

THE BEAVER

Jon Spencer Competition - **Bart** page 15Carmen - **Bart** page 14

Monday, November 30th
Issue 491
First published May 5, 1949
The Newspaper of the LSESU
Executive Editor: Matthew Brough
E-Mail: Beaver@lse.ac.uk
Website: www.thebeaver.org

Security Doubts After Break-in

Shailini Ghelani and Chelsea Phua

Security measures have been stepped up after a break-in at the LSE SU Advice Centre last week. Items stolen included a key to the office. There was also damage to the filing cabinet and lock worth £200, as well as a broken cashbox. There were initial rumours that welfare records were tampered with, but Maria Neophytou, education and welfare sabbatical officer, has assured students that "no files were taken".

Sue Garret of the welfare office told *The Beaver* that following police advice, staff members have been instructed not to comment on the incident while the inquiry is still ongoing. Miss Neophytou, who was on LSE campus at the time of the incident, said that she was "shaken and slightly worried".

The incident draws attention once again to security issues around the site. The current security team is facing increasing pressures due to staff shortages. Miss Neophytou commented that the security porters are "doing an excellent job, but more staff need to be hired". There are only 24 security porters in LSE at present, with only 6 on one shift at a time. Given that one is needed at Clement House, one is needed to man the lodge and another the control room, that leaves only 2 to 3 security porters to patrol the school grounds. Considering how scattered LSE buildings are, manpower can only be sparsely distributed.

Current security measures around LSE include alarm system being installed on selected key perimeter



How safe is Houghton Street?

Picture: Ritesh Doshi

doors, 30 emergency help buttons, CCTV and 24 hour security staff. Also, key perimeter doors are being fitted with an electronic lock that is wired to the fire alarm, so that after the opening hours between 8am and 6:30pm porters can lock the doors safely with people still inside the building. It is currently being debated whether LSE students and staff should be made to wear uniformed ID badges. Maria Neophytou does not think that this system will be effectively implemented as it is "easy to misplace the badges". House manager, Mr Bernard Taffs commented that those opposed to

this scheme "preferred to have the crime rather than to have the badges."

The open campus scheme led to Beaver staff, last week, having their own encounter with an intruder: a male invited himself into the Beaver office late on Thursday night while editors were working on their deadlines claiming to be a former LSE student and member of *The Beaver* executive. Fortunately *Beaver* staff were not harmed and the man left after making various mumbblings. One news editor commented: "He seemed perfectly harmless, just a bit weird."

It transpired that the man had already been asked to leave the campus several times by security staff.

Mr Taffs urged students to be more careful with their personal properties as most of the crimes that occur in LSE are petty, involving small losses of personal property. He and his small team of security porters are looking into installing more magnetic locks on the perimeter doors, but it would cost £1500 for each door. He emphasised that the process of stepping up security needs to be a gradual process, but if everyone could just help to look out

for everyone else and be more careful with their belongings, security would improve. "Every time it rains we get 5 umbrellas being found unattended, and about 5000 items are being included in the lost and found property every year. This is a phenomenal amount. If people would look after their stuff more carefully, porters will have their hands freed to look after security issues, as managing lost and found items involves a lot of paper work and it takes up time."

The issue of security around the LSE leads on to the issue of security around the school's Halls of Residences. Currently only one hall, Bankside, has 24 hour security guards, and this is only due to the sheer size of the hall. Carr-Saunders on the other extreme had no security staff. Most other halls have security staff working at nights.

After break ins during the summer, Butler's Wharf have had CCTV installed. George Kane, the manager of Butler's Wharf commented: "the last break in was during the summer, when a television from the common room was stolen. Three locals were caught and charged. Security has been a problem as locals see students with new computers etc, but working together with students we are improving the situation."

All Halls of Residences assure that all important student records are kept firmly secure all the time. Maria Neophytou and the welfare office would also like to emphasise that no records have been read or seen by those not authorised to do so.

Wignall
dodges
daggers
but falls
on his
sword.

In a move that pre-empted a backroom *coup d'etat*, Richard Wignall, one of the LSE's best-loved figures, last week resigned from the leadership of LSE Conservatives.

Rumours had been growing of discontent within the massed Tory ranks over Wignall's style of leadership. Numerous sources had contacted *The Beaver* in the days leading up to the dramatic events of Wednesday, suggesting that if the leader did not jump of his own accord, the LSE Tories would give him a helping shove.

One senior member of the Conservative Association, describing themselves as being as on the left of the party, deemed Wignall's style of leadership 'unacceptable,' adding that he had not been keeping to his manifesto promises.

However, the man himself was the first to admit last week that he had not been able to lead his troops as well as he had hoped. "When I took over in the summer, my situation was very different," he explained. "I now have a full time contractual job, and I have academic commitments." It seems that Wignall's involvement in Lord Archer's Mayoral campaign was also a factor in his decision to resign.

He added that he would not be surprised at all if some members were dissatisfied with his level of commitment. *The Beaver* can reveal that members of the Conservative Association were planning to get rid of Wignall at a closed meeting of the society today (Monday). However, Wignall pre-empted the move with his resignation last week.

There seemed to be growing unease at the direction the Club was headed under its current leadership - one source claimed that the society was lacking credibility. Furthermore, promises of inter-collegiate events and social functions had not materialised.

Favourite to replace Wignall is Alex Hartley, described by one member as 'popular with all shades of opinion in the party.' She was endorsed by Wignall himself, who has ironically proposed Hartley, the figure who was set to oust him at today's meeting, for the leadership. He stressed that 'we need someone to give 150% to this job, and to spread the Conservative message at the LSE.'

The Beaver can, however, put to rest one rumour that has arisen from recent events - Richard Wignall is 'certainly not' going to stop attending the UGM.

PuLSE in BBC Van Raid

News Team

The LSE's very own student radio station, PuLSE, came a step closer to finally getting on the air this week after receiving a significant donation of essential equipment and furniture from the BBC.

Negotiations between PuLSE's Marketing Manager, Ruth Elkins, and the head of resources at Broadcasting House finally paid off on Monday and Tuesday when a team of PuLSE members, and of course the ever notorious Yuan Potts, took a van to the BBC and returned with a wide selection of swivel chairs, desks, cables and reel to reel tape editors as well as a cornucopia of other radio related paraphernalia.

The station was originally tipped off about the chance of obtaining equipment for free when ex-LSESU General Secretary, Radio 5 Live Journalist and current Chair of the LSE Media Group, Martin Lewis told PuLSE that the BBC was moving the majority of its radio programming to a site near White City. As a result of this move and the consequent studio upgrading a large amount of older, though not obsolete, technology and office wear was to be left unused and available for anybody who could use it.

Lewis helped PuLSE contact the BBC's Paul Devine and after meetings

between the resource head and PuLSE's marketing manager, a date was set to collect equipment from the former offices of Radio Four's World at One programme. An appeal for transport later and the PuLSE team were ready.

Of course nothing at the LSE ever goes off without a hitch and PuLSE had to throw themselves at the mercy of a particularly late Yuan Potts and his unnervingly dodgy driving skills (a frightening prospect for anyone trapped in the back of an open box van). However the risk was worth it and both Maria Neophytou, the station manager and Ruth were pleased with the result. As Maria said "This is just the beginning, our blagging capabilities know no bounds."

A number of hurdles still remain before PuLSE finally gets on the air. Plans to soundproof their intended studio, based under the Tuns in Clare Market, ran afoul of fire-conscious LSE buildings staff. Also a number of vital radio equipment such as mixers are still needed. However it is hoped that a possible donation from Carlton television could help with this.

The *Beaver* can exclusively reveal that hacks from its own ranks will be reading the news on PuLSE - the clamour has already begun.

PuLSE aim to be ready for their first broadcast in February, transmitting on an FM frequency. Whether they will succeed remains to be seen.



Maria - ready to hit the airwaves

Picture:Ritesh Doshi

As I visit you all again this week, I have one word to begin with: Oxford. First and foremost, thank God that we DON'T go there... hell, their students are compared to the likes of... no, not important people like LSE students, but rather Monica Lewinsky!!! And you'd think Oxford would have more dignity than that!!!

Speaking of dignity, the President of the L'Chaim Society, Rabbi Boteach, had the dire pleasure (Sorry, I was told to say privilege, but I couldn't help it) of having an extract of his book, *Kosher Sex*, published, with his permission, in *Playboy*... yup, you heard me right: *PLAYBOY*!!! The intelligent people at Oxford have called his contribution "Controversial," but I honestly thought it would stir up a lot more than that...

Then there's the Indian High Commissioner who failed to turn up to a debate on Nuclear Proliferation... where he was expected to speak

News from Nowhere

against the Pakistani High Commissioner... interesting.

At Oxford, all things relate to indignity...students insulting one another; than a Society President, with religious attachments causing controversy; and then a High Commissioner insulting Oxford faculty by not turning up for a debate... but wait, there's more!!!

Another snub in their poor old (And probably aching!) faces: Sponsorship for the famous Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge has been withdrawn; maybe the sponsors have seen the light, and instead of wasting £1.35 million pounds on a bunch of people rowing a piece of



wood in water, they can put it to better use. Surely enough, Oxbridge have turned their arrogant little noses even further up, and have said that the race will continue even without a sponsor. What humors me though, is why two extremely RICH universities require such a large sum of money to put a boat in water and

row... do they plan on putting in a silent engine or something?!!??

Oh, the most interesting thing from my research this week: Oxford was rated second worst offender against overseas students in relation to applications. But, the only thing anyone would say was a piece from the back of ANY university catalogue... "...This is an equal opportunity blah blah..." Does Oxford NOT understand that STUDENTS have rated it this low???

So, until next week, remember: Those of you who didn't get into Oxford, you're not missing anything... except insults and ego problems being hurled back and forth; for those of you who did, but didn't go... WELL DONE!!! Hopefully, none of us will get compared to low-life-sex-scandalous women... or men, by religious heads of societies... who are rowing a boat over our beloved River!!!

Ritesh Doshi

Sign of the Times as vigil washed out

Sarah Hartwell

The LSESU Candlelit vigil last week failed to attract a significant number of students last Tuesday, although the National Press took up the cause the following day.

Narius Aga, General Secretary of the LSESU, organised the gathering to protest against the proposed raising of postgraduate fees. Despite the fact that the demonstration came to an end after forty-five minutes, the issue made the second page of *The Times* newspaper on Wednesday. But does the fact that only thirty students (the Broadsheet's liberal estimate) attended the demonstration show an apathetic side of LSE's student body?

By 5pm on a rather rainy Tuesday, there was not a single candle or demonstrator to be seen either on Houghton Street or outside Connaught House where the Court of Governors were meeting to discuss the fee raising proposal. Despite the poor turnout, *The Times* described the demonstration as reminiscent of the LSE's years as a hotbed of radicalism in the 1960's. Some students coming from late classes and intending to join the demonstration commented that the fact that demonstrators were not prepared to stand out in the rain for their cause, would fail make a much of an impression on the Court of



The faithful turn out - but who's the spin doctor?

Picture: Ritesh Doshi

Governors.

Nevertheless, the thirty strong crowd that was in attendance did have an impact as the issue has been referred back to the APRC for further consultation. Narius Aga described this as 'good news' saying that the governing body behind the proposals had been forced back to the drawing board.

Amongst the student body there is undoubted support for the campaign against the 30% raise in post-graduate fees. Students who did

attend the demonstration voiced concern that a rise in fees would deter people away from post-graduate education and there were accusations that LSE was trading education for financial reward. But with low turnouts at student demonstrations is the success of the campaign in jeopardy?

The puzzling *Times* portrayal of LSE as a university on the brink of a student revolt is in stark contrast to the reality of Tuesday's demonstration. *The Times*

acknowledged that there were 30 students at the demonstration, so perhaps it is just that thirty students is taken to be a revolt these days. LSE students however, blamed the poor turnout on lack of innovative leadership and even the usual LSE apathy.

Nevertheless, media exposure may bring the debate on post-graduate fees to a national level, is a positive element in the anti-fees campaign. This is a battle which is not yet won and the active support of all students is needed.

No cash but plenty of questions

Julius Walker

The issue over funding for LSE political societies (Labour, Liberal Democrats, Conservatives and SSWS) is heating up. In a meeting of the finance committee on last Wednesday 25 November, a majority voted against funding when the vote was taken. This is in stark contrast to the Student Union constitution, which was changed last year - the then treasurer of the Student Union, Imogen Bathurst, together with former Labour Club boss Nick Kirby pushed through an amendment to the constitution to specifically allow funding for political societies.

Even though, according to Yuan Potts, the current treasurer of the SU, the wording of the constitution is 'quite

clear' on this issue, no money has actually been paid to any of the Labour or LibDem societies yet, who have both applied for funding.

The dispute that has arisen within the finance committee is over the legal nature of the amendment. Certain members have pointed out that it would be illegal for the SU to back political groupings because of its charity status. This is countered by the view that since an estimated 98% of the other SU's in the country do fund political societies.

Why shouldn't the political societies be funded anyway? Kai Lucke, chairman of the Liberal Democrats, commented: 'I think it would be only fair. We are a society, and yes we are political, but we don't provide only a political discussion, we raise general debates'. Brendan Cox, chairman of

the Labour Club, added that: 'It would be a shame if we weren't given any money. The political societies are a driving force behind the Student Union; they often end up representing the SU, and are at the core of revitalising it.'

