew unless you pay attention to the non-screaming character of Nic's (RS's rapper) voice. If the rap-metal trend persists, they have good chances of making it into the charts. Then again, kids could get bored of "trash this" "trash that" tunes.

★★★★☆
Brisk Pixie

FC Kahuna
Hayling

Would sir like some more chilled out electronica with mildly vocodered soft female vocals? It may not be particularly novel, it's essentially another Zero 7 record but it's still bloody good. The "Don't think about all those things you feel / Just be glad to feel" lyric is sentimental without being cheesy and the production oozes quality like mayonnaise from a Wrights Bar bap.

★★★★☆
Charlie Jurd

Swann's Song

This week an interesting look at just what is what and who does it across the Atlantic.

Having just read the sleeve notes for a new compilation of Tamla Motown recordings, I noticed that the output of this label was known as 'the sound of young black America.' What struck me was a contrast with more recent times. Ask anyone to pinpoint the sound of young black America to one genre today and almost undoubtedly they will throw Rap in your general direction.

The differences are stark; the Tamla Motown recordings were happy, unpolitical and generally uplifting, in essence the black youth of Sixties America finding a voice and giving it to the world in a way that could not be ignored. Even in racist England this new sound was tapped into, taking in the Northern Soul movement and becoming cool for Mods in London. However the time was one of controversy in the USA. Black people were still very highly oppressed and at the same time as these artists, Martin Luther King was only just finding his voice. The fact that the music remained so upbeat and glad was a tribute to the attitude of these artists. This movement was not about berating the wrongs of society, it was about being happy to be able to put some joy into people.

Today however, over thirty years down the line, although racial prejudice and inequalities still exist, young black Americans have never had it so good. Why then, if they have so much more to sing about than their parent generation, are they intent on forwarding a genre that does nothing but complain and cause conflict, even within itself? It seems strange. However, Rap is not just for young black Americans any more; with the huge rise of **Eminem**, white youth can not only appreciate the style, but help create it too, something unheard of in the Motown era.

So what exactly is it that the kids see in Rap? It is definitely not the catchy, swinging tunes of the latter style. But that is just it. Rap is not about liberation, it is about the voice of the disadvantaged (whatever race, colour or creed) telling the young that they know what it's like, as well as delivering truths about the modern society they live in. This explains the references to guns, drugs and so on. Rap then is not the voice of young black America, it is the voice of young poor America. Instead of taking the optimistic approach, it aims to show how bad things really are, thus becoming as a genre more of a social comment than Motown.

Where rap brings people together in the same boat, Motown's appeal was to anyone. It sent out a message by music, one that united millions across the world despite any political differences, it brought happiness. Fair enough, rap doesn't aim to do this, but where Motown created a musical generation of enjoyment, the generation being bred by rap is an angry one. Which is for the better? Perhaps anger creates more action? Who can really say, although it is clear that the Motown singers were a breed of superstars... **Diana Ross, Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder**; the pioneers of rap however, are already fading. Remember, both had the same humble beginnings.

Sum Mother's Do Ave Em

Sum 41
@ Brixton Academy
12: 11:01

Sum 41 hit the stage at Brixton ready to rock in front of a more than welcoming London crowd. The up and coming Canadian rock quartet, fresh off the monster summer single(s) and video for their songs *Fat Lip/Pain For Pleasure*, did not disappoint the wild and young Brixton audience.

The evening could not help but be good, as the chants for Sum 41 and flashes of the band's trademark sign (4 fingers held up on one hand and one particularly rebellious finger held up on the other) began two minutes into the set of the unfortunate and unmentionably awful opening act. Nothing is particularly rebellious about Sum 41's music; it's relatively run of the mill pop-rock featuring catchy songs and fast and furious guitar licks. But the songs are catchier than average, the lead guitar provided by Dave Baksh (a.k.a. Brown Sound) and the drums of Steve Jocz (a.k.a. Stevo 32) border on superb, and their stage presence beats any band I have seen that fits into the same category (think Blink 182, Green Day, etc.).

The catchy melodies are likely thanks to the production work on their first LP, *All Killer No Filler*, which was headed by Greig Nori of the excellent rock-band Treble Charger. The crowd sang along to every word of such killer offerings as *Nothing On My Back* and *Summer*, bouncing, moshing, screaming, and having an all out great time. The one thing missing was more of Sum 41's patented ironic choreography, where they break out boy-band like dance moves in the middle of any given song. More than making up for this, however, was the game of Twister that the band brought out mid-set. They managed to coax up a dozen or so young girls to play a roadie-administered game during one song and took it a step further, getting a few girls to make out at the end of the song, bringing the band's streak of all-girl on stage make out sessions during their London gigs to 2 for 2.

Next time Sum 41 are in town, go prepared to request your favourite heavy metal song. Every Sum 41 concert features an interlude where guitarist Dave Baksh takes requests for any metal song and will inevitably fulfil it. Tonight's requests included a bit of Judas Priest and Metallica, but I have witnessed him reach back



into the depths of heavy metal obscurity to pull out chords from early Slayer or Pantera that had been forgotten years ago by everyone but those with a true metal obsession. The display never ceases to impress.

It would've been nice for the set to have lasted a bit more than an hour, but you can't expect much more from a band whose total catalogue including their EP clocks in at 63 minutes. Moreover, one encore seemed to be enough for the collectively exhausted audience and the set-list was to every fans satisfaction, having included the band's first big hit, *Makes No Difference*, the current single(s) *Fat Lip/Pain for Pleasure*, and the single next headed for the UK, *In Too Deep*.

No one came out of the concert a changed person; it wasn't that kind of musical 'experience.' It was a great evening out, a release, and a trip on the tube that was unquestionably worth it for everyone from the casual observer to the Sum 41 faithful...with the possible exception of a couple pairs of 14 year old girls who would wake up the next day with the 10-years-of-therapy inducing realization that they spent last night making out with their best friend on stage in the name of rock 'n roll.

Rob Banerjee



Want to Write for Beaver Music?

E-mail P.B.Davies@lse.ac.uk

Beaver Maths



News

READERS RAISE
£650,000

By ADAM RAY, Chief Reporter
PRINCE CHARLES yesterday lapped critics on The Sun and our semi-hungry readers for holding to raise £650,000 for the world's most famous newspaper.

King of the Castle? Dirty Rascal!

THE WINNING NEWSPAPER

Perverved Pop mogul **Jonathan King** has spoken about his conviction in a bizarre statement on his website. King, believed to have abused hundreds of boys over a thirty year period, was convicted last week of being an evil paedophile, yet he disputes the courts decision. In his statement, King blasts the fact that there is no Statute of Limitations for sex offences in the UK. King claims 'in virtually every other civilised Western nation, there are 6.7 or maximum 10 years time limits...it's impossible to prove you didn't do something 32 years ago'. King then adds 'I wish I had more faith in the Jury system, but I watched as those 12 people, shocked by graphic lies and disgusting detail, decided my boring defence 'I didn't do it' was far less interesting. I'm told juries almost inevitably convict, since they are so horrified by the Police Manual Porn Speak which all statements are couched in. The conventional wisdom is that if the Dave Jones case hadn't been thrown out by the judge, the jury would have convicted him, as they wrongly convicted me.' Maybe Jonathan, but always remember...there's no smoke without fire!

Recommended Gigs

Pulp @ London Astoria Wednesday 28th November
Therapy @ the Ocean Thursday 29th November
Stereophonics & Feeder @ London Arena Friday 30th November

LONDON, TUESDAY, 13 NOVEMBER 2001 www.thisislondon.co.uk incorporating THE EVENING NEWS

Punani

Latin Quarter
@ Po Na Na, King's Road

Latin Quarter is a DJ showcase touring British towns to acquaint the student population with their varied spectrum of musicians, ranging from hip-hop to deep house.

The music playing when we arrived with the winners of the competition (AC the French sex bomb, Jay the Zambian Zulu warrior and Sido the Italian play-boy) was by a duo playing chilled out house with distinct Latino flavours, having a live percussion set. It was excellent music, nice to listen to if you are feeling very chilled out, but also having enough groovy rhythms to make you want to get up and try some of those smooth salsa steps.

The venue itself is very agreeable: Po Na Na is a chain of clubs/lounges/bars throughout England who target smart, well-

behaved students, but fortunately without being snobbish and without arrogant staff. The decoration followed the North African theme, and the main room feels like a Moroccan tearoom. There are lots of small, very cosy alcoves where people can lie on huge comfy cushions and relax to the music of live DJs every night except Sundays. The prices are quite student-friendly, with a bottle of any beer costing £3. The only problem is that it shuts very early; around 1.00 AM, while the management have a door policy of no under-21s, which is good as it prevents all the Essex youth from infesting the premises, but also means that most undergrads theoretically shouldn't be allowed in.

Overall, a very enjoyable night out, although the competition winners were disappointed not to have been offered any free drinks.

R. Le Frogge

A Shaw Thing

The Hudy Asherie Trio

On Wednesday, December 5, the LSE Student Music Society will be hosting **The Hudy Asherie Trio**, a world-class Jazz group led by twenty-two year old New York pianist, **Hudy Asherie**. The trio also features local veteran Jazzmen Harvey Weston, on bass, and Stan Bourke, on drums. The trio will play Jazz and Latin standards as well as some originals.

Hudy Asherie is a mainstay of the New York Jazz scene. He plays regularly at Smalls with his own trio and has just ended a two-year residency as house pianist of the Rainbow Room in the Rockefeller Center. His second CD, *Vol.1: Music by Billy Strayhorn*, recorded with **Trio 65**, was recently featured on London Jazz FM's *Mainstream with Campbell Burnap*. At his young age Hudy has already performed with such notables as Jimmy Lovelace, Bob Mover and Joe Magnarelli.

Harvey Weston and Stan Bourke hardly need introductions. They are both consummate Jazz musicians with long and distinguished careers in radio, television, concert and recording. Mentioning the musicians with whom they have played amounts to reading out of a Who's Who of Jazz. Harvey Weston has played with such greats as Buddy Tate, Al Grey, Wild Bill Davidson, and Sonny Stitt. Stan Bourke has performed with legends such as Eddie Lockjaw Davis, Cal Collins, and the late Kenny Baker.

The Hudy Asherie Trio will be performing at the Shaw Library, Sixth Floor, Old Building on Wednesday, December 5, at 7:30pm. Tickets are £10/£5 concessions and are available at the door or by reservation at 07786 262179 or HudyAsherieTrio@yahoo.com. Tickets will also be sold outside the LSE Student Union during the week before the performance.

