

The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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Issue number 549



4 escalators working at Holborn - It must be Christmas!
Season's Greetings to everyone from The Beaver.

Christmas Gift - A free Hiya! magazine for every reader.
In the centre of the paper.



LSE sets alarm bells ringing at King's

Last Friday saw the 2001 Athletic's Union Barrel take place, and yet again mayhem ensued around campus. Every year, members of sports teams have a Christmas party quite unlike any other. Party-goers gather each year to spend a day drinking free alcohol to excess, before conga-ing (and vomiting) around Houghton Street and beyond.

This year saw traffic chaos on the Aldwych and the Strand as hundreds of merry people danced past traffic, ignoring the irate drivers. The barrel conga started off by going through the Peacock Theatre, bringing some much needed festive merriment to everyone's favourite lecture, Econ B.

Bizarrely, the Question Time Society scheduled a debate on Barrel day, and went so far as to virtually ask the conga round by inviting Christine Hamilton. The Athletics' Union were never going to miss this opportunity, and duly popped in. The overdressed organisers of the debate didn't exactly seem keen to see the conga in the Old Theatre, and they promptly blocked the stairs to the stage. The panel (Christine Hamilton, Maureen Lipman, Emma B (no, not that one - it was only a Radio 1 DJ) and Susan Greenfield) were more sporting, and shook the hands of the conga leaders and were generally amused by the whole event. A stalker asked Emma B if he could have a show on Radio 1 - "Not with a cock that small" was the honest response. With one man crushed, the Barrel

had a quick visit to Biffin's Bridge before heading on to our local rivals, King's College. King's security were hiding away when hundreds of AU members stormed the building. Many fire alarms were set off, and someone burst into an exam with a fire extinguisher, causing mayhem. Within 5 minutes the Houghton Street crew bid farewell and retreated to the Tuns. King's failed to see the funny side and called out all 3 emergency services (a Barrel first), and King's students were forced to spend an hour in the freezing weather stuck out on the Strand, while all the alarms were reset. King's security tried to get LSE students arrested, but the police merely said, "everything seems fine here".

Final Score:

Strand Poly 0 LSE 1



"If you don't have a GNVQ, you're not getting in" - King's security try in vain to keep the Barrel out



Just some of the many students that invaded Kings. The rest of the Barrel pictures can be found in the Sports Section.

Student Services Centre: The Beaver gets a sneak preview

Chris Wills

Life just gets easier and easier. Last year we had to trek over to grimy Greys Inn when we needed some books, this year we get an on-site library. This year we've given ourselves cardiac arrest climbing the stairs in Connaught House, next year we're going to have an ultra-modern one-stop services centre right on the middle of Houghton Street. In case you've been living on cloud

cuckoo land (See Beavers *passim*) the work on the new Student Services Centre has been going on behind the façade of scaffolding that currently stands across from Clare Market building.

The idea of the centre is to place all the student services that are currently situated in Connaught labyrinth on one ground floor, easily accessible, centre where students can find out about

almost the full range of LSE services and also more general questions about degrees, master's or PhD programmes. The Centre will not only deal with registration and examination matters, but also financial queries and financial support. Not only will there be a permanent staff to answer people's questions but the school are also developing web-based guide for the

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Inside : b:link - this week's best features, 10 - 15; B:art - the latest films, music, and Theatre, 16 - 25; Sports - All the worst of the Barrel, 26 - 32

Seasons Greetings from Citigroup Corporate & Investment Bank
no limits: www.citigroup.com/newgrads/recruits

citigroup corporate & investment bank

Schroder Salomon Smith Barney & Citibank

Anti-terror legislation: backbench rebellion the bushranger way

Catherine Baker

When the Liberal Democrat strategy team get to hear about Paul Tyler's audacious coup in a midnight debate on the UK's new anti-terror legislation last week, it would be a Liberal of very little imagination indeed who didn't at least entertain the possibility, as fleeting as it might be, of abandoning the criteria whereby the party's candidates are currently selected and awarding preference to any political hopefuls who show up at constituency headquarters with telescopic vision.

In preparation for a vote concerning some amendments about to be sent back from the House of Lords, government whips were patrolling the moors of Westminster, crooks in hand and sheepdogs at their feet (it's to be hoped that they're under instruction to return Lucy to her Home Secretarial owner if she ever decides to venture out and round up the herd too), calling in the flock to traipse through the lobby. As the disgruntled bleating of backbench malcontents indicated to Tyler, a bushranger for our times, that the sheep were ambling home into their pen, he observed there was not a single whip in the chamber and proposed a motion for an immediate vote before the shepherds made it back from the Commons cafeteria. In the eighteenth century, he could have been transported to Australia for less.

Although the government succeeded in averting their worst rebellion to date by having the remainder of the debate postponed to the next afternoon, Paul Tyler's Sheep Raid (an outback ballad in the making, there's no doubt) serves to show the unhappiness felt by significant numbers in all three parties at David Blunkett's measures to combat the terrorist threat. With the best will in the world, and no matter how many hereditaries have been put out to pasture, 'doing a Tyler' in the Upper House is, for the foreseeable future, more likely to require a pair of precision binoculars: instead, the very evening this newspaper went to press the peers reacted in a more orthodox way by handing down no less than five defeats to a section of the Bill which would allow Customs and the Inland Revenue to reveal to police the personal information of all suspects, not only possible terrorists.

In defence of these provisions, the Home Office Minister Lord Rooker pointed out that terrorists are often involved in criminal enterprises such as drug smuggling which would bring them to the attention of the excise organisations, and that it is not always obvious when information received refers to terrorist activity. Milord has evidently been keeping company with American intelligence chiefs.

More pragmatically, the objection might be raised that ever since the Lords lost any power to veto legislation in 1911, when Lloyd George squared up to them to force through his People's Budget (of which one should possibly have been as dubious as of the similarly prefixed Princess), the red benches have been little more than a delaying factor, unable to obstruct any government determined enough to force through the legislative instrument in question like the Little Engine That Could. Indeed, it's exactly the people who are likely to be rejoicing in the government's bloody nose (that Woolsack can pack quite a punch if you know which side of the head to smash it against) who will also have condemned the Lords some weeks ago as an anachronistic talking-shop thoroughly unrepresentative of



the general population.

But not all the time: the men in ermine (for such they predominantly are) have, for once, struck the note already being sung by other dissenting voices. A spokesman for the Home Secretary complained of 'unelected Tory peers disembowelling vital parts of the Bill and completely undermining our fight against terrorism,' a misguided populist appeal to the heartland which rings as

hollow as the bored French aristocrats' gesture of tossing gold coins to beggars through the windows of their carriage.

Helena Kennedy, now Baroness Kennedy of the Shaws but with a glittering career as a civil liberties lawyer to back up that rural-idyll title, likened the proposals to detain terrorist suspects without charge or knowledge of the evidence against them to the powers available in the 1970s under the Prevention of Terrorism Act, which permitted six-day interrogations without the accused having access to legal representation: the self-same foolproof system which alienated members of the Irish community in the UK and led to what we all now know to be the absolutely watertight convictions of the Birmingham Six and the Guildford Four. It would be forgivable to fear that the only thing left undecided by Blunkett's bill would be whether the resultant Three, Five or Seven came from Southall, Leicester or Bradford. In a war declared to protect our freedom and values, she fears we may ourselves be impinging on the rights we have undertaken to defend.

The Lib Dem leader Charles Kennedy, meanwhile, won a not insubstantial victory in forcing the adoption into the Bill of a 'sunset clause' (and don't say he only gave it that name to match the party colour). This will

ensure the legislation lapses after five years unless fully debated at the end of that period, avoiding a situation in which powers so incompatible with the European Convention on Human Rights that a state of emergency had to be formally declared in order to make them legal remained in force long after the crisis to which they were initially a response had passed.

The legislation which seems at first glance only reasonable when considered in the light of reports that al-Qa'ida has had access to, variously, smallpox, planes to Manchester and a 'dirty' radiological bomb would then have remained on the statute book, potentially ready to be used by a government of a much different ideological hue against environmental protesters.

I should add at this point to anyone thinking of joining in the chorus that you don't need to be called Kennedy to do so, although it might well help. And if our government really is as disinclined to take advice from anyone outside the USA as Jack Straw and Geoff Hoon's hints, in line with opinions shared by very few outside the more hawkish sections of the Pentagon, that the war could soon be extended to Iraq seem to suggest, then it may be necessary to rope in a renegade member of the Camelot clan. By standards such as theirs, it would hardly be outrageous.

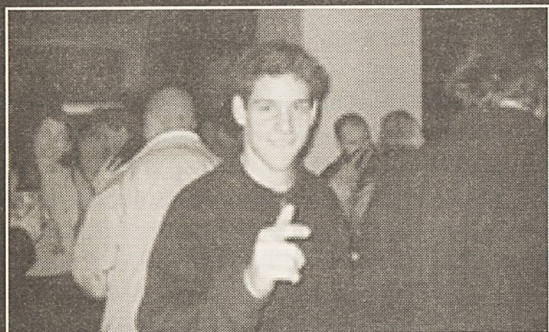


Houghton Street's Views on the Perfect Christmas Party



'THIS (the Scandinavian Society's) is the perfect Christmas Party'

- Tuuli Koussa



'Very good-looking girls dressed up as Santa's elves.'

-Mark Lobel



'Scandinavian people. They're the best Christmas people ever'

- Julius Eckhardt



'Licorice Vodka and a Christmas tree'

- Sari Rannanpaa & some more Scandis

No more space in the Tuns: so let us be receptionists instead

Cathy Wallace

Being a student is an expensive business. Even after loans, grants, savings and parental assistance most students are still universally skint. A part-time job is an ideal way to earn extra, much needed cash while studying for a degree, and most new students will make noises about 'getting a job in a bar.' The reality, however, is that there are vastly more students wanting part-time work than there are jobs available at the LSE.

The Students' Union is probably the school's biggest employer - incorporating the Tuns, the Café, the SU shop, the reception area and various jobs within entertainment events. After this comes the Conference Office, which has an 'army' of 80 to 100 students employed on a casual basis to assist with public lectures and events. The Alumni office employs approximately twenty students on a part-time basis, and the Library also takes on students. The Old Building and Tower One reception desks employ three and five students respectively, and a further two or three work in the Post Room.

While this all sounds good, most students will hold their jobs for two or possibly three years, therefore the jobs don't become vacant on an annual basis. New students have their work cut out trying to find employment. In addition to this the large number of students working for Conferences are unlikely to be given regular work, the lectures are evenly allocated at the beginning of term and on a first-come first-served basis after this as new events come up.

Demand and supply

Working on the reception desk of the Old Building myself I receive many enquiries about the availability of work within the School. Clearly the demand is greater than the supply. Yet despite this the majority of work within the School itself, the catering and maintenance of the buildings, is given to outside contractors. While there is certainly a need for some full time staff, it

would surely be of more benefit to the School - and cheaper - to employ students on a part time basis. Similarly anyone who has had the pleasure of queueing for hours on end at the Undergraduate Office would no doubt be delighted to see a few students working within the administrative areas and dealing with the easier and more routine enquiries.

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In-depth experience

The development of a new Student Services Centre in the Old Building, incorporating graduate and undergraduate admissions, the Accommodation office, the Careers service and other administrative departments within the School, could see its way to becoming a big student employer if the powers that be wake up and see the advantages of employing students.

And advantages there most certainly are. Richard Mulcahy, who supervises and manages the Old Building and Tower One receptions, is full of praise for student employees. 'We like having students here,' he says. 'Not only do the students get the chance to earn some pocket money, but we get the benefit of their in-depth knowledge and experience of student life, which is invaluable when it comes to dealing with enquiries.' Let's hope his wise words advise those heading up other administrative departments to turn to the students for a reliable and valuable workforce.



Union Jack

This week's UGM was a study in tedium. In the past year, budget week has thrown up the occasional incident. Petty squabbles over nominal amounts of money have led a wide array of muppets to appear in front of Jack's eyes, demonstrating their lack of social skills all in the name of the almighty dollar.

Unfortunately, this year was totally different, with no amendments in. As a result, the entertainment was provided solely by Jarlath D'OH Hara. Jarlath looks like he's after a fight at the best of times, but with the balcony boys spoiling to cause trouble, the temperature inside his immaculately pressed suit was rising. As it stands, the Balcony Boys had little opportunity to interject; the numbers in front of us being as dull and lifeless as Dave Clay's trip to Glasgow.

Apart from a few choice remarks about asylum seekers and dyslexics, the budget passed with little to do. Jack must admit that the only highlight was seeing an entire back collection of London Poodent landing directly on Peter Bellindi. Credit where credit is due: Jack applauds that what he's come to know as a four shot wonder.



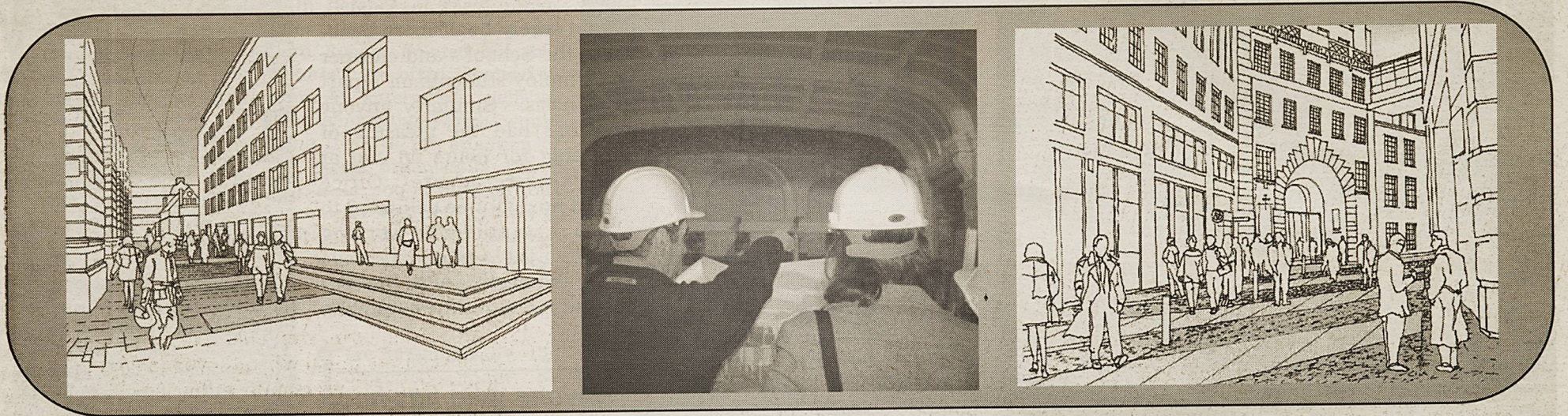
So, after a term of UGMs what has our august democracy done? Well, we nearly renamed a bridge, couldn't make our mind up about the war, but had a clear view on loiterers and people who push in front of disabled students. Not bad for a term's work.

But it's not all over yet. For those of you fresh at LSE this year, the wonder of Blackwell and Vedad will be new to you. The little and large of Conservative politics will hopefully be back to entertain us with their dulcet and screeching tones (respectively). Jack doesn't know what the pair have planned for us but I assure you it will be well worth it.

Before Jack goes, Jack hasn't forgotten that UGM chair Ian Curry promised to go topless for Christmas. I hear a certain fireman from North Carolina is flying in especially.

The Beaver Focus

LSE Student Services Centre takes form



Continued from Front Page

Centre so that students can obtain the information and advice they need. There will also be PCs and many information points so people can find out what they want to know via the internet or prospectuses. The centre will also house Financial Support Drop-ins and will provide opportunities to discuss problems with Financial staff.

ground floor of the building - including a spiral staircase to an upper level - will be largely sharp and angular and the room will be separated into two halves by stone pillars running through the central area.

The dark appearance of the metallic décor and red bordering will be com-

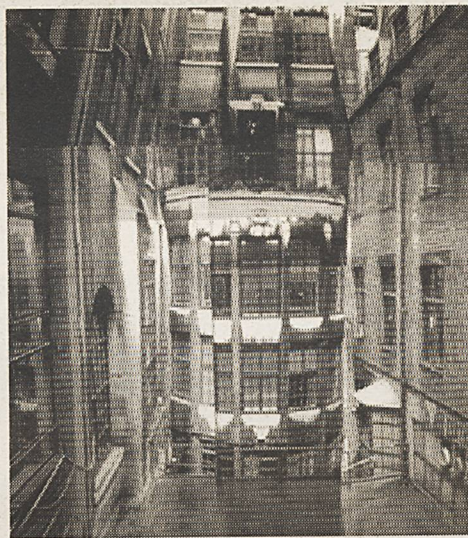
coloured gauze will also help provide natural light to the atrium. There will be eight large beech tables for studying in the central area - each with plug-in sockets for laptops - as well as the desktop PCs for research.

The Services Centre - the first phase of the Old Building re-development -

tractors) the project is expected to cost around £2.5 million by completion. The second part of the project will transform the unused light well (pictured below) in the middle of the Old Building into a direct passage to the front of the building, offering improved disabled access and a new space for School events and gatherings. Co-inciding with these stages

Construction - which began only last August - is still very much in progress but the Centre, which is replacing rooms A42, A85 and A86 (previously used for lectures and events, including Freshers' Fair) is set to be modern and spacious. Due to be finished by June or July - and certainly before the beginning of next academic year - the artists impression and the work already completed within

the Centre show it will have a very modern and metallic appearance with a central room separated by arched colonnades and an exterior atrium through which to enter. The

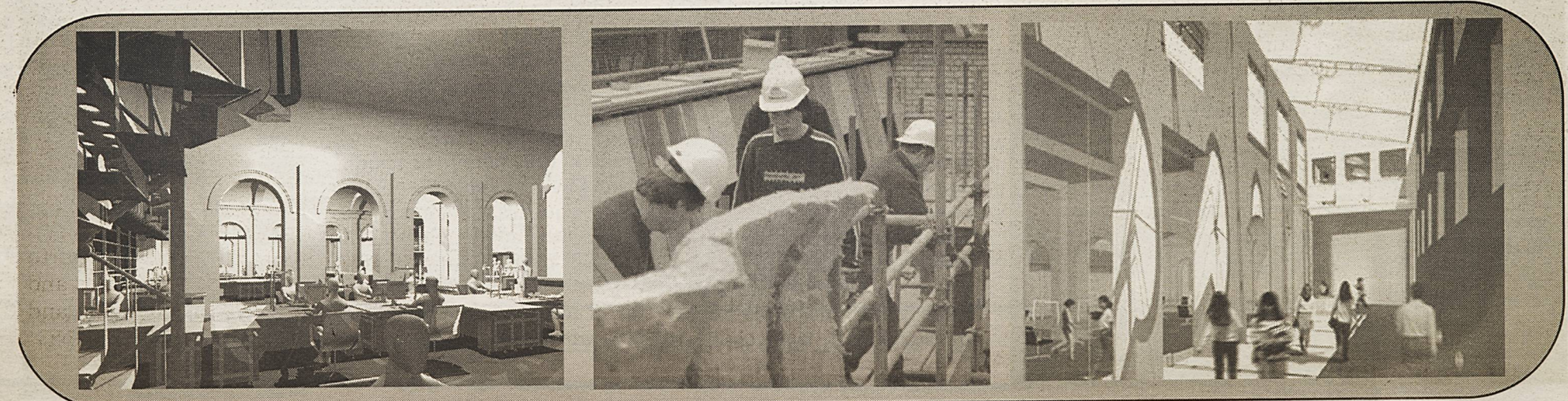


light from the high windows - the scaffolding that is being used to clean these windows and the exterior of the Old Building should be taken down in February - and a curved roof made from lightly

is not only expected to be completed on time but also on budget. Funded by the Campaign for LSE, the school's fundraising arm and designed by architects KPF (the project managers are Bovis Lend Lease and Allenbuild the main con-

While Houghton Street may look a bit unpleasant at the moment there is no doubt that when completed, the Services Centre will provide a massive boost both to the appearance and facilities of the LSE.

of construction will be the increasing pedestrianisation around Houghton Street. Phase One will fully pedestrianise the area outside Waterstones book shop while phase two will increase the pedestrianised zone along Portugal Street and past the Peacock Theatre.



The Beaver Far Flung

The Beaver's weekly round up of student news

with Lyle Jackson



A giant Mexican plant has reached new heights at the University of Cambridge. The plant, which is housed in the Botanic gardens, has broken through the glass roof, according to the Varsity newspaper 'much to the concern of several students'. These particular students were unavailable for comment when I asked - probably suspecting their well deserved dressing down for their concerns. One student did manage to come up with, "rumours that the twenty foot giant will eventually take over the entire university have been quashed." After I had completed my bout of laughter I went to the department of steroids to investigate further. All of the scientists involved were away at Olympic wrestling trials and hence also were unavailable for an interview. Anyone who would be concerned by a tall plant, please re-apply to Cambridge University next year.

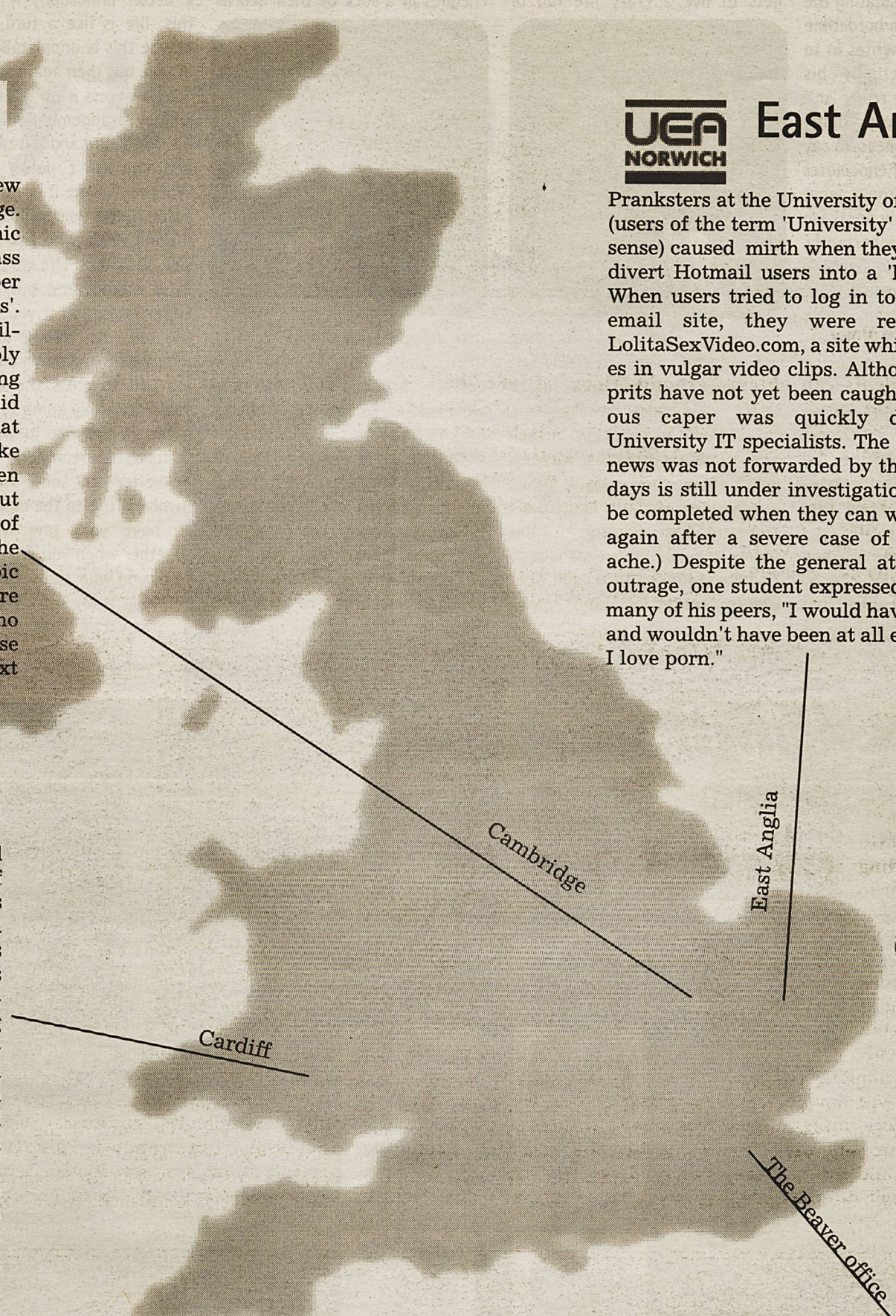


Concern has been raised at the University of Cardiff, where students have been the target of a recent spate of robberies from car boots. This has occurred on several occasions when students have been loading up their cars, then leaving them unattended, much to the delight of local thieves. The items stolen varied from dirty cutlery to expensive computers and the police have told students to remain vigilant. Strong advice from the constabulary. Less tactful people that I spoke to offered the following advice, "don't be so fucking stupid, you sheep shagging bastards". One police spokesperson was keen to stress that "thieves will take anything no matter how small, even half a packet of cigarettes."



East Anglia

Pranksters at the University of East Anglia (users of the term 'University' in its loosest sense) caused mirth when they managed to divert Hotmail users into a 'hot sex site'. When users tried to log in to the popular email site, they were redirected to LolitaSexVideo.com, a site which specialises in vulgar video clips. Although the culprits have not yet been caught, the hilarious caper was quickly detected by University IT specialists. The fact that the news was not forwarded by them for three days is still under investigation. (This will be completed when they can write a report again after a severe case of group wrist ache.) Despite the general atmosphere of outrage, one student expressed the view of many of his peers, "I would have watched it and wouldn't have been at all embarrassed, I love porn."