It seems that the debate over 'interpretation' is a political issue. Yuan Potts, treasurer of the Student Union, while stating that 'it is an issue of equality, it seems unjust for the political societies not to receive funding, as they contribute greatly to student life' also said he was 'angry' about the vote in the finance committee's meeting. The implication is that there is a faction within the finance committee that is opposed in principle to the funding of political parties. Brendan Cox complained that sitting on the finance committee are

'a couple of Tories, who are against funding, as they get donated lots of money from outside the school, which we don't. I think it's very unfair that they're trying to block us from receiving any money.' Interestingly enough, one of the first people to point out the alleged illegality of funding was Alice Kington, SU Central Services Administrator, when approached by the Labour and LibDem societies.

Clashes seem inevitable - there is an obvious conflict between the constitution and the finance committee vote, as the finance committee needs to approve of Potts' decisions to fund. The issue is not resolved. As he himself says, 'I am contemplating my next move.'



Union Jack

This week saw the death knell for one of politics' most treasured institutions. Outdated, outspoken, terminally conservative and the only obstacle to absolute Labour hegemony: at least Herr Wignall can find solace amongst his redundant comrades in the Upper House. Owing to his pivotal role in making Lord Archer one of Britain's most ridiculed and mistrusted public figures, the Honourable Richard George Wignall, BSc (Britain's Sole conservative), and known affectionately as "T.W.A.T." to friends and enemies alike, was forced to resign from his position as Leader of the LSE's Opposition. His four followers will miss him. Nevertheless, Jack will miss him a lot more. The Artist Formerly Known As Wanker is one of the highlights of the UGM, and this week he revived his reputation in a 'fanatic' finale.

On the basis of this week it is not clear who will step into Wignall's (jack) boots. Cow Girl would be the obvious candidate, but as she seemed unable to tell the difference between Monday and Tuesday this week it's not clear if she'll turn up for the election. Creamy Topping seems adept at rampant populism (vote for me, I'll get you CHEAP BEER) but has a head that looks like it's been jammed in a toilet.

Enough reminiscing, and back to business. For once in his life Narius has been getting around this week. Not only was he doing something "exhausting" with Maria, but he'd also got his neatly chiselled features into the Times, and his statesmanlike tones onto Radio Four. Nariuzz has obviously caught the PR bug from Juan Potts, who was conspicuously absent on the week he actually had some questions to answer. A more suspicious mind than Jack might connect Yawn's excursion to Dublin and missing society money, but enough.

The Labour Club were out in force again, apparently flourishing under the guidance of their new Cox. Governor Joe Roberts spoke up on the controversial subject of Student Line being a bit crap. Even Wignall backed him on this one - surely this is taking the notion of inclusiveness too far? Even Eunik, forgotten but not gone, made a rare appearance at the microphone. The phrase "this is crap, get rid of it" was heard through the shouts of abuse. Jack is not sure if this was the Staid Puft Man talking about the motion, or the microphone talking about him. Jack commends the sleep out, incidentally, but would like to suggest a sponsored sleep around in support of his favourite herpes charity.

As a final thought, some films which dewy-eyed fans of Wichard Ringpull could peruse:

- 1) Toy Tory
- 2) Wignall and I (by Tank Girl)
- 3) Four Tories and A Funeral
- 4) Even Cow Girl Gets the Blues ... maybe next week

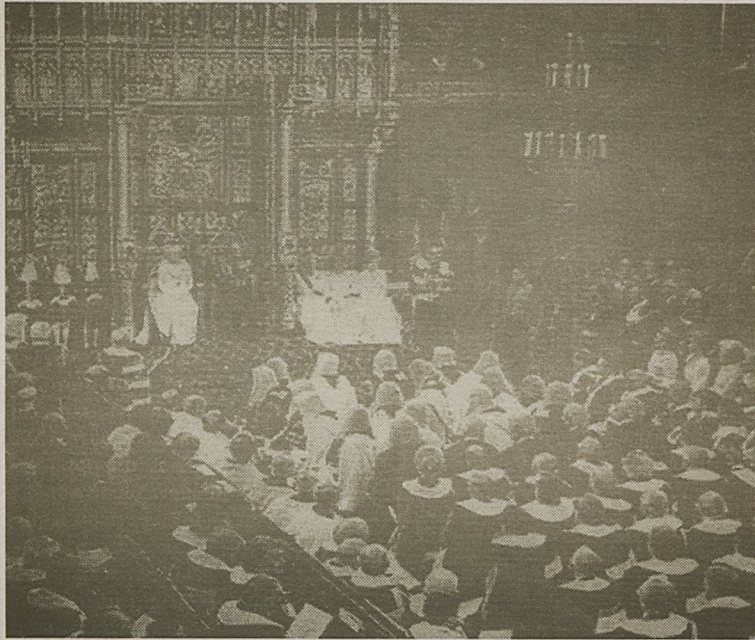
Mr Balfour's poodle has one last bite

majority of the British people are more in touch with reality than the Lords and wouldn't ever accept such reasoning. Therefore, at long last, the Lords looks as if it has finally been condemned.

But before it becomes confined to the annals of history, the Lords has entered into one final battle with the Commons by rejecting Labour's proposed 'regional list system' of voting for the forthcoming European elections. Under this system, the existing 86 Euro seats are lumped into 11 regions with party candidates named on ballot papers. This means that in a ten-seat region, a party with fifty per cent of the votes will get five seats and so on. It also means that smaller parties get a fairer share. The problem lies in that parties and not voters pick the order in which their candidates are listed and thus elected. List order all but guarantees an individuals victory or defeat. While Labour argues that it allows women and minorities to become electable it also means that they can ensure that those candidates who don't toe the party we line aren't selected. While the Lib Dems accept the regional list system, they believe that voter choice would be better served by having open lists which would allow voters to re-arrange the order of a parties list of candidates according to preference. Under this system a Tory supporter could back a federalist or a Eurosceptic candidate, while a Labour voter could back a Blairite or a left-winger.

By backing the closed list and even ludicrously trying to discredit the open list as being "less democratic" (as Jack Straw told Parliament), Labour have created an absurd situation. On the one hand they try to portray themselves as a 'peoples party' and champion constitutional reform. On the other the closed list is an indefensible affront to democracy and creates the paradox in which the Lords can pose as protectors of democracy, despite being an outdated, outmoded, undemocratic quango.

The controversy will undoubtedly blow over, although the Lords will claim victory given that it's highly unlikely that the closed lists will be in place in time for next Junes' election. Ultimately though, it will do little to dent Labours' cause for Lords reform, although in years to come people will look back and perhaps see that the aristocratic cheese wasn't as rotten as it always seemed.



The Lords: A Radical Pro-Democracy Movement

until the eve of the twenty-first century.

James Corbett

An aristocracy is like cheese," David Lloyd George said in 1910 during his epic battle with the House of Lords, "the older it is, the higher it becomes." A year later he succeeded in passing the 1911 Parliament Bill, which restricted the power of the House of Lords and heralded a new era for British democracy. Over the following eight decades this antiquated body kept a low profile, generally adhering to the whims of the ruling parliamentary party, yet at the same time somehow maintaining the ludicrous rights given to hereditary peers, right up

That is until this autumn. First of all we had the Lords reform bill awakening the cudmugeonly old inbreeds who dominate the upper chamber and stirring them into some sort of action. Last weeks' press conference for the pro-Lords pressure group, Common sense for Lords Reform, seemed to centre around two arguments: that because hereditary peers hundreds of years ago owned lots of land and were powerful, therefore their modern day equivalents should also maintain a finger inside the government cake; and.... erm... it's traditional. Both arguments are entirely lacking in validity and fortunately the good

What do you think...?

We ask the chairmen of the LSE Political Societies: Were the Lords justified in using their unelected powers to stop closed regional lists?



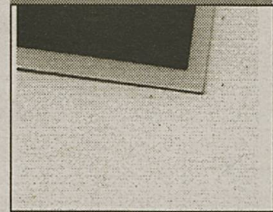
Richard Wignall
LSE Conservative

The recently deposed leader of LSE Conservatives declined to comment. He sent us a nice photo though....



Kai Lucke
LSE Lib Dems

"The purpose of a second chamber is to keep a check on the powers of government. However, this case clearly shows the need for reform. The undemocratic nature of the House of Lord's inherent conservative bias must be eradicated!"



Brendan Cox
LSE Labour

"The claim of Hereditary peers in the House of Lords to be the guardians of democracy is totally ridiculous. What we need is a legitimate second chamber that can check the government with some degree of credibility."

Voice from the valleys

Jo Swinson

Wales: home to sheep, Catatonia and this year's LDYS Conference (that's Liberal Democrat Youth & Students to the anachronically-challenged). What could be better than a weekend in Cardiff discussing possibly the biggest step ever towards the Lib Dem holy grail of a proportional voting system? (OK, quite a lot, actually: a weekend in Cardiff on the piss, a weekend in Cardiff shopping centre with someone else's credit card, or a weekend anywhere but Cardiff).

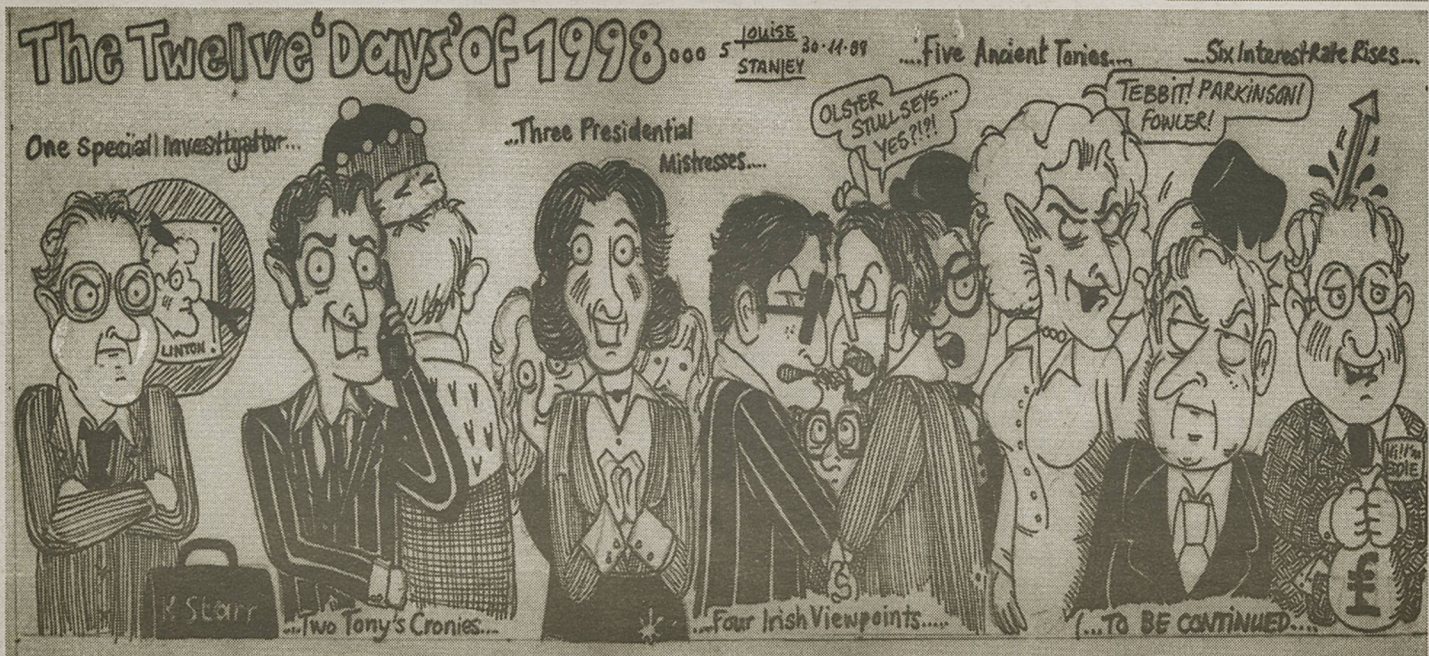
Something far more exciting than Jenkins was brewing, though, after best buds Paddy & Tony shocked everyone by publicly stating they wanted to jump into bed together. Or something like that. Jealous of the column inches dedicated to the revelations of Davies, Mandelsson et al? Perhaps. A Liberal move? Some would argue both leaders were taking great liberties. But Democratic? Certainly not. Uncharacteristically, Paddy had made this statement entirely without consulting the very party known for its internal democracy.

So by the time the enthusiastic would-be politicians reached the Welsh capital, dissent was evident. MP Don Foster (Lib Dem Education spokesman) had the unenviable task of defending the leader to the group of delegates, hungry for answers, explanations and reassurance. An emergency debate was called, to determine how the youth wing of the party would respond to the events. Opinion was mixed over the issue of closer links with Labour, and the status of the Joint Cabinet Committee. Although it was felt that this had been successful in achieving its aim of constitutional reform such as devolution, conference was extremely wary of any expansion of its remit.

By far the most interesting part of the discussion related to the manner in which Paddy had conducted the affair. The delegates were disappointed not to have been consulted before such an important announcement, to the extent that some suggested calling for a leadership election. This proposal was resoundingly beaten to a pulp, although a motion condemning Paddy was passed.

The rest of the weekend saw LDYS overwhelmingly supporting the Jenkins proposals (although they'd still prefer the STV system), reaffirming their commitment to defending gay rights, and calling for better representation for young people through Youth Councils and the creation of a Minister for Young People. No big surprises there, then.

Visits from MPs such as Lembit Öpik, Richard Livsey and Evan Harris brightened up the cold grey skies of Cardiff, and training sessions abounded on everything from public speaking to how to become a candidate in elections. All the ingredients of a good conference were apparent: sad old hacks with a few new faces peppered amongst them (variety is the spice of life, after all), plenty of alcohol close at hand and the odd burst of raucous heckling. For a weekend in Wales it was almost bearable....