LIVE JAZZ at the LSE:

The Hudy Asherie Trio

a world-class jazz trio featuring:

Harvey Weston on Bass

Stan Bourke on Drums

And from New York,

Hudy Asherie on Piano

December 5, 2001
7.30pm

Shaw Library,
Sixth Floor, Old Building
London School of Economics

London School of Economics
Houghton Street
London WC2A 3AE

Tickets: £10/£5 concessions
Available at the door
or by reservation at
Tel: 07786 262179
Email: HudyAsherieTrio@yahoo.com

LSE

comedy

Graham Norton: Live at the Roundhouse

18

Just The Facts...

Formats: VHS (£not much) and DVD (£bit more)
Published: VVL (A Universal Studios Company)
Release Date: Out Now (already) **Running Time:** 66 mins

What with his own show and the 100 Greatest Films thing on Channel 4 I would forgive anyone who winced at the thought of more Graham Norton. As one of my friends once told me, there's only so much of Graham Norton you can take before it becomes painful.

It's difficult to know what to expect from a video such as this. There's always the uncertainty of a "live" performance added to the fact that, whilst he no doubt began in stand-up, it's not how he made his name. Whilst his TV show is a camp triumph of his researchers, the internet, diverse guests and audience members who are willing to say too much it was difficult to see how "Live at the Roundhouse" would compete. However, refreshingly it does not even try to translate the format, and actually proves how valuable Norton's cheeky smut-peddling camp-o-rama is to the success of his TV programme.

The opening section stumbles around a bit, Norton takes the piss out of his clothes, and just minces around for about quarter of an hour, which is all well and good but it's not particularly funny. He even asks what's the difference

between a gay and straight pint of beer ("the gay one goes down easier") which is a shocking joke, even by my dad's standards.

Then a little skit about why airlines put their logos on the yellow life-jackets when they're only going to be seen on the news when people are bobbing up and down in the Atlantic ("hardly the best advertisement") changes things. Norton, unlike the aforementioned planes, then reaches new heights as he embarks upon the prepared material in his set.

"It would have been easy to release another 'best of TV show' video for the Christmas market, but this is infinitely more fun"

We proceed to join him on his school trip to Lourdes aged 16, through selected passages of his "pretentious" diary and an attempt to smuggle fish and chips through reception of Edinburgh's poshest hotel whilst drunk. If you're wondering Graham chose the "down the trousers" method of fish supper concealment. These stories are eminently watchable and show Norton at his funniest. Then Norton leads us innocently by the hand into the world of gay personal ads. The way in which he tries to shelter the innocent-looking member of the audience from the smutty ads is brilliant ("wrap a scarf around your head or something") and adds to the shock/humour in the material. The emergence of Kitty phone ("Look at her white fur and blue eyes shining at you. If Hitler was going to buy a novelty phone he'd get a Kitty phone") leads to an answer phone message for "an expert de-spunker".

Norton's finish is as patchy as his start, the quality attack on "amateur shoppers" on Oxford Street on Saturdays is weakened by a piss-poor funny about "gypsies" selling "lucky" heather; it hardly raises the big laugh on which it is appropriate to leave the (huge) stage. However, given that this video shows Norton doing something very different to his TV show he should be applauded. It would have been easy to release another 'best of' video for the Christmas market, this is infinitely more fun.

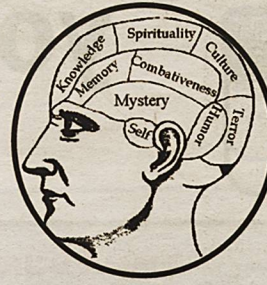
★★★★☆

Charlie Jurd



Handbag and No Romance

Saturday. Going to a pub.
 Maybe onto a club.
 Meeting with fakes and mates.
 Beer. Lager. Shady dance.
 Handbags and no romance.
 Prancing around the leather.
 Lodger. Low. Aladdin Sane.
 Let's begin the game.
 Who's gonna pay to play?
 Follow the rules. Who went down?
 Jukebox in a pub in town,
 Play my song.
 Bottles. Filters. Pints and gum.
 These are the tunes I hum.
 Fuck the Stones and Bowie.
 Cards. Switch. Cheques. Cash.
 Not Angle. Heroes. Jumpin' Jack Flash.
 Or The Man Who Sold The World.
 Diamond. Heart. Spade and Club.
 Mates off boozing down the pub.
 Not going to chance it. This time.
 No! Gamble, play it, what a rush!
 Next time hazard a royal flush.
 Who's gonna catch ya?
 First aid. Live Aid. Feed the World.
 Take a pill. Take a girl.
 It doesn't matter, when you're losing.
 Back alley. Side street. Sex suicide.
 This is where you should hide.
 Not behind words, or music.
 Beer? Lager? Shady dance?
 Stick with handbag and no romance.
 Get no satisfaction.
 Jimmy Baker



MAD MAX

My friend Max was the personification of sanity
 Without an ounce of humanity
 From his ideology of rationality
 Stemmed a behaviour of brutality...

How could he believe in morality?
 When his lust was just biology
 The emotions were but chemistry
 His will; a principle of ecology

I saw the longing behind his eyes
 To fill his empty spirit
 But he discarded all the lies
 And soaked his brain in spirits

His only law in life was truth
 However spiteful and vile

The truth is death, it is deceit
 The truth is sorrow and defeat
 The truth is empty, has no care
 The truth is more than we can bear

And so we all grew to hate him
 Because he could not tell a lie

The personification of sanity is madness
 For those who lack the courage for the truth:
 The Infinite Sadness

Anon



Thoughts of the Sea

Drip beads of water-clotted sand
 fleck the fringed-green flow,
 dance in flurries of disturbed energy.
 She catches and throws, abandoned, some on shore,
 clasping others closer.

A fickle, fitful pleasure;
 her rough love casts over
 multitudinous essences,
 bleached crabs and withered whispers that breathed
 gasps full of her into cut-white sprays
 and spurted into cloven rocks.

Her salted skin is rich with shimmering sun,
 rippled tides, the soft breath of the sky...
 sweats froth and foam and the heady scent.

The ribs of ships caress her flesh and pleasure,
 she sighs a steady thrumming song.

The shells sit heavy with it.

And in the land between the sand
 and the sea,
 Deep eyes black-pitted sink.

I delve my thrusting fingers in
 with earth-blinding glides
 and scoop up the beach, pile it up upon the beach.

An eye spurts forth a stippled tear wound and twisted
 in living flesh knots.
 I stoop and mesmerised watch
 as melancholy thick-flows...

A strange, half-phasing trance.

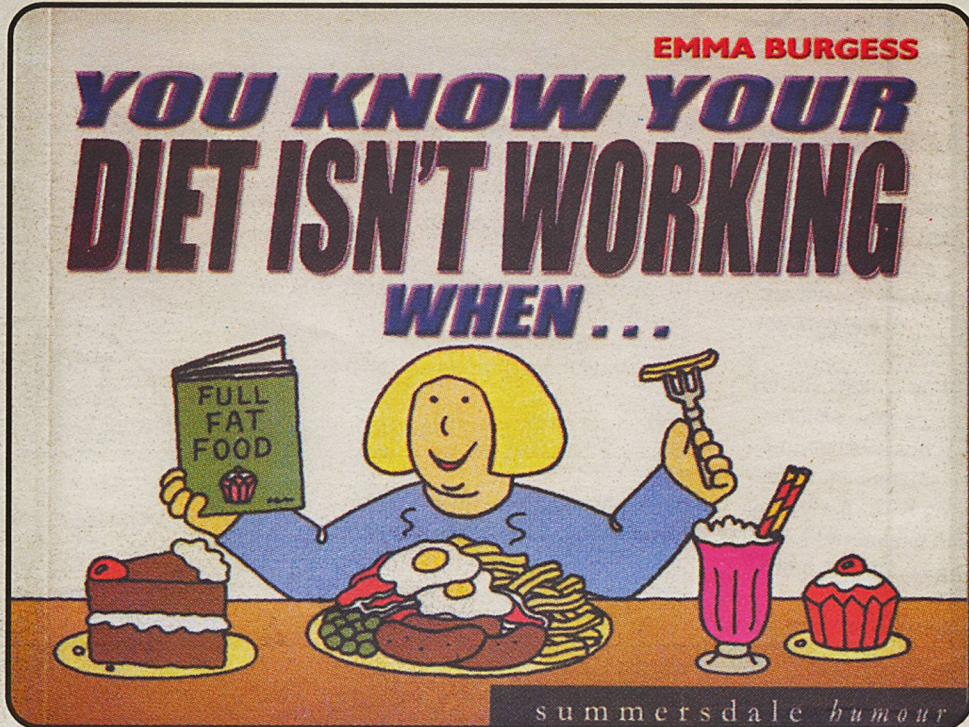
The sun fades softly on the blue-greying rocks
 and the gulls circle, crying in the cold, cloudless breeze
 I watch in the eyes sitting pitted-black sinking,
 man and land in a stateless trance.

suneel mehmi

you know you're a ...

Just The Facts...

Author: Emma Burgess
 Publisher: Summersdale
 Year: 2001 Price: £ 3.99



You know Your Diet isn't Working When...

It must be nearly Christmas. Every shop has its shakily-assembled plastic tree in the window, the regulation parade of bimbos has been deployed to switch on the town centre's lights (ex-Spice Girls up west, former Generation Game hostesses for those rundown high streets beyond the reach of the Tube), and the Little Books are multiplying beside the counters like something out of a 1980s creature feature. Continuing the analogy, You Know Your Diet Isn't Working When... can only be the hybrid offspring of Bob Monkhouse's stolen joke book and the contents of the waste paper basket in the office of an ITV scriptwriter, left to fester in a laboratory at the top of the mad doctor's ancestral castle and left out in the lightning by Igor for too long one dark and stormy night. Should you come across this insidious stocking-filler nestling beside the Umpteenth Little Book of Txt Msgs and the arty little Book Token cards they put there for the benefit of people who get to the till and realise they forgot to pick

up the new Jamie Oliver for Auntie Maisie and can't be bothered to queue up again, you'll recognise it at once. At least, you should if there's any justice in this world. Of course, if I happen to be addressing the one person on this planet who can be continuously entertained by more than a hundred attempted jokes on the level of 'You know your diet isn't working when you need a JCB to get you into your bikini', then fair enough. This book's for you. In fact, you can come down and take the thing off our hands, before it's way-laid by You Know You're A Maneater When... on deadline day when nobody's paying attention, and the hideous, squamous result drags itself through Houghton Street and slithers back to Gimme Gimme Gimme, where it obviously belongs.

Catherine Baker



Just The Facts...