Some words of thanks: The Beaver would like to thank East End Offset - our printers - for their continual help and understanding, everyone at the Lodge for their key-finding abilities, all the Ocean Colour Scene fans in the post room, Carrie and Alice at SU reception, all the Sabbs, the patience of Sam Kung and, of course, all our regular contributors. Finally we'd like to thank Bang Bang without whom none of this edition would have been completed so merrily. We leave you with his maxims for the Christmas season: The bottom line is, Christmas is the celebration of the birth of Jesus, the pagan solstice, relationships, riding lemon licking lizards, the birth of Mithras and a load of other religious things that have been eclipsed by consumer spending. So, eat, drink and be merry. May your God go with you, and I want you all to know that I love you all. BANG BANG! p.s. WO000000!

Nelson's Column

Forrest Gump said that life was like a box of chocolates. He was wrong, so badly wrong in fact that it tarnished the whole message of the film. It is, however, no surprise, given that the film gives the task of encapsulating the complexities of life to a borderline retard (before anyone writes in to say that it was actually his momma who said it, it really isn't relevant as they're both idiots) What does it actually mean to say that life is like a box of chocolates and that you never know what you're going to get. How are these two ideas related? Importantly, what kind of fuckwits buy boxes of chocolates without knowing what they are going to get (again people might write in saying that Forrest didn't say that life was like buying a box of chocolates, but just that it was like one) But it doesn't matter. Even once the box of chocolates has been bought with the full knowledge of what is inside, most good chocolate boxes come with little cards that tell you exactly what each chocolate looks like and so informs the eater of exactly what he gonna get. I think that such a meaningless platitude as 'Life is like a box of chocolates' are

exactly the kind of ill-thought out rubbish that is the bread and butter of films like Forrest Gump where we're supposed to appreciate the amazing life story of an idiot who, against all the odds, gets to live a crazy life full of



adventure, fun and dazzling achievements. Well 'NEWSFLASH', this doesn't happen to idiots. Idiots don't meet the President, they watch Children's ITV in their underpants, wrapped in a 'Mr Men' duvet eating their bodyweight in peach melba yoghurt. Idiots don't represent their country at table tennis, they just about manage to find the benefits office each week before forgetting and going through the same trauma the next week. Idiots don't unwittingly

invest in booming shares and make millions; they start up Midland's (now HSBC) Accounts just to get the free football and balloon, then forget they have an account and keep their benefit cheques in a sock by their bed as



they have no idea how to cash them. Idiots don't become successful shrimp fishermen, they wear odd socks and their jumpers back to front and get litter thrown at them. I just believe that if you're an idiot, a film like 'Forrest Gump' might make you think that something great is going to happen to you when clearly if life is like a box of chocolates then you'll probably pick the one with the cack and marmite filling....if you're lucky. Maybe the film wouldn't have

been as entertaining if Forrest was so remarkably stupid that he never got out of his house as the dead lock was too challenging for him, but at least it would have been honest. I think if I had to think of a better philosophy it would be this: life is like a turd, it stinks. Maybe this is unpalatable to a lot of you, but then again so is a turd. You can dress it up in garnish and a fancy arrangement of lettuce but it's still a turd and it'll taste shitty; and you can't polish it either. Whether we like it or not, life separates those who will be successful and those who lick the wrong side of stamps. Life isn't necessarily a meritocracy, but it doesn't suffer fools, and if you think that the red man at the crossing is jumping up and down and beckoning you to cross the road, then you're probably going to get hit by a car. I'd just like to wish all the idiots out there a Merry Christmas, or better still, one that doesn't involve a trip to the casualty ward to have your jaw wired back together when you fall over trying to put on your trousers. God Bless.

Baker's Mullet

SO IT'S that time of year again readers, when the halls are decorated with bows of holly, when lights brighten up the streets and when mum gives you another split lip for buying her a shit present.

Mullet can't wait for the Only Fools & Horses special on Christmas Day. Fuck the presents and the dry pieces of turkey, all Mullet wants to do is sit in front of the box and watch what Del and Rodney get up to. Sad though it is, we'll be missing old Uncle Albert and Mike from the Nag's Head. Hopefully Trig and Boycie will make an appearance.

Call Mullet a cynic, but there's little to get excited about with Christmas these days apart from the traditional Only Fools & Horses viewing. As you approach your twenties and beyond, Christmas presents only seem to be clothes. No longer are you waiting up all night for Father Christmas to bring you a Mr Frosty machine and Guess Who.

Now it's socks, pants, a shirt

or at a push, a mug with a humorous comment on it. Parents just laugh at you now if you ask for the repacked version of Operation or that Tickle Me Elmo you've always wanted.

Mullet hasn't begun his Christmas shopping yet. Each year Mullet insists that he is going to buy his presents in the capital yet always seems to leave it till he goes back up North and has to buy his pressies from the shitty little York shops.

Last year after perusing the delights of the Yorkshire Pudding and Ferret shop, the Flat Cap Supermart and the Beef Dripping Discount Warehouse Mullet realised that he should have

bought his presents in London. Instead of exotic clothing, rare records and erotic videos, Mullet's family received the usual Kit-Kat and an orange in a sock.

This Christmas though, Mullet is looking forward to the usual pissed up nights in York with his old school friends so he can mock them about the shit universities they go to. After listening to their pointless stories about how Nottingham Trent is actually a decent bastion of learning Mullet will give them a hug for Christmas and tell them that he doesn't want to see their faces again until Easter.

Mullet's family will also be wanting to see the Mullet. The

prodigal son will have returned again after a wasted term of pissing his student loan up against the nearest wall. The family believes that Mullet has endeavoured to work hard in his last term, however in truth this last term has been one long trip of Guinness, Blue Reef and Aftershock peppered liberally with a good look at internet porn.

Christmas will be much the same although the Guinness will be swapped for John Smiths and the Blue Reef for Tetleys, the Aftershock consumption on the other hand will stay much the same.

So readers, all that's left for Mullet to say is that he hopes you have a great break, don't work too hard and make sure you watch Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang on Boxing Day, a classic! Look out for the appearance of Benny Hill.

Merry Christmas readers, may your turkey be amply stuffed. CHRIST!



The Beaver

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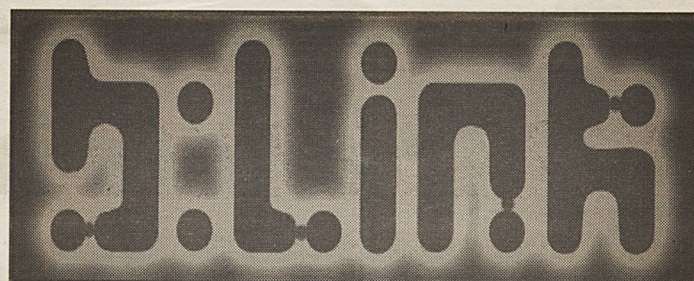
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charlie jurd : c.r.jurd@lse.ac.uk catherine baker : c.e.baker@lse.ac.uk

a very balkan coup?

words by catherine baker

When it's time for the handshakes in the state apartments once the Queen draws her audiences with foreign dignitaries to a close, has anyone ever wondered what there is for her to say?

No matter how many diplomatic intrigues the watching chandeliers might have been party to in the past, the days are gone when crowned heads partitioned far-off corners of the world with a few strokes of a pencil on parchment maps spread out across mahogany tables: the next century's arbitrary borders will be decided in surroundings as unprepossessing as the round table around which the Northern Alliance and assorted mujahedin are currently gathered in Bonn.

It's just that, royal chit-chat having as unimaginative a reputation as it does, there's a nasty possibility that Her Royal Highness might have greeted the Yugoslavian President, Vojislav Kostunica, on his trip to the UK in late November with the time-honoured formula for touring charities, factories, or any other location where a Royal comes into contact with the public. Indeed, it might quite possibly have been heard at the official opening of our very own library, if only any students had been invited to hear it spoken: 'And what do you do?'

Kostunica, the constitutional lawyer from

outside the political machine who stood at the head of a seventeen-party coalition to challenge Slobodan Milosevic for the presidency last October, might have replied that he had represented the hopes of a nation exhausted from ten years of Milosevic's corruption when it ensured worldwide 'October Revolution' headlines the next morning by storming the parliament building in Belgrade.

He might have told the lady in pearls that

he became the latest in a succession of men with whom the West could do business, a welcome advance, or so it seemed that October, on the politicians with shadowy connections and just as veiled ambitions who were democracy's hand-picked allies in the Balkans throughout the 1990s.

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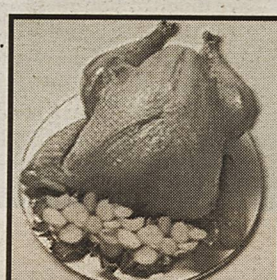


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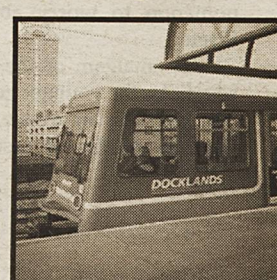
the freeters of japan



something to aspire to



financing the future



freeters in search of freedom

words by bethany donithorn

As we leave the dreaming spires of Houghton Street and head off for the holidays, the eager banker-wannabes among us clutching their sheaves of gleaming application packs - the first step, they hope, on the golden road to untold wealth and long nights in the office - it's worth taking a look across to Asia where a rather surprising change is developing.

time work, this new species shirks responsibility, is apathetic, lazy and parasitic. All this according to the many parents, policy makers and journalists who fear Japanese young people are increasingly distancing themselves from society. They lament Japan's unprecedented wealth of the past thirty years, which lead parents to pamper their children rather than encouraging them to

time between tutoring English, ushering at conferences and acting as a tour guide to fund her frequent trips around the world. Like many Freeters, she relishes the lifestyle she has chosen for herself: 'I love meeting new people and even though my position is not permanent, money can't buy what I get from the people I meet... I don't care that I don't belong to a certain company, I choose what I want to do and jobs I can enjoy.'

The Freeter phenomenon began fifteen years ago when graduates and high-school leavers alike began to reject the traditional workaholic career path in favour of a more individual lifestyle, trying their luck in the music industry or seeing the world, supported of course by their deep-pocketed parents.

The Freeter population has risen from 1 million in 1992 to 3.5 million today - more than one in five single people aged between 20 and 34 - and looks to continue growing. However, what motivates them has become more prosaic. The unemployment rate among 15 to 24-year-olds is nearly 10%, so with fewer jobs available and increasing redundancies, many graduates now have no choice but to become Freeters.

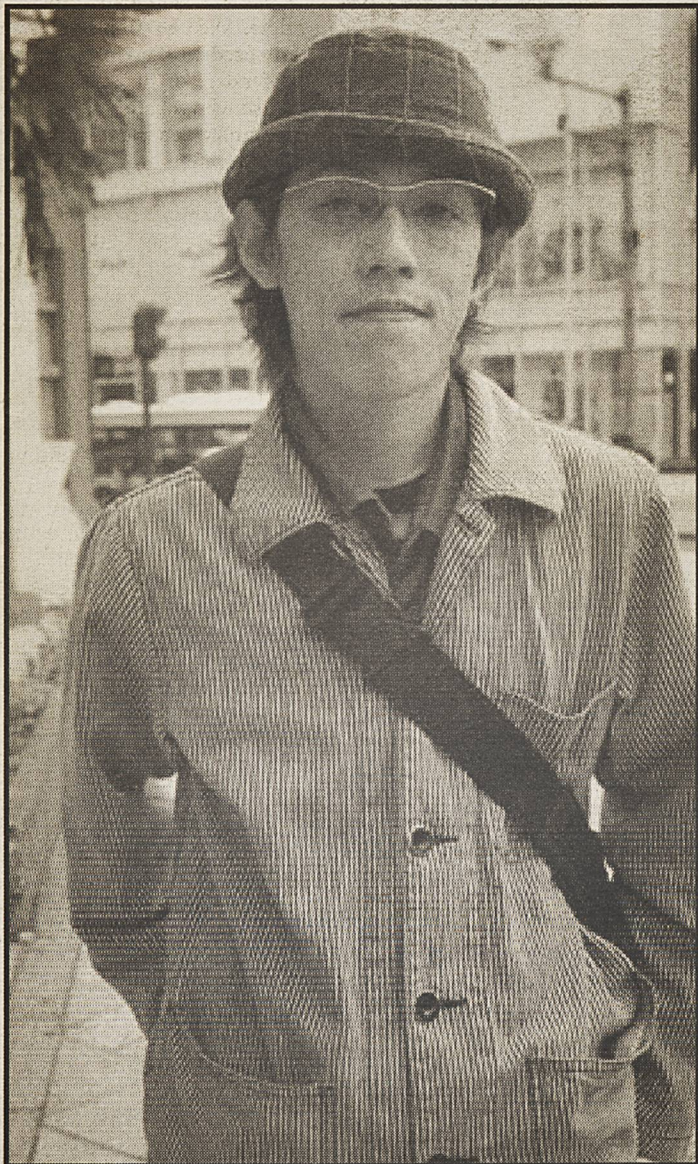
The new Freeter culture has thus been an unexpected benefit to businesses in Japan. What began as a rejection of the conformism of their parents' generation is now a necessity in the current depressed economic climate. Japan has yet to sign the 1994 International Labour Organisation convention, which means that Japanese companies can cut costs by employing part-time workers whose wages are low and turnover is high. Commentators welcomed this restructuring of the Japanese workforce, encouraging labour mobility and diversification of working conditions.

However, while Freeters are certainly meeting the needs of the current economic crisis, those with a longer-term perspective worry what future damage this growing trend will do to the Japanese workforce. Hajime Karatsu, a professor at Tokai University, doesn't mince his words: 'I am disturbed at the alarming increase in the number of young Freeters... Some commentators praise them as a new breed of young Japanese. Frankly, I feel these people have little substance.'

He argues in a recent article that the success of the Japanese

economy is due to Japanese manufacturing strength and technological excellence, therefore to encourage job-hopping and untrained workers is he says, 'totally irresponsible.' To ensure Japan's future success he insists that rather than reforming the economy what is needed is to concentrate on restarting the manufacturing industry - and get rid of Freeters: 'To maintain Japan's

uncertainty, and it's clear why many are finding their dissatisfaction turning to apathy and hopelessness. Yoko admits that while she enjoyed the freedom when she was young, she's now realising that her options have become limited: 'Hopefully, in the future I'll get a permanent job, however, it's difficult for people like us, who graduated a long time ago. Besides, I don't have the right



Japan, the land of a job for life, where each morning hordes of identically-suited businessmen stream out of underground stations and into their offices, distinguished only by their company pin, symbol of their lifelong loyalty. No longer. Today the bursting of the bubble economy means the older generation have a new phenomenon to worry about: the Freeter.

An amalgam of the freedom sought by the younger generation and the German *arbeitslos*, used in Japanese to denote casual part-

time work, this new species shirks responsibility, is apathetic, lazy and parasitic. All this according to the many parents, policy makers and journalists who fear Japanese young people are increasingly distancing themselves from society. They lament Japan's unprecedented wealth of the past thirty years, which lead parents to pamper their children rather than encouraging them to

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technological excellence, we should go back to the principle that good manufacturing stems from good human resources. Freeters will have no role to play in the industrial restructuring.'

Many Freeters are themselves beginning to see the downside of their chosen path in life - the problem is, it doesn't lead anywhere. 80% of Freeters have unskilled jobs in the service industry, where pay and prospects are low, while 60% still live with their parents. Add to this the current economic

qualifications to do anything special, and there aren't many careers where I can use my English as I'd like.'

Whereas before they had high hopes of expressing their individuality, Freeters are now feeling unfulfilled and anxious about their futures. Maybe having a stab at that twenty-page application pack wouldn't be such a bad way to spend Christmas, after all...

wanted: one midwife king

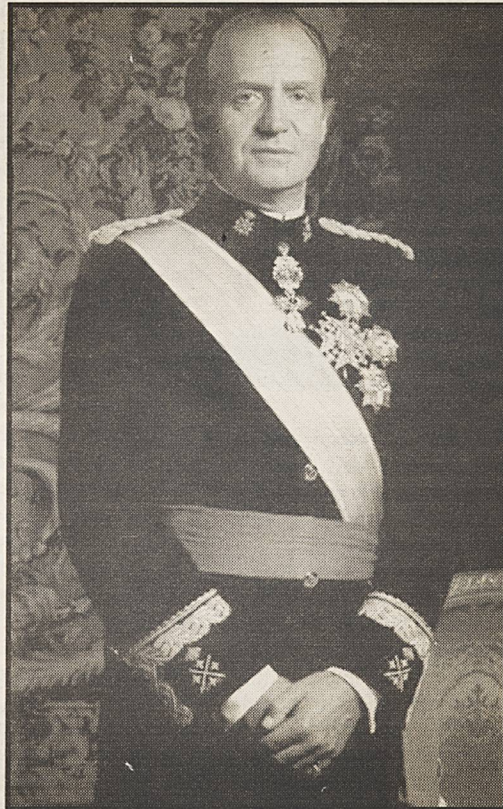
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Perhaps they might even have commiserated each other on the aspirations of their states' constituent nations. As irritating as it might be for the Queen to have to pull out her passport in years to come every time she wants to flit up to Balmoral, that's nothing compared to the much more immediate implications for Kostunica's own position should Montenegro achieve the objective already set out by her own president, Milo Djukanovic, and vote for independence in a referendum to be held next June. No Montenegro, no Yugoslavia; and no Yugoslavia, no job for Kostunica.

What the Queen is unlikely to have heard from the man who may in twelve months' time be a lamer duck than a mallard in a man-trap is that his nationalist sympathies are not so distinct from those of the men he replaced: a photograph displayed by protesters when he attended a Balkan stability summit in Zagreb, taken several years before he contemplated running for office, shows him posing with jubilant Serbian paramilitaries, grasping an assault rifle.

Kostunica, of course, is no Milosevic: which is why they voted for him. No conscript soldiers will be sacrificed to an expansionist ideal of Greater Serbia on his watch. On the matter of what happened in the course of his predecessor's campaigns for that chimera, however, he's shown himself much more intransigent than the laudatory coverage he received before he had been Yugoslavia's head of state for a full 24 hours might suggest: despite his country's obligation as a UN member to deliver indictees to the War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague, his opposition to extraditions has been consistently implacable.

To have been an opposition leader in the late 1990s, any Yugoslavian politician would have had to be an arch-pragmatist, and Zoran Djindjic, Serbia's Prime Minister since the so-called revolution, is no exception. He's stood on a platform with Vuk Draskovic, a man so feared by Milosevic that he sent a truck to ram him off the road, and he organised 'crisis committees' to manage the transition while Kostunica was still addressing crowds in Belgrade; yet he met the paramilitary warlord Arkan several times, and roasted an ox with one of The Hague's most wanted men, the



former president of the Bosnian Serb republic Radovan Karadzic.

Recognising the amount of international aid Yugoslavia stood to lose if the extraditions demanded by the tribunal's chief prosecutor Carla del Ponte were blocked, he found a loophole in the constitutional clause banning extradition to other states that allowed indicted war criminals to be transferred into the custody of the UN.

For all that the subterfuge has maintained Yugoslavia's standing,

it's done very little for Djindjic's own. He and the president each have their own power base: Djindjic can count on support from the police, while Kostunica has the backing of the army, which contains a numerous faction opposed to extraditions. It's not hard to see why that might be.

Last month it took not many more than a hundred members of the country's special forces, the Red Berets, to bring to mind just how fragile the new Yugoslavia might

still be. In protest against being deployed to arrest two indictees, now market traders, believing that they were common criminals, they blocked the road to their base in the north before driving in a convoy of armoured vehicles to Belgrade, stopping on the opposite side of the river from the government buildings. Had they taken the extra step across the water, or should the Humvees move south in the future, there's no military force in the city that could resist them. The head-

line, as patchily accurate as last autumn's cliché, suggests itself already: 'A very Balkan coup.'

Yet there's another parallel which true democrats in Yugoslavia might do well to keep close at hand. So might their counterparts in Croatia, where many officers and a thick slice of public opinion are opposed to the UN's equating the defenders of their homeland with those who invaded it. A quarter of a century ago the death of General Franco after a forty-year dictatorship left Spain as precarious a young democracy as either of those states are today, with coups openly advocated in the barrack-rooms and the right-wing press, whose leading journal *El Alcázar* took its name from the Toledo fortress where, during the Civil War, Franco's men had held out against the Republican forces from the government they were trying to overthrow.

Many plans were made and several attempted, but the most audacious was fronted in 1981 by a lieutenant-colonel in the civil guard, Antonio Tejero, who burst into parliament and took several deputies hostage at gunpoint while the tanks were planned to be rolling out from every base in Spain. King Juan Carlos' address to the nation that night, squarely identifying the Crown with the democracy Franco had planned the young Bourbon prince to resist, remains more powerful than any opportunist's oration from a balcony in Belgrade. All the more so for being, quite possibly, twice as sincere.

The two Balkan states both have their share of Tejeros and then some; leaders like Juan Carlos are much thinner on the ground. Newborn democracies need midwives; it's all too easy for them instead to find themselves in the care of the hand that rocks the cradle.

Catherine Baker is the joint editor of *b:link*.



a ray of light

a new project, which assists homeless people, is being developed and expanded across Great Britain. A similar activity can be organised in other countries around the world. Initiative, enthusiasm and persistence are necessary for bringing such ideas to life.

Recent graduates Mark Richardson and Paul Harrod established Aspire Group Ltd to launch the above mentioned project. Since May 1999 they began to help rough sleepers (homeless people sleeping on the street). In a short period of time Aspire achieved incredible results.

On the 3rd of December 2001 BBC 1 News showed Tony Blair visiting Aspire's office. He expressed a great interest and satisfaction with the work of the company.

The Mission Statement of Aspire Group Ltd is "Employing, supporting and training homeless people". They believe that all have the right to work. Work should offer dignity and self-respect, and all people should receive a fair wage for their work. Aspire's founders think that productive work is crucial to personal empowerment and offers the best means of acquiring full control over one's life.

I interviewed Paul Harrod and his colleague Amy Fuller, who answered my questions about the activities of their company.

What does Aspire do?

Aspire provides full time employment for homeless and ex-homeless people. It also provides support to help cope with the transition from homelessness into full time employment and the training and advice to help people move on into other work. It does this through a catalogue company, set up to be entirely self-supporting.

How does Aspire develop?

In its first year it succeeded in helping 15 homeless people into full time work, including several ex-offenders and people with a past history of drug abuse. Many employees were rough sleeping when they joined Aspire and all

were housed within 2 weeks. All these employees have moved on successfully. People have moved on to work in cafes, computing, factory work, and even into hotel management!

Our latest news is that we have now employed 100 people nation-wide. These people have been employed in Bristol, which started in 1999, East London, which started in 2000, and Sheffield, Brighton, Blackpool, Manchester, Southampton, Oxford and Cambridge which all started in 2001.

What difficulties did you face at the start of this project?

For our business, I think the initial difficulties were learning from scratch how to run a catalogue business, as well as learning from scratch how to support homeless people - which included learning all about the benefits systems /legal system/etc.!

What problems do you still have to solve?

We are still putting in place the systems for our support workers to use to help our homeless employees, and we are still working on our business model, to prevent the cash flow problems we had in the beginning, when all our capital was tied up in stock that we had yet to sell.

How do you find rough sleepers and tell them about the opportunity to begin a "new" life?

Our homeless employees are referred to us from other homelessness agencies - e.g. the Big Issue, or local hostels. We will then have an informal chat with them to tell them about the opportunities at Aspire. If they are keen, and ready to take on full time work, we will offer them a job with us.

How did you make yourself known to the public and more well-known people such as Prince Charles? I know, for example, that you took part in the Esther TV show.

Often, by press releases. As a result of having plenty of news stories about us, particularly in Bristol, where we have been running the

longest, whenever there is a news story about homelessness we are called by the local radio station for a comment as a "spokesperson" for the homelessness sector. We also become known to the public through talks we give at local groups, market stalls we run and most of all through our work. As we are delivering our catalogue door to door most people will hear about us this way.

As for the quotes, the Rough Sleepers' Unit is one of our funders, as is the Princes Youth Business Trust, which is how we got quotes

from them. We are connected to other larger organisations like these.

What is your vision for the future?

The Government and charities are looking at the Aspire model as a new way to combat social exclusion. Ultimately, Aspire would like to offer a variety of different employment opportunities across the country through a series of related businesses.



for the homeless

words by ariana adjani



This interview on the previous page shows what graduates are able to do. The work of Amy Fuller and Paul Harrod has a great impact on them, the people they help, and the society as a whole. It is interesting to know how an ex-rough sleeper benefited from taking part in the Aspire project. This is what he said:

"Finding out about, and being offered a job with, Aspire helped me to re-organise my life after I lost my home. Their understanding and flexible attitude made it possible to work from the insecure position in life of being homeless. They were understanding, if I was late to work as I had so far to walk from my hut in the woods. And they didn't mind that, until I had saved some money for clothes, I was unkempt. They could see through appearances.

It wasn't long before I had a place to sleep, wash, cook and call my own, while being clean with new clothes. They have since given me advice on, and encouragement with, careers options so that I am now thinking of going back to college for higher education."

Different circumstances can lead people to rough sleeping. In most cases it is not their choice to be thrown out on the street. It is very important to give a helping hand to those in need. Surrounding this article are several life stories, which give a better understanding of the problem.