The Political Editor would like it to be known that the politics page is intended as a forum for debate and in no way do any of the opinions expressed on the page relate to his own personal beliefs.



editorial

This week saw the LSE Student body - after absence of many years - making it into the national press. However, any LSE students who picked up the Times last Wednesday would have been forgiving for thinking that they attended a very different institution than the one where an alleged student revolt is taking place.

It is not difficult to guess why The Times is suddenly interested in the LSE - anyone still left in the dark should consult the opening lines "One of Tony Blair's leading academic advisers last night faced a student revolt..." Who can they mean? The truth is that if Anthony Giddens were not the man at the top, a few hacks holding a wet candle would have struggled to get coverage in Workers' Hammer, let alone the Times.

However, despite the general pervasiveness of student inertia, this is not a dead campus, and we should think about doing something about issues that confront us.

The Beaver does have a role to play here - the front page of a fortnight ago was where most people would have found out about the Postgraduate issue, and any campaign to involve more students in protest movements will get full backing from this newspaper (OK, we don't have the clout of Mr Murdoch, but at least we try to get the facts straight).

Our aim is to keep everyone informed of what goes on around the campus; this week we tried to highlight the problems of security around the site, and we have already drawn attention to issues such as the library refurbishment, the astonishing disregard shown by the school towards the disabled and the pros and cons of continued membership of ULU. The spirit of '68 may be little more than a distant dream, but there are plenty of things going on that need reporting and protesting against. The Beaver gives its full support to the sponsored sleep out taking place tonight, and hopes that this won't be the last time LSE students try to make a difference to the world around us. And let's hope the Times on Tuesday doesn't run with "Giddens forced to move students off the street..."

Tom Livingstone
News Editor

The Executive Editor would like to apologise for the coherent and serious nature of this week's editorial, but he couldn't be bothered to write it. Or to put it in official terminology; "was suffering from severe stress and fatigue," - Instead this is the work of a harassed lackey.

LSE CU proudly presents...

people like me

-The one man show-

10th December
8.00pm
Old Theatre

Tickets - £2.50 (including after show reception)

Ticket sales: 3/12, 4/12, 8/12, 10/12, Houghton street 12-3pm

Schapiro Government Club

Proudly Presents...

Ken Livingstone
(candidate for Mayor of London)
Speaking on
"The Next Twenty-five Years"

Thurs 3rd December, 12pm, Rm H216

AU Makes Progress on Gym Problems

Sir,

On behalf of the Athletic Union executive I would like to inform all those concerned of the latest developments with the gym. Members of the executive spoke with the Athletics Committee chairman who arranged a meeting with the school's pro-director. As a result of this meeting funds have been secured from the Director's Central Initiative Budget for new gym equipment.

The following pieces of equipment have now been ordered and should be delivered and installed during the Christmas Vacation:

- 1 re-furbished 9-station power sports multi-gym
- 1 jogger
- 1 topper
- 1 bike
- 1 stepper-all brand new.

The exec. is grateful for the support of the Athletics' Committee and the school on this matter and would like to thank everyone for their patience whilst a solution for this problem was found.

Yours

Zarrine Ghiassi
AU Treasurer



THE BEAVER

Executive Editor
Matthew Brough

Deputy Editor
Daniel Lewis

Advertising Manager
Sam Goddard

Section 1

News Editors
Tom Livingstone
Sithana Fernando

Political Editor
James Corbett

Economic Editor
Andreas von Paleske

Features Editor
Fred Blanc-Brude

International Editor
Hiroko Tabuchi

Sports Editor
Matt Sutton

Section 2 - BART

Literary Editor
Anna Yacoub

Film Editor
Matt Berry

Theatre Editor
James Savage

Music Editors
Malte Gerhold
Anna Derbyshire

Clubbing Editor
James Cooper

Collective

Amir Absood, Anton Sebi Ahmed, Shaista Ahmed, Mark Antony, Sherrina Anwar, Shama Aslam, David Bakstien, Mark Baltovic, Anne Beade, Laure Beaulis, Christina Beharry, Jonathan Black, Naomi Colvin, Liz Chong, Peter Clegg, Michael Collins, Jonathan Cooper, Amit Desai, Ritesh Doshi, Nina Duncan, Michael Epstein, Lee Federman, Deborah Goldemberg, Shalini Ghelani, Shabnum Hasan, Helen Jamieson, Dana Johnson, Tasha Kosviner, Nadezda Kinsky, Philip Lam, Becky Little, Fredrik Ljone Holst, Kenneth Lo, Dan Madden, Sinj Mukherjee, Craig Newsome, Ben Newton, Daniela Ott, Mateo Paniker, Mark Pallis, Neel Patel, Chelsea Phua, Mannan Raja, Zaf Rashid, Loretta Reehill, Chris Roe, Da Roche, Sunil Sodha, Silvia Santoro, Vicky Seabrooke, Zak Sheikh, James Simpson, Graham Stevenson, Chris Sutcliffe, Jamie Tehrani, Damian Thong, Ee Loong Toh, Stephen Topping, Gulshan Verma, Julia Vowles, Julius Walker, Matthew Wilkins, Andrew Yule.

The Beaver is published by the London School of Economics Students' Union and printed by Newsfax, of Unit 16, Carpenters Road, Bow Industrial Park, London E15. It can be contacted at 0181 986 3130.

The Beaver can be contacted by phone on 0171 955 6705 and by fax on 0171 955 7717.

email:beaver@lse.ac.uk

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

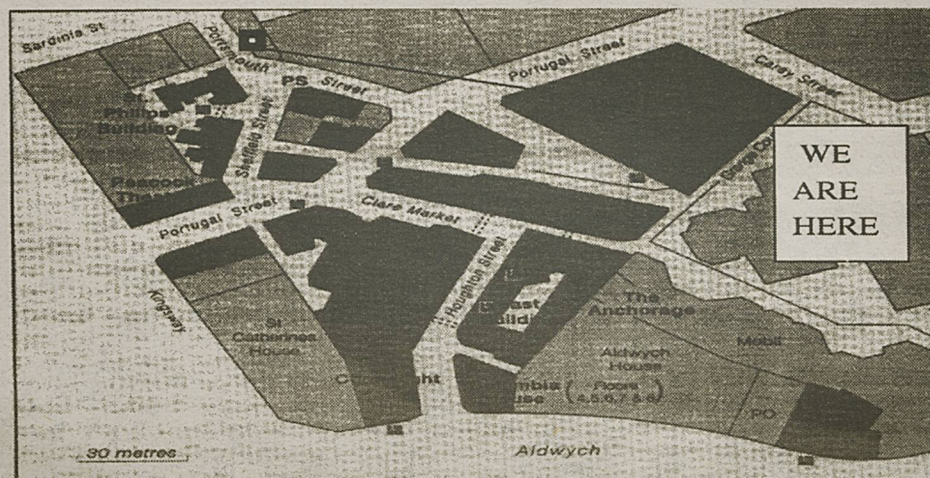
ANGELO'S GENTLEMENS' HAIRDRESSERS

STUDENT PRICE LIST:

WET CUT & FINISH	£9.50
SHAMPOO CUT & FINISH	£11.00
ONE SIZE CLIPPER CUT	£7.50

(WITH THE PRODUCTION OF A VALID STUDENT I. D.)

OUR FRIENDLY & PROFESSIONAL TEAM OF STYLISTS SPECIALISE IN ALL HAIRSTYLES. WE CAN COPE WITH ANYTHING FROM A SHORT BACK & SIDES TO A LONG FLOWING MANE.



© CROWN COPYRIGHT

ADDRESS:
50A LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS
LONDON WC2A
(NEXT DOOR TO THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP)

The Sabbatical Structure: Time For a Change?

Very soon, all being well, LSE SU should have its own radio station, a tribute to the hard work that Maria and others have put in. No doubt being Station Manager of PuLSE will be no easy task. I think the coming of PuLSE should set us thinking about how we organise our communications.

Currently we have the Executive Editorship of the Beaver, a position which as far as I can tell approximates a full time job for which the lucky holder doesn't get paid. I've certainly got no axe to grind, never having been a Beaver

journalist, but my experience running a political party on campus chasing after errant MPs and trying to stick publicity up ten minutes before a meeting is supposed to start because of a conference office fuck-up has given me experience of a small fraction of the Editor's stress levels and the difficulty of combining that with study.

The Station Manager's job will probably involve the same sort of workload as the Editor's. In addition we have a Student Union Communications officer, traditionally the unfortunate person who's left standing in the game of musical

chairs when the Exec slate carve up the portfolios, and who has the heaviest workload of any of the part-time officers.

Promoting our union to the apathetic masses inside the LSE, and also improving the (generally negative) opinion ordinary Londoners have of students, is a key task. It is not fair to expect people like the Beaver editor or the PuLSE manager to have to juggle it with essays, presentations etc.

I feel sure we should follow the example of so many other unions in having a Communications sabbatical.

Such an officer could handle the production of radio programming and the newspaper, as well as performing the 'Blu Tac monitor' function of publicising UGMs and such like. Obviously the editorial independence of the Beaver would have to be safeguarded, so control of the editorial line would not belong to the sabbatical, but dealing with publishers etc. would. It might have to involve a reassessment of other sabbatical positions, but I think that the issue should be debated nonetheless.

Joe Roberts

General Secretary's Column

The outcome of the Court of Governors Standing Committee's decision on the fee rise for Postgraduate students is heartening indeed. By taking the Students' Union's arguments on board (after an intense campaign and lobbying effort) and referring the issue back to the Academic Planning & Resources Committee, the Committee acknowledged that the matter needed to be looked at more closely and in the light of further evidence not just of application levels, but acceptance levels as well and a thorough comparison of fee levels in different Universities that the LSE competes with.

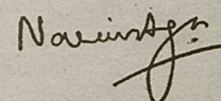
In our opinion, the proposal to raise fee levels for postgraduate Home & EU students by 30% over three years is short-sighted and we will continue to oppose this tooth and nail. No effort shall be spared in this direction.

Targeting a fee rise towards Home postgraduate students, whose numbers are already dwindling, is certainly not a step in the right direction. Moreover, it is totally in contradiction to the School's recent initiative to increase a Home student intake in taught masters programmes. Substantial evidence indicates that financial constraints were the single-largest factor in deterring potential UK applicants and the fee-increase proposal totally ignores this factor.

In times of increasing hardship, financial considerations do play a major part in the choice of University a prospective postgraduate makes. It would be highly unfortunate if the LSE was 'priced out' by its competitors, Oxbridge in particular and lost the chance to attract some brilliant students for this reason.

The argument put forward by the School administration is that money is required to keep up the student levels and facilities. Our response is simple: does the LSE wish to continue proclaiming that it has 6000 students with better facilities than in the past or does it wish to proudly proclaim that it continues to attract the best minds in this world. The choice is clearly left to the APRC Committee that meets next week.

Cheers,



Narius Aga
LSESU General Secretary

Lobby Against Tuition Fees

The first national lobby of Parliament against Tuition fees held on the 12th of November saw an appalling turnout of LSE students. Only 9 people, including 3 sabbatical officers bothered to venture to the Houses of Parliament with an intention to lobby their local MP.

Before the speeches in the Grand Committee room, the NUS had organised a press stunt at which hundreds of cheques, totalling the amount of fees paid by UK students in 1998 were brought together for the media. A token cheque was also sent to 10 Downing Street, but Mr. Blair was unfortunately not present to receive it.

The aim of the event was to raise the profile of the new Student Rights Charter, which among other things demands: "Free tuition paid by the state" and "Study free from hardship." Speeches were made by NUS President Andrew Pakes, Liberal Democrat Higher Education spokesperson, MP Phil Willis, and Paul Mackney, General Secretary, NATFHE.

The comments of Sabbatical officer Maria Neophytou generally summed up the view of those sitting in the Committee room: "While I welcome Andrew Pakes commitment to fighting fees and hardship, all the speeches made in the Grand Committee Room echoed these views to an audience of Student Union reps from around the country. In other

words it was a case of preaching to the converted, and there was no opportunity to hear what the Labour Government plans to do to fight the hardship."

SU General Secretary Narius Aga, offered a similar view, commenting: "In my opinion NUS is merely paying lip-service on this issue. Concrete steps need to be taken to force the government to allocate more funds to higher education."

Following the speeches Miss. Neophytou made an attempt, on behalf of the students of the LSE to lobby her local MP and Frank Dobson, the MP for the constituency in which the LSE is based. Unfortunately neither were present, but many other students were successful in lobbying their local MP.

SU Treasurer Yuan Potts still managed to muster up some enthusiasm on the subject of fees, commenting: "It is vital that students continue to tell the government that tuition fees are wrong. Without pressure not only will £1,000 fees become the norm but we will soon see annual rises. This is the first NUS action on fees we've seen in months, what have they been doing?"

I will be suggesting to Andrew Pakes at NUS National Council next week that their next event should feature more action and less talk."

LSE Labour Club

Sponsored sleep-out-in aid of Centrepoint (the homeless charity),
Monday 30th October
From 11pm onwards in Houghton Street

If you would like to participate and receive further details, please get a sponsorship form from the SU Reception.

If you would like to join the Labour Club, please e-mail B.Cox@lse.ac.uk.