Author: Emma Burgess
 Publisher: Summersdale
 Year: 2001



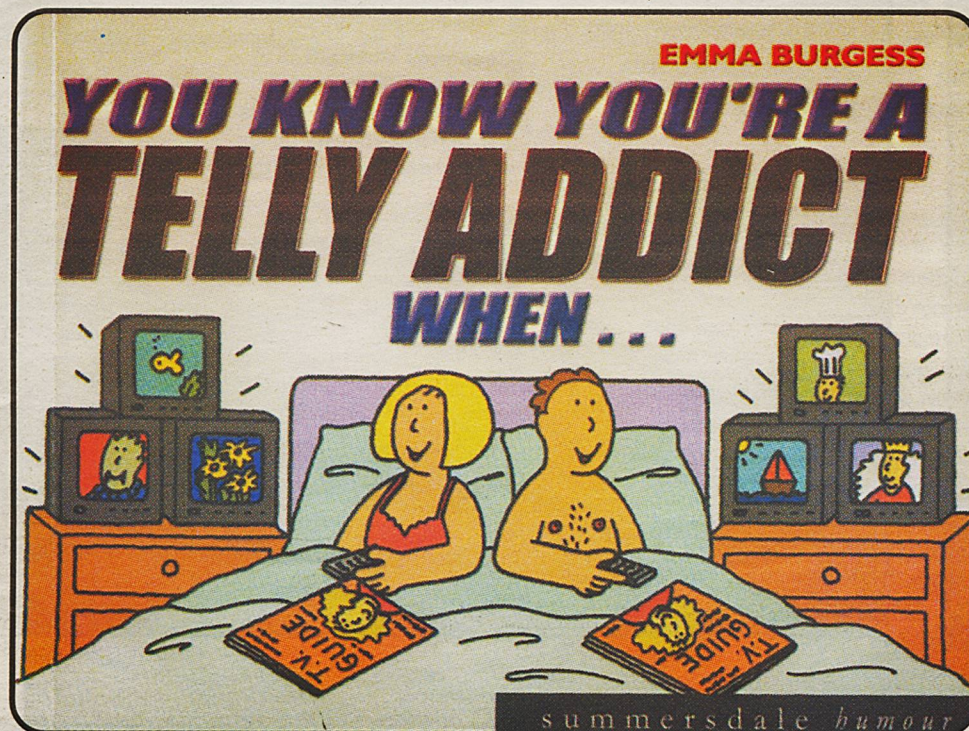
You Know You're a Mobile Addict When....

The mobile phone revolution has dramatically changed the way we conduct business and social relations, and provided many new ways for people to look like twats in public.

One would imagine it would not be too difficult to fill a 120 page booklet with humorous observations about mobile culture, she doesn't point out. However, Emma Burgess, if pitted in a wit contest, would be unlikely to beat any of the following: a King's student; Mark Fowler; David Beckham (even if Brooklyn was helping him); or Mark Fowler's fruit and veg. The lack of imagination is shown in the repetition and reworking of certain "jokes", such as treating your phone

Just The Facts...

Author: Emma Burgess
 Publisher: Summersdale
 Year: 2001 Price: £ 3.99 [each]



You Know You're a Telly Addict when..

You know you're really bored of Christmas shopping when you turn to this book for stocking fillers.

Part yourself with four of her majesty's finest pounds and you can get this 'book' and a penny change. Now be honest, would you rather spend that cash on finding out that you're addicted to television or by purchasing the best part of three pints down the Tuns?

Maybe it's because this book hit a raw nerve - flicking through the book it insinuated that to know the name of

weather presenters makes me a Telly Addict. Does knowing the name of the notoriously unattractive Sian Lloyd and her ilk mean I'm addicted to television? Well, er, no. And that's why this book is trite tripe.

If you're really that bored walking down Oxford Street forget filling your stockings and get yourself a swift one.

Iain Bundred



Summersdale's "You Know You're a..." series of small books, poking fun at everyone from shopaholics to sports 'bores', from computer nerds to telly addicts, have come out ideally in time for Christmas. At £4 they offer great potential, but should they be filling stockings or dustbins?

Just The Facts...

Author: Michelle Leggatt
 Publisher: Summersdale
 Year: 2001 Price: £ 3.99

Price: £ 3.99

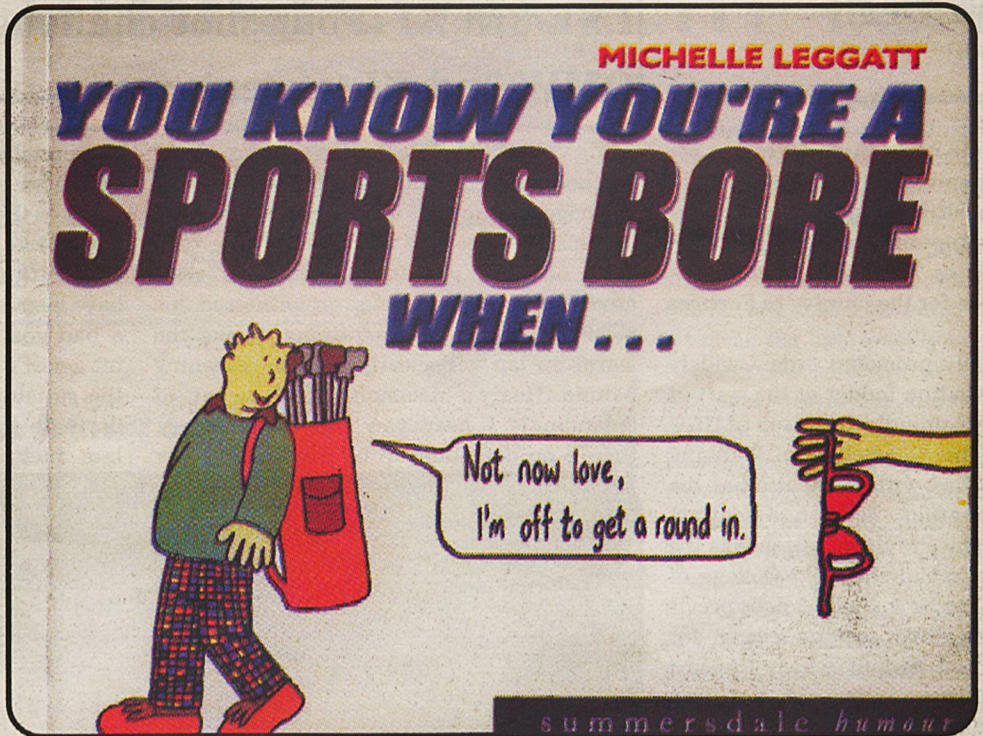


like a child and the wish to text to inappropriate people (Father Christmas, the emergency services).

The best joke is that "you know when you're a mobile addict when... the closest you've come to being incommunicado was switching your phone on to silent".

Charlie Jurd

*



You Know You're a Sports Bore When...

A slightly more successful attempt to help all those people who have to put up with talk of the halcyon days of indoor bowls thanks to having Statto as one of their mates.

The best joke successfully touched a nerve with some people is that "You know when you're a sports bore when... you subscribed to both Shoot and Match". However, Leggatt seems oblivious to the fact that women can be sports bores too as most of the "jokes" refer to 'your wife'.

Most of the observations just make me cringe though: "You know you're a sports bore when... you think the mullet is the coolest haircut ever"; where did that come

from? The whole point of successful observational humour is picking up on something true and exaggerating it but to say "You know when you're a sports bore when... you have a season ticket to Liverpool and Everton" shows a fundamental lack of ability to observe reality. Unfortunately, "you know your friends couldn't be arsed to think about what to get you for Christmas when you receive one of these books".

Charlie Jurd

**

Just The Facts...

Author: Emma Burgess
 Publisher: Summersdale
 Year: 2001 Price: £ 3.99 [each]

You know You're a Maneater When.....

OK - My first book review. Not exactly a literary challenge- "You know you're a maneater when...". Firstly it should be retitled to; "You know you're a complete slapper who can't close her legs when....." or "You know you're an easy lay who has a multitude of STD's when.....".

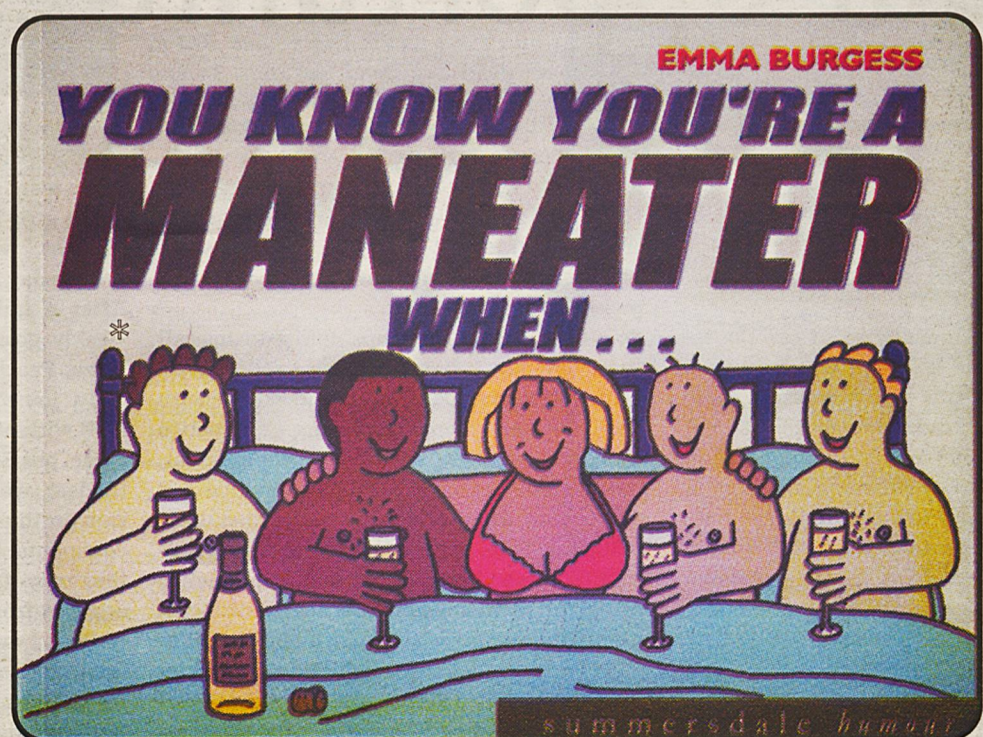
The book started off reasonable well with "You disapprove of people using the 'C' word: Celibacy". True maneaters shouldn't be shy about sex - as long as it's primarily for their enjoyment. But it goes rapidly downhill with looking back with nostalgia on your 16th birthday to when you lost your virginity and stating that using a bus shelter is a form of protective sex!!!

Ambitions to be a porn star and the nick name of 'the sperm bank' do not make a maneater!!! This book doesn't promote assertive woman who are at ease with their sexuality and sexual needs, but rather takes promiscuity to such an

extreme that it paints sexually confident woman as objects of ridicule and moral degeneracy! It doesn't celebrate confident woman, but rather adds to the general stereotype which woman have been fighting against in their bid for sexual liberation. I found it unamusing and annoying. Hope I wasn't meant to be nice in this review....