Ariana Adjani is b:link Investigative Features Editor. She is also a member of the school's Academic Board.



Peter joined us at the beginning of July. In the month previous he had moved from abroad where he had had a nervous breakdown and had been living there for a year recovering. He had not worked in any way for 3 years. He came over to us - he knew the city from previous years. He slept rough and lived in a local night shelter during June before coming to Aspire when he failed to qualify for benefits. He did get an NI number and we were able to employ him. During July he found lodgings along Mill Road but these did not have proper sanitation and cooking facilities. We helped him find a private place in August and lent him the deposit. Pete is now doing computer training and intends to design our Web page. He regularly contributes to meetings with ideas and analysis of the business and is a valued member of staff.

"Aspire has changed my life. Before I had nothing, but now I have a job, real wages, a place to live and computer training. I really have nothing to complain about"

Nicholas is 50 years old and had been sleeping rough for ten years before he was rehoused. He came to Aspire shortly after moving into his flat, and originally started working as a volunteer so he could try out the work. He gradually built up his hours until he was working three days a week. As he was working part time he received some housing benefit, and also was entitled to access funds for a cookery course for beginners that we helped him apply for at the local college. After eighteen months working at Aspire Nick felt it was time to move on, and applied to work part time at a new hotel that opened up in the city. He was successful, and started working there last October.

Tom aged 21, was staying at a hostel when he began working at Aspire. The hostel was far from ideal however, and he had to share a room with 4 other men, some of whom were drug addicts. As is sometimes the case with large hostels, Tom was evicted because his housing benefit ceased, and despite the fact that he was working, found himself with nowhere to sleep again. However, because of the stability he had with Aspire, he was able to save up some money and raise a deposit for a flat. Tom left Aspire in August 2001, and is now working full time as a security officer on a building site.

Justin has been with the project from the very start - starring on local TV's news stories on our launch and is a regular interviewee on the local radio. Justin has been an excellent employee, enthusiastic committed and a real star. He came to Aspire having moved into his own flat after spending a year in hostels. Before that he spent a year sleeping rough and on friends floors. He has had a number of jobs in the past but has not been happy or able to hold them down for long. Before he came to Aspire he had been in a spot of bother and owed over £400 in fines to the magistrates. He also had his flat burgled and lost most of his possessions. He has worked hard to pay his debts off bit by bit and has almost completed it. Justin is very keen on learning IT skills, he wants to get ahead and is enrolling to take Access Course equivalent to GCSEs from October. This week he has also been involved in a review of services at the housing association that found him his flat.



"Your track record to date is most impressive. You are managing to tackle those who are hardest to reach."

Prince Charles

"An extremely exciting and innovative project."

Louise Casey

Head of the Government's Rough Sleeper's Unit

"Aspire is helping to bridge a gap The Big Issue has so far failed to bridge."

Richard Eaton

Founder of The Big Issue South West



pfi: the evil it's made out to be?

words by philip li

PFI, short for Private Finance Initiatives, have been criticized widely in the press. It has been labelled a scam and a rip-off for the tax payers. Is it another of the creative accounting tricks used by Gordon Brown, or are there sound arguments for promoting it?

PFI's were developed in Britain in the early 90s, they involve the government, both local as well as central, making a contract with private firms for them to design, build, finance and operate public services such as prisons and hospitals. A long-term contract is signed with a consortium of construction and finance firms, typically lasting 30 years, they build and run a public service such as a hospital in return for regular payments from the government. The asset typically returns to the state at the end of the contract. The government pays nothing up front, so the investment is off-balance sheet. This allows projects that would have pushed the budgets of government authorities over their spending limits to go ahead. Investment matches consumption based on need, rather than on the current year's budget considerations.

Well, a different way to put it is that PFI's are designed to disguise spending and throw auditors off the scent of a payment trail extending 30 years into the future. Private companies borrow at up to 3 times the cost of borrowing through the Treasury. It feels like a scam and it looks like a scam, so it's a scam, right?

But the off-balance sheet benefit is not the only benefit. In the past, the majority of building projects were contracted out to private firms, with the government bearing all the risks. The danger of the system was that, as in many cases, the penalty clauses in the contracts were never adequate. The projects ended up over budget

and over time. A well drawn out PFI contract allows for the effective transfer of some of the risk burden to the private sector.

The price of PFI's off-balance sheet and risk transfer benefits is that the private firms borrow at up to 3 times the cost of borrowing through the Treasury. However, anecdotal evidence suggests that the benefits outweigh the costs. One convincing piece of evidence compares the Jubilee Line extension, which was done under an old public sector contract, coming in with a £1.5 - £2 billion cost overrun, two years late; and the PFI-financed Lewisham Extension to the Docklands Light Railway, coming in on budget, on time.

Competition for contracts holds down the cost of capital and reduce the extent of risk, and determine risk allocation. We can see this in the public housing sector, where the differential on interest rates for borrowing funds declined from 2.8% above the London interbank offering rate to 0.5% above.

The attraction to the private firms is of course profit, and the offer of long-term business lasting many years. They not only have the opportunity to design and build projects but also the chance to run some of the services for many years, bringing a constant stream of income. Against this background the companies bear higher risks. If the contracts are not completed on schedule and to quality there are considerable penalties.

The government remains responsible for providing the public service, so a PFI hospital is staffed with NHS doctors and nurses; while the private sector takes on the responsibility for funding the asset and auxiliary services (eg cleaning and maintenance) in such a way as to minimize long-run costs, subject to meeting their

contractual obligations. The emphasis is on bundling investments in a new way to enable overall cost minimisation and to improve service quality. Providing and funding are thus undertaken by different stakeholders, while their objectives are made congruent by the incentive structure built into the contract.

There are reports that hospital patients asking for a vase for their flowers are being told to buy it themselves as vases are not specified in the PFI contract. These claims have not been substantiated and they have been denied by the hospital. The truth is that there are left-wing newspapers and trade unions whose reason for existence is to kill off any scheme to do with having the private sector in public services.

Critics mistakenly highlight Railtrack as an example of a PFI failure. Railtrack is a story of bungled privatisation, misfortune and mismanagement. It became liable for huge direct costs and compensation after the Hatfield disaster. In any case, it is pretty obvious that a company couldn't manage over-spend £5 billion on a £2.5 billion project without some marvellously incompetent managers.

In a long term perspective, PFI does not allow the government to undertake more projects than would otherwise be the case, all projects are publicly funded and incur future liabilities for the exchequer. So PFI projects should always be measured against the alternatives, such as central government funding, borrowing at a lower rate of interest, but also taking into account PFI's better reliability on costs and completion time.

Some argue that PFI contracts are complicated and leaves the public sector managers ultimately powerless, with its destiny and priorities controlled by a private company for the next 30

or so years. There is merit in this argument and the solution is to ensure flexibility as the project progresses, since this is in the mutual interest of both parties. In some cases the contracts could provide for the public sector to take a slice of any profits made when a business refinances a PFI project, as that is not related to performance.

PFI's sound too good to be true. But it's the reality, and the way forward. More than 400 PFI deals have been signed in Britain. In the next three years PFI is set to provide £11 billion of investment. Over the long haul, the public sector will be paying firms on current contracts about £2.5 billion a year - roughly 1.5% of total spending. British companies have learned from experience and they are ready to spread the gospel around the world, equipped with the expertise to draw up solid but flexible contracts. Examples include Jarvis moving into schools with 6 projects in place in Ireland, and Mowlem building a 1500km railway line in Australia that only becomes profitable if it wins business away from road users.

Governments everywhere are under the same pressures to spend more on infrastructure projects while keeping taxes low. What started as an accounting gimmick has evolved into the next radical change in the way public services are provided, and the momentum is growing. Most countries in the world would benefit from PFI schemes. The possibilities are truly endless.

This is Philip Li's first article for b:link

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Blood Brothers

'Did you hear the story of the Johnstone Twins?' This musical tells the story of twins separated at birth to the opposite ends of the social scale with damning consequences. The book, lyrics and music are by Willy Russell. Bob Tomson and Bill Kenwright direct it.

Well-written and performed we follow the story told by Mrs Johnstone (played by Linda Nolan), of how life used to be so sweet when she went dancing until she had several children for her wastrel of a husband who ended up leaving her for a Marilyn Monroe look-alike. However, he leaves something behind, another bun in the oven. Mrs Johnstone believes she can make through with this additional burden plus the bills because of her new job until her doctor tells her she is expecting twins! What should have been a happy occasion turned sour. However, her employer Mrs Lyons (played by Gillian Kirkpatrick) makes her an offer she does not refuse. That is to give her one of the twins because she cannot have any children of her own. It seems a perfect plan but what mother can give a way a child without heart wrenching consequences and what woman can take another's child without bit-

terness of the constant reminder that the child is not hers? Another thorn in both their flesh arises when both boys become firm friends. 'Did you hear the story of the Johnstone Twins?'

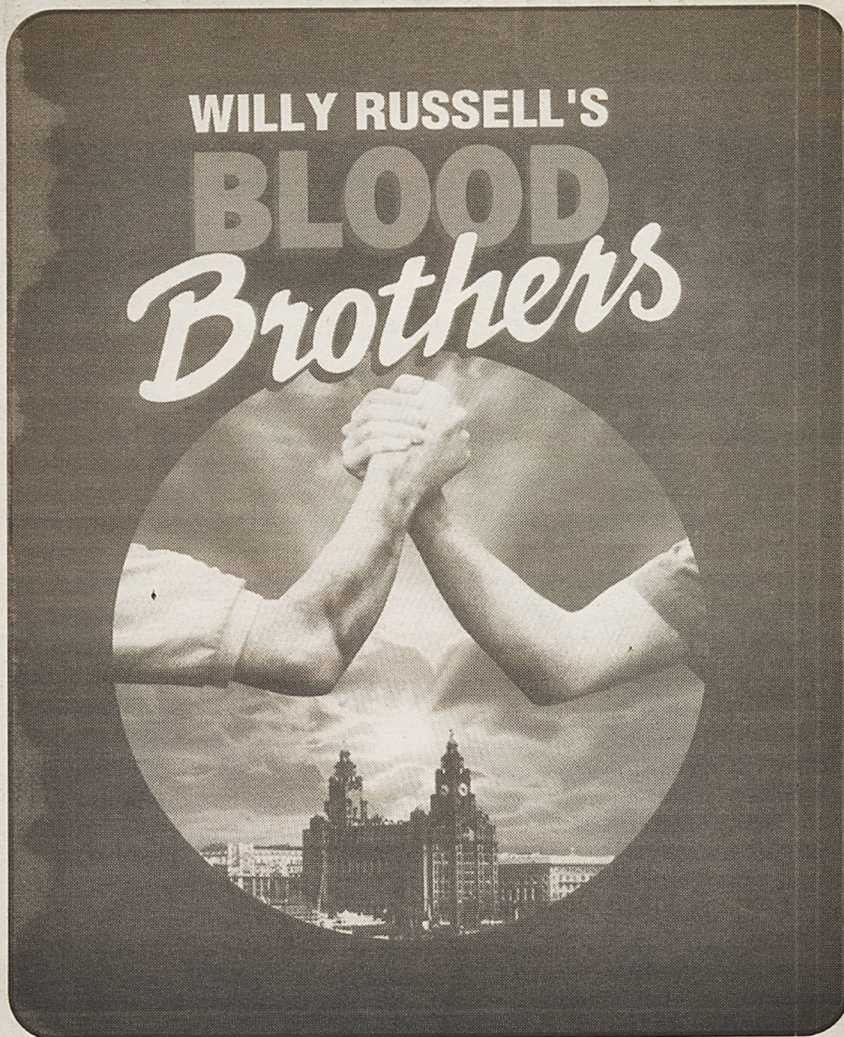
Watch this musical, weep and laugh as the cast cleverly take us through this story with hummable songs and hilarious characters. It offers warmth, tenderness and love. This show has captured the hearts of audiences all over the globe. On Broadway, it won seven Tony Award merits. It also has an impressive list of artists including, Stephanie Lawrence, Denise Nolan, Linda Nolan and Bernie Nolan in the UK and Helen Reddy and Petula Clark on Broadway. It has been running for 10 years in the West End.

★★★★☆

Review by Shola Babington-Ashaye

Now Playing

Phoenix Theatre Mon-Sat 7.45pm, mats Thu 3pm, Sat 4pm, booking to Apr 30, 2002 (no performance Dec 24 & 25, Jan 1, extra mat performing Dec 28, Jan 4, 4pm) £12-£37, concs available



Art

When 'Art' hit the scene in Paris in 1994, it gained immediate popularity, winning playwright Yasmina Reza an Olivier Award and an Evening Standard Award for best comedy. The Broadway version received similar recognition hailing many awards including the 1998 Tony Award for Best Play. Since 1996, it has become an institution for West end comedy. Although Yasmina Reza's clever, hilarious dialogue between the three friends whose relationships begin to hit the ground over tension surrounding a controversial canvas that is ambiguously 'Art', still carries the play high. The producers are going to have to add some spice if they truly want this to be the next 'Mousetrap'.

The action is played out by three friends, Marc played by Barry Foster, Serge played by Nigel Havers, and Yvan played by Roger Lloyd Pack, sitting in the drawing room arguing about the 200,000 Franc white canvas purchased by Serge. Is that a splash of grey I see? A patch of blue? A painful cry of a lonely soul, that in a moment of revelation has discovered 'no death frighten me not, death is beautiful! Thus making all clear and white'? Or, is it just a freakin' white canvas. As the characters continue discussing modern art in the Avant Garde Parisian flat, one senses that they hang on to their ideas of culture and cultural knowledge in order to prevent impending nervous breakdowns. Yasmina Reza beautifully captures how hilarious the debate over 'what is Art?', 'And is that art?' can be. Especially when the debate involves such puffed-up characters.

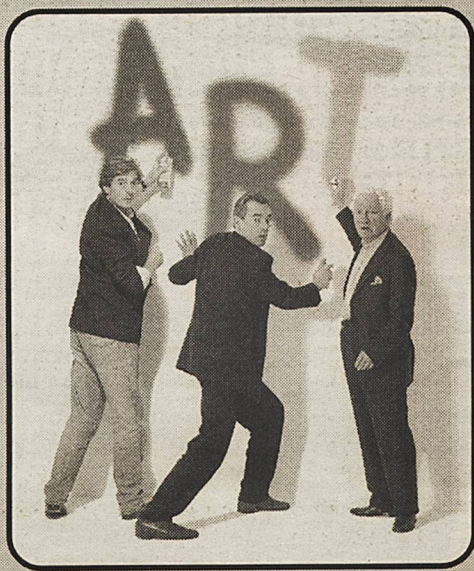
This play is no doubt an enjoyable brain tickle. But is a play that lacks character energy truly theatre? At times the energy of a show seems most concentrated in the blank white canvas on the stage, with of course some exceptions such as Marc

staunch defense that he is indeed not a man of his time, and that he successfully avoids being such. Throughout the show I could never get it of my head that these were actors repeating, albeit with talent, scripted lines said nightly. Is the long run waning on 'Art'? The producers are certainly fighting against this occurrence with frequent cast changes and such rumours as ones that Robert Deniro is interested in a role. In fact, by time this issue hits press, a new cast will be where the last one stood (Dec. 3rd-Jan. 19th): Leigh Lawson will play Marc, Simon Shepard will play Serge, and Phillip Franks will play Yvan. Is 'Art' great theatre? You will have to decide that for yourself.

★★★★☆

Review by Sarah Greenberg

Whitehall Theatre 020 7369 1735
Tube-Charing Cross
£18-£35



COMPETITION!!! COMPETITION!!!!

Win tickets to see **Blood Brothers!** We have a pair of tickets on offer! First person that answers correctly gets it!!!

Answer the following question:

Who has played the coveted role of Mrs Johnstone on Broadway? Is it:
a) Stephanie Lawrence
b) Linda Nolan
c) Angela Richards

Deadline is 5pm thursday 13th Dec 2001. Ticket only available till the 15th. So the sooner you answer the better. Email us at sstheatre@hotmail.com.

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Win tickets to see **Sakina's Restaurant!** We have 2 pairs of tickets on offer! First 2 people to answer correctly get a pair of tickets each!!!

Answer the following question:

What is Madonna's daughter's name? Is it:
a) Lagos
b) Lola
c) Lourdes

Deadline is 5pm thursday 13th Dec 2001. Prize Tickets are for the 27th of Dec. Email us at sstheatre@hotmail.com.

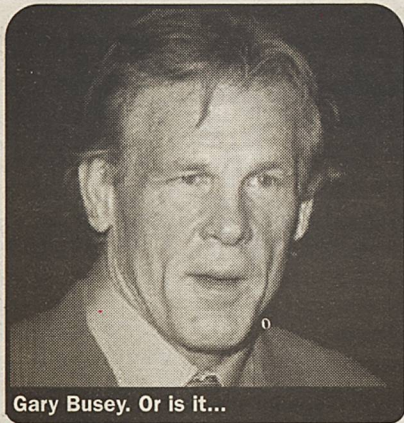
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Contact us Shola and Sarah at sstheatre@hotmail.com

Season's Great Things

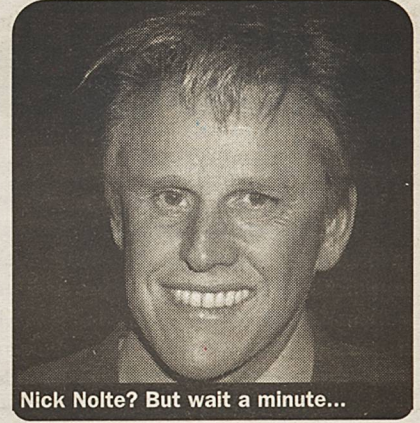
Nick Nolte and Gary Busey, together at last, to bring you a festive preview of cinematic joy



Gary Busey. Or is it...

"Hi! We're Gary Busey and Nick Nolte. You may have us confused from such films as *Cape Fear*, *Under Siege* and *Universal Soldier II: Brothers In Arms*.

We're here to guide you through the daunting cinematic minefield that faces us all over the Christmas period. So, without further ado, bring us some figgy pudding and we'll get on with it. Just don't say we look like Steve Rider off *Grandstand*."



Nick Nolte? But wait a minute...

Lord Of The

Like you don't know. They say it's going to be bigger than *Star Wars*, this one. I was going to audition, but couldn't be arsed to read the book. Luckily, no-one has to anymore, because they've made it into a film.

The budget's huge, the trailer looks amazing, and it's got Liv Tyler in it. Not that I wouldn't have stuck it to her in my youth, it's just that she doesn't half get on my tits at times.

Anyway, if my 1998 sci-fi hit *Soldier* isn't on TV, you could do much worse than take a trip to Middle Earth for some swords and sorcery mayhem.

I didn't want to be in it anyway.

GB

Released: December 19th



Serendipity

Gary, if we could just be a little bit more serious for a while... Right, this one is a new romantic comedy starring John "Grosse Pointe Blank" Cusack and Kate Beckinsale. It's also directed by Peter Chelsom, who made *Town And Country*, which is now film's most money-losingest flop in history. And Busey wasn't in it. Madness.

The title means "happy accident", and also refers to the name of the cafe where our heroes meet and fall for each other. It's quite funny too, so go and see it with your Mum.

I've worked with Martin Scorsese you know. That's more than that other bastard can say for himself.

NN

Released: December 26th



Rock Star

I wanted to be a *Rock Star*, you know, but my increasingly successful movie career got in the way. Did I mention that I'll next be seen in *Slapshot II: Breaking The Ice*? Even better, you might get to see it on your TV without it ever going in theaters. It's the way ahead, I'm told.

This one's about Marky Mark dreaming of being in his favourite band. And then he gets to be their lead singer. Jennifer Aniston's in it, not that I'd shag her or anything.

The first half's quite funny. The second half is a perils-of-fame moral kind of thing. I've never found that my fame has harmed my privacy or anything. Barely anyone bothers me in the street.

GB

Released: December 28th



Don't Say A Word

Christ, do I have to be saddled with that stupid talentless prick? Just 'cos he looks like me, it doesn't mean I have to work with him. I've avoided him ever since he started using my name, wearing my mum's clothes and following me into the shower. Anyway...

Michael Douglas has his kid robbed by a mad Sean Bean who wants him to get some info from a mad patient of his. It's fun for a while, a bit like *Cape Fear* (I was in that, and everyone said it was great) but not quite as good and without all the stupid camera angles. But then the ending comes along, and it all goes tits up. The finale is utter madsticks, and Sean Bean isn't scary. He's northern.

NN

Released: January 4th



The Last Castle

Pissing hell, who stole his Oscar? Oh, nobody, 'cos he hasn't got one. He just got nominated. Of course, I haven't had a nomination in over 20 years, but that's because I've taken chances in less commercial films. Like *Drop Zone*. No-one saw that. But that's the price you pay for integrity.

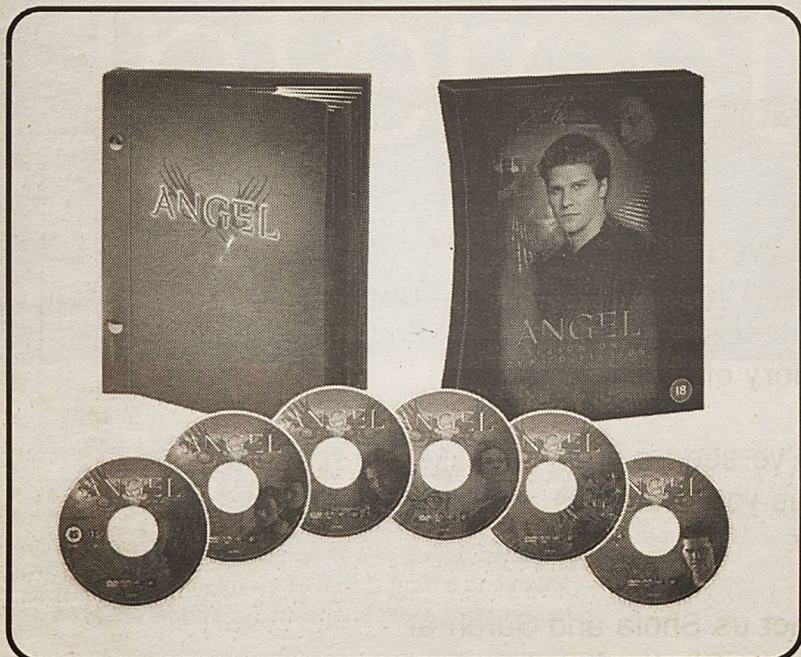
This one's got Robert Redford in it, and the fat bloke out of *The Sopranos*. It's a prison film, set in a military prison. But then the prisoners make loads of weapons out of nothing and revolt. A bit like *The Shawshank Redemption* meets *The A-Team* with a bit of *MacGyver*. If you're a flag-waving lunatic, you'll love it. If not, it's a riotous giggle, I promise.

GB

Released: January 4th



On December 10th, our friends at Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment will be showering retail outlets with copies of their new releases, *Dude Where's My Car?* and the *Angel* Season One DVD Boxset. Thankfully, they had a few spares kicking around in their offices, and we Rock Bottomed them until they let us have them.



The *Angel* Season One boxset is released on December 10th. This DVD-stravaganza would usually set you back £79.99

To win this...

...answer our question.
Who makes the high quality instant whip, *Angel Delight*?
a) Birds / b) Farm Foods / c) Mama Wright

We have one DVD set to give away
Answers on an email to beaverfilm@yahoo.com
Competition closes Friday 14th December

To win that...

...answer our question.
On reviewing the cinema release of *Dude*, we said it was...?
a) Better than *Citizen Kane* / b) Great / c) Fart-riden toss

We have three copies (on VHS) to give away.
Answers on an email to beaverfilm@yahoo.com
Competition closes Friday 14th December



Dude Where's My Car? is released on December 10th. It will cost you a format-dependent £14.99 (VHS) or £19.99 (DVD)

Bye George!

GEORGE HARRISON 1943-2001

By Matthew Willgress

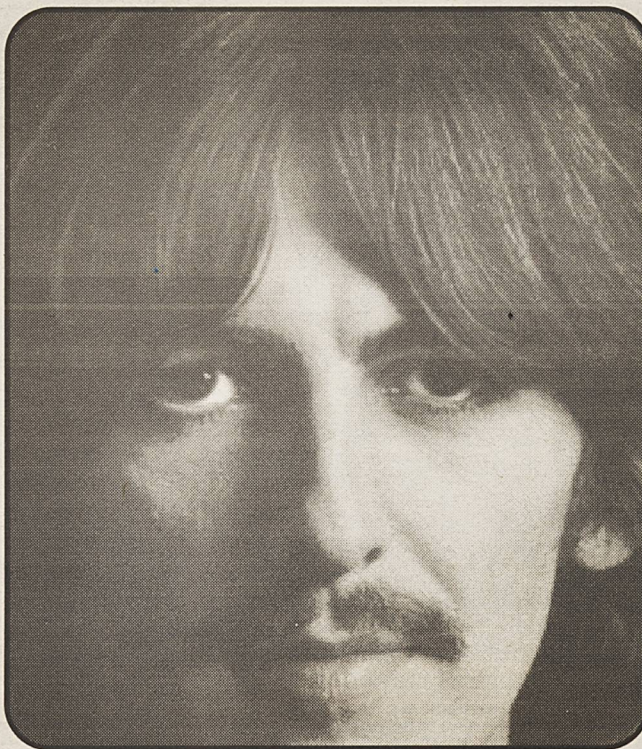
"Give Me Love, Give me Love, Give me peace on earth." George Harrison 1973.