Industrial Relations & Human Resource Management Society

XMAS BOAT PARTY
7th Dec, 7pm, Swan Pier
Tickets: £5 - S. Bayne H806

Election of New Chairman for LSE-Conservatives

Following the resignation of Richard Wignall, elections for a new chairman will take place on
Monday 30 November
1-2pm, in A144

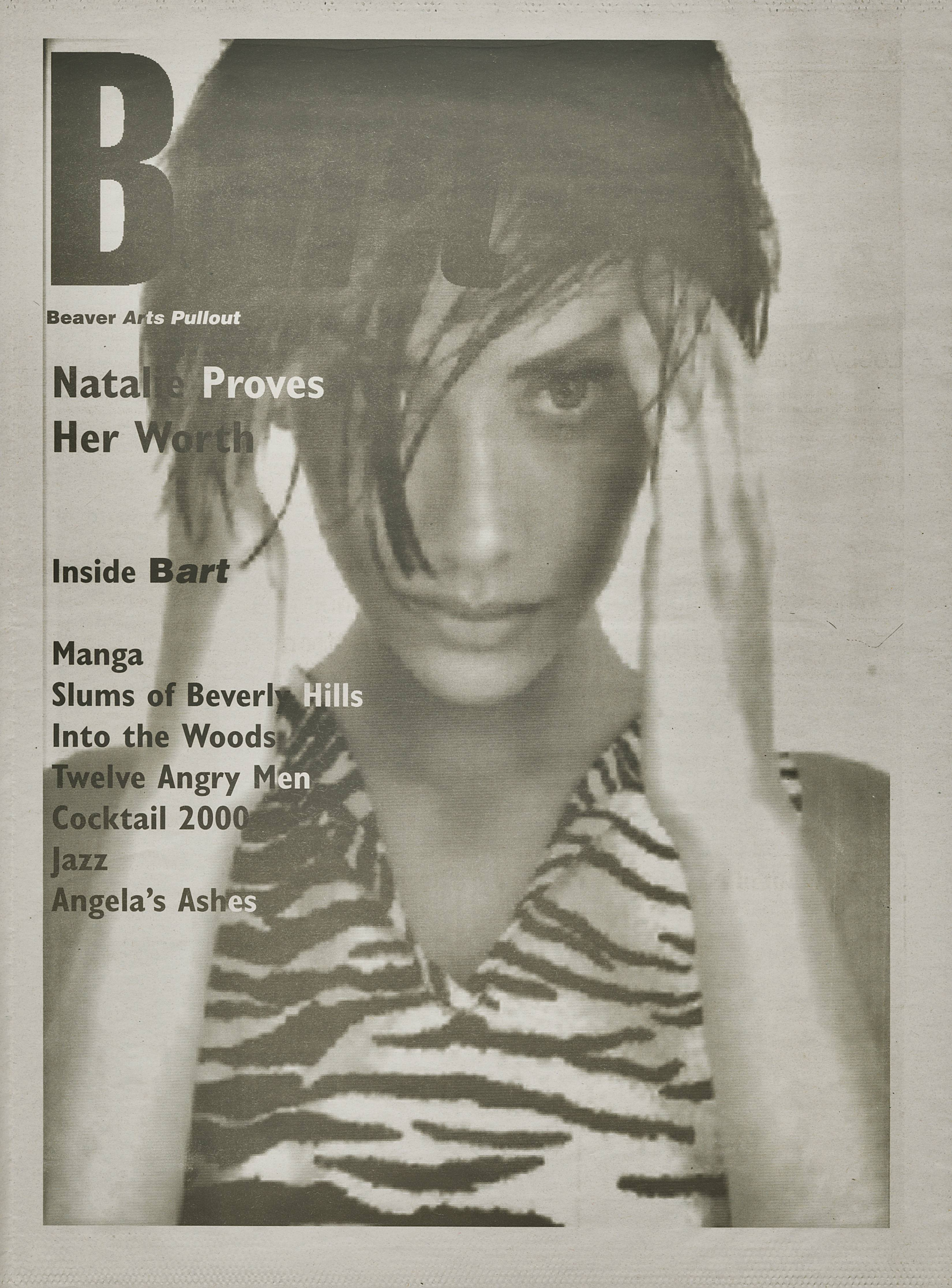
To vote you must be a fully paid member. The Treasurer can be contacted at s.s.bains@lse.ac.uk.

SORRY!

The LSE-Conservative dinner with
Jeffrey Archer

has been

CANCELLED!!!



B

Beaver Arts Pullout

**Natalie Proves
Her Worth**

Inside Bart

Manga

Slums of Beverly Hills

Into the Woods

Twelve Angry Men

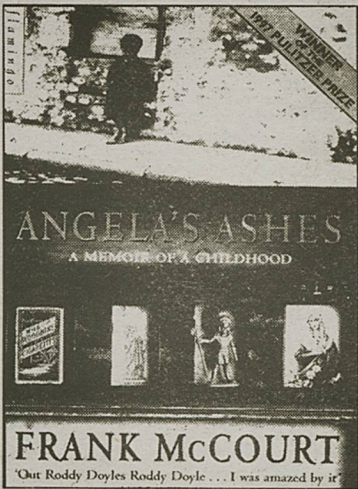
Cocktail 2000

Jazz

Angela's Ashes

Brilliant or just plain depressing?

Suzana Sava raves about Frank McCourt's debut novel ANGELA'S ASHES which manages to combine sadness and humour



you might want to do this to yourself is to find an answer to the eternal question: Why do sad stories usually get the best reviews?

Answer this question; I shan't. However, in so far as Frank McCourt's book is concerned, the book is in one word brilliant, or so was my impression from beginning to end. Once tears dried, I can say with little fear of being charged with bowing before prizewinners that, had I been on the jury in 1997, I too would have awarded it the Pulitzer without a second thought.

It would be unfair to say that the prize is only about taking "at least that much comfort out of a miserable Irish Catholic childhood". For both in terms of content and style, the novel meets the excellence requirements.

The general rule is that death and suffering are the success-guarantee ingredients for a book and this time the rule stands again. The reader is

grasping over pages scattered with pictorial and tactile images of poverty, songs of decaying souls and the harrowing image of a harsh and absurd Catholic Ireland who consistently fails to take the word *forgiveness* out of the confinement of dictionaries into broad daylight. Particularly the stance of the mother carrying her cross up the Golgotha of life, apparently paying for a mistake made in her youth, is extremely disturbing.

Why do sad stories usually get the best reviews?

Answer this question; I shan't. But this book is in one word brilliant.

However, what "saves" the book from being shelved alongside ANNA KARENINA and OLIVER TWIST is a buoyancy that runs through it and the humour arising from the innocent

ignorance of a child who lives through it all to tell the tale. On turning over the last page, another surprise awaits the reader on finding out this is the author's first novel. For judging by the style of it, you would give Frank McCourt at least ten years of practice. The mesmerising scenes drawn with a lyrical but streetwise pen play in front of the eyes of a spectator not a reader.

The book, a veritable exercise of literary catharsis, will definitely survive in the annals of memoir for a very long time, demanding in a loud voice and on grounds of an open end a deserved American sequel. For all those in want of a face to face meeting with Cruel World in the pages of an excellent book, I prescribe the reading of ANGELA'S ASHES. Remarkable impact guaranteed.

ANGELA'S ASHES: A MEMOIR OF A CHILDHOOD by Frank McCourt published by HarperCollins price £7.99

Cinema on Friday night to see The Dream Life of Angels and reading ANGELA'S ASHES on Saturday morning is the perfect recipe if what you're after is a heart-rending weekend. One of the reasons why

Who needs mates when we've got FRIENDS?

Shailini Ghelani has to say that she was totally unimpressed by FRIENDS LIKE US: THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO FRIENDS and would much prefer to watch the real thing on TV, even if it is "completely superficial".

Someone wiser than myself once said, "If you have nothing nice to say, say nothing at all." Well like I said they were wiser than me so I'll just go ahead and be mean.

I, like many people agree that FRIENDS is a top show, completely superficial but great, unfortunately some people just take it a little too seriously, prime examples being Sangster and Bailey. Their masterpiece takes away all the great parts of FRIENDS by analysing every little incident and making what I thought was a good show into something vomit-inducingly crap.

The start of the book makes an unsuccessful attempt at humour by instructing the reader "How to use this guide" but successfully indicates what level of intelligence the book is aimed at. Using this guide I am now successfully trained in finding the initial screening date and channel not only in England but also in the States!

Things can only get better? This would be too optimistic. This book gets progressively worse as it progresses into indepth detail while dissecting each episode, telling thrilling details like in series 1, episode 16 titled "The one with two parts" first screened on channel 4 on the 11th of August 1995, an actress called Patty Tiffany plays the part of, wait for it, "WOMAN." At least, I suppose it stays true to the blurb which boasts that: "Friends like us takes a light-hearted look at the FRIENDS phenomenon, examining each episode in turn..."

Like all good things the best comes to those who wait, unfortunately I couldn't so I skipped to the back of the book where I found the following "examination" of the plot: "Many people have already complained that the show is called FRIENDS not Lovers, and that maybe the gang shouldn't enter into relationships with each other, but we disagree. It's inevitable that a small group of people like the Central Perk gang, will at one time or another pair off." This kind of psychoanalysis is common throughout the book and completely unnecessary. Surely FRIENDS is just meant to be a bit of fun but not in this book. If this book did nothing else, it made me realise why so many people think that the show is crap: all the characters are anal and the script relies on the same cutesy phrases. How I've managed to spend way too much time watching the show and the repeats I have no idea, so now I will stop so I do not turn into a saddo who has to write an essay on the deeper meaning of Friends.....

Meant only for those with no life, Friends Like Us: The Unofficial Guide to Friends by Jim Sangster and David Bailey is published by Virgin Publishers Ltd priced at £5.99

A haunting memoir of a Chinese childhood

Naomi Colvin finds Adeline Yen Mah's autobiographical novel, FALLING LEAVES is a compelling and emotional story. She is also impressed by the author's "quiet endurance" and "strength of character".

"On 10 October 1911, when Aunt Baba was six years old, the Manchu dynasty came to an end."

Growing up in China during the Civil War should - you'd idly have thought - inevitably lead to a merging of the personal with the political. Adeline Yen Mah's autobiography may go some way to changing your mind, in its characteristically gentle and unforceful way. For the impact of Mah's memoir is due in large part to the overwhelming dominance of her family history. Politics merely provides the fleetingly interesting anecdote, a backdrop to the main events. What would seem like incredible solipsism in just about any other context works here though, due as much to the calm, measured stoicism of the prose as the events retold.

In summary, it gives the impression of a modern fairy-tale: a first-born daughter whose mother died in childbirth, Adeline Yen Mah was cursed from the start by the overwhelming pressures of a society which saw her as bad luck and rejected her. Subjected to systematic emotional abuse from her father, siblings and yes - a step-mother with a grudge, fulfilment is only achieved with escape to America - in this case the chance to pursue a vocation and a marriage. Such a treatment, however, cannot help but sound trite. What makes FALLING LEAVES compelling is the sheer understatement of the narrative; Yen Mah's quiet endurance and notable lack of bitterness. Indeed, the profuse scattering of Chinese proverbs throughout the narrative is perhaps a deliberate signal to the reader of the complexity of the issues at stake: a complexity that the simplicity of the prose tends to disguise.

There is, for example, no neat East-West division in the book. While America provides the eventual escape, it is the racial hierarchy in Yen Mah's stepfamily - her stepmother, Jeanne (Niang), being part-French - which effectively seals her second-class status. After marrying up the social scale, Mah's father is reluctant to acknowledge his wholly - Chinese first family, and equally reluctant to acknowledge the small cruelties imposed by the second. In many ways, it is this paternal disinterest - a kind of passive abuse - which produces the deepest scars. Indeed, Mah's only real source of support becomes her Aunt Baba - a convention-defying strong woman - who provides encouragement, particularly to pursue her academic studies. Here too, though, there is an irony: Niang is also a woman of strength, whose efforts serve to drag Mah in entirely the opposite direction. In essence, however, the main strength of the book is in its ability to pull itself away from the plain facts of the situation, its almost disinterested perspective on events. Adeline Yen Mah's strength of character is never in doubt.

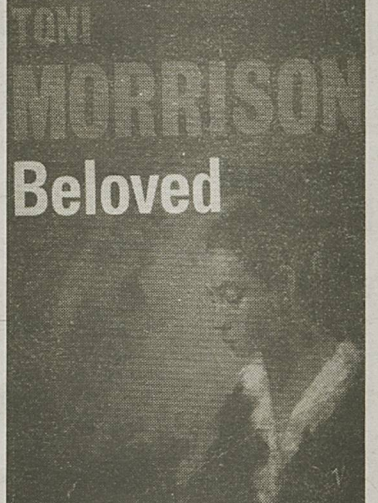
FALLING LEAVES by Adeline Yen Mah out now to buy priced £6.99 published by Penguin Books Ltd.

Lasting Words

Gyongyver Jakab reviews her favourite book BELOVED by Toni Morrison

I am not sure which is more embarrassing: that I only just heard of Toni Morrison a few years ago, or that I did so through Oprah (...shut up, you all watched her at one point or another). The reason that I decided to read one of her books was not because what the Oprah-guests said was oh-so-inspiring, but because they never stopped talking about how difficult her style was to understand. I simply had to see if I could cope better with the texts than the average "Oprah woman".

With PARADISE and BELOVED behind me, I can assure you that Toni Morrison knows how to write and will keep you captivated in her mesmerising world. If her writing seems difficult at first, it is only because you need to pay attention to every word that she puts down on

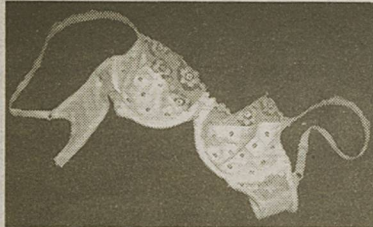


the paper, but it will keep you awake into the wee hours. To me, her brilliantly crafted story lines and a superb use of language are her main strengths - she never ceases to amaze me with the multiple levels of meaning which lie behind her careful phrasing.