Jane Edbrooke

no stars



Healy loses U.S. Civil War

Jez Healy

After another epic night in doing essays for me, and another epic night out having threesomes with my girlfriend and tuns dirty barmaids for Club Captain Gavin, things were not looking good as Team 3RDs met expectantly at Waterloo for the journey to Fortress Berrylands.

With the newly promoted 3rds - widely tipped to be relegation fodder at the start of the season- sitting proudly at the top of ULU men's Division One, QM School of Wanking were certainly filled with trepidation at the prospect of another crushing beating. Adding further spice to the occasion was the fact that the 3rds had thrashed College of Masturbation's 3rd XI 4-2 only 3 days previously, in a grudge match seeking revenge for the Wankers' cruel assault which finished captain Healy's season in just the 2nd game of the season. All in all then, not the match to be going into with a squad of hungover delinquents desperately looking for a place to kip in the sun. "It's ok though" exclaimed stand-in skipper Nick, we have 2 subs. Sadly for the 3rds, however, football politics interferred and Healy's arm was twisted into letting his two priceless substitutes leave for pitches new, with arch-rival 2nds Captain Julius and Captain Muppet of the 6ths claiming the spoils. No matter, the 3rds indomitable team spirit is built from such hard-fought battles as this; we were ready for them, "bring it on!" we cried.

An experimental lineup took to the field, Healy's tactical genius spotting a window of opportunity to utilise Gav's undoubted skills. (If you have identified what these skills are, please let me know- answers on a postcard) A note for our less tactically-astute readers; the concept of "libero" is an Italian tactic designed to provide a role for

Men's Football

| | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| LSE 3rd XI (Four shot challengers) | 1 |
| QMW 2nd XI (queen's messy wank) | 1 |

aging midfield playmakers who have reached the twilight of their careers and can no longer occupy their favoured role due to diminished pace and stamina. Those who have observed Gavin strutting his stuff around the centre circle, or witnessed his recent retirement from training during the warm-up lap will clearly see the reasoning behind Healy's decision. "But what of defending?" I hear you say. Don't worry, there's no defending to be done at sweeper

were unable to capitalise on their superior possession and territory. Yet just when we thought the goal would never come, centre-back Mike, rampaging forward like David Unsworth (ha ha ha), notched what should have been his fourteenth in three games- not a bad goal considering he usually couldn't hit a cow's arse with a banjo. More tests for the suitably silver-booted QM keeper (why do these muppets continually seek to emulate fuck-up Fabian?), and the constant



Russell confirms that semen is flammable

said the manager.....

The opening minutes of the game should have seen a deluge of goals, as the mighty 3rds rained in wave after wave of attacks on the pathetic QM "defence". Yet profligate finishing and an apparently invisible force-field around the 6 yard box ensured that LSE

threat of violence from Bolu and the 1st XI ringer at rightback- in case you read this you peck, yes you are very good at football, but you are clearly less adept at shaving your sweaty little tash, buying football boots in non-white colours, or avoiding dicks in your arse. Healy's helpful shouting from the side-

line's sought o calm down this volatile situation- "Oi you! Yeah, you. Listen you dirty little Taliban gypsy, get back to your fucking gay lover and leave us alone". The mature attitude of the manager is clearly spreading to the players.

Anyway, I can't remember the rest of the game, but we were clearly better than them- workhorse Markus showing his Teutonic efficiency in midfield- Vorschprung Durch Technik methinx- Caspar giving little flashes of his prodigious talent (for line-dancing), Tom showing off in front of visiting little bro- "Tommy Winstone is my hero!". Honestly he said that. What have you done to the poor little boy Tom? Gavin was solidly protected at the back, Harry giving his best performance yet in the blue of LSE, despite being 13 times over the drink-drive limit, Mike calmly assured as usual, despite missing the team shagpiece, erm mascot, his girlfriend Jem. I tell you Mike, if we win the league she's getting airtight..... Yet despite the ever-present threat of Simon and Bolu's almost ridiculous pace up front, we were unable to kill off the game with a second goal, and QM scored the inevitable equaliser late in the match. While Nick Hill's brilliance (between the posts, not between the sheets) this season and last has been well-documented, and his consistency almost ever-present, he is much better-looking than the rest of us and pulls a lot more, so we really feel it is only necessary to slate him gratuitously in this article. Let's face it Nick- YOU ARE A MUPPET. Never mind eh. at least now the 1sts won't want him back.....

And so onto Saturday night's party at mine- carnage. There was piss-drinking, there was bed-breaking, there was Harry impersonating Mick Jagger at 200 decibels, there was even Callas rolling semi-naked around the garden (alone I must add), and there was Markus forgetting his usual German reserve. There was also of course Gavin unable to speak, move or see, but alas he was unable to vomit in his spiritual home, the Tuns. Poor guy.....

Equal opportunities for rimming

Jen Welch

"She likes to felch?"

There are two different types of reactions to the mention of the LSE women's basketball team around the Tuns on a Wednesday night. One is "so... when did you start to play netball?", and the other is "oh, do we have one here at the LSE?". Something HAD to be done! And after waking my captain up at 8 am to get some vital information I found myself in the possession of the artillery I needed to introduce it to you.

So here we go! First there's Sophie ("I'll try not to foul out this time!") our beloved captain, then Eva ("I WILL try not to kill anyone today"), Greta ("I think the ref has a crush on me!"), Pearl ("Another tequila shot anyone?"), Serineh ("We've got to be MORE aggres-

sive!"), Elke (the dunkin' Dutch(wo)man), Annika (she's just started so I'll be kind), Ellen ("My Dad would be so proud!"), Billie, Nadia and Vidya (who have been rather discreet lately), Ana ("We've GOT to set some picks girls!") and myself ("Erm... what's a pick?").

So after the first "show ups" (other teams call them "try-outs"!?!?) we were on a roll! Ellen's Dad would have been proud indeed, because even without proper uniforms or practice time, and as Greta would say, "We kick ass, dude!". The season's highlights include our trip to play Royal Holloway that ended up in the whole team getting lost in the dark, guided only by the lights of our mobile phones to reach the train station, Eva nearly dislocating a Sussex player's jaw with her KNEE in an attempt to block her (who said that white (wo)men couldn't jump?), the "Shooting Star" Greta never failing to score at least 30 points in each game (and collecting a few phone numbers on her way home...), Serineh "the

Dribbling Queen" always managing to cause complete chaos and frustration amongst the other team's defence... And after two thirds of the girls recovered from either sickness or injuries, we were back in force last Wednesday for our game against South Bank. After a quick warm up during which the weekly gossip was exchanged, Greta, Elke, Ellen, Pearl and Annika started off majestically, joined later on by Eva and Serineh. LSE without any doubt dominated the whole game, but South Bank decided to get nasty in the last two quarters, which led to some tension on the court, and to highly constructive comments from the bench, such as "but they're so fat!" (see Eva, I didn't let on this one was from you :) or "Man, she's got boobs of steel, I swear!" from Serineh who stumbled upon the South Bank monster! The girls easily snatched the victory though and South Bank grudgingly gave us 1 meal ticket to have dinner at their union. So after deciding which one of us deserved to eat, we found our

way to the Tuns. Only Eva, Pearl and myself made it there, since half of the team hadn't yet recovered from the previous week's festivities.

Last but not least, it's Sophie's birthday today, so if you see her around... (yes, I'm still trying to get out of my nomination at the Kangaroo Court - I'm persistent Sophie, you'll have to give me that!) If you want to know more about what happens on Wednesdays at the Tuns, or about the team, the karaoke classics or Limelight, you can email me at j.r.welch@lse.ac.uk. If you want to know more about picks and screens, lay-ups, rebounds, jump-shots or fast breaks, basketball in general and at the LSE, you can email Sophie at s.savvantidou@lse.ac.uk. Or if you want to buy Pearl a couple of tequila shots, hear us sing "Like a prayer" or get Greta's phone number... see you at the Tuns on Wednesday! (And sorry guys... no rim jokes this time-next week!?)

7ths + guns + tea towels = Postal Workers undercover in Kabul

Doug Hancock

Trepidation and Apprehension filled the Sevenths as they prepared for the monumental voyage to the Vet ground, the location of which was described in one word by the animal doctor captain: Hertfordshire. Captain Dodgy Doug arranged a strategic troop formation outside the Tuns at 1pm sharp ready for the culling of foot and mouth infested animal students up north. However, the team conspired to fray his nerves by deciding to meet inside the Tuns.

Dodgy Doug paced up and down Houghton Street fearful that only he and the lightning Louf were present and that LSE 7ths would have to concede a humiliating walkover and let the Foot and Mouthers live another day. But, a 'quick check inside the Tuns just to make sure that they're not there' revealed no less than 10 7ths players huddled around a table in earnest conversation about whether or not they would have to burn carcasses after the event. Immediate troop movement to Holborn tube station was ordered and off the 7ths marched.



Well I say an 18th century 6 headed french tickler hmmm

Once on the tube matters went from the worrying to the scary when Alan Blue Boots (Rasputin) was accosted by a terrible cunt with fewer brain cells than he had hairs on his repulsive head. Rasputin was quietly filing his nails when the Thug next to him attacked; the sevenths' favourite Russian came reeling away with a cut of Harry Potteresque proportions on his forehead gushing blood. However, it was not he who must not be named who had assaulted Alan Blue Boots; it was an east end ruffian and he had not used a dark spell, his method of attack was the head-butt. Caustic Steve and Michael 'Silver-tongue' Carlton held and understandably enraged Rasputin back whilst the thug spouted some nonsense in the only language he knew: Neanderthal.

Men's Football

LSE 7th XI (Clean living boys) **3**

RVC 2nd XI (Filthy animal fiddlers) **1**

Men's Football

LSE 7th XI (Clean living boys) **1**

QMWank 5th XI **6**

At Kings Cross train station Dodgy Doug fished in the as yet unused first-aid pocket of the kit bag and managed to patch up Blue Boots as best he could. The motley crew found the train bound for Peterborough and tumbled out at Potter's Bar. Here Joss with the beautiful Barnet exclaimed with excitement "wicked, this is near Barnet" at which point the whole team instantly condemned him. Three taxis were eventually acquired and ferried the team down twisting country lanes to the prehistoric mud huts which comprise RVC's campus at Hawkeshead.

In an instant bout of rudeness the RVC appointed ref demanded immediate kick-

and duly it was. Jerome took hold of the ball scampered in front of their gaggle of defenders and chipped a neat ball into the path of new signing Tall Tom from Roseberry who lashed it home with glee. With the wind and slope with the 7ths in the second half many goals were expected, Rasputin had one (unfairly) disallowed for offside, but apart from that no more were forthcoming. Still, three points are three points.