The death of George Harrison has shook people's hearts across the world. I like many others felt an enormous sense of loss. The "quiet one" in the Beatles will be remembered for his (often underrated and overlooked) contribution not only to the most influential group in the popular music but his own work in films and music post-1970, and perhaps most of all his humanitarianism as exemplified by the Concert for Bangladesh in 1971.

The youngest Beatle did much more than teach John Lennon guitar and take the occasional lead vocal as many have imagined in the early 1960s. Not only did his dry wit contribute much to the films "A Hard Day's Night" and "Help!" but also his calming personality did much to harness the songwriting magic of Lennon and McCartney. By 1965 Harrison himself was regularly penning his own version of catchy beatpop including the cloud-pleasing "If I Needed Someone" on 'Rubber Soul.'

1966 was a year that saw the Beatles issue what many (although it should be said not this writer!) see as their masterpiece "Revolver", quit touring and start to pursue their own individual projects alongside those of the group. George himself would later see this as a mixed year. The extra spare time allowed him to develop his understanding of India in both musical and religious terms and the new recording techniques allowed him through "Love you to" to introduce this to a mass audience and develop further as a songwriter. However, he would later moan that he "stopped working life at 23" in terms of playing live and that "if I'd have stayed at it for another few years I could have been a real challenge to Eric Clapton and the like."

As the Beatles developed a stage further musically through "Sgt Pepper" in 1967, Harrison himself became increasingly interested in the teachings of Hare Krishna and the Maharishi Yogi - believes that he would stick to until the end of his life. By this stage the Beatles were starting to drift apart but Harrison was becoming his most prolific. 1968's "White Album" (this writer's



favourite Beatle album by the way!) saw George as a major influence and his first classic song "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" was unanimously recognised as one of its stand-out tracks.

However, as both would recognise later, these recording sessions and those for the "Let It Be" album in early 1969 saw McCartney and Lennon ignore much of George's best work and saw him walk out on the group for a short time. Song-after-song can be heard in the archives being presented by Harrison only to be ignored as the albums developed and the "quiet one" to be left with his customary two or three songs per disc. Nonetheless, by summer 1969 and the recording of the Beatles' grand goodbye album "Abbey Road" George's work was still

good enough to shine through. "Something" would be the first Harrison-penned Beatles number one single and was regarded by Frank Sinatra as the 'greatest love song of the last 20 years.'

The rejection of much of George's work did however have its advantages once the Beatles split up; providing a catalogue of well-written songs. In 1970 he recorded his 'Magnus opus' and the finest of all Beatle solo records - "All Things Must Pass" - including many songs such as 'Let It Down' from the 1968-9 period and the first 'Solo Beatle' number one, "My Sweet Lord." Harrison's success continued with the first 'Live Aid' style event with Bob Dylan and others for Bangladesh in 1971 (including film and another triple album) and the US smash "Give Me Love, Give me Peace on Earth" in 1973.

Then as always the backlash set in. The music media panned in to Harrison from his 1974 US tour onwards. Increasingly disillusioned as being seen as an "ex-Beatle" rather than the innovative and talented solo artist he was, George's musical output declined. However, success continued. His company 'Handmade films' produced the brilliant Monty Python comedy 'Life of Brian' when no-one else would touch it. It went on to help resurrect the British film industry with classics such as 'Withnail and I.' A musical comeback also emerged through the supergroup the Travelling Wilburys alongside Bob Dylan and Roy Orbison among others and the 1988 single "Got My Mind Set on You." In 1992 Harrison (alongside Eric Clapton) toured Japan and then much time was spent on the Beatles' 'Anthology' project. From then his work was relaxed and then interrupted through illness yet even in his traumatic last year he recorded a new version of 'My Sweet Lord,' a track for the latest Jools Holland album and continued to dust-up other material.

It is for these reasons that I felt a sense of tragedy at the timing of his latest bout of illness. He had just embarked on his most ambitious project for at least a decade - a project which promised the re-release of all his solo work, the issuing of previously unreleased material and according to many, a new solo album. The world has been robbed of someone who still had much to offer and never milked his fame - remember him through his music and his message.

great new section!

It's that time of year again; the festive decorations have been up in BHS for a couple of months, it's already dark by the time we students get up and there's no cheap train fares left - yes, it's Christmas time already. The Christmas break was a brilliant invention - there are no essay deadlines to miss, the quality of daytime TV improves, the next loan cheque is tantalisingly close and you get loads of presents. Unless you're as jammy as my sister (who'll be the smug recipient of a Ford Ka this year), you have to be slightly less ambitious in your letter to Santa this year. Epson have just launched their latest colour printer at the student market, in the hope that we'll add it to our wish list this year.

I'm sure you're well aware of how much printing we have to do - those presentations, essays, and notes from the public folders all add up. At 5p a page, a trip to C120 soon becomes more expensive than a slap-up night at Limelight. The queue in C120 is longer too, though you don't get dodgy blokes fondling your arse all night. A printer at home seems quite attractive, and now that Epson have launched a new model, pretty affordable.

B:art looked at the Epson C40, which costs about £60 from a dealer such as dabs.com. Included in the box is everything you need - apart from a crucial printer lead that is! Once we'd 'borrowed' one from IT services we were up and away, thanks to an idiot-proof poster included. To be fair, every printer manufacturer is just as stingy, but they'll be a lot of upset kids thanks to Santa



Want to see your favourite printer here? Email us a review!

forgetting to buy the £5 lead and having to wait for Tottenham Court Road to open on the 27th.

The printer comes with two printer cartridges - one black, and one colour. The advantage of having two cartridges is that if you're printing a lot of dull IR essays, you only need to replace the empty black cartridge (which is about a tenner). It would have been nice

to have separate cartridges for each colour, so you're not caned if you print a lot of blue (like the Beaver), but you can't complain too much when the printer is this cheap.

The printer comes in two versions - one with an old style parallel port, and one with a swizzy USB port. They're the same price, but the USB printer will only plug into computers made in the last couple of years. Check out your PC manual - if you've got a USB port, get the USB printer - it's a lot easier and faster to set up.

If you buy some expensive photo paper (available from Staples, WH Smiths etc) you can get some really snazzy print outs - they don't look much worse than photos you'd get from Boots. And you have the advantage of being able to print out 'home' snaps without someone at Boots sneaking a peak (and if you don't have a willing girlfriend, there's loads of photos on the internet just waiting to be downloaded. Apparently.)

If you just use cheap copier paper that you've stolen from the library, the quality of the prints goes downhill, though it's still acceptable. You won't get any complaints from your teacher when you hand in an essay printed on cheap paper (about the quality of the print out at least. The printer isn't clever enough to guarantee you a 70+ mark, tragically). All in all, it's a nice little printer at a nice little price.

★★★★☆

reviewed by Jeff Stephenson (printers editor)

HIYA!

FIRST FOR LSE CELEBRITY NEWS

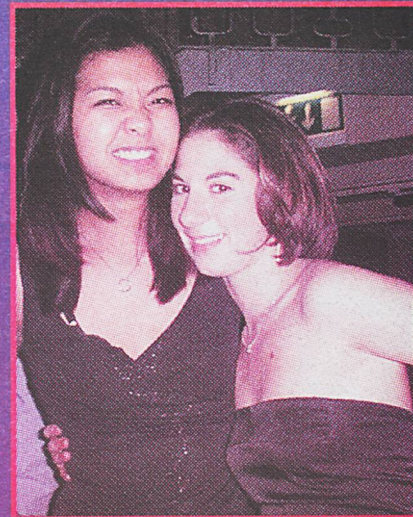
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FREE WITH YOUR CHRISTMAS BEAVER

A ONE-OFF TRIBUTE TO HELLO! & OK! MAGAZINE

LSE
CHRISTMAS
BALL

HIYA! EXCLUSIVE
PICTURES PAGE 8



DAVID DICKINSON

INVITES HIYA!
MAGAZINE INTO
HIS LOVELY HOME

EXCLUSIVE
PICTURES

AT HOME WITH
CHARTERHOUSE

'How I tried to cross
Biffin's Bridge'



CASA CHARTERHOUSE

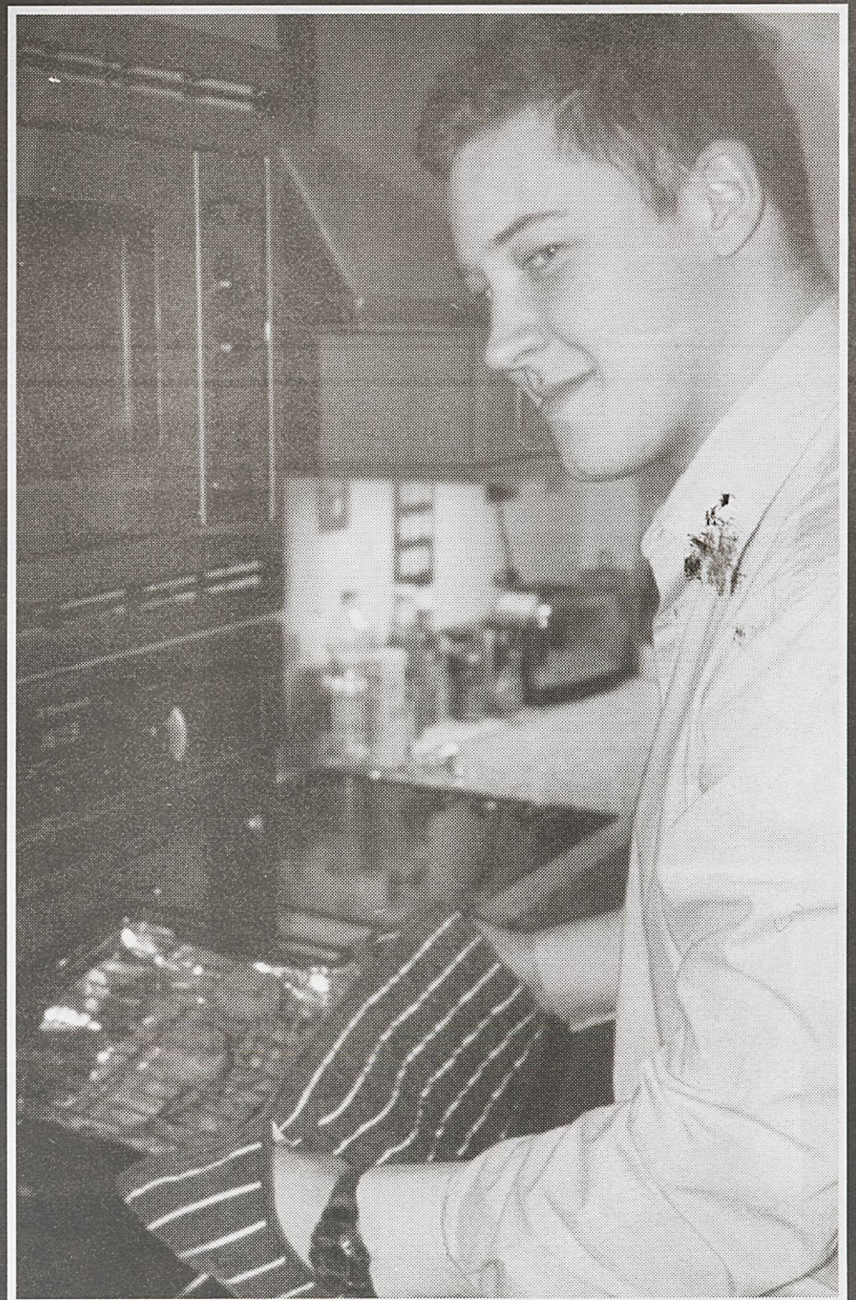
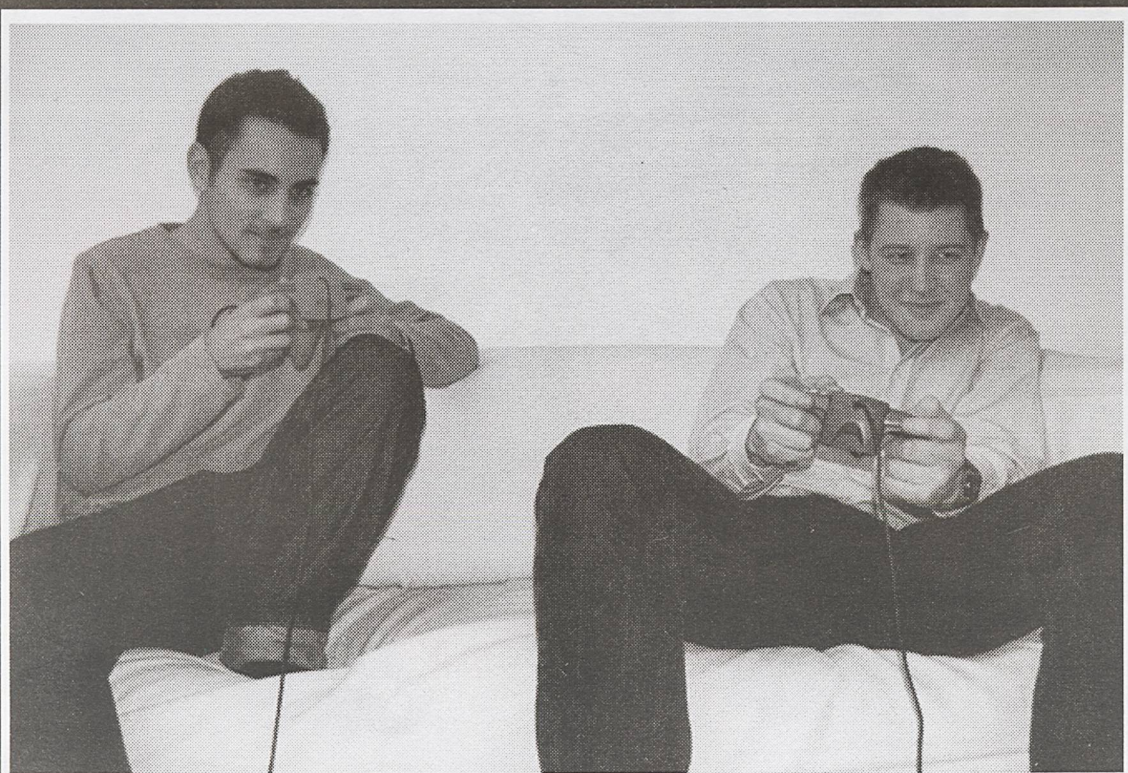
AT HOME WITH THE
SPORTING LEGEND



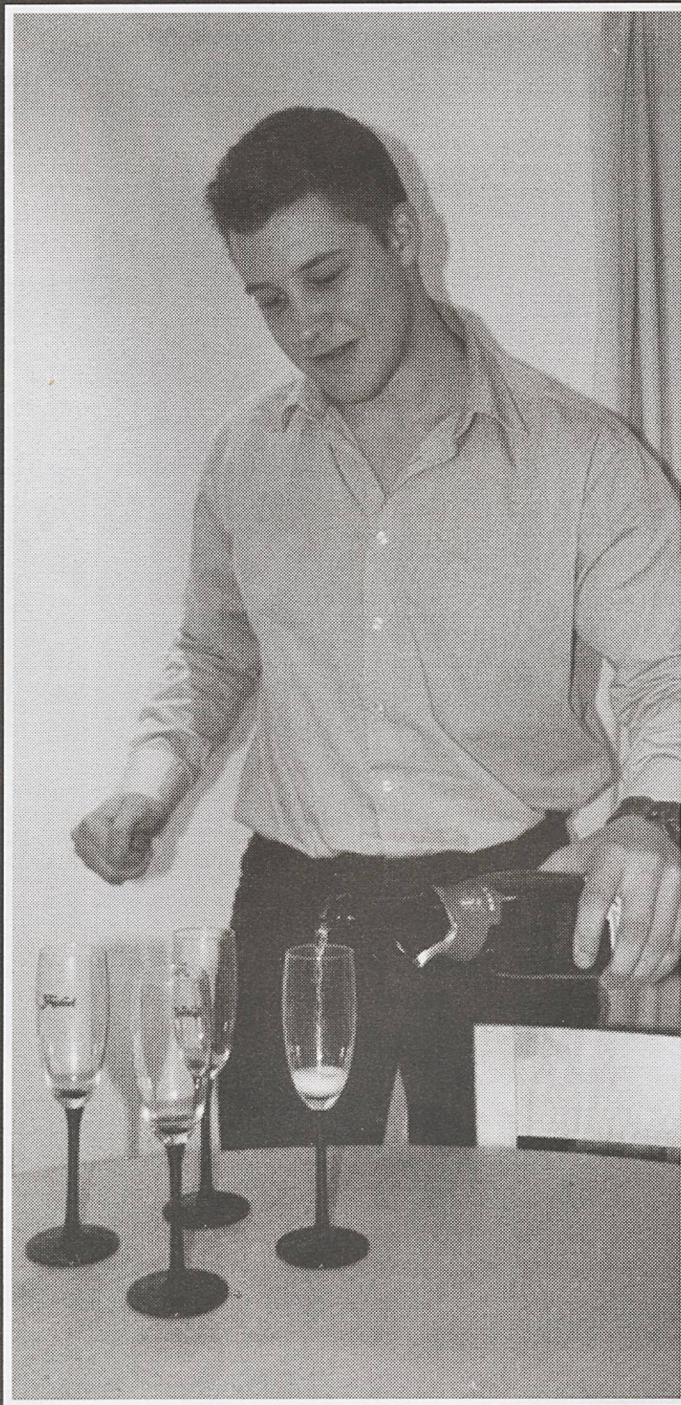
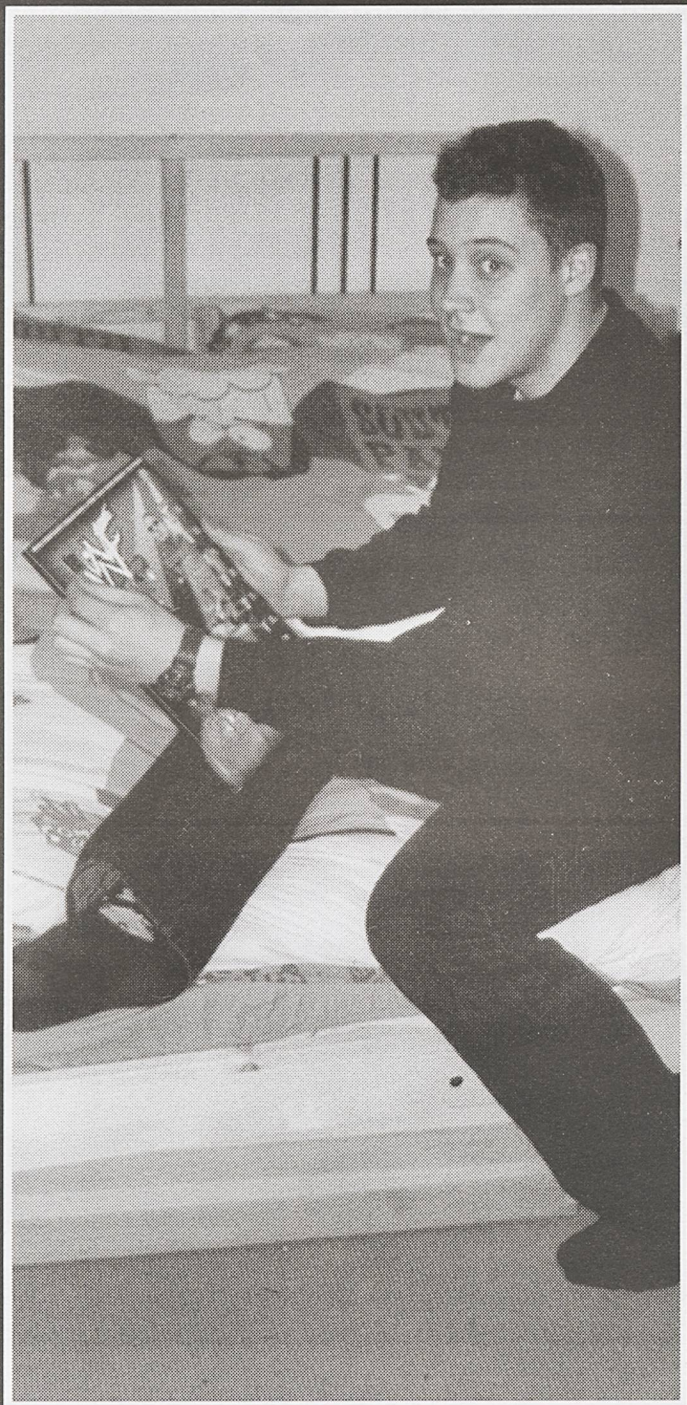
Peter Drewienkiewicz, better known to his legion of fans as 'Charterhouse', has moved into a luxurious new house in London's trendy Southwark. Peter didn't need to be asked twice when Hiya!'s team turned up for an impromptu photo shoot. Peter also revealed more than just his opulent new surroundings in our exclusive interview. He told us of his deep and passionate love for interior design. "A lot of people think that I just live to entertain, they don't separate the public face of 'Charterhouse', from my private life." Peter's new interest in interior design is obvious from the house, which is decked in stripped down and minimal wooden furniture. "I decided to go for a natural look, so we have wooden floors

"A lot of people think that I just live to entertain, they don't separate the public face of 'Charterhouse' from my private life"

throughout," said Peter, with a glint of excitement in his eye, "and the wooden and metallic furniture really makes the place look modern, and cosy!" From the outside the well appointed townhouse has the fresh paint feel of a newly built property, but inside the house has a refreshing 'lived in' feel. "I had to choose my house mates very carefully this year," says Peter, explaining the departure of two members of his previous household. "I have been upset by rumors that they left out of free will. The truth is they couldn't be trusted living in nicer surroundings. One has to think of the property prices." This hasn't stopped the gossip columns buzzing with rumors that Peter's neurotic cleaning regime scared the two away.



The stunning entrance to Peter's property is tastefully lit in the gas-style evening light (top). Peter wears denim jacket by Diesel, and jeans by Peter Worth. The lounge features white, indian cotton covered sofas from Habitat, and a games console by Sony (bottom left). Peter wears shirt by Code, and Omar wears jumper by Boxfresh and jeans by Levi. The kitchen is fitted in chrome Whirlpool appliances. (bottom right). Peter wears oven gloves from Dave's 'World of Pound Tack Shop'.



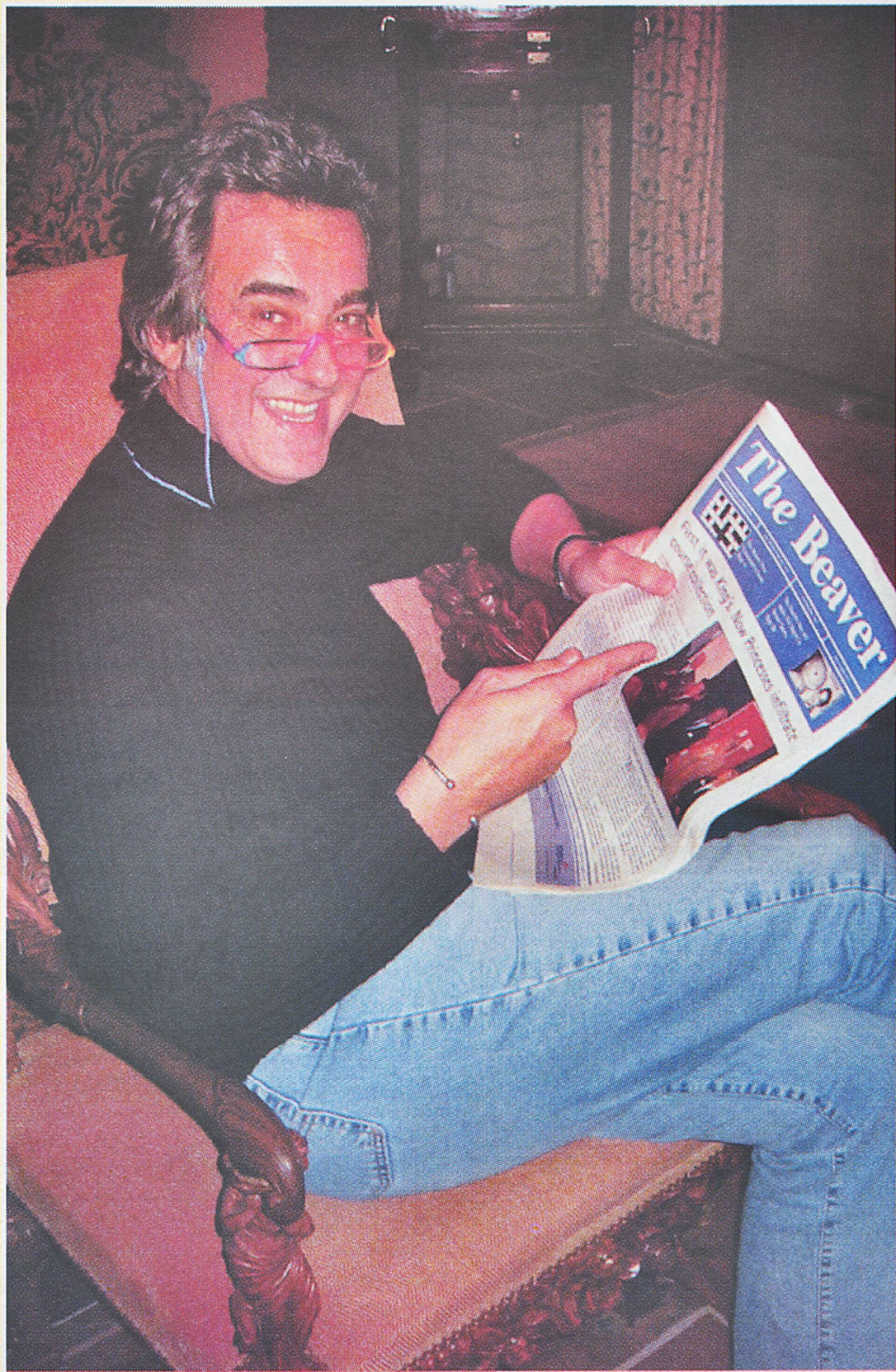
"Basically it comes down to this. They were not willing to contribute five hours a day to simple house work, and so they couldn't get the advantages of living in a house with dimmer switches." But back to the house, and the question of what Peter has tried to achieve with his delightful design. "I have read up on design theory, but I think true room layout can only come from the heart. Every page of the Habitat, Ikea and Argos catalogues has been lovingly browsed for new furniture inspirations and colour schemes." The loving care is obvious with every room. The

'Essentially I think the persona of Charterhouse is pretty timeless'

neutral, yet warm colours of beige, pine and mahogany continue throughout the property. Peter has taken an interest in every part of his new property. On to Peter's career, we asked how long did he think he could keep up the character of Charterhouse without his audience getting bored. "Essentially I think the persona of Charterhouse is pretty timeless. Basically any kid who has sat in an Economic lecture, bored out of his mind, or any guy who has seen a girl he did not have the guts to talk to will see something in Charterhouse. It is a metaphor for how we all want to be." And when asked on what was going to be his biggest triumph? "Undoubtedly it will be the AU Barrel. The whole drunken debauchery is going to be bigger, messier and more alcoholic than ever before," says Peter, going back to his more popular personality. It seems you can put Peter in a nice house, but you can't put niceness into a Charterhouse.