I recently read in some cheesy magazine that BELOVED was being made into a movie. And guess who is starring in it? Yes, you got it: Oprah. I certainly have my reservations about the film, because I cannot see how this book can be made into a good film. If you are thinking about picking up any of her writings, stick to it, get through the first five pages of 'not knowing what the hell is going on, and I am almost sure, that you will be another Morrison convert.

Beloved is the name of Sethe's daughter, whom she murdered rather than see taken by the white men as a slave. More than a decade later Sethe's life begins to change when a friend from her childhood returns into her life. This triggers the appearance of the ghost of Beloved who comes back bringing past pain, horror and heartache with her disrupting Sethe's life.

BELOVED by Toni Morrison out now priced at £6.99 published by Vintage.



Slummin' In Your Bra

Matt Berry takes a private peek

Breasts, breasts, breasts. That's the message Vivian Abromowitz is sending out from the back seat of her Cadillac. They're big, they're beautiful and she hates them. It's a girl thang.

Poor Vivian is no 90210 super-rich chick. Yes she's sexy, she's got the swagger but she's a teenage nomad, a 70's urban cowgirl, a drifter. Living with an OAP dad and two aggravating pubic brothers (one was in Ang Lee's *The Ice Storm*), Viv spends her life roaming the boulevards of Bel Air in search of another 'dingbat' - cheap rents that offer the promise of the good life, dreamily named *Beverly Capel* and *Casa Bella*. Beverly Hills has the good schools and salesman Daddy wants the best for his kids; hell, anything's better than turning out like him. Poor and humiliated he hasn't earned a single crust in his whole life and has always relied on brother Mickey to finance the family. It's a crappy life, in a nutshell.

Then cousin Rita (Marisa Tomei) comes to town and Mickey puts them all up at the swanky *Camelot*, complete with shag pile carpets, Formica tables and velour upholstery. Vivian at last has a confidante of the right sex, if not a mother figure; well not unless your mum's the type to teach you 10 things you need to know about vibrators, not forgetting the vibro-boogie. Rita has her own problems, drugs, misdirection - the

usual thing you'd expect from a hideously dysfunctional family. She's pregnant by a guy she shacked up with in re-hab and preventative measures make everyone's life an aggregate nightmare.

Vivian tries breaks out, searching for companionship and discovers it in Eliot, a pot-dealing, Charles Manson fanatic. From their initial boob-fondling ("It's a building thing") moments to getting in on in a parking lot, it's a comical crazy relationship that promises cynics the upper hand - it's all about sex. Life comes full circle. It highlights the failure of American society to provide a safety net for a band of middle class dropouts - too poor to stand alone, too proud to claim from the state - and the Beverly Hills connection adds a thoughtful tinge. The constant movement of the family is balanced by their commitment to the neighbourhood resulting in visual security.

Slums is a tidy piece of cinema. It looks good on a small budget as it's able to look a little rough and tacky with occasionally forced camera shots echoing the awkward period that adolescence poses. The opening sequence is especially original; shot from overhead, it features Natasha Lyonne (Vivian) and her dad (Alan Arkin) riding the escalators up and down as the credits are announced along the central reservation - a fantastic use of visual monotony.

Tamara Jenkins, both writer and director truly shines out and it is certainly a joy to see women like herself free themselves from the type of sentimental drivel they often feel the need to engage in. *Slums* is not at all unthoughtful; it's accurate, and it challenges our traditional conceptions of 'Hollywood' life. Her script is amusingly sharp, maintaining the language of the era and characterisation is polished to a tee, giving Lyonne the arena to really carve a niche for herself. We'll be seeing lots more of her without doubt. She is pouty and packed with will, attitude and plenty of spunk. Like any classy star she's starting on a firm footing even if the ground is a little skaggy.

Tomei, Corrigan, and Arkin all give solid performances which give the whole film a very rounded feel, as does the soundtrack. It is superb, very Jewish and jazzy, rather than overly 70s, a courageous gesture on the part of Jenkins. There is surely a time and place for suitably period pop music, as recent films in the *Boogie Nights*/*Jackie Bown* mode bear



testament.

This is not it and the fruits borne out are highly original, if not especially commercial.

I suspect this film represents a benchmark of some kind in the development of the industry. It is among the flurry of movies supported by studios like Fox Searchlight, which are regarded as a useful quality

control check. Here's quality, maam, just below your head.

C'mon Boys...Poker!

No, despite the title, Matt Damon's latest vehicle has nothing to do with games lessons in girls' schools, more's the pity. In this context, *Rounders* is a film about professional gambling, set in the dark underworld of New York.

Perhaps it's just the scrubbed youthful look that does it, but Damon just can't seem to shake of the prodigy image cultivated in *Good Will Hunting*. In 'Rounders' this displays itself in the form of Mike McDermott, a law student cum gambling genius, who looks upon gambling as a means of earning a living. Mike soon learns,



however, that involvement in this seedy underworld involves risking much more than his money.

Damon's domestic arrangements are far more cosy, however. After a run of bad luck, his girlfriend (Gretchen Mol) makes vain attempts to act as his conscience and stop him gambling. Unfortunately her work is proven to be in vain when his best friend and much less successful gambling partner, Worm (Edward Norton) is released from prison. Worm eggs Damon on into going back into the game, and Damon cannot resist. Worm's losing combination of cheating and lack of talent lead him into trouble, however, and his friend is dragged right down with him.

Norton is

definitely the film's star turn, and is pretty convincing in the role of irresponsible and slightly nutty sidekick. He is a complete liability to Mike, but never really seems to realise it.

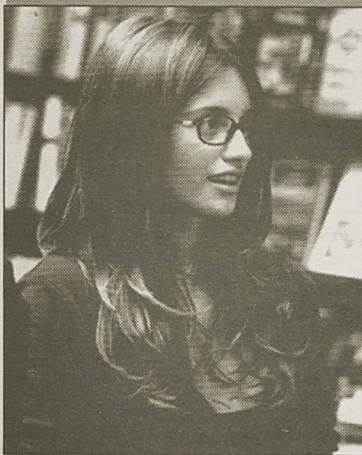
Less convincing is Damon. Whilst he is good at the shrewd and sharp thing, he looks completely out of place in the dark and dangerous poker clubs of New York. He's just too clean cut to look credible in this seedy environment.

The main supporting roles are badly cliched. John Malkovich's dodgy Russian, Teddy KGB, is laughable in his portrayal of scary Russian gangster. The cheesy accent really doesn't help much in preventing this becoming a comedy role. Equally, the wise and ancient law tutor (Martin Landau) has echoes of Robin Williams in *Good Will Hunting*, but is far too predictable to be moving.

Altogether, *Rounders* is diverting, but is hardly going to be the highlight of anyone's career, particularly that of John Dahl. For despite some interesting camera shots, he fails to make the interactions between the characters anything more than superficial, and fails to pace the plot to give it the suspense and unpredictability it so badly needs

James Savage

If Only...



dialogue.

If Only follows the recipe quite closely. It is the story of Victor and Sylvia, who split up after Victor has an affair. What if Victor was given a second chance? Would it all turn out differently? The result is a crossover between *Swingers* and *La Double Vie de Veronique*. This is a film about human relationships in general, portrayed with great warmth and maturity. Underlying the project, however, is a certain lack of credibility. *If Only* is shot in glorious Notting Hill, which in itself is emblematic of the film's weakness: Notting Hill is irrefutably cool. But hardly effortlessly so. After a while, the director's weakness for impeccable Paul Smith garb and gorgeous, £400,000 boho apartments gets the better of him. The end product is a film which, despite convincing performances by Victor (Douglas Henshall) and Sylvia (Lena Headey) fails to affect. Sweet, yes. Amusing, yes. Goody-goody, indeed.

Run-of-the-mill cinema is not necessarily of inferior quality, and *If Only* is a good example of a stylish, well-made, well-acted film which you are likely to have completely forgotten about within 24 hours. Indeed, it is likely to be a smash hit in Notting Hill.

Johan Almenberg

Singles

Beverley Knight's single *Sista Sista* has a basketful of flattering reviews on its 'cool' cover. That the woman has a lot of important and interesting things to say ("Sista, Sista betta run, betta fly / stand up tall, don't you ever fall/ can't you hear my call?") there is no doubt. Unfortunately, that's about all she has. (3) VT

With Grand Mal's *Whole Lotta Nothing* it is far too easy to make oh-so-clever links between the title of the A-side and its quality, so I'll let you do the sarky business yourself. Rock historians may like to note that in the same month that his son proved musical talent isn't necessarily genetic, the legacy of Marc Bolan gets another unseemly groping here by way of a thoroughly pointless cover of Life's *a Gas*. (5) NC

Mariah Carey and Whitney Houston's *Prince of Egypt (When You Believe)* follows in the footsteps of musical greats King Louis and Simba, Houston and Carey's adventure into toonworld has resulted in a bland and boring theme-tune which even Moses would find inoffensive. There's plenty of scope for their incessant warbling, and the song is true to their usual style, but they seem out of place when there's no mention of the opposite sex- or a horse. (4)HW

The question has been asked too many times. Why do groups go for such cliché titles? You've got a band called *Cuba* wanting to bring out a second album, what could they call it? *Havana* seems the most corny one. Their title song sounds all too similar to the theme song of the Absolut Vodka ad. It has big beats, cyclic lyrics with constantly interchanging rhythms but there is little to make it stand out. Included in this single is a second track which is, perhaps the only noteworthy section. Fusing new age with sonic beats it has the potential it has the potential to actually get somewhere (5). MR

Quiz question? Who sampled the Grease theme tune first, Pras or *Dope Smugglaz*? Who cares? The result of the latter experiment is a dance track verging on handbag, which perhaps doesn't ooze enough cheez to ensure mass sales. Pedestrian drums, unoriginal horn licks, and generally inoffensive. Not the one that I want. (4) HW

Single Of The Week

Elliot Smith, one of America's finest songwriters, returns to the fray with his new single *Waltz No.2 (KO)*, released on Dreamworks. A gorgeous lament to lost love (aren't they always?), it breaks out of all the musical limits a 3/4 waltz time should impose by being so tragically, hauntingly beautiful that all you want to do is take it home and look after it forever. Taking all the good things about acoustic balladry and none of the dull ones, it will swirl around your head until you weep into your red wine. Damn it, if his hair wasn't so greasy I'd marry him. (5) AD

'Avin it with Nat the Cat

James Sullivan adores the Ex-Neighbours Kitten and purrs admirably at her talent

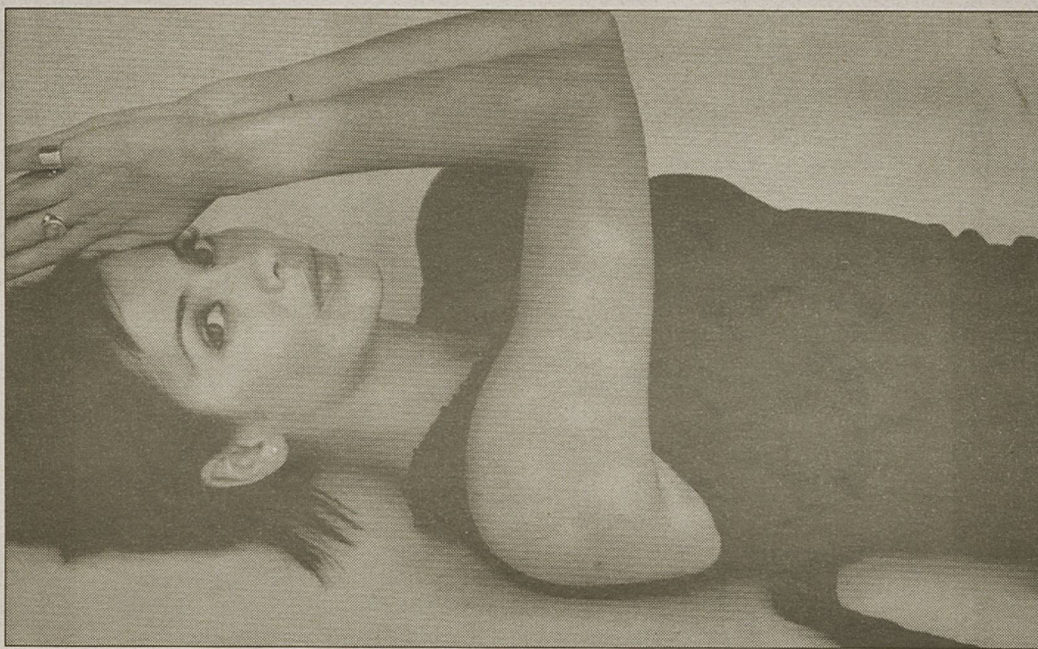
So how did former ex-neighbours soap star Beth make the transition to the serious singer songwriter that she so wants to be?