In the vet bar merriment was had by all when (a) Tall Tom, the pessimist Bevan, Oslo and Barnet discovered their pool table and (b) Andrew, Ivan and Dodgy Doug discovered their bar:

"Excuse me young bar wench, I'll have a pint of Guinness and a double Gin and Tonic in two separate glasses if you please" said Dodgy Doug.

"That'll be two and a half of your English Pounds please kind, noble young sir," rejoined the barmaid.

"Top Banana" replied Doug.

At which point Dodgy suggested that the 7ths stay here for the evening since it was clearly much cheaper than the Tuns, but the team mumbled something about the Tuns having a better atmosphere and the likelihood of catching a disease in the LSE bar being smaller than out in this mucky gaff. Taxis were summoned and the boys got back to Potters Bar safely despite discussion between Andrew "the cat" Schwartz and the pessimist Bevi that the dark and moor-like land reminded them of "American Werewolf in London". The train back south wasn't, as everyone assumed, the fast service to Kings Cross, but in fact the stopping service to Moorgate. The train actually called at New Barnet station at which point Joss and his beautiful Barnet reached multiple orgasm much to the disgust of the whole team and the rest of the carriage.

In the Tuns, when they finally got back there, the 7ths were out in force and had a riotous time. The gauntlet that Dave Bains had thrown down (a boat race against the fourth team) was picked up and waved in his face at which point he capitulated and confessed that the fourths weren't men enough for the challenge. Some went to Cheapskates

and ended up back at Blue Boots' flat, rumour has it others went to Limelight, but those involved were too wasted to remember. All in all a successful day....

....and then on Saturday it all went catastrophically pear-shaped. An absolute howler of a match in which the defence didn't clear the ball quickly or cleanly enough (Dodgy), the midfield never held onto the ball and the attack didn't put away the chances. There are probably multifarious reasons for this defeat, which are undoubtedly interlocking and interacting. However, the principle reason must be a large LSEFC 7th XI showing at Crush the previous evening. Dodgy Doug ought to have realised that involving himself with a drinking table including Ricky "feet of" Steele, Gav "3pm-3am drinking session" Russell and Dave "6 nights a week on the lash" Bains was sheer folly, but alas he was sucked in. Dave suggested a triple Aftershock and Smirnoff Ice, Doug imbibed, twice (once red, once blue). Indeed the session got so heavy that at one point, between shouts of "ave eet", Gav inquired of Ricky "who's your Daddy?" to which the supposed man of Steele could only meekly respond "you are, Gav." Shocking. Both UCL 5ths and 7ths await us this week, but the main opposition to 7ths victory will surely be Skool Disco Crush on Friday.



"I was so disappointed to look into my Beaver and find Gav Russell"

It's Official - Callas is Dogshit

Loz Martin

A wasteland, instructions on "what a bin is for and how to use it" and roaming monosyllabic monkeys from the University of Hertfordshire greeted the party bus.

Before kick off, the monkeys resorted to base instincts to try and gain an upper hand, by kidnapping the bisexual muppet. They thought that by shrieking, jumping up and down and demanding that we turn our kit inside out, because our kit was the same colour as their fur and they couldn't change their fur, would put the 1st's of their game.

As it turned out they needn't have bothered trying to out-psyche us with their animal tactics. As half time approached Callas had been talking shit for too long, hypnotising Lozza and The pirate. He lured them down a cave, leaving a Hatfield Poly striker

Men's Football

| | |
|--------------|---|
| LSE 1st XI | 0 |
| Herts 1st XI | 3 |

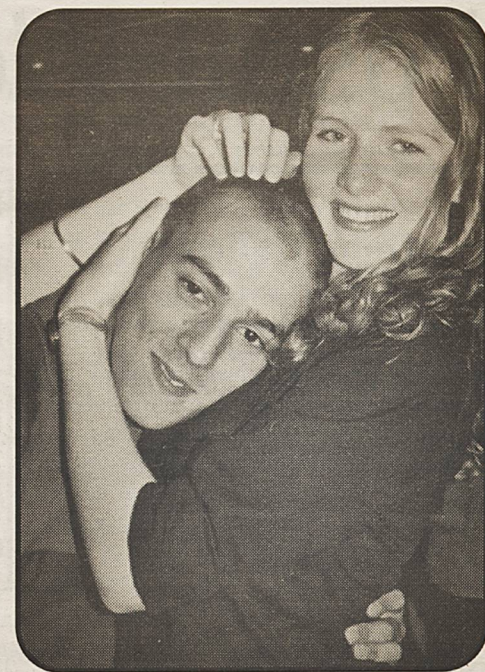
with only Stringfellows' tirade of foul-mouthed abuse between him and the goal. So we went into half time 1-0 down but positive we could turn things around.

The game turned farcical after the break as the gay icon changed teams with a parting shot: "I can't defend and I don't want to". Honey Monster's big face then distracted the ref whilst the lightning MC started dancing strangely with his elbows. This left the ickle tyke and the phantom finisher alone with the Hatfield Poly defence, ickle said later "they were big out there, one of them was as big as that monster twelve year old I pulled in Singapore!"

Meanwhile calamity G and the back four were struggling in vain to find the self

destruct button, until The Pirate got there first and pushed it as hard as he could. A Hatfield Poly striker had got into the LSE penalty box, amidst cries of "don't fail him" and "he's not going anywhere, just stand him up", The Pirate took out his hook and savaged the striker until non was left of him. The resulting penalty left us 2-0 down. The game was not quite out of reach until Library Dan, who'd been like a caged mouse on the bench, came on with 20 minutes to go. Unfortunately he was high and complaining of blindness, having drunk too many energy drinks waiting for his introduction.

The mood on the return party bus was upbeat, buoyed with news that the rugby team had hired a bus from the taliban bus company and safe in the knowledge that Peter Pan was on the seat with plastic covering after last weeks debacle in the tuns. The day ended on a fittingly sour note when the gay icon had to be forcibly removed from a service station for being drunk and disorderly. Fortunately for ourselves we don't have a game on Saturday.



"The twelve year old never had jugs that big" - Dean Taylor

Do you feel like pizza tonight?

Charlie Garnjana-Goonchorn

"A match? Away? On Thursday? Fuck me!" was the reaction of the 1st team when we found out that we have two matches in one week for the millionth running week. But Captain Will managed to pull up a decent squad at the end with the MACHINE (after we negotiated a deal so that he could go off to see his "friend" is Soho that night), The Captain, Thaiphon and Jed. We were just too cocky to bring the fifth player who happened to "fall ill" just before the match.

After changing tubes back and forth to save Will's 30 seconds, we had a run down on the match plan...how we were going to "take advantage of the opportunities". Sure, we were discussing Moises's plan with his Barbie look-alike Danish bird who was coming to give him a "leg" massage. You got to give it to man...but I would have to disagree with one thing. Moises, I don't think a third leg massage counts as a leg massage, mate.

We finally reached where no man had gone before, Tooting Broadway. The Captain and Thaiphon couldn't stand it any longer and had to settle for some minging chips...the Machine was saving himself up though. He did not want to eat before doing vigorous exercise that night.

When we finally got there. We did a quick in-and-out job. The Machine humiliated his opponent as usual. The Captain did us proud, playing two matches. Jed, with the little match experience, struggled a bit but came out on top with a 3-1 victory. Thaiphon took after Jed and only beat his opponent with the same score.

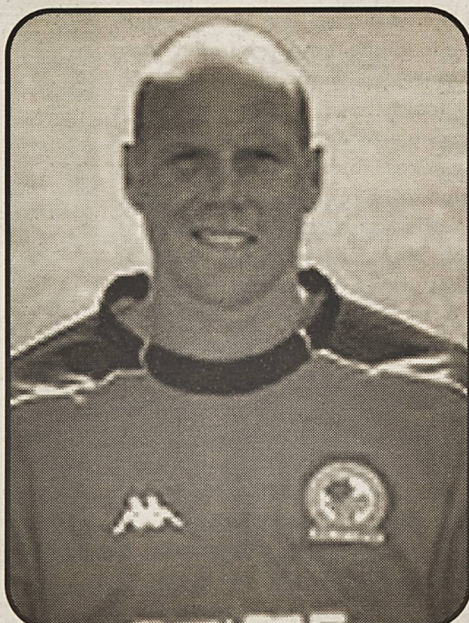
But that was not it, boys and girls...that was the beginning. We had to turn down Steph's night out with the girls. We went for pizza with the opponent instead. A brilliant display of effort from the 1st team. Of course, by this time, the Machine was already "well massaged" in Soho somewhere.

The St. George's boys were too crap at

squash so they thought they can beat us at drinking? Please...get real, we thought. The opponent was overwhelming. Even Jed, the drinking beast from Canada, could not take the force. We taught those Canadian boys what snakebite is. The opponent cheated. We lost out. The drinking games took us by storm. We were downing them like we have never seen beer before.

After turning down the offer from their captain to "spend the night" there (that's what they call it over there, be warned other members of the AU), we headed off...but wait, surely not without a souvenir!!! Right there in the corridor of the hospital, Thaiphon exclaimed "Hold it in, mate!!!!". But no, the Captain had done it. He couldn't wait. I will refrain from describing the scene too vividly. All of the floor. Pepperoni, grilled chicken, everything. We all had to clean it up afterwards as well. Hmm...nice... A truly legendary performance from the captain.

After that, we hiked home in the darkness. Never again. Let's wait till the home fixture and see what we can do to them...



Tom Whitaker - fat bald c*nt?

Will Rowlands-Rees

Rumours that Julf, in retaliation for the lateness of my scribing (good things come to those that wait...), had threatened not to sign for squash kit that we so desperately need, meant that I have had to write this week intoxicated, and on a Sunday lunchtime.

Last Wednesday saw the 1st team take time out from playing squash to go on a historical tour to Canterbury. We recounted wonderful tales of Canterbury's historic significance to our foreign compadres Moises and Charlie, highlighting how if we didn't avenge our defeat from earlier in the season, we could forget about BUSA progression.

Moises understood the urgency of the request and battled to a pretty easy 3-1 victory against an overweight bear of a man, playing his usual crafty shots from all corners of the court, coupled with his outstanding stamina. However he was to be later thwarted in his other mission (to have shagged at least one person from every European country before he finishes his degree) as some bird called him three times during his match from Croatia, and, as he explained, he can't ring her back as she lives with her boyfriend. Poor thing, only hope you took your frustration out on your Danish Barbie Girl Nurse on Thursday night.

Charlie fought hard against the prick that he had played earlier in the season, who combined rudeness with lucky shots from all over the court. A 3-0 loss was nonetheless appreciated as being just a touch unlucky by even their players, who it would seem thought of him as more of a prick than we did, if that is possible.

I played a really genuinely nice guy, which Moises said was my downfall. We played similar styles of squash, to a very similar standard, and like last time we

played, we had a very close match, played very fairly, which to be fair is all that one can ask for. Lies, winning is everything, and again I contrived to lost 9-7,9-6,9-7 very close, but not close enough as Moises thankfully pointed out to me, just in case I was in danger of forgetting.