Peter's bedroom is both a place of relaxation and work, doubling as his office when necessary. Peter reads the Financial Times (top), and wears a shirt by Moss Bros, and trousers from a badly laid out stall in Camden. Christmas is a low key affair at home, but Peter has splashed out on a WWF Advent Calendar (bottom left), which has pride of place in the bedroom. Bedding is from Argos, and Peter wears jumper by C&A and jeans by Next. Celebrating moving in with style, popping open the bubbly! (bottom right) Sparkling wine £24.99 a case from a slightly damp warehouse in Calais. Peter wears shirt by Marks and Spencer, and jeans by River Island.

DAVID DICKINSON EXCLUSIVE !

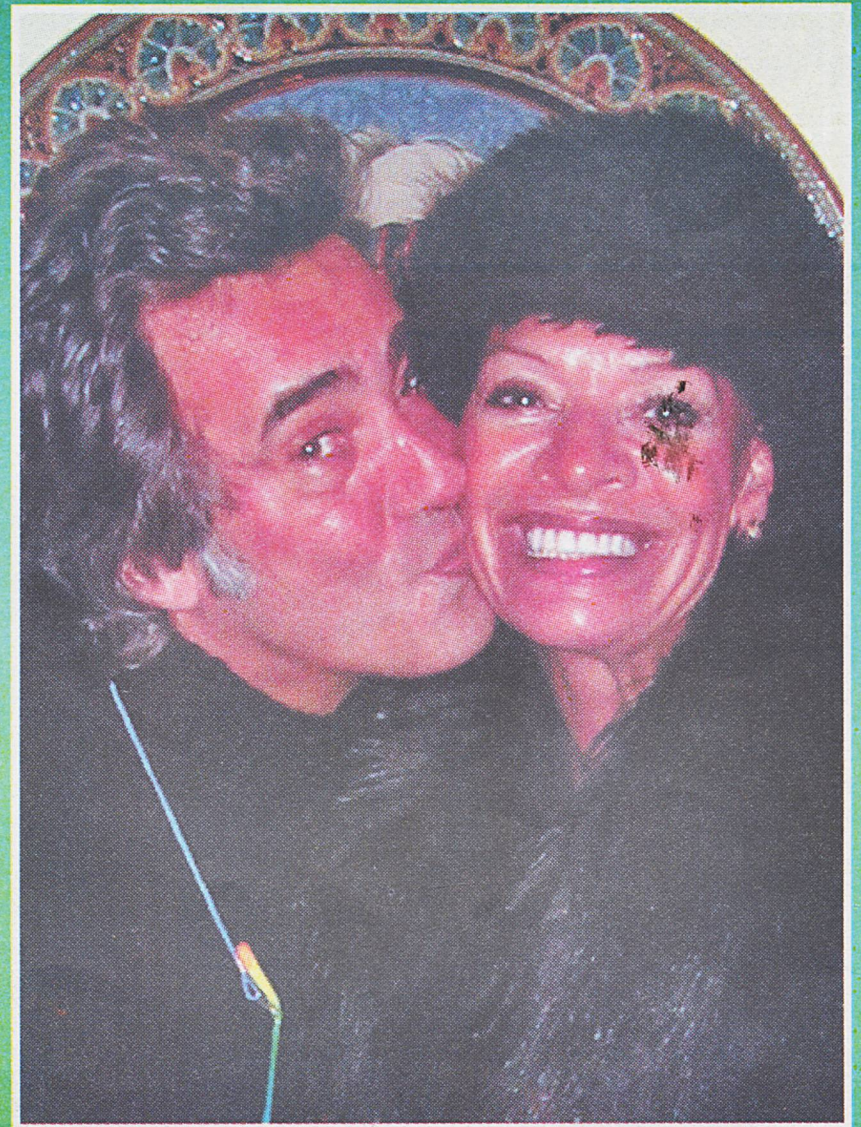
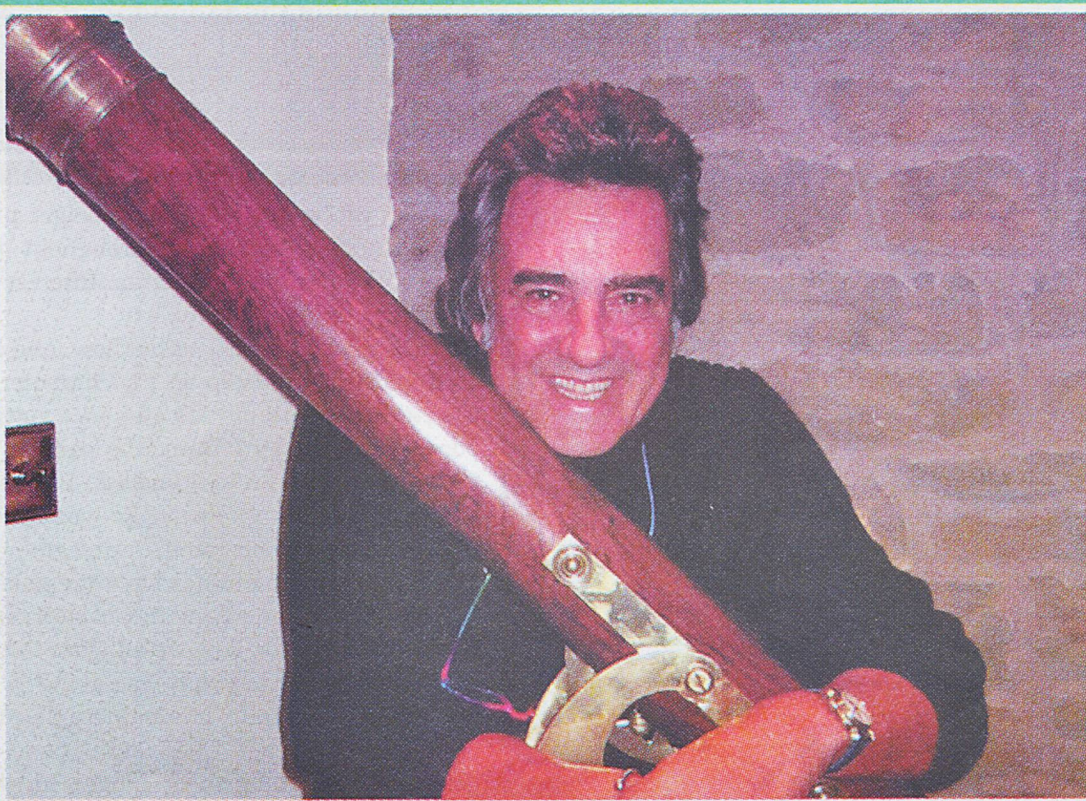


Daytime television is undergoing a revolution and at the centre of it all is the unassuming 'cheeky chappy' David Dickinson. David's meteoric rise in the celebrity world has certainly filled up his diary but delightful David still found time to give Hiya! a tour of his stunning 16th century Cheshire mansion.

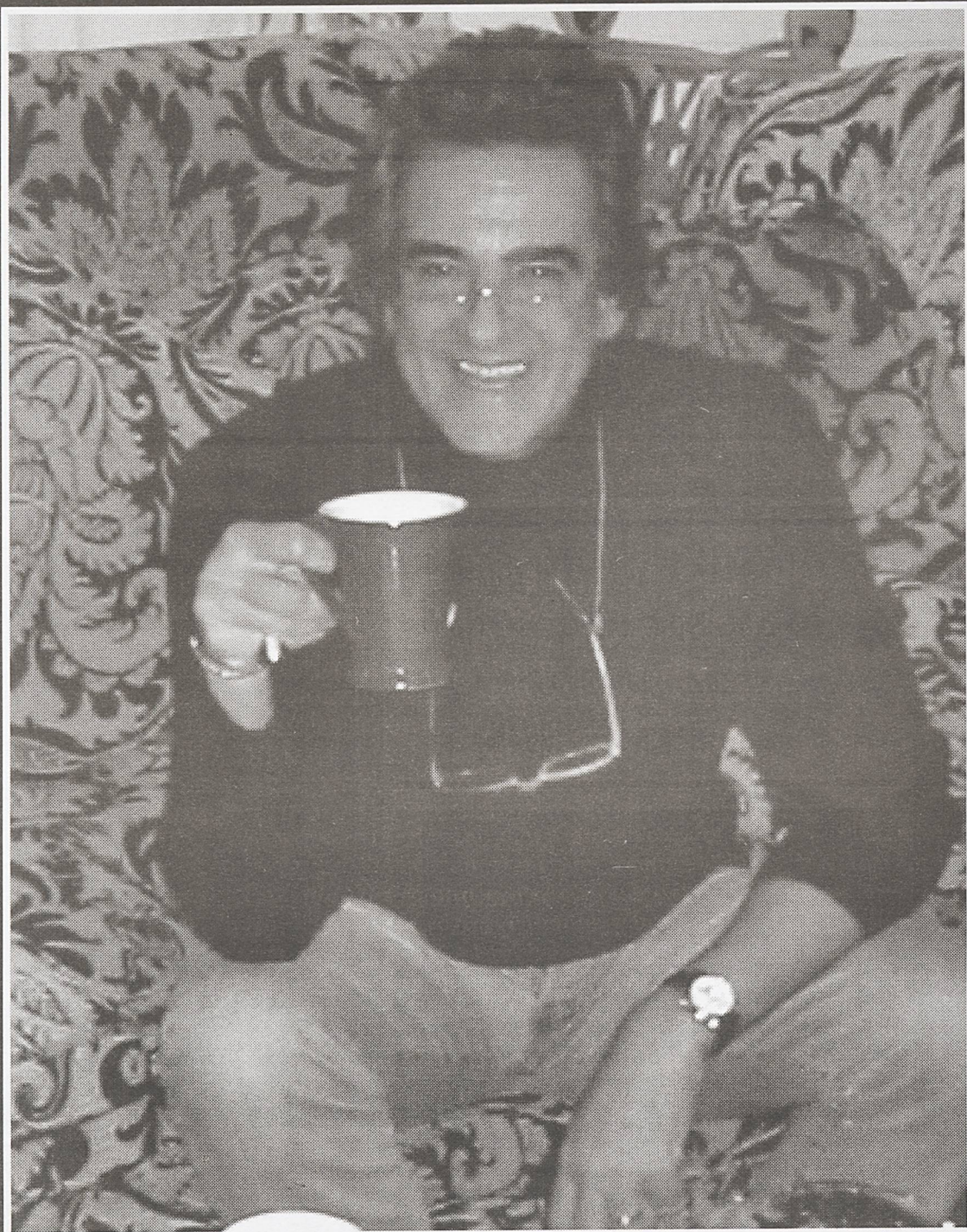
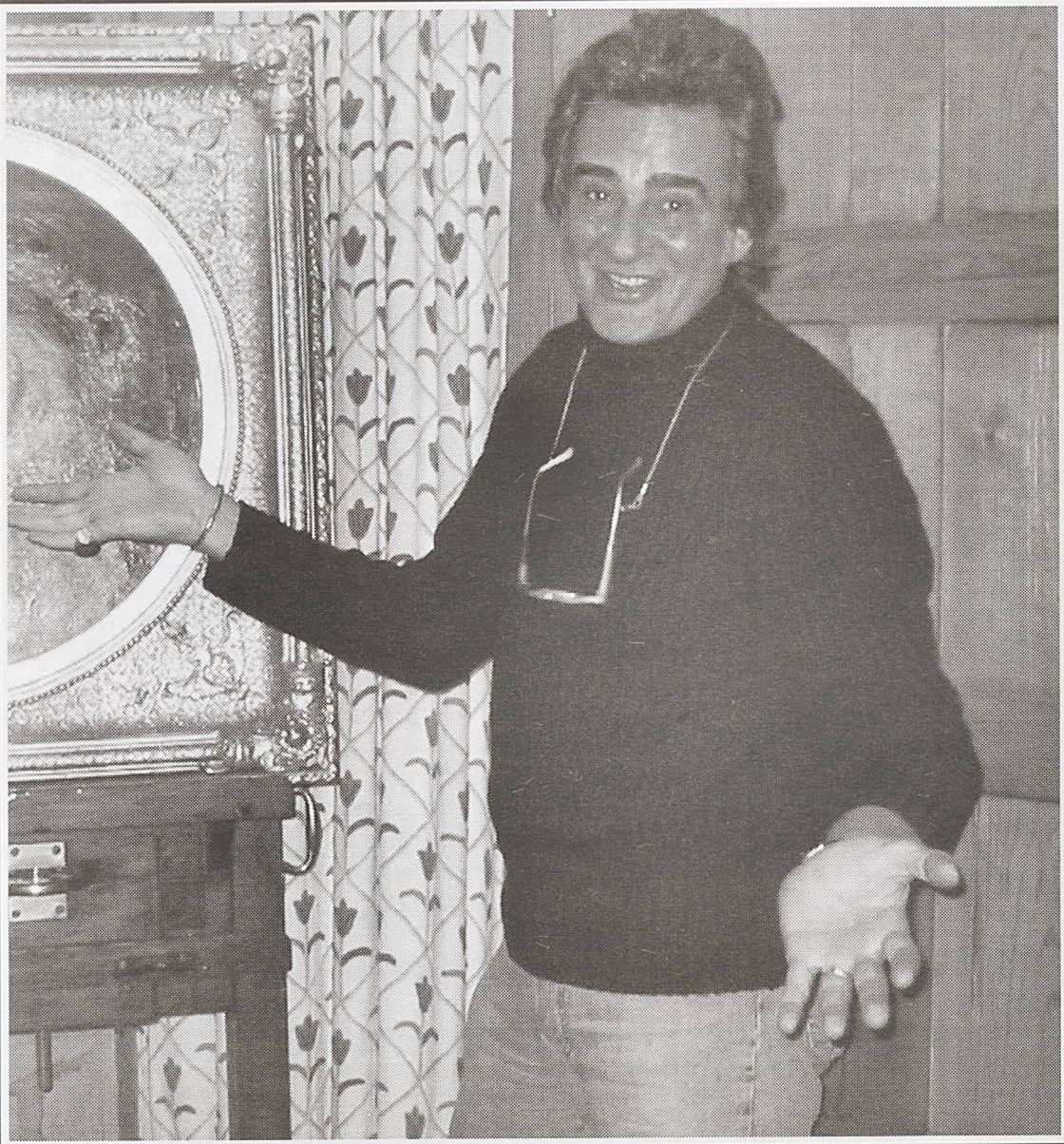
David - presenter of BBC 1's Bargain Hunt, and frequent star of Beaver Sports - and his wife Lorne, a former cabaret diva, have lived in this idyllic rural hide-away for over two years and still enjoy every moment that they spend here together. But when they first

"I'm just so shocked at the popularity of the show amongst its fans"

moved into the house things did not always run so smoothly, explains David. 'We lived in a cottage across the fence for seven months while we renovated the property. When we first saw it, it was literally nothing but four crumbling walls.' It is difficult to imagine that such a beautiful classic English home could be created in such a short space of time and it's obvious that the personal dedication paid off. But, "We were mighty lucky," says the ever down-to-earth David, "I was recommended several master craftsmen to do the job and they did it magnificently. As I lived next door, I was able to pop by and lend a hand if any odd jobs needed doing."



When not presenting Bargain Hunt, David loves to read The Beaver. "I love the combination of irreverent sports coverage, intelligent features in B:link, Bang Bang and Far Flung. There really are some crazy antics taking place at universities around the country each week!" David was very surprised to learn that students couldn't use most of the staircases in the new library, saying "surely the library has been built for the students - why aren't they allowed to use the normal stairs to get up and down quickly? It makes as much sense as the queuing system in Wright's Bar."



It's all part of the grand game of life to this seasoned pro, who plans to take his latest jaunt as the student saviour and pensioner protector of daytime television with a pinch a salt. "I'm just so shocked at the popularity of the show among its fans" David declares. "I'm just happy that everyone's enjoying themselves - and that I'm getting a few quid out of it! We're beating This Morning on ITV1, and I've just recorded an episode of Shooting Stars with Vic and Bob. I've also been on Blankety Blank, Through the Keyhole, and just this week I've had offers from Have I Got News for You, and Richard & Judy"

David fell into the television business by chance. He'd built a successful antiques business, selling at the major fairs three or four times a year when he met a television producer at his daughter's barbecue. "I started telling him what I did, and he called me 'the real life Lovejoy'! He also said my job would make a good basis for a TV series, and I ended up on BBC2 presenting a documentary." David progressed from there to 'The Antiques Show', and then onto 'The Antiques Hunter' on Channel 5. He was also given the job to present some reports on 'Holiday' and got to go to the wonderful island of Mauritius and the delightful county of Devon.

The show that propelled him to very top of the celebrity B-list was, of course, Bargain Hunt. The first series went out in Easter 2000, and ratings grew significantly each time a new series came out. This encouraged the BBC to give David more and more shows, including some live episodes! David's workload has increased to the extent that the wheeler dealer is having to turn down the opportunity to present the BBC's new antique show, 'Flog

"I'm just happy that everyone's enjoying themselves - and that I'm getting a few quid out of it!"

It!

Many rumours are circulating about the future direction of Bargain Hunt. Last week the BBC scheduled an episode in the early evening, and it performed very well in the schedules. David himself is drumming up support for celebrity specials by signing up as many of the famous people that he meets. Radio 1 DJ Scott Mills and the 'comedian' Bradley Walsh have all come out as celebrity fans, but fans will be hoping for a higher calibre of celebrity.

With a new contract at the BBC just signed to create another year of Bargain Hunt goodness, a smash hit Christmas screensaver on the BBC website, and a lovely home and family, it's no wonder the antiques expert has plenty to smile about but rest assured, David promises, no matter where he goes on from here, he'll never stop hunting a bargain.

Bargain Hunters might be interested to know that a serious (and factually correct) interview will be printed in the Beaver in January with David Dickinson

David likes nothing more than sitting down with a fresh cup of coffee (above). Apart from exotic holidays, cuddly pets and bargains that is. "My Santa hat only cost 99p, and it's good quality too - that'll last me many a year. Now that's a bargain." David denied reports that the title of his hit show 'Bargain Hunt' had led to some game keepers wandering around antique fairs with riffles and stun darts.

David has been banned by his GP from visiting Somerfield supermarkets - "the amount of special offers that they have is boggling, and my GP is worried that I would just into bargain overload"

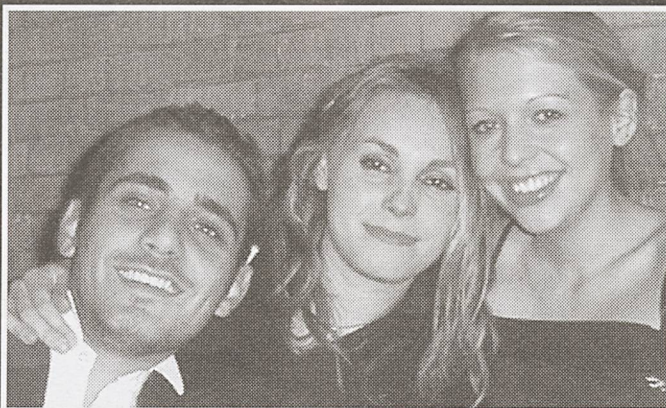
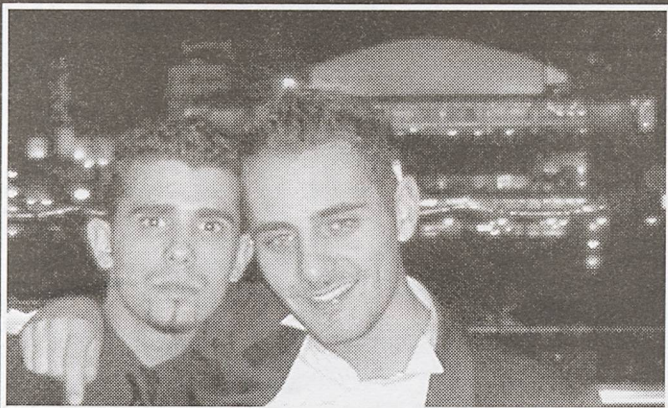
If you're having a Bargain Hunt theme party this Christmas, you can purchase a replica of David's rainbow glasses for £10 from a shop on Fulham Road. Whilst this may seem like quite an outlay, you're sure to win the 'best dressed party go-er' prize, which will surely be worth - now that's a bargain.

SOCIETY HOT-SPOT 'THE ROCK' HOSTS... THE LSE CHRISTMAS BALL

The stars and darlings of LSE high society were out in force for the first annual Christmas ball, dubbed the social event of the Michaelmas calendar. Held in the exclusive riverside wharf 'The Rock' it was the first time that the club owner George Iannou - of the famous Cypriot shipping and philanthropic dynasty - has opened his doors to the LSE elite.

Mr Iannou, closely holding long-time partner Andriana, said: 'It is a great day for me and for LSE. All the famous faces are here. Stars of the stage, famous footballers, even world renowned novelists and playwrights. I am a very happy man.'

The £3,000 a plate event also raised a very significant sum for Mr Iannou's famous animal charity, Save The Lamas.



An Advertising Feature, brought to you by Mullet Enterprises PLC

Are you still wondering what to get your loved ones this Christmas? Never fear, Mullet Enterprises (plc) is here to offer the very latest gifts that your grandchildren will adore.