Wishing I Was There' started things off so well with Natalie (sigh, lust) bounding onto stage, to a huge ovation from the 4000 or so packed into the forum, wearing in true 'Natalie' fashion flared jeans, trainers and T-shirt. The gig consisted of virtually all of the songs of the Tiny twenty three- year-old Aussie's 'left of the middle' album, which has now gone double platinum, with a few new ones thrown in too. She continued to thrill the crowd with 'Smoke' which raised loads of cheers plus several pairs of boxer shorts, onto the stage that is, and it was surprising to see how at home she seems to be playing live. Natalie struck up an excellent rapport with the crowd, which included various luminaries such as Dave Stewart of Eurythmics

fame, former soap buddy Kylie, and Skunk Anansie lead singer Skin, and throughout she genuinely appeared to love what she was doing. The atmosphere was really cool to, being very laid back whilst she also created doing the she also managed to pull

However the biggest reaction of the night came with the playing of the first few bars of *torn*, sitting on a red sofa and with the support of just acoustic guitar the venue erupted as Nat with her huge puppy dog eyes

to life...' Strange how now it seems that all is forgotten surrounding the authenticity of *torn*, which was originally recorded by Norwegian popette Trine Rein back in 1995, a story that at the time threatened to turn Natalie's fledgling career in to a one hit wonder. Yet Natalie has shown herself to be made of stronger stuff and this concert was testament to that and the encore that included 'Big Mistake' and 'Pigeons and Crumbs', which was superb, rounded off one of the best concerts that I've been to in ages. Natalie who has now made London her home after splashing out £800,000 on a house in West Harnstead and she is currently working on a new album due for release in the spring/summer of next year and if its anything like *left of the middle* and this concert it is bound to be a huge success!



off the rock chick come girly angst image as well.

looking longingly in to the crowd rang out 'I thought I saw man brought

Radiohead's Uneasy People

Anna Derbyshire and Malte Gerhold meet people at Radiohead's new video preview

Fitter. Happier. More productive. Radiohead were none of these things after touring the world with 'OK Computer', the hype for which gave a whole new meaning to the phrase 'over the top'. Radiohead's 1997 was captured in documentary form by Grant Gee, and is released on video... just in time for Christmas (cynical? Moi?).

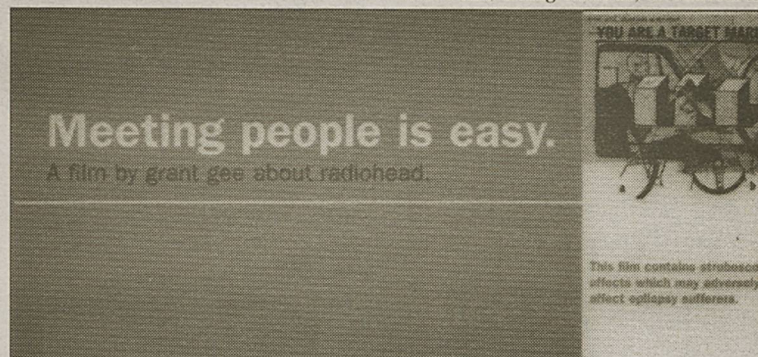
Our preconceptions were that this was hardly the kind of stuff to watch on what was already a depressingly drizzly Monday evening, but 'Meeting People Is Easy' turned out to be a fascinating and occasionally funny insight into the world of an uncommonly sensitive and intelligent band trying to come to terms with an increasingly intrusive media spotlight and enough sycophancy to require some serious tongue/arse surgery. One of the main themes of the documentary is

the huge gulf that separates the priorities of Radiohead and those of a profit-obsessed, bureaucratic and fickle music industry, a point wonderfully illustrated by the sight of the men responsible for the creation of the album voted 'Best

watching Channel Woo-Woo".

In the case of a lot of bands (Placebo and Kenickie spring to mind as recent examples), hearing them whinge about the problems of fame is jarring to say the least: if you don't like being famous, sweethearts,

and isn't it funny how they tend to do their moaning in huge, technicolour music magazines? Let's just call it Princess Diana syndrome... But Gee's portrayal of Radiohead evokes a surprising amount of sympathy. Here are a band who adore making music, and who do it better than the majority of their contemporaries, but whose personalities are anything but compatible with the demands of endless promotion, touring and fan adoration. Should they just stop, as one scene from 'Meeting People...' shows Thom considering ("We should give up while the going's good")? But then they sacrifice their access to expensive recording studios, to the best producers, and to their own considerable incomes... The dilemma is obvious and somewhat irresolvable.



Album of All Time' sitting in front of Japanese TV cameras and saying "Hello, we're Radiohead, and you're

don't take part in publicity programmes (or even better - don't make records.) Moaning popstars are essentially spoilt, patronising - oh,

Live

The Ups and Downs of Yo-Yos

Shilpa Ganatra plays the Yo-Yo while munching Jellybeans at the Barfly

The Yo-Yos and The Jellys @ Camden Barfly

For the few of us who can still claim to be Wildhearts fans, this gig is one important mutha. With the Yo-Yos, featuring Danny McCormack (former bassist of the said band) headlining and former guitarist CJ's band, the Jellys in support, the Falcon is full to capacity as one would expect. A squash, yes, but that's the way we likes it.

Playing punk faster than the speed of sound (which makes it quite

difficult to hear, as you can imagine), the Jellys remind us all why its so good to be alive. Their harmonies are almost able to produce rays of sunlight, and if they did, we'd all be totally blinded in a second. Songs from recently released album 'Welcome to Our World' are played hard, fast, and go down extremely well. Crowd pleasers such as 'Lemonade Girl' find every person in the room making at least some kind of involuntary bodily movement, and when they play 'Strawberry Ice Cream'.... I don't think I'm even allowed to say what happened.

Although they play a near perfect set tonight, I wouldn't know how to defend them if someone launched the claim that all their songs sound to similar. Err..."but they're really, really good"?

Such criticism, however, is not applicable to the Yo Yos. Far newer than the Jellys, yet also more eclectic, they mix a smidgen of metal with a tablespoon of country (a la the Wildies faves Jason and the Scorchers), and then pile on the Ramones until the other two are barely visible.

Varying each song loads, though, with the common thread of a powerful voice, you can see the Yo Yos becoming a hell of lot more than they are at present. They won't get to sell out Wembley Arena, but I very much doubt they would want to. So although heavy melodies are their strong point, songs like 'Lazy to Breathe' and 'Rock City' are probably the best suited to Kerrang! than the Guardian, and all I can say is what an issue of the big K! that would be.

Sizzla? ... Smokin'

Da Roach checks out Sizzla's latest offering and discovers there's no sizzle without fire

Sizzla is back in the Nine-izz-eight wit' some more of his toastin' stylee and his Jah Rastafari praise singing. The dude whose name rhymes wit' Rizzla has hooked up wit' Kingston producer-extraordinaire 'Fatis' Burrel to hit y'all wit' some mo' blunt smokin' riddims and melodies. **Respect!**

KALONJI kicks off wit' *Lovely Morning*, a good ol' fashioned reggae track where Sizzla clears his throat and warms up his singjay vocal chords. This is followed up by *Til It Somemore* full of funky horn riffs as ol' Fatis gets diversi-phat on da beat machine. This is old skool reggae wit' a jazz feel, appeal to it.

On *Ancient Memories* Sizzla picks up the pace a lil' bit. This jam is a musical big-up to the Rasta religion and lifestyle: "Rastafari is so good and so pure". There iz still reverent mention of Emperor Selassie as there wuz on his sophomore project, *Praise Ye Jah*. Who in Fuck's name is Emperor Selassie? (Answers on a postcard to Da Roach @ Da Beaver) To tell the honest truth, dis album didn't do very much fo' me and I don

listened to it 'nuff times. True I ain't the biggest reggae or dancehall fan out there but I thought *Praise Ye Jah*

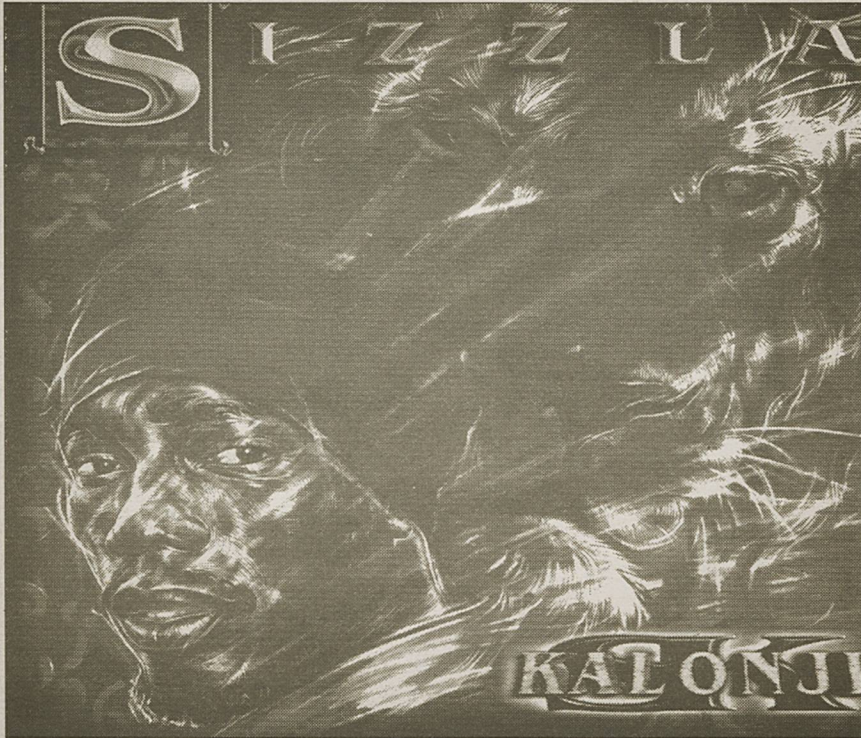
big star and now he's getting lazy. Sly and Robbie join him on a few tracks this time - proof that Sizzla iz

Sizzla iz a quality singjay, dont' get me wrong, the boy's got skillz on da mic. Problem iz from start to finish, this feels like it's the same ol' same ol' - no variety baby!

Still, on some tracks Fatis stands out as he hooks his boy up wit' some dope-ass riddims to get busy on. Check out *Define Yourself* where fiery one waxes lyrical on vinyl. *Rain Showers* iz reminiscent of da very best of Sizzla wit' a lively and friendly melody. Dat I like! *Freedom Cry* is like a reprise to *Blackness* on the last album. It's basically a call to Africans everywhere to rise and wipe the tears away - things iz gonna get better. *Confuse City* is definitely the liveliest track on the album and has got a b-boy style hook á la hip hop posse cuts.

Thanks to these redeeming tracks Sizzla doesn't quite step up to the plate without his pants. But I think he forgot his lucky bat at home though. He comes close to a couple of boundaries and creeps up to the half century mark but he ain't gonna be knockin nobody fo' 6 - not even his own moms.

Roach's Verdict: Not bad, could have done better.



wuz a pretty good album. Sizzla seems to be suffering the Curse of the 3rd album: his pockets iz phat, he's a

da man now in Kingston - but this don't do a thing to pull this one out of the naztee clutches of mediocrity.

Anna Derbyshire's Social Diary



I am a little concerned. Last weekend I paid a visit to Mad Kenny's Record and Vivisection Parlour with the expressed intention of purchasing a painfully fashionable and obscure 7" single that I could put on the top of my record collection to show off with. Twenty minutes later and I emerge, not with the latest release by Mercury Rev, the Llama Farmers or Les Rhythmes Digitales, but with an old album by Rod Stewart. That's right: Rod Stewart. I am twenty years old: what the bleedin' heck is going on? I arrive home feeling somewhat ashamed but not a little excited, and am almost immediately caught dancing to 'D'You Think I'm Sexy?' by a rather scared-looking window cleaner. What a song! What a voice! What a man! What, exactly, is going on? Please get in touch if you feel you can help.

Feeling guilty about my nod towards impending middle age, I hotfoot it down to see the nubile Ash in glam Kentish Town. What a drag that turned out to be: nothing they played came close to the brilliance of 'Maggie May', and they only managed to attract Six By Seven, Carrie and Kenickie (RIP... please) to their aftershow. Feeble. The Bob Mould/ Mercury Rev gig did a little better: My Bloody Valentine's Kevin Shields and the Jesus & Mary Chain's Jim Reid performed a cheery Punch & Judy show behind the bar - those guys, they kill me - and none other than Robert Plant turned up. Robert bloody Plant! He's hardly Rod Stewart, I agree, but I was almost starstruck... he knows Jimmy Page!

Not even the presence of a Nhoary old rocker could liven my spirits this week, though. Call it the pre-Christmas lull in alternative music if you will, but free lager is a little thin on the ground at the moment. The only gig highlights before 1999 are Gay Dad playing at the Talk of London on December 8, the terribly suave and handome Rialto play the LA2 on December 9, and Mark E. Smith's goddam brilliant Fall at the Astoria on December 16 (my 21st birthday, no less. And yes, that is a hint).

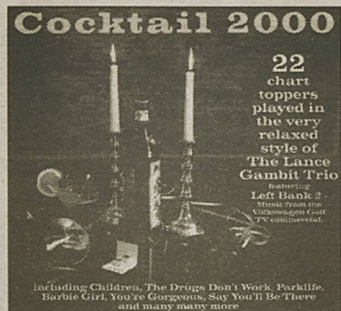
News has just reached me that Meg Matthews, busy and talented wife of Noel Gallagher, has recently been spotted having secret rendezvous with toothless wonder Shane MacGowan. Witnesses tell me that the couple have been spotted enjoying the ancient Irish pub tradition that is the Yard of Whisky, slobbering over each others' ears in the darkened corners of karaoke bars in the Penge area, and kicking tramps' dogs. Noel is said to be 'mad for it'.

That last bit is made up.