At this point a miracle was needed, and it arrived in the shape of Ed and Tom. Having got a train an hour later than us due to the fucking ridiculous start time, they arrived just in time to see us 2-1 down and staring another bloody defeat in the face. However, Tom on first produced one of the displays of the season so far, and battled to an outstanding 3-2 victory. It would seem that finally sex sessions with the bird are producing results, for his physical condition seemed nothing short of perfect. Lord Bungle of Houghton Street (as he shall henceforth be known) later admitted that he was shagged, and fucking lucky against an injured opponent. No shame there mate, a top result and top effort.

Ed, making a rare appearance for the 1st team put in a superlative performance against perhaps the most comically named player in BUSA history. His opponent was called Nii (pronounced NEE), and although we were all itching to ask whether he was one of the fabled Knights of Nee that say 'Nee' so breathtaking was Ed's squash that we were all rendered speechless. At 1-1 Ed played some don squash to take the next two games 10-8 and then 10-9. Such battling qualities are oft not seen from the 1st team. Forever may Ed be known as Field Marshall Kempson, long may he continue to exert his iron fist of control over the squash court.

So, a 3-2 victory, I can tell you that we were nothing short of ecstatic at the result, and not even when we heard that the SPM (Strand Poly Muppets for those who didn't do any internship and get into TLA's) 2nd string has also had a victory at UKC that day, and would be sharing a train home with us did our mood dampen. Some beers, one change in the cold of Ashford International and we got home, shagged, but victorious, eventually.

World-Beaters or Wife-Beaters?

Rolfie -

Wife beating will put in you prison one day

Some of our more eagle-eyed readers may have noticed the absence of a fifth team rant in last weeks scandalously slimline Beaver Sports Section. This was due to a gagging order imposed on the entire team by the High Court, pending the result of the legal action brought against us the Romany People's Defamation League.

This travesty of justice has been brought about by our contention that our soon-to-be-outlawed right to incite racial hatred extends to the historic LSE Football practice of casting slurs on the ancestry of opposition players, insinuating that they may be descended from those once proud, but now much maligned, wandering circus folk of obscure Eastern European origin, whose name I dare not repeat in these pages. Following scare tactics reminiscent of those employed by the Cosa Nostra, we believe the Judge's decision to have been influenced by the appearance of tubes of industrial glue (made from ground up old nags - the closest they could get to a horse's head) in his bed, hence the shocking decision against us. Needless to say, we will be appealing to the House of Lords and are confident that we will shortly be able to again use vulgar racial slurs on ethnic minorities as a substitute for genuine humour.

During our enforced absence, dear readers, much has happened in the soap opera that is the 5th team, not least the publication

Men's Hockey

LSE 1st XI (Top of the League) **5**

Kingston (Pooh) Pirates (2nd) **1**

somewhat, these guys usually perform the same function for the team as a tube of Jewell's KY jelly at a Warburg "assessment centre", namely reducing friction between members and ensuring that no one draws blood during the action. Lacking these senior players, the fighting spirit and slick cohesion that had characterised our previous victories vanished like an dirty Afghan into a cave, and the cluster bombs of Holloway duly obliterated all before them 4 - 0.

Following that drubbing, most of the team were thankful to have a weekend without a game in order to indulge in a little R & R, which in Dan Poulton's case stands for "Rape & Run": possibly involving a certain 7th team player's sister. Allegedly. Certain recent court rulings have meant that more care now has to be taken when making slanderous observations of a libellous nature, purely on the basis of hearsay, against people, hence the disclaimer. Captain Ricky however, took time out from his very busy schedule to play an away fixture somewhere up north, though where exactly in the armpit of England that is Yorkshire he was is open to dispute. Contrary to our glorious leader's example, the rest of the team boringly stayed almost entirely on the straight and narrow, although several players disregarded the law of the land in the pursuit of poontang. Rumour has it that Little Nick has found a fit bird to play feed the pony with at last.

gal in this country. Welsh Ben had gone missing in recent weeks, citing facial injuries and a groin strain, although reports that these were received during a repeat performance with Emma Walsh are unconfirmed.

Talking about deviant sex, and then sex with animals, is a useful narrative device to introduce the reader to the next opponents for

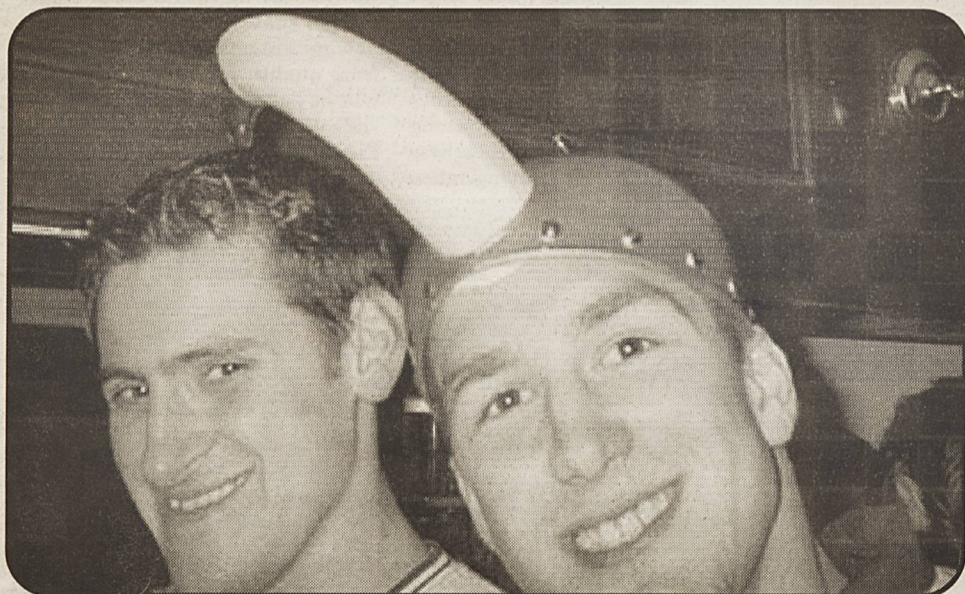
first time if Tuns gossip is to be believed) the pair terrorised the back line with some lovely runs and fine approach play. Once Tom Mythen had miss-hit a cross into the opposition net to give us the lead on the stroke of half-time we sat back, expecting the goals to flow. Unfortunately, the simple-minded Vets had forgotten that they were meant to roll over and be penetrated, and proceeded to come at us strongly in a much more even second half. Twenty minutes of pressure, and some panicked play from the home side, almost definitely not connected to the introduction of substitutes Beer and Jewell, culminated in their possibly retarded left-winger



Three men's piss - Rolfie's misfortune

the unstoppable juggernaut of wrongness that is the fifth team: namely the 1st team from the Royal Veterinary College. After the debacle at Holloway, the big guns were rounded up for duty: Davda took a day off from the pantomime and Johnny Beer ran out of excuses about the Piccadilly Line, so both showed up at Waterloo for the trip to Fortress Berrylands. What with fielding virtually a full strength team and with almost nobody still drunk from the previous night, we were justifiably confident about putting the small animal abusing wannabee Doctors to the sword. Starting brightly, the Fives set about the opposition like a hamster that wakes up in a tube in Richard Gere's arse. Playing our customary slick passing game and keeping possession for virtually the entire first half, we were dominant in every department, and only the end product was lacking. Stephan imperiously bossed the centre of the park like only a German can, and Francis was equally prominent alongside him, before departing with a leg injury just before the ref could send him off for dissent. Simon was a rock at the back as usual, with the returning Justin D slotting neatly back into the Dream Team back four again with Captain Ricky and Matt Barnett, who had recovered from the aural trauma of playing with Callas the week before. With the wide men Tom and Little Nick (ladies, I've seen him in the showers and there's a reason for the nickname) rampant on the flanks it was only a matter of time before we scored, despite Ayaz being only slightly less lightweight than a geriatric butterfly when faced with their burly centre backs and Danny "Wrongness" Poulton having once again forgotten his shooting boots. Despite shooting blanks all afternoon (and not for the

rolling the ball under keeper Ben, while the defence frantically tried to blame Ricardo for the lax marking. Two minutes later it was all over - the Fifts trudged despondent to their dressing room, cruelly robbed of a deserved victory but consoling themselves that they were still top of the league. In other news: the sweepstake on Nick's sister has, following a notable lack of success by the team, seen the prize fund swell to nearly £60 for straight sex and £120 for anal. Contestants from other sports teams are welcome, and should see Nick for the girl's number, and be aware that the usual AU rules do not apply - i.e. no date rape drugs please.



Rolfie smiles - he knows whether the other horn has gone

by ULU of official Division 4 league tables. These show beyond a shadow of a doubt that the 6ths are unquestionably our bitches, languishing as they are in 9th place while we reign supreme at the top of the table, perfectly positioned for an unprecedented league and cup double.

However, the last two weeks have not gone anywhere near as smoothly as Justin Jewell entering a UBS graduate recruiter from behind, lacking as we were a few key players such as Johnny Beer and Justin Davda for the trip to Royal Holloway the Wednesday before last. Although calling them "players" perhaps overstates their skills

However, since many in the team had drunk so much that they had lost the power of sight by the time she arrived on Wednesday night, reports that she may only be nine years old can be neither confirmed or denied. Watch this space though for an update when she's next on half term. Other exciting news from the weekend break? Special mention should be made of Francis; for valiantly trying to stop Charterhouse sexually assaulting his girlfriend at Crush. Also, though increasingly socially acceptable these days (and still by far the best way to spend a rainy Sunday afternoon) I feel that someone should tell Matt Barnet that sodomy is still strictly ille-



Damn your eyes and drink the piss!

Wank at South Bank

Dan
"Del Boy"
Riggs

Men's Football

| | |
|------------|---|
| LSE 4ths | 2 |
| South Bank | 4 |

The boozy beano to Brighton a few weeks ago helped bond the team off the pitch but on it things have not been going to the 4ths master plan. Our last 3 games have been marred by bad luck, patchy playing and the forwards' inability to hit a barn door (and the defence leaving the barn door wide open at the back).

Wednesday was the turn of South Bank to be awarded the gift of 3 points. Before the whistle things looked on the up for Mike - the ref was not only a women but she was of dwarf proportions, just how Mike likes them 'phwoar, midget girl in uniform' would have been the expected response but after previous canings Mike has learned to control such outbursts. Due to the absence of Antti 'Teflon gloves', who incidentally, in recent games has managed to keep his games to penalties conceded ratio down, Flan was forced to play in his not 'Genuine Favourite' position of goalkeeper and carry on from where antti left off. That he did, within 20 minutes played he had conceded a penalty.