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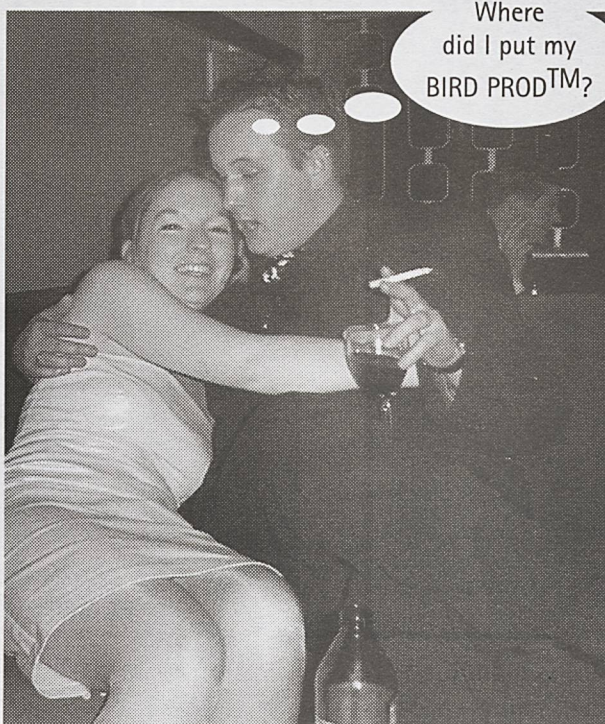
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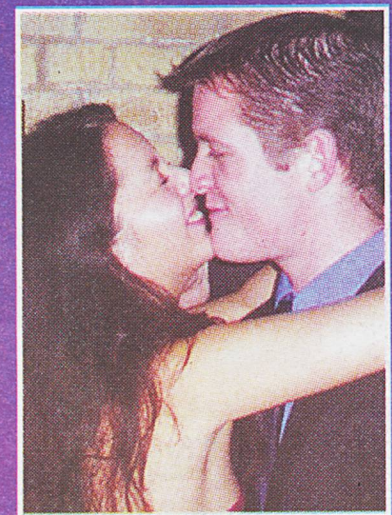
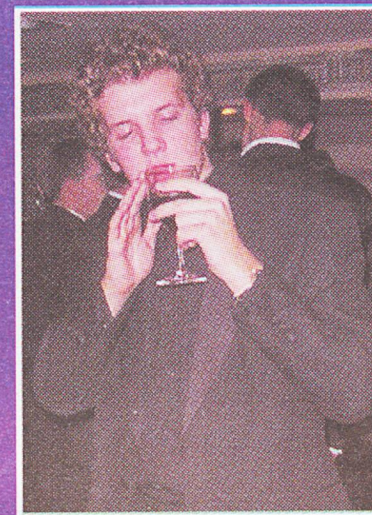
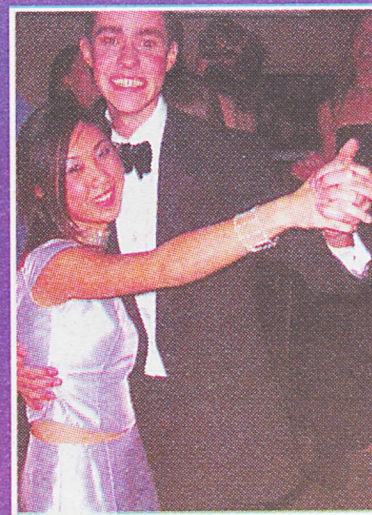
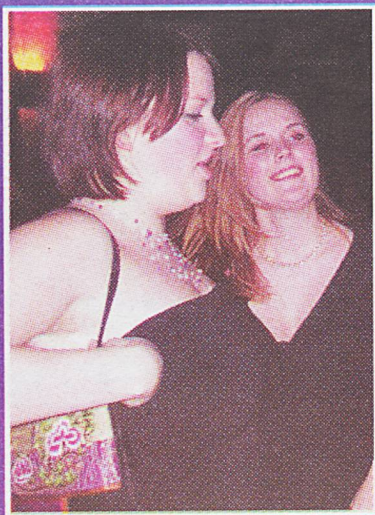
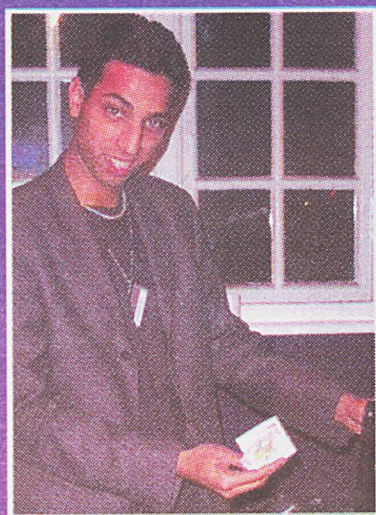
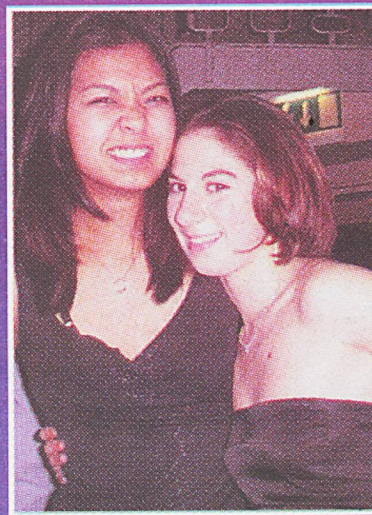
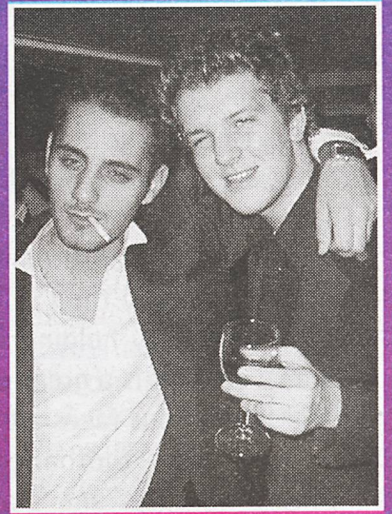
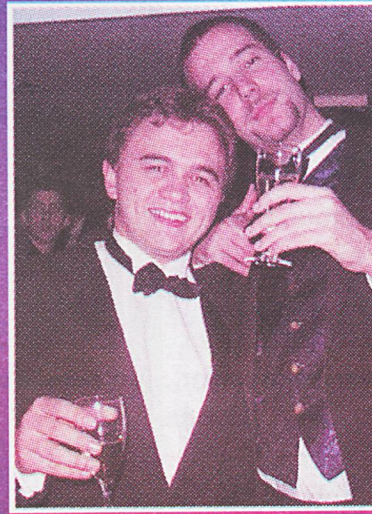
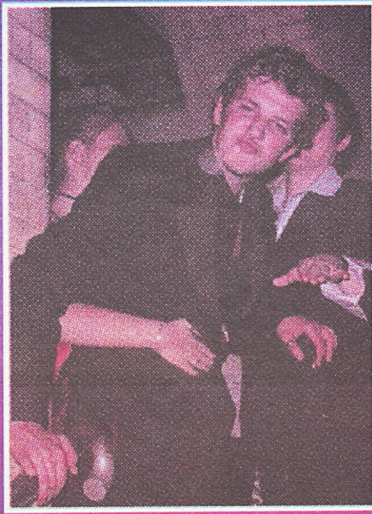
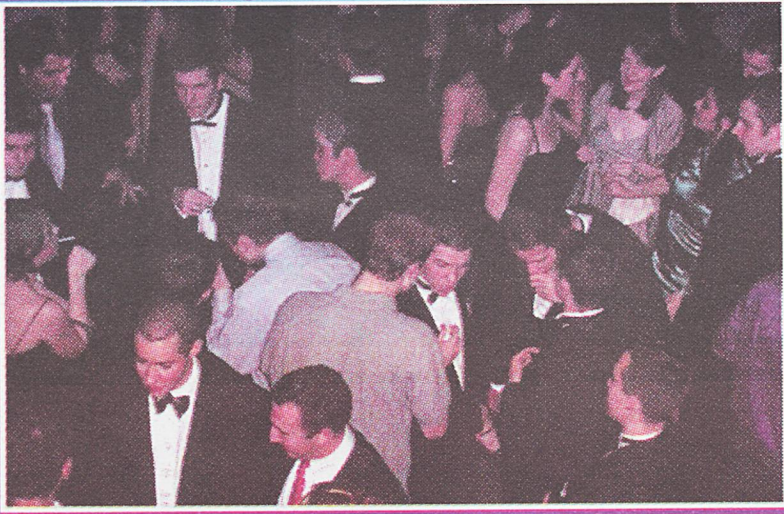
Ever wanted to insult people of different races and cultures but didn't know how? Chortle as the Greek Prince Philip teaches you the ins and outs of how to upset people of all faiths, nations and colours. Comes with a new chapter chronicling how to make fat kids who want to go into space cry. Warning - This book may make you go slitty eyed.

PRINCE EDWARD..... £300 o.n.o.

For a limited time only you can own the most pointless Royal for yourself! Giggle, as you get him to do the washing up. Guffaw, as you order him to make the beds. Laugh, as you push him down the stairs. This failed television executive comes complete with mock Tudor wooden stand and Viscount Lindley.

LSE CHRISTMAS BALL

THE SOCIAL EVENT
OF THE SEASON



The Hiya! editors didn't seem to grasp the concept of black tie.

Nick & Ian would like to thank everyone who has made this special edition possible, from the people you see on these very pages, to all the staff at East End Offset, via Iain Bundred and his trusty car.

Hiya! is published with The Beaver, the newspaper of the LSE SU. Design by Nicholas Stoker & Ian D. Curry.

Saints or Sinners?

St Germain
@ Royal Albert Hall
3:12:01

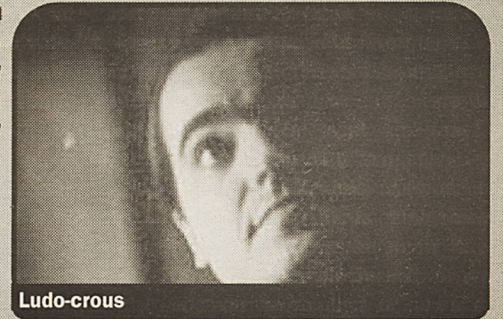
December the third saw the Royal Albert Hall drifting away from its traditional purpose of hosting Shakespearean plays and transformed into an enchanting music box emanating exotic vibes throughout South Kensington. The extraordinarily talented French musicians jazzed the audience alive for two hours, performing mostly tracks off St Germain's latest release, *Tourist*. Featuring an unpredictable drummer, the reincarnation of Hendrix as a guitarist and another seven equally passionate artists, the live atmosphere couldn't be anything other than supernatural.



The Saints Come Marching In

It was tropical beats meeting traditional jazz when an intensely played bass, an inexhaustible trumpet and a virtuous keyboard were joined by a selection of Jamaican instruments. After having inebriated the audience with a mixture of Marley and Armstrong, St Germain proceeded by playing two of their most successful releases,

Sure Thing and *So Flute*, at which point the entirety of the Royal Albert Hall audience stood up and started pulsing to the ambient beats. Blues whirls and dub set a chilled out atmosphere throughout *Sentimental Moon* and *Montego Bay Spleen* but the dancing quickly resumed on the first notes of *Soul Salsa Soul*. When they made their first attempt to leave the stage, St Germain were held back by a euphoric crowd begging for more. They made us wait and scream encore repeatedly, but they finally gave in and performed a conclusive amazing extended version of their first single release, *Rose Rouge*.



Ludo-crous

Whether you are a fan of jazz, blues, dub, ambient or electronica, St Germain live are definitely a must!

Brisk Pixle

The Sin Bin



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

The Alkaline Trio
Private Eye

The first single taken from the Alkaline Trio's new album, *From Here To The Infirmary*, is a meditative punk-influenced track destined to a larger audience than the strictly old school material released by most indie record labels. Mixing powerful chords with melodic choruses, *Private Eye* also shows that the trio from Chicago has a natural talent for creative lyric writing. Although at first the Alkaline Trio could be erroneously put into the bland pop-punk category, an attentive listener will realise that they clearly possess distinguishing features residing mainly in the lyrical content of their songs but also in a series of original sounds rooted in old school punk.

★★★★☆
Brisk Pixle

Pink
Get the Party Started

Perhaps this is an attempt to provide the R 'n' B scene with a feminist perspective on the "who's your daddy?" debate. Pink's point, however, seems to be hiding somewhere behind the endless repetition of the two beats and four lines constituting this track. Let's just hope the Grinch doesn't fill any of our socks with Pink's forthcoming full-length album, *Missundaztood* (I'll leave it up to you to figure out how to pronounce this lovely neologism).

★★★★☆
Brisk Pixle

Skinny
Coming Up Roses

Nice artwork, average song, brilliant b-side. What else is there to say? Ok... *Coming Up Roses* sounds weirdly dated - an alright song, but a boring one. Sounds like something you think you might have heard before on the radio one night, as you were just falling asleep - you never know who its by but it reminds you of Crowded House. The b-side *Friday (Going Out)* is a Norman Cook 7" mix and its everything that *Coming Up Roses* isn't - funky disco breaks and soul vocals as well as samples galore. Worth buying for the b-side alone.

★★★★☆
Vidallca

The Christmas Factor

- ★★★★★ Christmas Dinner
- ★★★★☆ Santa Claus
- ★★★★☆ Jesus
- ★★★★☆ King Herod
- ★★★★☆ Brussel Sprouts



Staind
Outside

A re-release, *Outside* first appeared on the 1999 Family Values Tour album showing the grim character of some of Staind's ballads. Melancholy, hopeless yet not particularly poetic, this tune disturbingly resembles the band's earlier 2001 release, *It's Been A While*.

Blessing or cursing (I'll leave that up to you to decide), the second track is an extended version of the song including backing vocals by Fred Durst.

If not for outstanding musical abilities, Staind could be praised for their restraint from splitting our eardrums with overly-exaggerated commercial teenage angst vomited into a microphone.

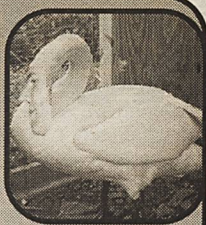
★★★★☆
Brisk Pixle

The Dismemberment Plan/Juno
Plan Juno EP

This split single from two of the best 'emo' bands around certainly serves to justify the hype surrounding the genre. The opener *Non-equivalents* from the Dismemberment Plan fuses dub with rock, with spectacular results, whilst the Juno cover of DJ Shadow's *High Noon* is an instrumental that swirls and swoops in true rollercoaster fashion. A top quality release.

★★★★☆
Peter Davies

Swann's Song



In my final column as editor (although fear not dear reader, the column will return next term!) it seems only fair to go out on a festive note. So away with the ranting and in with the stockings and sherry! No, not the LGBT Society Christmas do, but this week: What is the best ever festive song?

At this time of year, everyone loves *Rockin' around the Christmas tree* (There's one already), while experiencing the traditional delights of *Mistletoe and Wine* (there's another one!), however for myself Christmas means more of Turkey sandwiches and beer. Thus my crimbo rundown will leave the ultimate and obvious choice with the accolade of errrr Winner of Swann's favourite Christmas Song...Ever! (Part One). To start with, there are the non-specific outings like **McCartney** and **Rupert the Bear's Frog Chorus**, a children's classic. Such youthful innocence in a song that referred none to the season in question has been replaced in latter years by rubbish from the **Power Rangers** and **Bob the Builder**, none of whom live up to **Mr. Blobby's** Take That-conquering antics of the mid-nineties. To move on to the real classics, real songs that referred to Christmas somewhere in their lyrics, we need to go back in time.

The Seventies, home to all things hairy, kitsch and generally great and this is where we find the classics. **Lennon's Happy Christmas (War is over)** gives us a wonderful start, although the catchy tune is a bit too sombre in lyric for a party. **Glitter...** well best leave that there. To cut to the chase, the Seventies above all other decades gave us great Christmas songs and although there have been attempts in the Eighties (**Wham, Band Aid** etc) and Nineties even (keep going, Sir Cliff!), the true classic comes from the seventies.

Sideburns, big hats, sparkly jackets and a funny looking guitarist called Dave, what does that say to you? No, not my old band (**Coldharbour**) but **Slade**. Yep, a band who were consistently at the top of the charts released the best ever festive tune. You can sing to it, dance to it, wan... said too much! It has everything a classic Christmas song needs. *'Merry Christmas Everybody'* even has the immortal bit where **Noddy Holder** yells 'It's Chriiissssssstmas.' A song that goes with Christmas, like turkey with cranberry sauce, anywhere you go at Christmas you will hear this: on TV, in shops, on the radio, during any night out. **Slade** rule and if you want to argue about it, bring it on! Maybe its because its a relic from an era where people laughed and music wasn't so serious, after all you wouldn't find **Oasis** doing anything like this, or maybe its just a great song. One thing's certain though, 'here it is Merry Christmas everybody's having fun.'

On that note I leave you with a thought to take home and ponder as another year exits stage left, 'Look to the future now, its only just begun!'

Merry Christmas Everybody!

Andrew Swann

Fine-Apples

The Smashing Pumpkins *Rotten Apples*

A decade of the Pumpkins started with their breakthrough album *Gish* in 1991, containing *Rhinoceros* and *Zero*, the knockout *Siamese Dream* album with the amazing and powerful *Cherub Rock*, followed by the majestic *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*. The disappointing *Adore* was released in 1998 and the last commercially released album *Machina* in 2000.

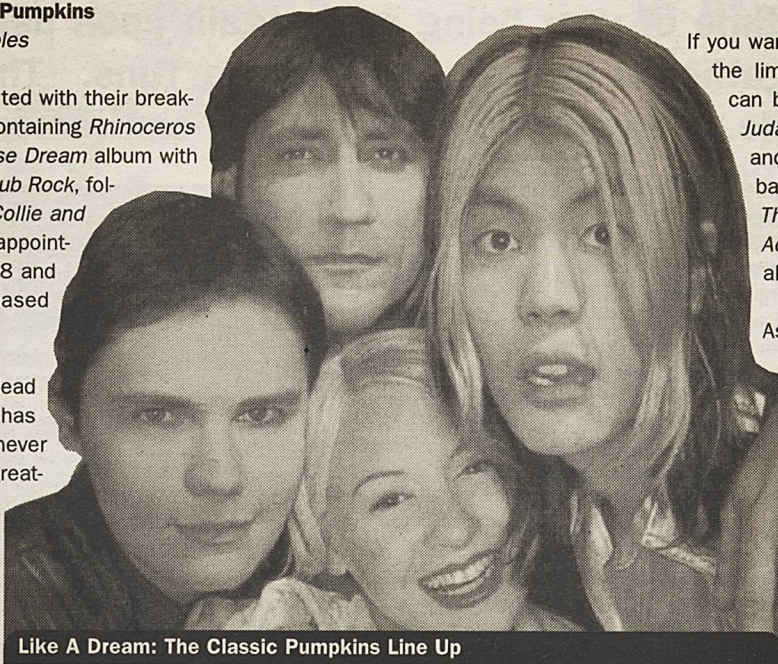
Unsurprisingly with the band dead and buried for eternity (Corgan has stated that the band will never reform), they have released a greatest hits album. Here the band have selected two or three songs from previous albums with 2 previously unreleased tracks *Real Love* and *Untitled* to make a strong eighteen track album. As usual with a

greatest hits album everyone has his or her own opinion on what songs should have be on the album. For instance *Raindrops and Sunshowers* and *Heavy Metal Machine* over the included *Stand Inside Your Love* and *Try, Try, Try*. But still the selected songs are all great, *Rhinoceros*, *Cherub Rock*, *1979* are absolute class, though why the two unreleased tracks are included is strange. They are definitely not up to scratch compared to the rest of the album, so the assumption is that this is probably a way of generating interest in the album and therefore getting more sales.

The band plan to reissue all of their previous albums over the next few years with previously unreleased bonus tracks. According to Corgan this will include previously unreleased demos from The Smashing Pumpkin's 1991 debut, *Gish*, as well as twenty-eight tracks recorded for the band's 1995 breakthrough album *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*.

Corgan has formed a new band Zwan which comprises of former Pumpkin Jimmy Chamberlin and Matthew Sweeney, the former singer/guitarist of Chavez, and a bass player known as 'Skullfisher'.

Perhaps more interesting are The Virgins with James Iha and Melissa Auf Der Maur along with Evan Dando, the former Lemonheads frontman and ex-Whiskeytown singer Ryan Adams who will be releasing a record early next year thru James Iha's Scratchie Records label.



Like A Dream: The Classic Pumpkins Line Up

If you want to buy this album get the limited edition one if you can because the second CD *Judas O* features b-sides and out takes from the band's *Mellon Collie And The Infinite Sadness*, *Adore*, and *Machina* album sessions.

As this is not the limited edition this album will only be receiving four stars, as it does not really offer anything new to the Pumpkins fan.

★★★★★
Ryan Cooray

News Machines of God

READERS RAISE
£650,000

The first **Rage Against the Machine** album recorded without vocalist Zack de la Roche could be in the shops as early as February 2002, according to US press reports. The vocalist walked out on the group in October last year, and has spent much of that time working on his own solo album with a variety of guest musicians. Following his departure, the remaining members of the band regrouped and entered the studio with former Soundgarden vocalist **Chris Cornell**, who has provided vocals for up to 20 songs. Now, according to Billboard in the US, the fruits of those sessions are set for a US release of February 26 via Epic.



Noel Noel

Noel Sullivan of **Hear'say** went back to school to launch a Welsh version of the Prince's Trust charity on December 4. The 21-year-old, who was born and bred in Caerua, Cardiff, introduced the Prince's Trust Cymru project at the city's Western Leisure Centre, before visiting his old secondary school at Glan Ely. There, he launched a new Prince's Trust drive - XL Plus - to help students to improve their potential and build confidence, motivation and communication skills. Noel accepted the Prince of Wales' invitation to become an ambassador for the youth charity earlier this year, and the Cardiff launch was his first official duty.

Recommended Gigs

Ash @ Brixton Academy Thursday 13/12/01
Charlatans & Starsallor @ Wembley Arena Saturday
15/12/01
Fun Loving Criminals @ Brixton Academy Monday
17/12/01

LONDON, TUESDAY 13 NOVEMBER 2001

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Doctor Doctor - I feel like a doorbell...

Roll up your sleeve and I'll inject you with a lethal dose of morphine!

Harold

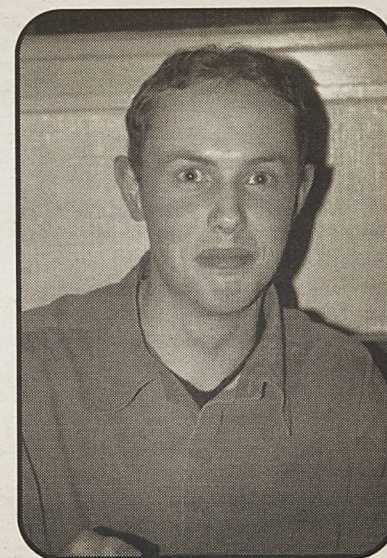
Ship-man

Jingle Bollocks!

With that time of year being once again upon us, your faithful music writers, in keeping with tradition, gathered in the corner of the Tuns. The aim? To discuss and make sense of this year's music. The outcome? Not sure I can remember...

By the time all were seated two of our colleagues had decided to walk, leaving only a hard core of critics poised to distribute a plethora of musical knowledge. With apologies from **Vic Peckett**, various no-shows and the expected lateness of **Riyan 'I was working' Itani**, we were ready to go. One disappointing absentee from this year's gathering was Pete's manky piece of paper with his hot topics of discussion scribbled all over. Although the spidery sprawl was present and noted almost the same categories, this year the aforementioned scrap had been replaced by a whole A4 sheet; the Welshman had gone to town. **Pete 'I was in Kerrang, you know' Davies** whipped out his tiny dictaphone and concluded that 'It must be recording, I can see it going round; yes children, we were ready to go.

'OK, so best al-bum?' Pete gazed hopefully into the eyes of his adoring fans, sorry, writers. First to speak was the Welshman's French equivalent, **Monsieur E. Didier**, who in true Beaver Music style boldly stated 'Can you give me five minutes to think?' Following the resounding 'No,' the Frenchman threw his cards down in favour of the Avalanches. Disdain rang from all around, although this became the pattern of the evening, one speaks, all others say 'bollocks.' Next was the opinion of the esteemed **Mike Bum**, bespectacled hopeful to inherit my position as CD scrounger next term. As with the rest of his answers, myself and **Vidadelica** were convinced that these were records, songs and bands that he was making up. The choice of 'Resuscitation' by Adult (apparently an electronica duet from Chicago, no less), made the rest of us realise what we would probably need to get through this; God we hadn't even got to Pete's spiel yet.



The first bit of sense of the night then followed with the input of yours truly. Half agreeing with Vida's Strokes notion, I announced that 'my other foot is firmly in the Shed Seven camp.' Judging by the heckles that ensued, including Pete's label of 'bland indie wank,' I think it was a good answer. As the argument heated up, Pete heated up: 'Do you think I'm a So Solid Crew fan or something?' he sniped at Vida, before we entered the debate on fifteen year old girls, blowjobs and broken jaws. For once Mr. Bum (Our very own Mike, not to be confused with The Beaver's Mr. Burns-alike, Nick!) provided the voice of reason, stating 'There are so many of [the SS Crew], they're bound to encompass criminality...'

'Paul Daniels did all the voices on Wizbit and I got him to do them all for me. We were hanging around together for an hour and a half.'

By this time, Pete was ready to speak. Following **Valeria Severini's** support for Limp Bizkit, whom she bizarrely later also nominated for worst album, Pete gave us the Welsh dribble that roughly translated to 'Weezer, the Green al-bum, or Jimmy eats world blah blah blah' and followed it up with a ten minute ramble that climaxed with the statement 'I love Weezer.' Pete had finally come out.

Moving on, we realised the Welsh Wizard had made no attempt to fashion these categories into a relevant order as we were asked to discuss our best music event of the year. After some initial confusion regarding Mike's answer, this was cleared up by the provision of a ready made list of answers, commitment above and beyond the call, or perhaps proof that himself and Vic had sat and made these answers up. Although no Tarrent-esque accusations of rigging were raised, we learned it was Solex, not Soulwax that had set Geordie Mike's pants alight in 2001. After calls for the Charlatans from Vida and Fundamental (in Paris, of course) from Le Didier, Pete spoke. Here this can be only put as a direct quote, as everyone else offered a mere sentence of explanation whilst Pete consistently talked bollocks.

Pete on the finer things in life



'My favourite gig of the year was Stone Temple Pilots at Brixton Academy it was an absolutely fantastic gig I hadn't seen them before I travelled all the way down from Wales just to see that particular gig two hundred and eighty miles round trip so yeah it was definitely worth it though sooo oh well.' Notice how the lack of punctuation shows that no breath was taken. Of course the boyo was much ridiculed for this bizarre behaviour and thus I took it upon myself to cement the fact that Shed Seven in Bristol was unarguably the best gig of the year; they did a cover of Gene Genie for God's sake.

Your writers (clockwise from top left): Valeria, Vida, Ryan, Riyan, Mike and not forgetting Joe (right) and Eduard (up and right).