Albums

Cocktail 2000

The Lance Gambit Trio



After the surreal launch of 'The Lance Gambit Trio' I was hooked. Their straight-faced cocktail music comes somewhere between the Mike Flowers Pops and a nightmare where the lift stops but the music within continues. As there are no lyrics it's a bit like karaoke for the terminally lazy. The album cover boasts a "[H]appy selection of chart hits played cocktail lounge style for sophisticated drinkers & lounge lizards everywhere" and it delivers. Our first view of a selection of tunes that'll lighten up your day. You can listen to this album in two ways: Either, at high volume where it will grate & annoy you & seem to drone on in a 'no-reason-to-be-happy-but-is-smugly-jolly-just-to-annoy-me' way. Or, what I recommend, let out the "easy flowing sounds" at a low volume and in no time you'll find yourself humming away to the surreal pop inversions of Lance. The arrangements of 'Barbie Girl' and 'The Drugs Don't Work' have to be heard to be believed. This album is a lot of fun when used in the right way. It is a catalyst, not an explosive, a background and not a portrait. If you have Lance playing quietly over dinner conversations, you will find the world of cocktail music opened up in a way hitherto unimaginable. This album must be bought, just for the novelty value. (9) **Sam Goddard**

Mojave 3

Out of Time



Out of Time' is an incredibly old-fashioned sounding album. Unlike 'Deserter's Songs', say, or the various Spiritualized LPs it owed its genesis to, we're not talking about the appropriation of established references, mental connections, emotions to distinctively new effect. Mohave 3 work inside their chosen genre - admirably eclectic though it is, taking in everything from nu-country to Nick Drake - and the result is music that could've been

made twenty years ago. Astute readers will have noticed that this has little bearing of the quality of the LP itself, which in places is quite exceptionally good - particularly so in 'Give What You Take' and 'Caught Beneath Your Heel', but in order to appreciate it properly a certain suspension of the critical faculties needs to take place. This achieved, Mojave 3 succeed. 'Out of Time' is simply too delicate a child to be taken on any terms but its own.

I suggest recent heartbreak, a darkened room and copious amounts of alcohol: "I said hey don't you feel alivewhen the night-time holds ya" (8)

Naomi Colvin

The Bee Gees

Tribute Album



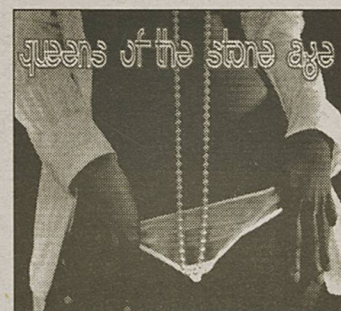
The Bee Gees Tribute Album seems to contain and satisfy a palette of tastes. Contrary to what many people might think this is not actually a collection of the cheesiest Bee Gees' songs but a collection of extremely well performed covers. Indeed, even Cleopatra have managed to pull out an impressive reproduction of the eternal 'Gotta Get a Message for You'. The album is missing some of the best hits - 'Stayin' Alive', 'You Win Again', and 'Ordinary Days' and some of the

songs have had their better versions such as Take That's How Deep is your love. This, however, is offset by the originality and spirit with which the bands have performed the tunes. There is a lot of 90's character in it (Step's Tragedy and Monaco's You Should Be Dancing). As usual, there are a few black sheep in the herd with the most striking one being Space's Massachusetts which, compared to the rest, balances between a big mistake and a piss take. Overall, however this is a very good album, which I strongly recommend not only to every Bee Gee's believer but also to everyone who is into listening good music. (8)

Dimiter Bratanov

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE

Queens of the Stone Age



The Queens of the Stone Age consist of most of the remains of the desert-metal band Kyuss: if you don't see anything in the name you won't in the music. Their debut album is strongly reminiscent of Kyuss but especially the vocals display a hint of Tool. Although there is some actual singing, as opposed to mindless yelling, the album otherwise features the usual distorted guitar playing repetitive riffs and a strong diet of power chords, as well as droning bass and your obligatory hard-rocking drumming. All in all the album does not feature anything particularly new or inventive, apart from a touch-tone telephone "solo" at the beginning of 'You Would Know' and sometimes sounds like pubescent kids rehearsing on Pignose amplifiers. The oddly-titled 'I was a teenage hand model' is the only calmer song on the album and could nearly be described as displaying some melody. The bottom line is if you're into hard-rock there is a slight chance this album might please you, stay well away. (3)

Marc Scanlan

Bart Guide to... JAZZ CLUBS

Fed up of taking ecstasy to the latest 180bpm dance music? This week Marc Scanlan lets us know about the joys of clubbing to jazz, a musical form that keeps its classics alive but continues to push the back the boundaries of sound...

OH NO! After only a few days of this festive bender I've completely lost the f*cking plot!!! Thank God for the Bart guide to Christmas comedowns that's coming next week!! That'll sort my head out-gibber gibber gurn gurn gibbergibbergurn gurn gibber gibber etc

What's On In London

The London jazz scene is more happening than you may think, jazz clubs abound although only a select few can claim worldwide renown. The most famed, and rightly so is **Ronnie Scott's Jazz Club**. If you only ever visit one jazz club in London, let it be Ronnie Scott's, the atmosphere is very intimate and the amazing performers will enchant you until the wee hours of the morning, especially on Mondays to Thursdays where students only pay £8 (a pittance compared to the calibre of artists, remember to reserve a table for popular nights). The **Jazz Café** up in hip Camden boasts a slightly less entrancing setting but a great variety of top artists, often leaning more heavily towards funkier jazz. It is popular among a relatively young crowd and admission varies depending on the artist performing. The **606 Club** in Fulham is a very friendly and often cheaper alternative (usually £4-£5). It has its share of great performers and you might recently have seen it on BBC2's "Live at the 606". Of the artists operating today you can still catch some of the legends such as Sonny Rollins and Max Roach, or the artists formerly known as Miles Davis's posse, including Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett and Wayne Shorter, all amazing artists in their own respect. More current artists include musicians like jazz whizz-kid Wynton Marsalis or James Carter.

For Those Who Want To Get Up And Groove

For the younger and groovier side of jazz you may want to look out for someone like Joshua Redman (who recently performed at the London Jazz Festival). He comes from a strong jazz tradition but, as the album title "Freedom in the Groove" suggests, has spiced things up a little. Steve Coleman and his 5 different bands are on the cutting edge of jazz today, The Five Elements are great to get an impression of the genius. If you've been in England long enough you will probably have heard of Courtney Pine who blends sax and turntables with style. Finally a band like Medeski, Martin & Wood (check out "Friday Afternoon in the Universe") have invented their own Hammond organ, double-bass and drums funky style but owe very much to traditional jazz. For some danceable jazzy music Monday nights at **Bar Rumba** are unwaveringly popular among the clued-up crowd, and you can't beat it at £3. For a more funky approach **WKD Cafe** in Camden is where it's at, why not boogie down at the kicking Fridays and Saturdays (£7, £5 with flyer).

Upcoming concerts:

30th Nov to 6th Dec
Roy Ayers & Ubiquity @ Jazz Café

£12.50 advance, £15 on the door.
Cult vibes player, always a great show.

2nd Dec
Jan Garbarek @ Royal Festival Hall

£10-£26.
Excellent Norwegian saxophonist, best of what Europe has to offer.

30th Nov to 5th Dec
Ray Gaskins @ Ronnie Scott's

£8 students (Mon-Thurs)
Funky saxophone antics by an old friend of Ray Ayers.

8th to 27th February
Airto Moreira + Flora Purim @ Ronnie Scott's

£8 students (Mon-Thurs)
Mindblowing Brazilian percussionist and his wife, ex-Miles Davis collaborator.



"TOP-ONE OR NIGHTCLUBMARE???"



NAMES: Anja Pflieger and Chloë Hartnell

DETAILS: LLB Law 2nd Years

WHAT WAS THE LAST CLUB YOU WENT TO?

Serious @the Cross (3rd Sat. of every month)

WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WAS PLAYING?

Bangin' House (spoiled at one point by DJ Sonique singing over the music -we both hated her horrible warbling)

HOW MUCH?

£15- very pricey but its a lovely club

HOW LONG DID YOU HAVE TO QUEUE FOR?

We got there about midnight and had to wait for about 1/4 hour

WHAT MADE YOU GO THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

Serious is a great night and we've had loads of good times at the Cross before.

WERE THE BOUNCERS FIERCE?

No they were lovely; some of the people we went with were wearing trainers and they let them in even though there was a no trainers policy at the club.

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE NIGHT THEN?

Really great set-up, loads of cosy little rooms with really great decorations and an outside garden which is great to sit in when you're hot. Its basically a really beautiful club with nice toilets! We met loads of people and had a great time.

THE CROWD?

All mad!! Very friendly atmosphere where you end up talking to loads of people. Everyone dresses up a bit especially the girl we saw wearing just a see-through dress...

G-strings ahoy! Everyone there was really happy and lively!! There were a few oddbods too though who grab you and talk bollocks but they were all harmless really.

CLOAKROOM/ DRINKS:

£1 no queuing/ Water £1.50 Beers/Spirits £3.50 a bit steep but we didn't buy many.

RATINGS

Music 8/10 Crowd 8/10 Atmosphere 9/10

If you've been out clubbing recently and want to see your ugly mug plastered over this page then come to the Beaver meeting 6pm on Mondays. Alternatively look out for us in Houghton Street on Tuesdays around about 12.30pm.

ClubNews

LONDON GETS WEEKLY OLD SKOOL NIGHT

Brilliant news this week on the clubbing front for anyone that loves their Old Skool Hardcore sounds. A new regular Friday night in one of London's most toppy-top underground venues started up a couple of weeks ago and by all accounts its brilliant. "The Old Skool Yard" is touching down every Friday at the most excellent club "The Theatre Factory" situated on Thyssen St. in Hackney. The promoters have assembled an impressive list of resident and regular DJ's with the legendary Ratpack of "Searchin' my Rizla" fame leading the bill on most nights aided and abetted by the likes of Swann-E and Ellis D and veteran MC Robbie Dee. If you fancy a night out at the 'Old Skool Yard' then you'll need to bring along a very reasonable £7 dinner money if you get there before midnight and a tenner after that. This night could prove to be a real trailblazer, bringing the classic Old Skool sounds back to London along with the original attitude free vibe.

Clubbing For A Cause

Our good friends ULU are holding an event called **Dance Against Racism @ULU** in Malet Street. It will feature the **Outcaste Crew** among other guest DJ's. The event aims to raise awareness of anti-racism among students and to raise funds for the Student Assembly Against Racism which has previously been involved in the campaign for justice for the family of Stephen Lawrence. The night kicks off at 8pm on the 3rd December and

Manga: An Insider's View

The word manga is often associated with perverted Japanese old men drooling over pages of graphically illustrated animations of violent sex and rape. However, mangas are not the epitome of perverseness, but are actually an innocent medium of art. Sure, you can walk into any convenience store in Japan and pick up a Japanese anime porn, but so can you over here in England (actually you definitely have more variety here!). However, this is not the perspective we should take when we analyse the status of manga in the world today. It is more a part of the Japanese modern pop culture than anything now, starting with great hits such as Ashita no Joe (Joe of tomorrow), Akira, Gundam, and the ongoing series of Dragon Ball. These comics do nothing more than illustrate the writer's interpretation of

the real world into the abstractness of drawing in an entertaining way. Well, maybe that's a bit too idealistic, but at least Akira, sometimes termed as a bit of a psycho manga can be interpreted. The other three are basically fiction stories, with no tint of perverseness at all, it's just like any other fiction novel.

However, there is always an exception to the right argument. You can probably go to a freak anime or manga store here in London and find lots of figurines, posters, and clothes of Sailor Moon. This was actually meant to be an ongoing cartoon series for little girls around the ages of 10-12, but it actually gained more popularity with the mid-aged Japanese salary men. Why? Sailor Moon is basically a cartoon about the lead girl Usagi (bunny), and a bunch of her high school friends putting up a fight against the evil empire. Yes,



and there are a couple of romantic interludes in the middle where she falls in love with this guy, but that's just as in any girl's romance novel. However, it was the clothes these chicks in the cartoon wore which captured the attention of almost every Japanese male. Japanese males have always had a certain sort of infatuation for the Japanese High School girl's dress, and in this cartoon, when Usagi transformed into Sailor Moon, the skirt would get a whole lot shorter, making it barely legal to show on Japanese TV. But, it was not the intent of the producer of the cartoon to capture the attention of these male freaks, but rather to brainwash the minds of the young girls to what exactly the term 'cute' meant in the Japanese society. Well, just buy an air ticket to Tokyo and you can see that it has worked... 90% of the Japanese high school girls where thigh-high mini skirts for school, with an overly abundant amount of makeup. The manga and anime are embedded into the Japanese society, holding a high influence over the majority who buy/watch it.

In addition to that, reading the

manga has many benefits. I've been born and brought up watching anime and reading manga, which has successfully taught me Japanese. It's a great combination of entertaining and teaching yourself. Not only for foreigners, but it is also a great tool for teaching the young Japanese kids how to read the kanji characters (often mistakenly referred to as the Chinese characters).

It's even hit the international market through the influence of Miyazaki Hayao who stunned us with animated movies such as Tonari no Totoro (My neighbour Totoro), Mononoke Hime, and Laputa which spread the word of anime and manga throughout the world. As we all know now, Walt Disney have been on their successful spree of animated movies for some time, under obvious influence by the immense popularity the manga have for the Japanese.

In short, manga is not just a bunch of naked girls sketched in cartoon format depicting scenes of violent sex or rape. Just as you have different types of books, there are different types of manga, and some conform to your taste, while others don't. The best thing to do is just to drop by a Japanese Culture store one of these days and flick through some pages of the manga. Otherwise if you want to wait, I could settle a reasonably good deal with you and get some good, cheap stuff from Japan!