Some other players from the previous two games were missing, Anthony 'beer pong enthusiast' had matters of a conjugal nature to attend to whilst our loans from the 5th team had decided they had seen

Omar was suffering from 'kerb chin' after managing to fall over the night before and hit his chin on the floor. Being so drunk the trusty defence mechanism of putting hands out to soften the blow had totally eluded him.

enough. Both had filled in to help in our epic battle with Royal Holloway and had been part of the joke 6-5 score line, Justin had played his first 90 minutes for nearly 2 years and on the day Tom did more assists than Debbie Magee.

We had a squad of twelve and as the match started we had high hopes, some of us were carrying injuries, Omar was suffering from 'kerb chin' after managing to fall over the night before and hit his

chin on the floor. Being so drunk the trusty defence mechanism of putting hands out to soften the blow had totally eluded him. By half time we were 2-0 down and playing like the stuff Davey B (the Womble) collects on Wimbledon Common, 'rubbish'. The second half started better, the defence changed about and Carl slotted back to left back. Carl was full of

except for DuDu who in the dying seconds had a 3 yard tap in to score his first of the season, but showing the coordination of a dead newt the ball somehow managed to pass through his legs and the chance gone. However he did make up for this by keeping an aftershock in his mouth over 15 minutes later in the day.

The dressing room was sombre



Vegetable fetishist in gay romp

confidence and dribbling around people like they weren't there, it was good to see his leg co-ordination back to full strength after being made to down 3 nasty concoctions in the Tuns the previous week to celebrate him scoring one of the goals of the season. Tony our right back would have no such trouble recovering from the Tuns sessions however because having worked on the tube for a year he demonstrates the behaviour of the tube i.e. he either never turns up or if he does he's hours late. The mid-field was solid with martin, Alan, Omar and mike beginning to play as a unit and the striking partnership of Victor and El Capitano were showing signs of life.

Victor made way for Aydee who with his fist touch of the game scored, it would appear that no longer will it be only the girls that call him a one minute wonder. 10 minutes later and Mike got on the end of a nicely slotted pass from DuDu, the train stopper to score a great goal and at 3-2 the game was well within our reach. Unfortunately they scored again and all hope of glory was gone,

but not without its moments. Having never washed a piece of kit in his life El Capitano thought it time for Crawford to take home the kit bag. Crawford claimed his washing machine had broke but that he did have proof, this being a fictitious letter he had written to the landlord asking him to fix his broken washing machine which he just happened to have in his pocket. No one believed the excuse but as he had spent so long writing it out and even folding it to make it look genuine we felt sorry for him and Tony the Tube Boy offered.

All in all we could and indeed should have played better, but this is all character building and I'm sure that our next win will see the start of something beautiful.

The tuns beckoned and everyone drank until drunk. Those not there by 7 felt the wrath of some dirty drinks and everyone ended up in a typical Wednesday 'pole-axed' state. Again, the karaoke man refused to let the 4ths drown their sorrows in song so moving onto 'los locus' the cheap cocktails flowed as the few dirty mingers in the club got some el capitano action.

Basketball: an excuse for felching?

Nick Gregariou

Forget about Rahman v Lewis . Lenas & Lev v half the poly team was the real fight last week. Kings knew that they needed to win this one if they were to have any serious chances of progressing to the next round.

Having won the first game by more than 20 points we didn't think that this would be any different. But with several of our key players missing , Kings got off to a great

a comfortable lead, Kings started their usual tricks trying to intimidate us. Tempers were already high as the referee (a 4'5 girl about 110kgs), was not calling most of the challenges. Quite surprisingly it all started by the smallest player on the court, Lev 'little' who got fed up with the guard from Kings pushing him around and tried to knock him over with a left punch. Then in the next attack Lenas starts punching the guy who was guarding him. Rumors say that the guy from Kings told Lenas that he was better looking! Within seconds everyone on the court was getting 'intimate'. When all the fighting was done we were surprised to see that the referee had disqualified everyone and

Men's Basketball

| | |
|------------------|----|
| LSE 1sts | 82 |
| Strand Poly 1sts | 76 |

start and before realizing it we were trailing by more than ten points. Despite the hard work by Greg 'Stop the War' and Raj 'baby hook' under the baskets and the scoring by Lenas the 'Sleez nuts' and Mike the 'shooter', we were still down at halftime with coach Christoff ready to explode.

In the second half tightening the defense with Frederick 'get me a girlfriend' Rasmussen and Lev 'little' Mandell we were able to get into our normal fast tempo with captain Nick 'the Greek' Gregoriou leading the scoring. With Travis 'shaggy' Stabler and James 'Korean missile' Park going strong on the offensive rebounds there was nothing stopping us. Having taken

was canceling the game. Nick and Christof were able to use their charm and get the referee to continue the game. In fact the last two minutes Kings had to play with 3 players as the rest were disqualified.

Nick had 21 points, Travis had a season high with 18 while Greg and Lenas had 14 and 12 respectively. Lev was man of the fight.

It must be mentioned here that we won the fight by a much bigger margin than the actual game. So, now we are now just one win away from qualification. The next game will be against Imperial and a possible win will put the Beavies in the round of the sweet sixteen for the second successive year.



The mottley members of rim-jobbers anonymous

Rugby Continued

his "boy". No Craig, don't get excited, its just a tool to drink more. Anyone who can drink and dance with all their clothes and shoes on back to front deserves a medal but Virgin settled for drinking games which emulated Keith Moon and Oliver Reed's best ones. ULU was cleaned out of Bacardi Breezers and Brierley and Morgs still cannot tell their Ying from their Yang or even Bobbli boops. Anyway, you have to be drunk to get it. How we all got home nobody knows. But as Lambo would put it sitting in his Scottish castle, "Memory just reminds you of the horrible LSE mingers you have pulled?. Now pass me a cigar boy, we won."

A Fat Angry Man's Guide to Erotica

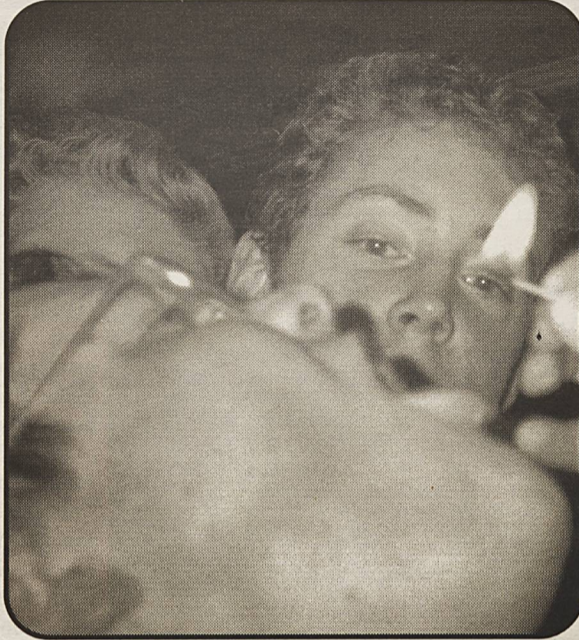
Before I launch into this weeks tirade I must do a bit of self promotion. I am of course talking about my new drink; it is dubbed the 4 shot challenge. It is made up of two sambucca shots, a blue aftershock and a red aftershock. Place all four shots in mouth without swallowing and then set on fire for maximum effect. Swallow.

Now enjoy the dribbling filled night ahead of you. Last Wednesday unfortunately I did four which meant I was found in Limelight doing my impression of someone with severe brain damage (not far from the truth). I recommend everyone try it at least once and try it out on women too as those which can hold four shots in their mouth really have something going for them (mentioning no names "Jane Edbrooke").

Now moving swiftly on to today's topic which is Pornography. I have tried to hold of the temptation to delve into the smut infested world I love so much (no not Manor House) but now it is time to expound my wisdom on the world of Porn. First of all some basic facts about porn. 1. Yes ladies it's true all men either like, enjoy, wank off, partake in, find funny, or aspire to be in porn or a collection of the above or all of the above. 2. All men hope that at one point in their lives they will be able to have sex with

a porn star. 3. All men who claim they hate porn which shows men's genitalia still watch it in awe of the penile mastery that some of the industry's greats display. 4. At some point while having sex with their girlfriends all men have imagined themselves having sex with a porn star or inside a porn film (you think we leave our socks on just because we cant be bothered). 5. Some men claim porn stars have small cocks, they are either lucky, blind or in denial (this is not to say that some sub standard woodsmen have not made it into the industry. Now I hear you cry how can get porn and what formats does it come in? Your best bet is of course

licensed sex shops which can be found in London's west end specifically Soho. The men inside are not ogres or unpleasant in fact for the most part they are very helpful.



The pinnacle of porn shopping has now become Harmony which is the Virgin megastore of the porn world. It is airy, modern, and has very friendly and sometimes good looking staff and is to be found just outside Tottenham Court Road tube station. They provide bounteous pornography in three main formats. The magazine cheap and cheerful and still good for a full on wankathon. The video the cornerstone of the porn industry and still a favorite

amongst masturbators and experimental couples everywhere. The DVD a new format and fasting proving to be the most exciting thing to happen to porn since Jenna Jameson. It allows for matrixesque slow mows replays and 360 degree facials.

Finally who should you be looking out for in your pornography. The women are too numerous to mention but I would suggest you investigate a new up and cuuuuummmmmiiiiinnnnnnngggggg star Brianna Banks. The men on the other hand are few and far between. The four woodsmen of the apocalypse can effectively be summed up as follow. Peter North the granddaddy of them all with superb quif and enormous cum potential the man is the Ferrari of top trump porn stars.

Secondly there is Rocco an experienced porn star who has done literally everything and I mean everything. John Stagliano otherwise known as Buttman who is an anal specialist and has an uncanny ability to find young fillies with great arses. Finally there is Ron Jeremy who is now not starring as much as he used to. His importance is unparalleled because he shows that even if you are fat with a mullet and a ridiculous moustache you can still do porn (providing you have a 9" cock). The word for today is "Harmony".