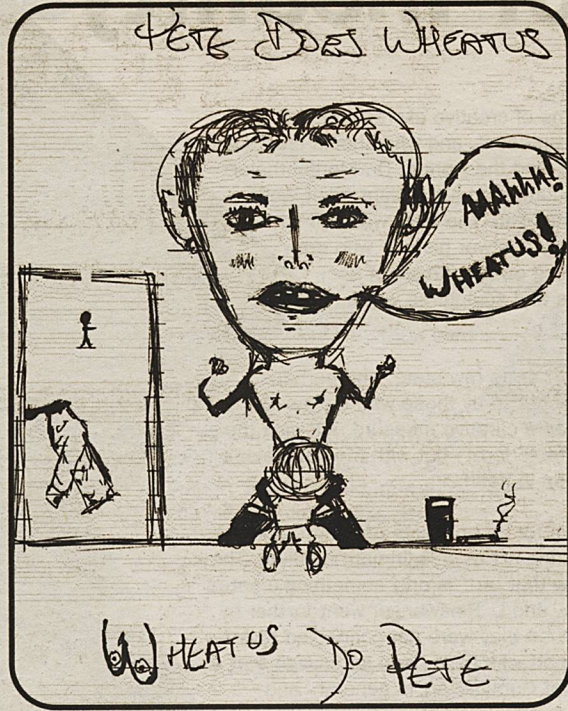
At this point, first latecomer **Joe Rudkin** arrived. Upon stating (after much thought) that his favourite album of the year was Zero 7 and best gig Roots Manoeuvre, whilst looking shocked at our adversity to So Solid Crew (who unanimously took every 'worst' accolade), it seemed time to move on. Cue a rant from Pete about the printers 'fucking up' (surely not!) this term, then the move to discussing best single. This was all a bit convoluted, with Mike spurting 'creative' song titles, Pete giving out about the Cooper Temple Clause and everyone else sitting too far away from the tape player to be heard. So, as usual I had to have the final word and enlighten the group that yes, 'Cry for Help' by Shed Seven (who else?) was indeed the best single of the year.

Suddenly, Pete attacked. Like a big cat in wait he had built up to this all night and finally exploded, going straight for my throat, his rosy cheeks gleaming in the dim. A bitter attack on the virtues of Shed Seven followed that could easily have resulted in a bloodbath. Luckily I had come prepared - I was now three pints to the good and ready to adopt Miagi-style self defence tactics. After being told to 'Face facts, Shed Seven are shit' (P.Davies, 2001), my intellectual reply of 'Pete, don't get me started' vexed the cumbersome beast allowing me to nip in where it hurt. His surrender of 'Yeah OK' said it all. Hang your head Pete, Britpop lives on!

Hurt, Pete attempted to diss the London Student, although semi-traitor and LS features editor Vida, made the poor boy eat even more of his mumbled words. Moving on, to avoid further embarrassment, Pete entered best band territory, as if we didn't know the answer already. At this point **Ryan Cooray** turned up before sitting quietly in the corner for much of the rest of the discussion. What followed was a minor miracle; Pete seemed to finally embrace the fact that Shed Seven are indeed 2001's best band.

As far as best male artist went, there seemed to be a near-unanimous vote that it was fat Rick from Pop Idol, despite Vida labelling such programmes as unwatchable. By this time, no one really cared for Pete's Mark somebody from Screaming Trees, although the Welshman found it hard to deny Joe's suggestion that he favoured Geri Halliwell. There seemed to be a general consensus that Kylie's arse was the best female performer. Controversy followed with the announcement of the best video category, which Pete devised then proceeded to slag off. An ever-decreasing interest in these seemed to conclude that best music event was my suggestion of my own various Karaoke efforts, the worst event was (in Pete's view) Cilla at the Variety Performance.

At this point, I offered Pete a scrap and eventually Mr. R. Itani arrived. Finally someone to drink as quickly as me, although I was a good few pints up. Constructive conversation deteriorated into idle gossip and banter as Pete began slurring in Welsh about 'Headbanger's ball' and how it 'Should have been Ringo.'



'Get 'em in then...' Riyan on the finer things in life

Beaver Music would like to thank all those who observed our impromptu minute of silence in memory of **George Harrison** in the Tuns on Monday evening

Pete and Riyan a match made in heaven

All present in the tuns on Monday night were treated to a rare glimpse of this year's hottest showbiz couple, Peter 'I'm Welsh me' Davies and Riyan 'I was hetero until I met him' Itani. As Itani (late as usual) arrived, the relief on Peter's face was clear to see. 'Pete, you dirty bitch,' was Itani's well-received gesture of apology, and Mr. Davies (known as Babies to Riyan) laughed and giggled throughout the evening. Onlooker, Andrew Swann said 'They're a happy couple, Riyan has managed quite a catch. I've spent over a year doing this fucking editorial job just to get close to Pete and now my dirty ex-flatmate has stolen him from me; I quit.' Asked about any relationship with Mr. Swann, Itani stated, 'He's a has-been, Pete's always wanted me.' As the evening progressed, the chemistry between Babies and Itani was clear as they laughed, drank and took photos. Everyone said how happy they looked. Itani certainly made up for his lateness, quickly becoming involved in the evening, although at one point the devious bastard seemed to be inviting Swann back to his. Fortunately for him, due to Pete's own bad management, the dictaphone had stopped recording minutes before Itani's arrival. Luckily, Swann declined anyway and averted another famous underground brawl. **THE BEAVER SAYS:** The best man won. Itani and Davies certainly look the picture of happiness, good luck to them for the future.

(VIC)

Best Album - '604' Ladysmith
Best gig - French Kiss @ Barbican (Guy Dool @ front stage - what a reality!)

Best single - 'The Angel' - Ladysmith
Band - Ladysmith
Male - Chris T-T
Female - PJ Harvey
Video - I do not have MTV. Who cares?

MIKE

Albums - Adult Castrolisation
Gig - Solax @ P3/Essex 2/10/01
Single - IckTaks vs Solax @ Missy Dues in arena dix
Band - Noone
Male - Aphex Twin
Female - Solax (P3/Essex/Essexlink)
Video - Music isn't a visual medium

Exclusive!

Beaver Writers in Potential Fake Bands Shocker!

Beaver music was shocked last night to learn of a possible link between two of its own writers, M. Burn and V. Peckett and a string of band and song name forgeries that were seemingly distributed during the yearly music 'meeting.' Our amazing never before shown picture shows how the pair **thought** about their answers and **wrote** them down. No one was available to comment from the Beaver although these two seem to have such obscure taste that it can only be fabrication. An onlooker said 'Fuck off, you wanker.'

It all became a bit icy though as Joe suggested myself as worst writer of the year. After near unanimous agreement, I found it in myself to carry on, pint in hand, tipping Pete Davies to be the big thing of 2002. Ever the cynic, Mike offered up 'Whoever NME says,' which seemed a fair reflection on the state of the world. Getting bored, this was the cue for Pete to loudly sing the Welsh national anthem, start a conversation about paedophiles and make some dodgy Taliban jokes. The evening's most controversial attack came in a combined effort from Pete and Mike who insinuated Noddy Holder and Rick Witter (both musical God's) as kiddie fiddlers. However Vida defended well and Pete turned to more constructive talk:

'What's the difference between perverted pop mogul Jonathan King and Acne? Acne comes in your face after you're twelve!'

On this note, it seems fair to stop. Although we were there for many more minutes, the quality, audibility and content of dialogue deteriorated fast. There were many undertones, political, sexual and obnoxious which created some stories, a few of which you can find on this page. But dear friends, Christmas and The Beaver deadline draw close, so I leave you with festive wishes. As I put pen to paper for the last time in my role of co-music editor, a tear wells as I remember the good times and the bad. In the words of the immortal Keith Moon and his friend the aforementioned Ringo Starr; 'We're not drunk children, we've just had too much of our medicine.'

Andrew Swann
Beaver Music Editor
October 2000 - December 2001

Images of Insanity

The development of 'Outsider Art' - forms of creative expression that exist outside cultural norms of what art should represent, and who should create it - dates back to the early Nineteenth Century, and the work of Dr. Morgenthaler. Based in a Swiss asylum, Morgenthaler documented his patient Adolf Wölfli, who produced countless works from his small cell. The term was coined later - by the artist Jean Dubuffet in the early postwar period - who drew attention to works produced by those dwelling on the fringes of society, producing outstandingly original images and sculptures which owe nothing to tradition or fashion.

Outsider Art - or Art Brut - focuses on art in its raw state, and perhaps the most powerful example of this is art produced by those with diagnosed mental disorders. Art had long been used as a curative measure, allowing the patient to explain their world in an interpretable form - but with Morgenthaler's work, it became a form of artistic expression in itself.

Of course the good old art world - known for its epic acts of anal retentiveness - has sometimes poured scorn on insane art as a legitimate medium. The art historian G. Schmidt expressed the view that 'art' is only something created within the limits of a social cultural context, and L. Binswanger went further by refusing to call the 'mad' pictures art because they were not connected to art models and traditions. In fact, some of the attacks have been so savage that a small-town fine arts ed. has to conclude that Outsider Art in general - and insane art in particular - has hit a raw nerve. With their cultural hegemony under threat, some advocates of 'fine art' have resorted to throwing stones.

So what can we draw from the (often disturbing) images produced? Well, on the most obvious level the importance of insane art lies in its inherent challenge to accepted conventions surrounding what we term 'fine art': works produced by a trained artist - who carries the ideals, pre-conceptions, and limitations of his or her education - and gifted to the mass public. Insane art is a totally personal form - unintended to be viewed by others - and thus escapes from this cultural straight-jacket.

Moreover, art is a window into the insane mind. The strange fusion of words and images found in psychopathological expression - often used by the patient to 'prove' the reality of their world - contrasts sharply with norms traditionally ascribed to art, such as the strict distinction between image and written word.

For a last word on the matter, I'll leave it to the beast himself - a Mr. Kandinsky: 'The picture is painted well if it lives with the full internal life. The drawing is good if nothing can be changed without destruction of that internal life...The artist is and even must work with the forms in the way he needs for his goals.' If he were alive today, I'd buy the man a pint.



In Residence

6.00pm. A feverish meeting of minds in the Tuns. Intentions range from 'a quick sharpener' (Dan) to 'getting wired and worrying art types' (Skip). Red Bull is ordered, and quickly shown a kind home.

6.30pm. Already slightly woozy, Skip decides to 'speculate to accumulate' and duly invests in a jukebox frenzy. The first run of Lush's masterpiece 500 (Shake Baby Shake) draws some quizzical, some aggressive stares. By the second time round, attention has turned to all things Tarrant, and the Fine Arts team soon proves their hard-won reputation for ineptitude of giant proportions.

7.45pm. Blind pains in the collected bladders, and gaping holes in the collected wallets, signal the time for art has arrived. Acrid white wine is sipped, thought about, and finally downed. The central element of the exhibition features a series a monologues - from those kind souls of the Library archives, or "denizens of the BLPES' bowels" by this advanced stage of excess - exploring themes of information, its past, and its futures. Top marks to a male member of the team, who comments 'I like history and soul music, but not in that order'.

8.15pm. Attention turns to the artist, who's 'not gesticulating at all, but still quite upright, with quite a regal position adopted' (Skip). One smell of an interview, and Skip makes some excuse about 'seeing Zippy and George at the Strand Poly Christmas Ball' and promptly leaves.

8.16pm. Dan can smell news like blue stilton in a Turkish bath. Dubious highlights of the interview conducted by Chingford's answer to Jon Snow include:

Dan: I need to use this (Dictaphone) on the grounds that by tomorrow I'll have completely forgotten what we talked about.

Dan: Do you find that art at LSE is unrecognised?
Ruth: No.

Dan: Sorry I've got to get my sandwich. Hold on...

Ruth:

Dan: I've gone for the chicken, bacon and avocado, without the avocado.

Ruth: Looks good.

Dan: I digress.

Dan: Well, the point of a library is to find what you're after.

Ruth:

Dan: How do archivists end up in a bar?

Ruth:

Dan: That's the nature of a reception, it's err discussing the art rather than looking at it.

Ruth:

Ruth:

Dan:

Ruth: Err...

Dan: That's it.

Dan: Lets move on to the exhibition itself. We only saw a very limited snapshot today... How is the exhibition itself going to be presented?

Ruth: This is the exhibition.

LSE Library foyer area,
Lionel Robbins Building

Artist *Ruth MacLennan* marks the start of her residency in the Library Archives at LSE with an exhibition based on what she calls 'memory retrieval systems' - methods of storing ideas.

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Panini: How do you eat yours?

LSE's finest athletes discuss their hitherto secret gorging strategies

Skip, bon viveur and serial pepperoni and mozzarella muncher

I eat my panini in the safe knowledge that all my City friends are eating at Soup Opera. Yeah, Soup Opera. But can you listen to Pulse in Soup Opera? No, you're probably barking executive commands down your pea-sized mobile phone. I want to be you. No, I really do.

Dan, raconteur and squirrel philanthropist

Panini? You want to get yourself down to Wright's Bar mate. They'd put a mixed grill in a bap for you.

Lord Biffin, debonair patron of all things bridge

I like my paninis like my women: warm, fragrant and easily available from the Student's Union, traversing my very own bridge at every opportunity.

Dave Gold, work 'type' and quaffer of bottled Budweiser

I don't eat paninis. I like the spicy corn chowder at Sou...

Nicholas Stoker, Panini Sticker Stroker

Raw. No not that, ROAR!!!! Like a tiger. On Acid. In a room. ROAR!!!!

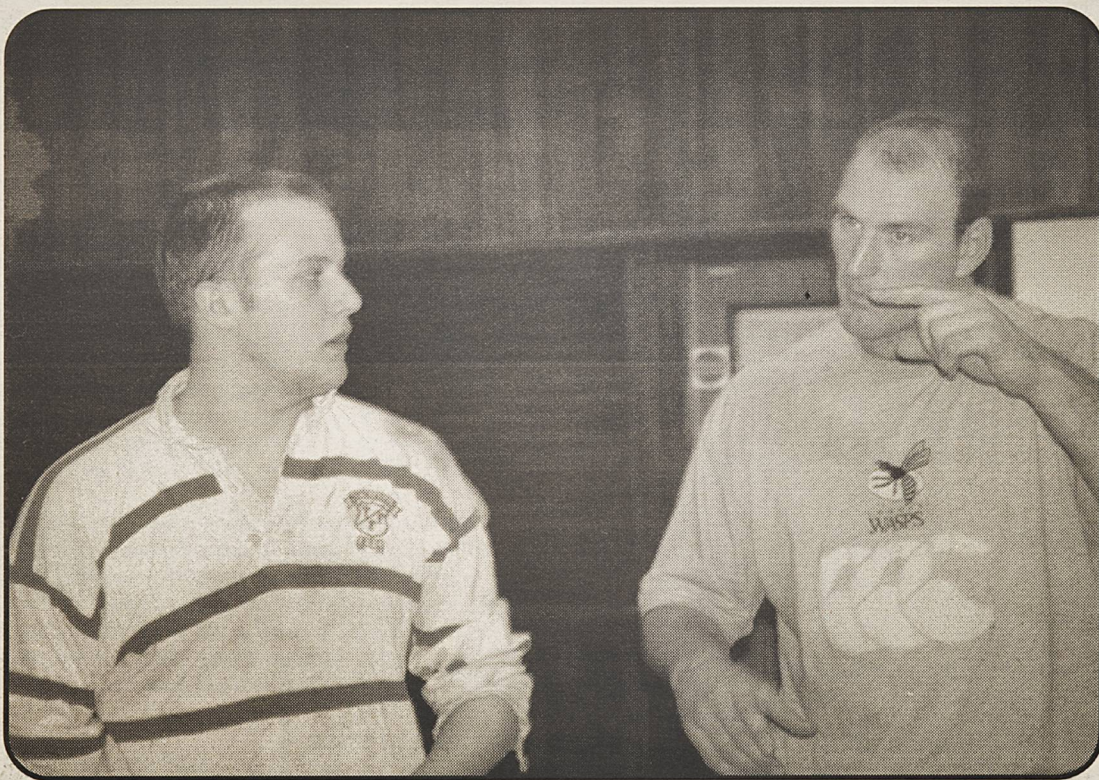
Rugby Boys and Wasps - a

Darius Tabatabai -

"It's not a made up surname"

What can I say? We played some of the best rugby we've played all season and we still lost, is there any hope for us? Well to be fair it wasn't as one-sided as the score line suggests, with the cunts from Kent running in three tries in the last fifteen minutes in a defensive display so bad an Italian General would have been ashamed of it. They are top of the league, and just had more on us at the end of the day.

Despite this there were some cracking performances put in. Newcomer Dave Able, showed that he was more than game to the challenge with a sterling silver performance in the lineout and a solid spate of tackling. Poof again showed that he really is "Daddy's Little soldier" by giving his all with his old man standing on the sidelines. Ellis "The Wolfman" was yet again left languishing in the wings for the duration of the match, we can only hope that this travesty will lead him on to greater feats in our matches next term once this grave injustice has been rectified. (To be fair to Cookie, he did look suitably embarrassed once he realised his error and promised to rectify the situation at the soonest possible junct-



"Fuck the rugby and these cunts Rex, do you want any cola or not?"

ture) I would, however, like to single out one man in particular for scrutiny in this week's article; our newly returned P-Diddy look-alike, Jay-mima. How the ref ever let him get away with that mass of white tape over his newly pierced ear is a mystery, but

as FC was so kind to point out, "Bling, bling. It's a cubic-zirconium thing."

But enough of my appalling efforts at a sports report, it's time I got on to the stuff you all read this article for, the damage report of the evening's drinking session. After our ignominious return from fortress Berrylands, Cookie suggested that we all mosey on over to his place for a few beers and an exclusive viewing of the Barbarians match. Cookie pointed me towards the virgin and said "Don't worry, Indy knows the way, you're in the same halls, just come with him." No sooner was this plan made than the treacherous innocent evaded me at Waterloo and I was left no recourse but to move on to the Tuns. (I have reason to believe that Indy acted in such a way as revenge for the fact that although we both have foreign blood, he has a micro-penis and I don't. Don't worry Indy, we are all special in our own way.)

Due to the disorder of what ensued, my memory of the night is a far cry from perfect, and while it may not exactly give an accurate order of events, I promise it will describe the night exactly as I remember it.

Upon arrival, beers were shipped at a steady rate until a warming and satisfying level of drunkenness was achieved. This was helped along it's way by the playing of the game with a name of one plus twenty. Then Psycho John unleashed the bounteous, ten pounds worth (yes, ten whole sterling pounds) of pornography. This was not just any old porno grot, John had decided to indulge us with a magazine SO WRONG even

Charterhouse was disgusted. It was a hardcore teen mag with lines such as, "I'll let my stepdad-dy Carl take my cherry, and that will be fair for everyone." Just plain wrong, John.

After the perusal of this horrific pornographic dessert, we were entertained by Charterhouse and his full testicular repertoire (which I feel is getting rather less press than it deserves.) This consisted of: the two pint marvel, during which the tops of two pint glasses arwe engulfed simultaneously by Peter's monster scrotum, and the champagne swallower, when a whole champagne glass was enveloped by the scrotummy goodness. (God knows what would have happened if the glass had broken, the Wolfman's instincts may have been too much to control) The conclusion to this act was taken by the fantastic Bushfire finale during which time our star entertainer managed to burn the vast majority

of his pubic hair and fill the air with the rancid smell of burning hair (Chart, that smell still haunts me as I sleep!) All of this was witnessed by Charterhouse's school chum from, well... Charterhouse, who took great pleasure in telling me that it had not always been this way, but that the man we all know and... well, that we all know at least, had once been a little quieter, a lot quieter in fact. One might say almost shy and retiring (not quite, but you get the idea).

On that note the shy and retiring lad and myself, decided to form our usual duo for the karaoke and give a rendition of "My Old man's a Dustman". Now for those of you that didn't know, or haven't heard (which I find hard to believe, given the rugby club's enthusiasm for the subject) Colin's dad is, by all accounts a Gynaecologist (although

Men's Rugby

LSE
Kent

some
more



"So when the tozzers are nearby and you've got a K of china on you, you have to run like shit. Keep you knees high. Yeah - like this."



Briely was completely unaware of the famous rugby player next to him

big day out of the asylum



"You run that way and you run that way. We call this move the messy facial manouvre. "

FC and I have our suspicions that he may be an amateur, posing as a pro; he's not even got doctor in front of his name for Christ's sake). With this in mind we decided to change the traditional lyrics and give a rousing rendition of "Colin's dad's a Gyno, he wears a Gyno's hat, he wears a Gyno's trousers and he looks in people's twats..." So it went on, at times scripted; at others, just straight from the cuff, literary genius. Upon conclusion, rousing approval was given by one and all, particularly the karaoke guy who thought it was so amusing we should do it every week, and Rolfie, who exclaimed "Boys, that is the greatest song I've ever heard!" Cheers Rolfie, love you too mate.

The evening in the Tuns finished with a little dancing on the stage in the Quad, at which point the boys thought it would be a good idea to drop their trousers round their ankles. Harmless enough thought I, and duly, I dropped my trousers. John then



Apparently this guy is an international rugby player.

decided we should have a little "Top shelf" action (balls over the top of our boxers) at which point John's cock popped out. That made it two counts of pornographic rudeness for the evening, both of which were supplied by our horny northern Psycho. At that point I thought it better to make my way home, rather than suffer at John's hands any more. Thus, for only the second time this term, I missed Limelight.

Of course this isn't the real reason, as not even John's perversions could keep me away from Limelight, we in fact had a much lauded training session with Wasps the following day, and no one wants to look shit and hungover in front of the pros do they? It was great, Lawrence Dallaglio, Craig Dowd and Sean Edwards were all on hand to give us some tips on lineouts, scrummaging and how to hold the ball properly (mainly aimed at our American contingent). Then Sean Edwards told the backs to use something I've been banging on about for weeks; what he calls 'The Buffers' and I call 'The Bullbars'. Take note the good word spreads, and soon we may all live in the glory of bullbar righteousness.

After gracing us with their presence, we were then gifted with free tickets. At this point I thought Cookie was going to crack one off, I really did. I feared that the combination of Lawrence Dallaglio, training and something free, might prove too great a turn on for our glorious French leader, but somehow he restrained himself and managed to go off and have a dignified conversation with one of their staff with the man Brierley. (Personally, I reckon they both took her off for a spit roast, but hey.)

This perfect week was then capped off with a visit to Wasps vs Bath, where I had the honour of witnessing one of the best tries I have ever seen and the wonderful sight of Trevor Leota running. Poetry in motion.

I can now only wait with anticipation for the carnage of the Barrel, hope you've all got your costumes, because by the time you read this, there will only be a day left to go. I've got to say, I'm excited.



"... and then I turned to the Bishop and said: 'I don't eat chocolate'"

The Beaver Sport

Barrel Record

*Simple but true.
Congratulations to all of you
that made it. Commiserations to
all of those in Econ B.*

**Most people in a
Barrel. Ever.**

Barrel Award

*Officer of the Met: "Everything
seems fine here"*

*Poly security: "Aren't you going
to arrest anyone?"*

*Officer of the Met: "Everything
seems fine here"*

The Police



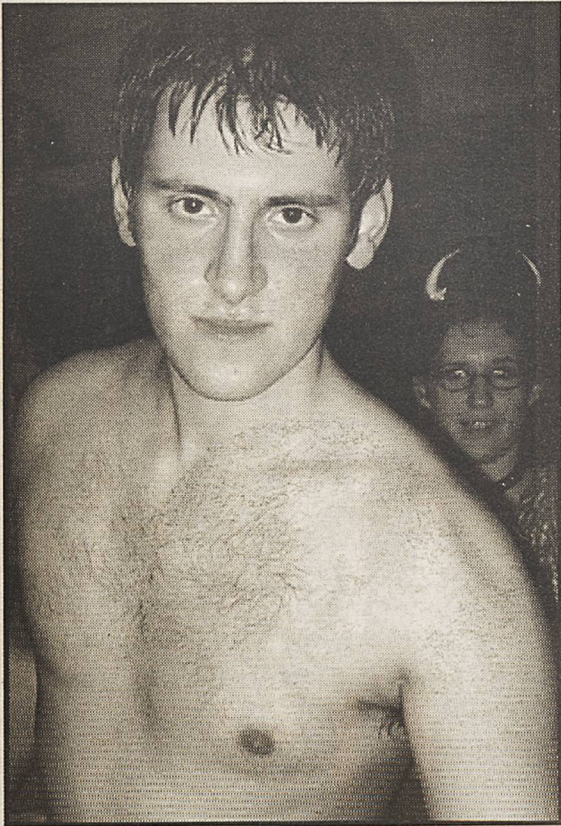
Barrel Quote

*"Fair Play to Chart: he
organised one hell of a Barrel -
without doubt the best one I've
been to. However I do feel it
should be known that Chart
chucked for fucking England
that night" Maybe Callas, but
you were still happy to admit not
drinking a drop before 6 pm, so
your proud claim that you made
it through until 2 is not really to
be taken at face value. It's
because of people like you that
football lost the boat race. Dick.*

**Peter Callas:
AU President**

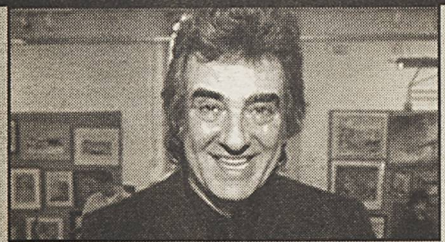


WPCs: Women Prostitute Constables.



As she slowly came back into focus,
Sharkie once again cursed the day
he'd ever bought a beer bong.

David Dickinson's Barrel Antiques



*"Shhh... come 'ere: I've got a tip
for you Bargain Hunters. Now
these little beauties are AU
Barrel authentic, so they're
worth a fair bit - however Chart
wrapped his Jacobs around
these. Antiques of the future
mind and at £1 they're cheap as
chips - but don't get stung
ladies: remember to feel around
the rim for blemishes."*

**A Little Pair of Plastic
Pint Glasses**



Emma: happy before she was caught in a 3 way love triangle.