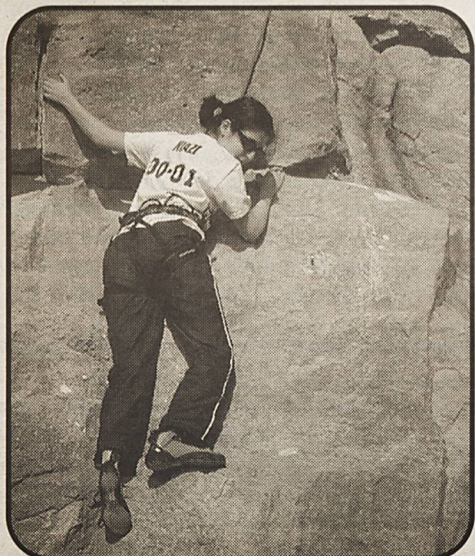
Sausage Fest Turns Coed on Rock

Peter Walsh

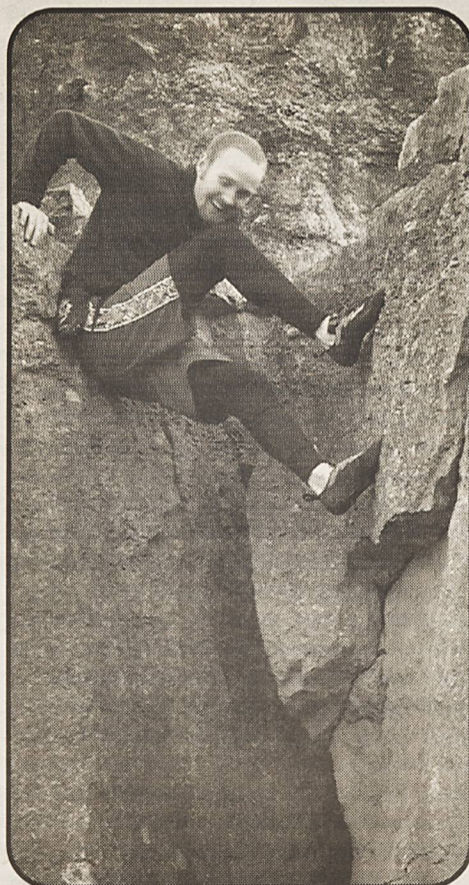
The first thing we learned this weekend: five people in one dinky Puegot loaded to the gills with rock-climbing gear is the obvious start to an interesting weekend. Luckily, yours truly rode down in the train on early Saturday morning, delaying my ride in the sardine can car until our return.

It was sunny, it was warm, and the fall colors were still going strong on the way to lovely Dorset (which makes me question the logic of ever returning to rainy and dreary London).

When I got to the rock, I discovered some



This is chafing my BeaverSports



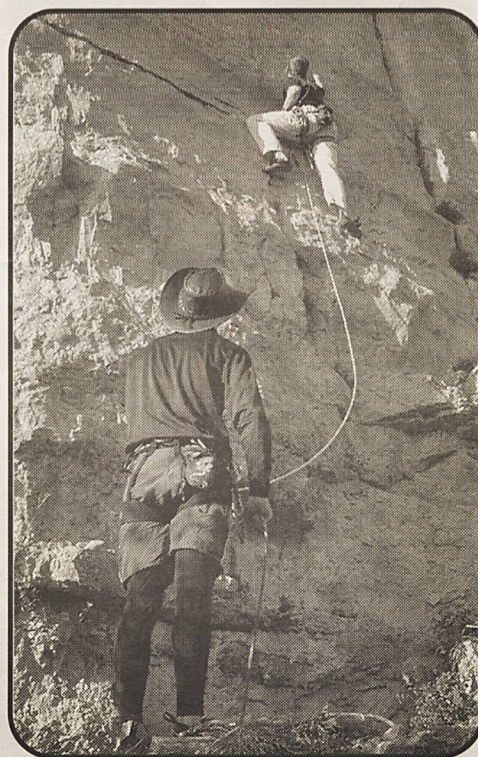
Man in spandex - Julie Andrews fan?

things had not changed. It was once again beautiful weather. Our psychotic treasurer was once again climbing to crazy heights without a rope. But the presence of three lovely ladies certainly helped to lighten up what was once exclusively a testosterone display. It was a great day, with the exception of the little brats that were making anti-

American jokes.

It was capped by fish n' chips in a bag (clearly not the greatest marketing idea ever invented) and massive amounts of unruly beer drinking in the YMCA. Hey, give us a break. The island of Portland is not exactly known for its nightlife. Sunday is when the real adventure began. Rain and rock-climbing are definitely not complementary, and it is in the rainy weather that the rock climber is forced to become creative. Thus we found ourselves on very steep clay hills.

Some of us already knew what clay is like



Ye Ha I bagged me some Poontang!



LSE girl in Crack scandal

when its wet, the

rest of us learned rather quickly, and our muddy bums tell testament to this fact. As I write, my clothes are being washed for a second time, as once did not get nearly all the mud out. Anyway, we found our way to a cave, and started spelunking. All I could think to myself the whole time was that I was glad I was not claustrophobic. After a couple of hours of exploring through the multitudinous corridors, we emerged into some better weather.

We climbed for a little while, as long as both the weather and our stomachs allowed. The sardine can car journey back to London was uneventful except for our driver who periodically nodded off for a couple of seconds throwing us into rather disconcerting swerves towards the median. But hey, I am still alive to tell the tale....

....and in the end it is all in the spirit of adventure anyway.



Indy sings - "Like a virgin"



Captain Cook's band of Bacardi drinking politically correct men

Indy "The immaculate conception"

LSE 1st XV strolled into Luton with an away support bigger than the LSE electorate needing a win about as much as our small asian virgin needed to get laid. Sadly -for him - only one of these events was ever likely to occur.

Upon arrival, we were boosted by the fact that Simba, Timon and Pumbaa (Luton's brotherhood backline) had been extradited back to Africa for unpaid child support bills. Coincidentally, the same thing happened to Jay who again mysteriously absent. Jake is on trial as we speak.

Breaking from our time-honoured tradition of conceding early, we scored straight from the kickoff. Nick and Craig - emerging as a strong couple on and off the pitch - managed to waltz together into the corner for an awesome try

Although Luton showed the same tactical genius as Punch and Judy, they managed to kidnap one of the show's spectators and the 12 year old scored. However, we stepped up a gear and did everything but score a try at half time. Despite losing Nick and 'Howling Mad' Madden to injury, our ginger compliment was retained by Ross' first game. He gladly repaid our faith by gliding through Luton's now comedy defence like a sailboat under Biffin's Bridge at the start of the second half. Luton again tried to peg us back. However, having two Harry Potter look-alikes in the front five certainly helped as a 6'7 inch brick wall was conjured up on our

try line. Andy and Colin's vicious rucking no doubt helped then and all day. After laying more smackdown than The Rock himself, Luton's battered defence presented the ball to Morgan in a monster filled birthday



While wiping Cook's seminal offering from my chin....

tankard. He gladly accepted both, as 10 (don't kid yourself that it was 70 mate) metre

Men's Rugby

| | |
|--|----|
| LSE 1sts (Champagne fuelled scud missiles) | 29 |
| Luton 1sts (GNVQ in dog grooming) | 14 |

interception try in the match and a monster in the Tuns. He also got a few more points through sliced kicks... but who cares, his head is so big anyway it now cannot fit within the small confines of the Tuns. This forced George to open the Quad. Soon it might reach the Biblical proportions of Brierley's arse.

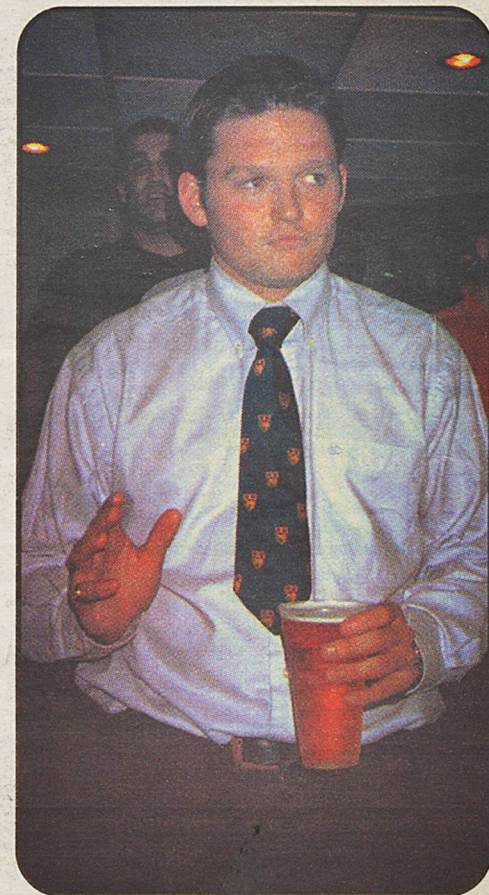
Luton still kept trying hard, but like a Geordie on Mastermind could find no answer. We managed to keep resolute in defence and for once get our angles of running right and mistakes low (enough). Although like Darius and his small weiner, they managed to slip one in when we weren't looking. LSE

instantly replied with a dominating try coming from the embers of enagement that is only reserved for the UGM. After having more phases than Rhys has had hot dinners, Leaver managed to trip over his own feet and land on the try line. For this pitiful effort and his birthday, he too was monstered. He was last seen with five other pikey Welsh boys looking for strippers and sheep. Special mention to all the team for that try akin to the Willie John's Lions. It could have been more but we were too busy looking good.

Defeat only prepares you for the greatest victories and when the final whistle blew, there was only one word on everybody's lips: Limelight. Upon returning to civilization, we were greeted with beer and then beer. Although some were sidetracked by George's free lollipop for all in the Quad, everyone managed to make it to Limelight. Inside, all of Morgan's prayers were answered by Jojo - at least for two minutes anyway. Cookie cleared the champagne faster than a Luton graduate in his dream job of shelf stacking at Safeway and Ross managed to fall asleep on some random guys' shoulder (Craig was gutted it wasn't him). Colin capped of the best day of his life by actually pulling a girl. As Murray Walker uttered, "Blink and you'll miss it". Sadly for Colin she did. This left the rest of us to walk home alone except for Kelvin who was last seen not looking so super, but on a leash attached to a lamppost outside Bankside. Help him please. All that was left was for the Virgin to whine, "If Colin can, then anyone can, cant they?".

Following such an inspired victory 6 members of the first team were summoned to appear at Twickenham. This involved drinking, swearing and mocking the eternal losers

of life: the Welsh. In shame, Rhys subsequently roused the after match crowd by his rendition of Delilah. More drink was consumed to paralyse our ears and we finally left to go to our spiritual home of McDonalds for the fifteenth time that week. Upon exit a



Now we are thinking outside of the box and moving forward!

group piss was approved so the sacred walls of Richmond were soiled with the last remnants of Limelight's Moet. Morgs then took it upon himself to piss on everyone. Rhys begged, "don't piss on me Morgs, I'm your housemate." After giving an argument which was about as convincing as Colin's number eight pick-ups, we beat him profusely. Then, an gargantuan amount of beers was consumed and Cookie even managed to sprout incoherent rubbish to Lawrence Dallaglio at the Sun Inn. Suitably charged, we boarded the tube without two virgin drinkers (Kelvs and Simon.) Although easily substituted by the "sticky hands" Jojo and her mate, our penchant for pissing in public places was not. My advice is to under no circumstances drink any pints found at Russell Square tube Station.

The awe-inspiring, astounding, incredible boys who made it this far could not stop now. Morgs found a very old friend and he proceeded to mock the Virgin by making him **continued on page 30**