That anonymous £3,000 contribution to the Columbian society looks like it
paid off amigos.



Carry On Nurse Redux hits your screens on Friday.

The Beaver Sport

Almost a Barrel Quote

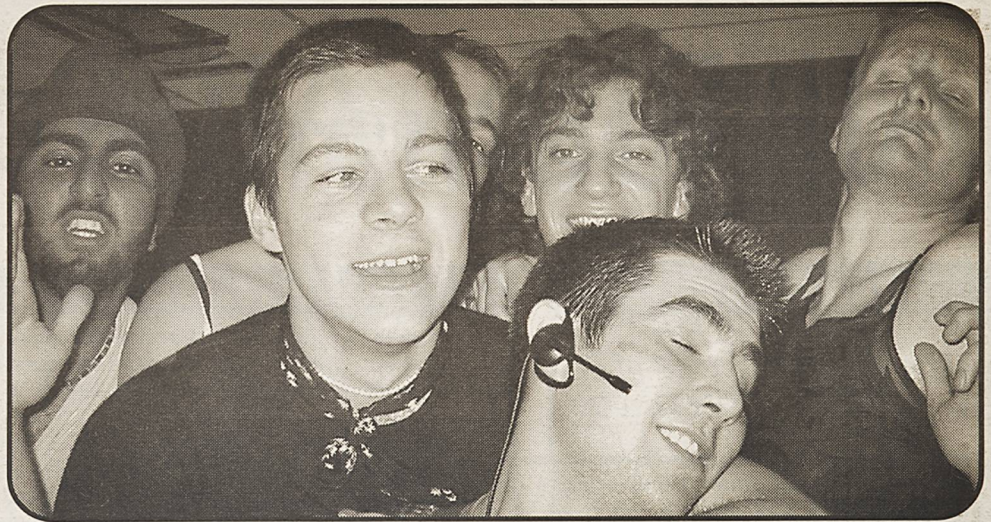
"Students are like flies around rotting meat. And the AU Barrel is more rotten than a Bernard Mathew's reformed turkey drumstick on a hot day in Afghanistan"

**Bernie Taffs:
LSE Security**

Barrel Record

*For the first time all 3 of our nations finest services were called to the Strand, but the police were also called to Holborn McDonald's after "Little" John stole a cap and an extra value meal.
His finest hour.*

Most emergency services called



Vomitous IC1 male, drunk and disorderly. Man Down!! Act, act, act, act...



Barrel Song

Referring, of course, to Christine Hamilton, on the Panel at the invaded Question Time debate. Very good natured but I couldn't warm to the woman even if I was cremated next to her.

"Hamilton's a slapper"



Ford Cortina, one careful owner, yours for six hundred sheets darling.

Barrel Quote

*The Streaker (Ellis Jones) :
"Can I have a show on Radio 1 please"*

Emma B: "Not with a cock that small you can't"

Emma B

Barrel Song

Ricky "Screech" Steele failed his half pint of Sambuca fine, whereas Dave "facial hair" Bains succeeded. As his girlfriend(s) will tell you, this is not strictly true.

"Ricky is a Virgin"

Barrel Quote

The Barrel... there is no honest way to explain it, but the only people who know what it's about don't remember enough to tell you.

**Hunter S
Thompson**

Barrel Award

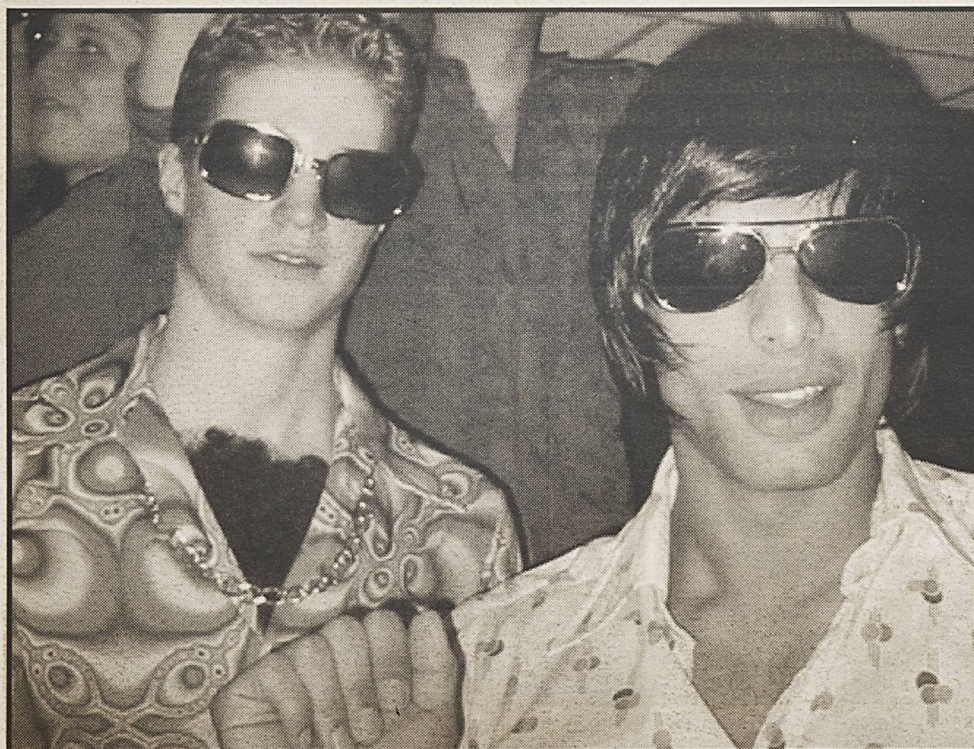
Winners are "Psycho" John and Emma Brunjes. John Godsmark thought he'd struck lucky with Emma - but she moved on to his friend, "Psycho" John. Shamed, John Godsmark was then head-butted (several times) by "Psycho" John to add to the day.

Love Rat

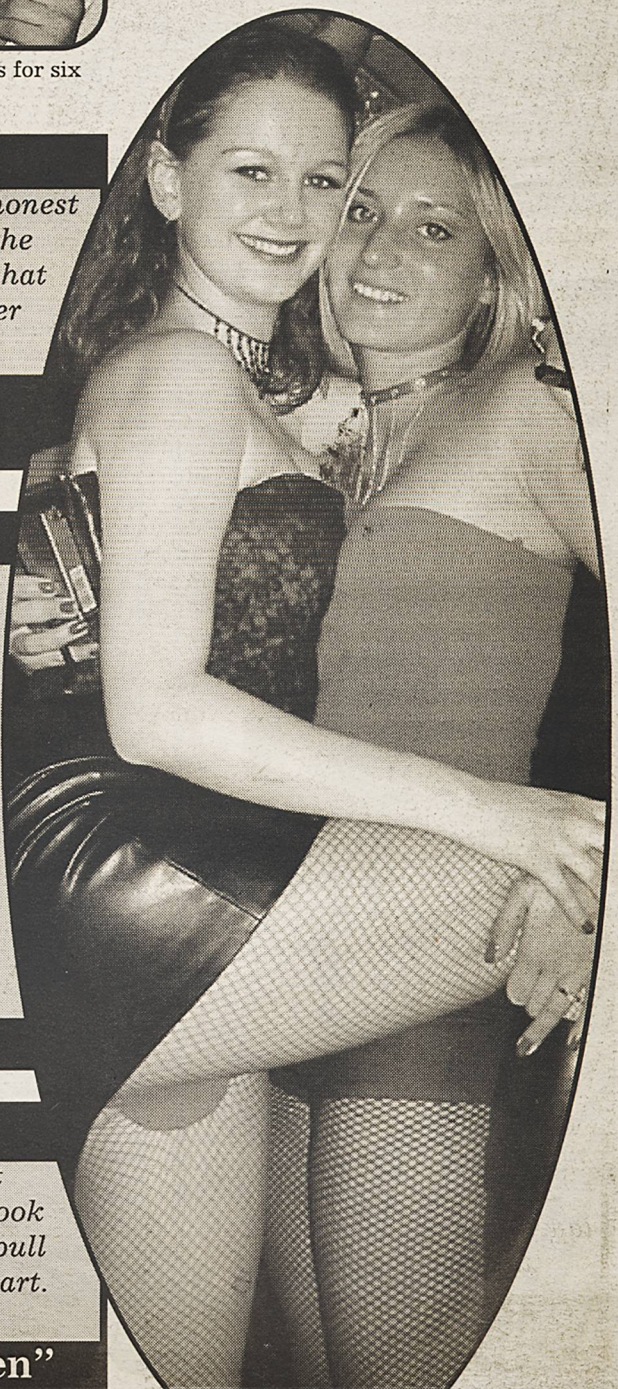
Barrel Song

Easy choice you might think, but Dirty Laura took some time in opting to pull her best friend over Chart. (Lauren is a girl)

"Chart or Lauren"



Ross thought he'd stolen his Dad's Toupe. It was in fact his mother's mirkin.



All Rise, All Conga, All Vomit

Justin Jewell -

admirably recalls most of Friday's festivities

It's Crush - it's just gone 11 and you're a first year walking in with your friends from halls. Everything seems normal, if a little high spirited - that is until you walk onto the dance floor.

Standing in the middle, dancing (that's swaying from side to side in layman's terms) in a relatively successful attempt to stand upright is somebody you vaguely recognise from these hallowed pages - and from last Friday night when he nearly threw up on you. If you were wondering what on earth had made such a mess of Gavin Russell, and the dozen or so bizarrely dressed fools (myself included) still in the Tuns then read on. If you were there, it's probably for the best if you don't find out the explanation for the random stain on your trousers, so don't read on. If your name is Rex, don't read on under any circumstances. In fact I probably shouldn't continue writing as the throbbing pain of my hang-over (2 days on) has not given way to memory of much after 1pm. I had hoped that developing the 6 rolls of pictures we had would take me on the road to enlightenment, and therefore an accurate article, but all hopes of recovering those pictures vanished, along with my housemate Mark Simpson's sobriety. Three days on and he still has no recollection of what he did with his bag and I have no memory prompters; but here goes.

This year's barrel had it all - the police (and no, I don't mean the rugby girls in full domination gear), a (relatively) willing streaker, an inevitably willing stand-in streaker (Charterhouse) and a furious King's College student population who thanks to our little tour of the Strand had to spend 45 minutes outside in the cold as several of their fire alarms were reset and several of their lecturers' pacemakers restarted. There was also the obligatory early vomit. On this occasion within three minutes of the Barrel's start. Some foolish man, who shall be known only as "the fool" was not only late, but managed to walk in about 7 seconds late, and the whole room was waiting to pounce on the first late comer. The kangaroo court convicted him swiftly and the wheel was spun. "Round and round it goes, where it stops nobody knows." A 3 pint downer for our fool.

The undoubted highlight of the day must however be none of the above things - it must surely be the punishment suffered by Matt Trenhaile, my fellow sports editor. You may know him as "FC". Convicted by the Kangaroo court of something/anything/everything, the wheel's punishment was as

inevitable as it was brutal: the innocent sounding "pint of mixed grill". Those of you to have enjoyed Wright's Bar's finest light snack may have some idea of what this entailed: the second finest protein shake I have ever seen. The man did himself proud and forced the lot down, with only a mixed grill moustache left as evidence.

The next man to feel the force of the Kangaroo court was our hero - Gav Russell. His punishment - half a pint of sambuca. No more than the man deserves for his many and heinous crimes against humanity. The result? The lunatic not only downed it, but held it down for the entire night.

Next up: a man I know only as Gibbo was forced to do a Wellington boot (that's 4.5 pints) of wine, beer, bitter and sambuca. Unsurprisingly we were all given a long second look as it was splattered into the bucket of death. Briely, Cooky and Rex all had to down a watering can full of a similar concoction, but as walking rugby clichés they did themselves proud.

On and on the punishments continued. My chances of making it to the bar looked limited as the place was so fucking full, so reneging on my promise to Jay to stay sober with him to clear up any police related problem I moved upstairs to retrieve a couple of rocket fuels to see me through the day.

And so we move to the day's highlight: the streak, the conga, the Poly invasion. Cometh the conga, cometh a man running naked through central London doing his best to battle against the cold December weather and the stares of a thousand people. Traffic stopped on the Strand and on the Aldwych, Jez Healy was carried 50 yards on the front of a taxi - and of course the Peacock Theatre was invaded. However our streaker seemed in something of a hurry to get around his assault course and make it back to the warmth of London's finest drinking den. He not only left us trailing in his wake but decided to cut out the brunch bowel from the route - thereby cursing us with his replacement: Charterhouse. Ellis redeemed himself with his naked pole dance on the back of a bus full of Yank tourists, whose shock and terror was only bettered by the bus' female conductor who ran for her life off the bus. Towards the end Jay negotiated with a gentleman from the Met on horseback who was, much to our delight, on our side and not the side of the Poly on the Strand.

A King's exam was interrupted, a fire extinguisher let off and the building evacuated. Once again the Poly on the Strand had felt the full force of the Barrel.

Some mention must be made of the costumes; they were the usual mix of the sublime and the terrible. Davda, Piers and others wandering around with their arses hanging out being an obvious lowlight, the 4th teams tube driver effort was without doubt the most original team effort, although their insistence on asking everyone for their ticket throughout the streak was somewhat annoying.

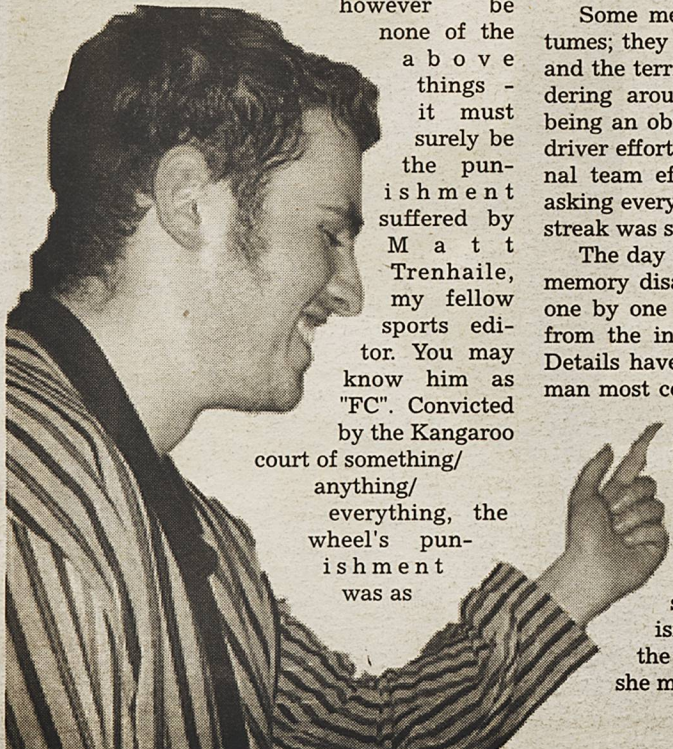
The day wore on, however this is where my memory disappears. The revellers thinned out one by one leaving a cast of around a dozen from the initial two hundred and fifty plus. Details have emerged - award for most horny man most certainly goes to Mathew Trenhaile, who charged out of the Tuns at 10 in a desperate attempt to make it to the Sauna and Massage on Green Lanes before 11pm closing. In he stormed, dressed as Zorro, wearing a mask and a sword (well two swords in fact), red faced and sweaty demanding instant oral satisfaction. Our sympathy goes out to the poor girl who had to deal with him, she must have got lock jaw by the end.



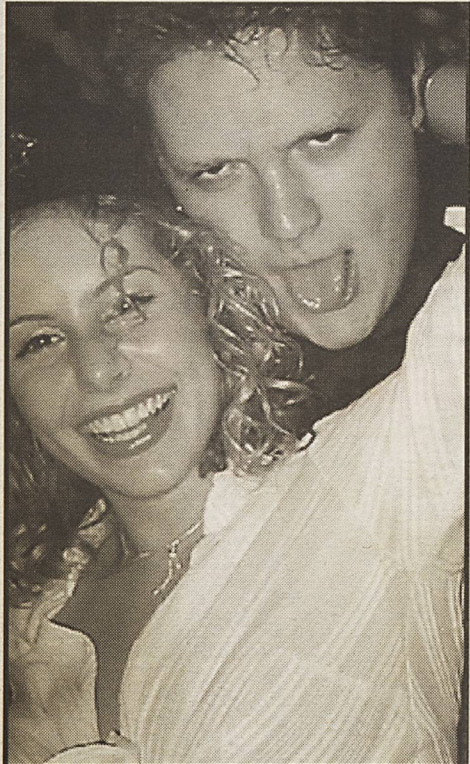
That's not what we mean by messy facial. Valiant attempt however.



Before the ladies knew what had happened the Rohipnol was wearing off and they were sporting what can only be described as "floral necklaces."

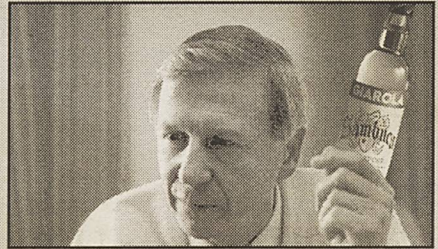


but none shall remember Psalm 3:16



His eyes burned like sapphires, she enfolded him in her arms and within seconds he was conkers deep. From: "The Lady and the Dustman" by Barbara Cartland.

Barrel Quote



"Best Barrel ever: no doubt. I was cuntted by 2 and I pulled dirty Laura at 3. I was supposed to do a lecture at 5, but I thought: 'Fuck that, I'm going all the way on sambuca with Gav'"

**Anthony Giddens:
LSE Director**



Barrel Award

*Helena Ahl and Charterhouse:
The New Theatre. It's not sambuca on the seat.*

Full Sex

Barrel Award

Rex on Jimmy. I shall say no more.

Fellatio



Simon (left) came as himself. Yaz and Nick came as theiving scousers.

Barrel Quote

"It tasted like Ready Brek mixed with my own bile. I loved it, and I know what I'm drinking next Friday"

FC on the Mixed Grill




The poor tramp, (lying down at the front) was enjoying a peaceful afternoon snooze until 300 drunken undergraduates showed up.

Jamie Oliver's Barrel Recipe

- 1 Hamburger
- 1 sausage
- 2 rashers of bacon
- 1 fried egg
- 200g chips
- 1/2 tin baked beans
- 100g fried onions
- 1 fried tomato
- 1 pint Worthington's
- 1/2 Pint Wine
- 10 shots vodka
- 10 shots sambuca

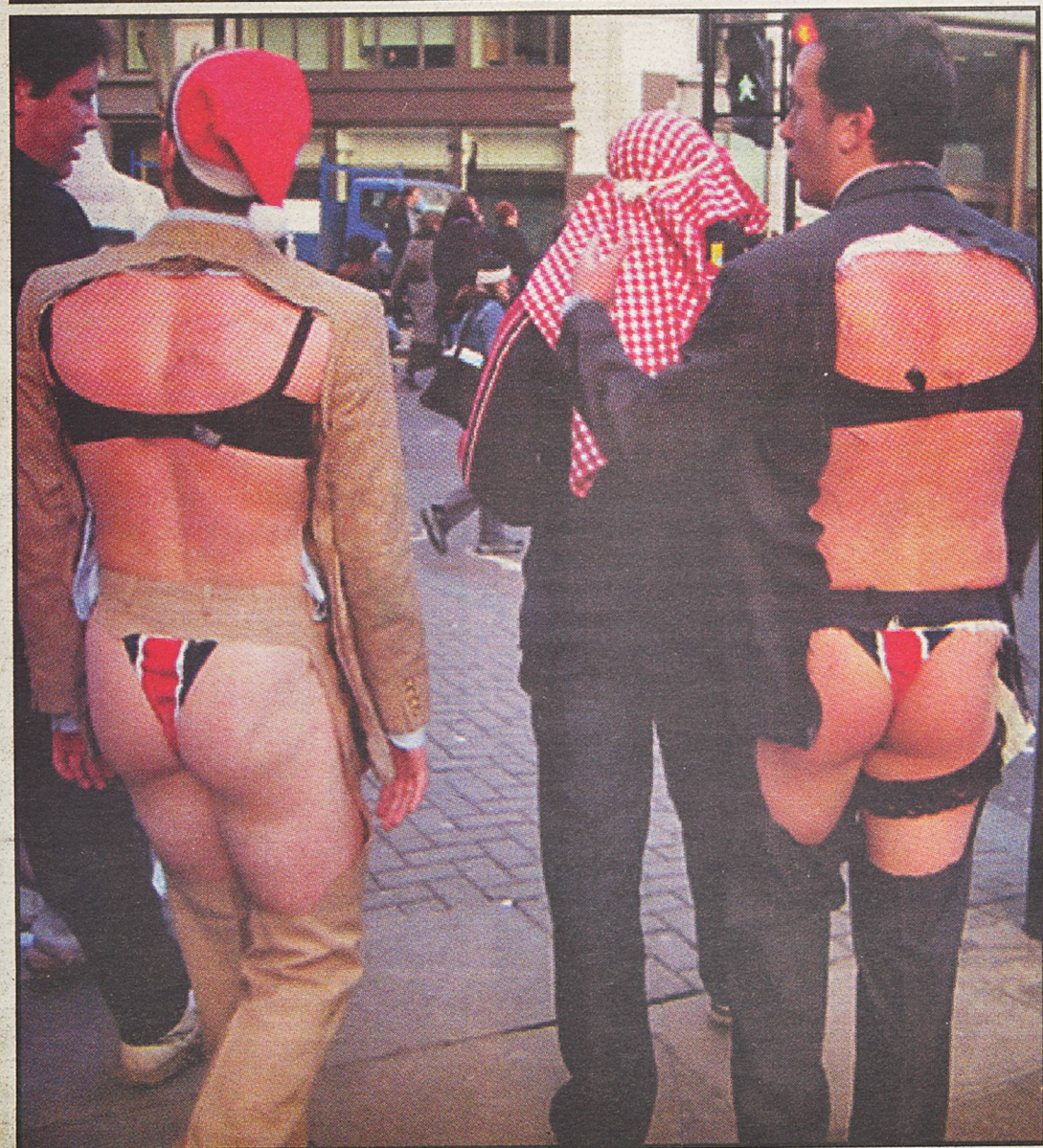
Wallop straight in da blender. Blend. Pukka. Enough of these and you'll be as much of a cunt as me. Bosch.



A pint of mixed grill



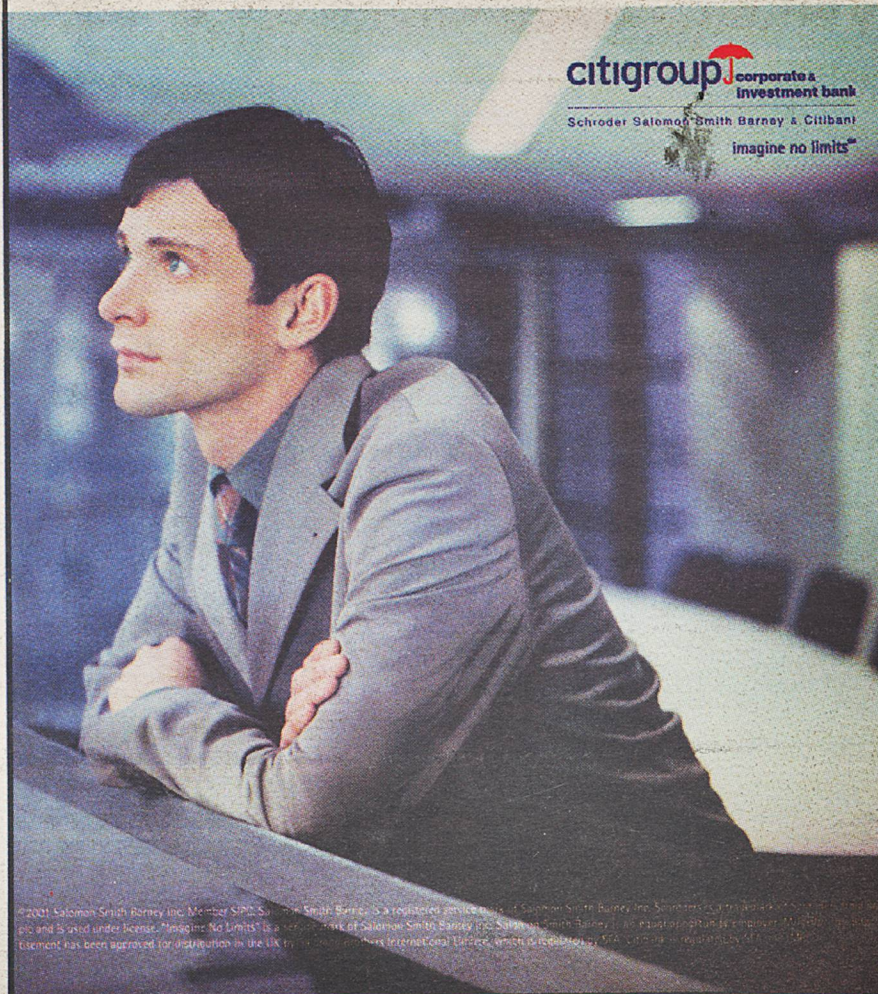
Cock, Mock And Chart's Pumping Barrel



"Would somebody please think of the children!"

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

Citigroup's revolutionary business model is shaping markets, trends, and quite a few careers.
Could yours be next?
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