Eswar Mani



Recommendations:

- Gatchaman
- Slam Dunk
- Dragon Ball
- Cobra
- Rupan Sansei
- Tonari no Totoro
- Ninja Hattori-kun
- Obake no Q-taro
- Saint Sayer
- Jojo no Tabi
- Ashita no Joe



HABEAS CORPUS



a play by Alan Bennett

Nov 30 @ 19:30
 Dec 3 @ 20:30
 Dec 4 @ 19:30
 Tickets £4/3(mem.)
 On Sale Now and at
 door



**OLD
 THEATRE**

Real-Life Fairy Tales



Mina Sokmen finds her second childhood in a Sondheim musical in Covent Garden

It is reasonable to state that everyone has, at one stage in their life, had the joy of being told a fairy-tale which, I feel it is fair to say, they have thoroughly enjoyed. In this extraordinarily brilliant play, we are once again reunited with fairy-tales which have kept their power over us for successive years and reacquainted with the characters which have been passed down to us through the generations.

However, Sondheim and Lapine's musical anthology of tales has not only united the folk story with the song and relaxed the bindings of the storybook, it has also released the characters into neighbouring stories and allowed the tales to mingle with each other. So, not only do we see scenes of collision between Little Red Riding Hood and Jack at the base of the beanstalk, we also discover that Prince Charming (Cinderella's Prince, in case you'd forgotten) and Rapunzel's dashing prince are brothers, competing in the trials and tribulations of the love game. And so the play unravels, with the result of a highly explosive and chaotic whirl of intermingled stories creating an interestingly unpredictable world, which brims with chance meetings between characters and stories.

The play retells the stories of Jack and the Beanstalk, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella and Rapunzel, which are all cleverly interwoven and bound by the central story of the baker and his wife. There is also a progression, however, to the hereafter, which I'm sure we've all imagined but never actually been told about. But what is fascinating is that in both areas of the play, the situations are never as we would expect. For example, not only does the play supply reasoning behind each step of the fairy-tale, thus adding an extra dimension to the familiar stories, it also reverses the traditional expectation of the tale, such as giving us a Cinderella who isn't actually that bothered about her prince, a wicked witch with a soft spot and a Little Red Riding Hood with an attitude to die for.

As the reasoning behind the situations is provided to the audience, the world of fairy-tales is also added to the realities of modern day society, a tactic producing spectacular results. The most impressive example is our present-day Prince Charming, who is more of a lady's man than a gallant and devoted Prince. He plays up to the role of the twentieth-century guy perfectly, encapsulating his character

in his own line; 'I was born to be charming, not sincere.' (Sound familiar girls?) All the figures of the tales are transformed into characters of today, which we can empathise with, and the clarity and success with which this is done is noteworthy. Sondheim and Lapine also give us the thereafter of each story, but again, reverse our expectations of a happily ever after for all. However, I'm not actually going to tell you the endings to each of the stories because I think it's worth going to see them for yourselves. All I am going to say is that if you feel you're too faint-hearted to have your illusions shattered about your favourite fairy-tale, then this play is not for you. But, if you're game for a highly imaginative comedy, with all kinds of plots moving at phenomenal paces, you should not miss this play.

As would be expected from the Donmar Warehouse, the standard of acting is outstanding and none of the characters can be faulted for their performance, yet even amongst this perfect cast there are a few actors who shine. Damian Lewis combines his talents to play the dual role of the smoothest wolf in the history of fairy-tales and Cinderella's Prince Charming. The play is worth seeing simply to watch his scene with Little

Red Riding Hood. Nick Holder's solid performance as the baker is highlighted by his sarcasm and wit, and the audience also has the pleasure of watching Sheridan Smith perform the part of the cockiest Little Red Riding Hood they are ever likely to see. The music, too, is very catchy and the first act flows like a dream, both in terms of performance and sound, however, a minor criticism would be that the pace does slow down in the second act and some tunes do become slightly repetitive. The final thing to be said about this play is 'Go and see it.' It is for anyone who enjoys great acting and a good laugh. The quality of the play and the actors are what one would hope for from any performance and seeing this will be money well spent. But let's not forget, as in all fairy-tales, there is, of course, a moral to the play, and that is how are we ever to know what things will lead to? One incident leads on to another and before you know it you're lost in a web of confusion. But I guess that's what life's all about.

Into the Woods is continuing at the Donmar Warehouse, Covent Garden. Box Office 0171 369 1732

The Donmar Warehouse is part of ACT, Associated Capital Theatres, which also owns a number of other theatres in the West End.

This includes the Criterion, currently showing *The Complete Works of Shakespeare (Abridged)* and *A Complete History of America (Abridged)* both featured in recent editions of *The Beaver*.

The Almeida at the Albery, where Diana Rigg and Toby Stephens are currently performing the superb *Phedre* and *Britannicus* (Featured in last week's *Beaver*) is also an ACT theatre.

Other top shows under the ACT umbrella include *Blood Brothers*, *Art* and the Peter Hall Company, currently performing *Filumena*, starring the priceless Judi Dench and *Kafka's Dick*.

For real theatre buffs out there, ACT offer a great deal through ACT exclusive, their membership club which gives members the best seats, ticket discounts, both at their theatres and at Curzon Cinemas, plus loads of extra deals such as restaurant offers in the West End.

To join ACT exclusive, phone their hotline on :- 0171 369 1789.

What Horse Play!

Twelve Angry Men

All of us think we know Carmen. You know, the rousing choruses, the glory of Berlioz. Down at Sadler's Wells, however, things have not been quite as you might expect. For *La Cuadra de Seville's* version, billed as an Andalusian Opera with Bugles and Drums, is a Spanish flamenco theatre, giving a very original slant to the tale of the life of Carmen de Triana.

The production is high on passion, brought across by the evocative, gravelly voices of the traditional folk singers. Carmen is a beautiful and fiery woman, fighting against the strict social conventions of the time, particularly those that affected the all-female workforce at her tobacco factory.

The violence of the setting is portrayed through a knife, stuck in the front of the stage throughout most of the performance, showing the threat of violence that keeps the tension alive in the background, always a menacing threat.

La Cuadra's production inevitably fails to communicate the more intricate details of the plot-line,

particularly to an English audience. This is no criticism, but it does rely on the atmosphere created to keep the audience's attention. This, I am happy to say, it accomplishes with relish. The power of the dancing and the singing are such that a unique atmosphere of tension and passion is created.

The band of buglers has a charmingly rustic

folk-song is a spectacle, pure and simple. This is real entertainment, and the emotions are conveyed even when the storyline becomes obscured. The climax of the spectacle comes, however, when the stage is taken over by the most beautiful white horse. Trained at the Spanish Riding School in Vienna, the horse is dancing along to the music with the actors. To see such a thing in

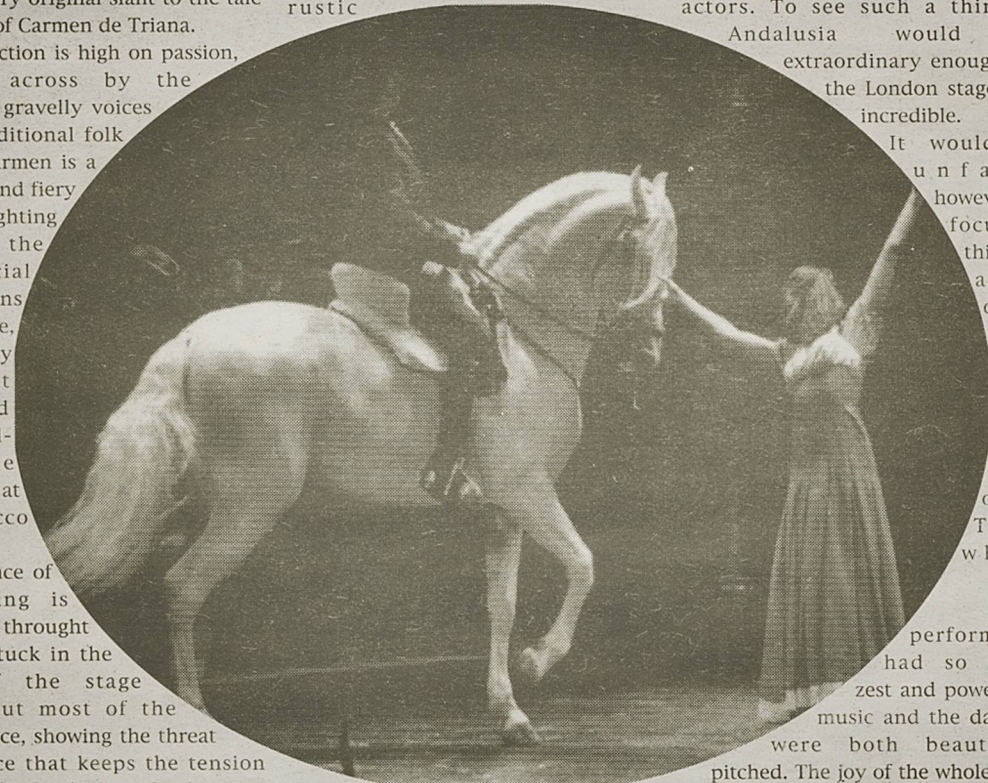
Andalusia would be extraordinary enough, on the London stage it is incredible.

It would be unfair, however, to focus on this one aspect of the

opera. The whole

performance had so much zest and power: the music and the dancing were both beautifully pitched. The joy of the whole piece was the enormous flair for spectacle which made the production a joy to watch.

sound about it, and they visually dominate much of the performance. The mixture of flamenco and Andalusian



Following Sidney Lumet for directing, and Henry Fonda amongst others for the acting is not the easiest of tasks. Considering we're dealing with a low-budget, far-from-problem-proof and above all LSE-student production, which was prepared in 5 weeks, I think we can say our '12 primates' (as described in the programme) did pretty well.

12 people (10 men and 2 women in this production - is there a message?) are brought together to decide on the life of a boy accused of killing his father. (It might have been more original and controversial to have 12 women). 11 think he's guilty, but 1 isn't sure-which obviously pisses everyone off as the title suggests.

The play was set in the Quad with central staging (as for *In Camera* and *Infinite Jest* last year), meaning the audience was seated on both sides of the stage. This contributed to the general feeling of oppression carried by the play. The cast, led by Neal Thapar and Peter Daly certainly proved that one does not need to have great experience as an actor to transmit a message or emotions to an audience, even if they were not all up to Harold Pinter's standards.

Reginald Rose's script is a timeless piece, which brings together some perennial issues such as apathy for justice by some, and an insistence on a fair trial by others. Murder is, of course, the bait by which Rose analyzes the depth of human frailties, with each 'angry person' certainly

representing a singular state of mind that combine to equate with our very own multi-faceted brains and emotions.

In truth the acting was varied, with a top-class portrayal from Neal Thapar as the stubborn, egotistical 3rd Juror who ironically does have a sense of justice without being open enough to listen to opinions that oppose him ... until the end. Jeremy Sing, as the 5th Juror, and Peter Daly, who played the lead role of 8th Juror, also gave effective performances. However, the most phenomenal piece of acting came from Philip Rowlett as the slightly eccentric and stubborn 10th Juror (but more flexible than the 3rd Juror) He showed a sense of nervousness yet impatience at the start, while still developing a variety of relationships with the other characters. It was the diversity in this development that led to such a successful performance.

It was an ensemble performance with the minor parts synthesizing well with the more dominant characters; as a result it added significantly to the overall efficacy of the performance.

Technically, the play was not demanding and therefore the focus was on the dialogue and acting. However, if there exists a question mark over the overall performance, it was the below-freezing temperature that filled the chilled atmosphere in *The Quad*.

We were indeed left very cold at the end.



Win stacks o' stuff in our fantastic Competition!

The Beaver's crack team of professional blaggers have managed to scam a veritable truckload of Jon Spencer related merchandise and in their infinite generosity are giving three lucky basta... er... readers the chance to scoot away with a good fistful of exclusive Blues Explosion stuff.

One reader will win a strictly limited edition Blues Explosion Dickies heavyweight shirt (XL of course), two limited vinyl singles and a promo only live album.

Two runners up will find themselves proud owners of a lightweight Explosion shirt and a promo album.

Better than a swift kick to the nads, huh?

To win all you need do is e-mail the correct answers to the questions on the right to beaver@lse.ac.uk by 5pm on Friday. We'll randomly pick one winner and two losers and send you your prizes faster than a greased weasel on speed.

1. Which of the following is not a member of the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion?

- a) Judah Bauer
- b) Russell Simins
- c) Jon Spencer
- d) Harry Ramsden

2. Which of these artists has not worked on a Blues Explosion project?

- a) Beck
- b) Money Mark
- c) E from Eels
- d) Weird Al Yankovic

3. Which band, along with the Blues Explosion, makes up Grand Royal act Butter 08?

- a) The Beastie Boys
- b) Cibo Matto
- c) Soul Coughing
- d) Spanky Dan and his Amazing Kazoo Playing Monkey Orchestra

OK kiddiwinks, time for those all important competition rules (Yeah, like you'd read this). All entries must be received by 5pm Friday December 4th. No correspondence will be entered into (lalalalala... we have our fingers in our ears. We can't hear you...). Any members of the Beaver staff/collective found entering will find themselves ridiculed at the next collective meeting (I've told you all, you can't enter!!!). The first entry drawn after 5pm on Friday wins the Dickies workshirt and all the promo stuff. The next two chosen at random get the summer shirts and CDs. And finally before you get any other ideas Editor Matt Brough always has the last word and he lives to rain on parades. You think different? Tough! This ain't a democracy and Matt took leadership lessons from Dr Doom. Now tremble before me puny mortals... Bwahahahahahahaha!!

HAPPY PEOPLE

Laure Trebosc obviously knows her way around London's drinking places. She can give you a piece of advice...

Close your eyes and imagine a fountain of Caffreys, a stream of Carling, a torrent of Fosters, an ocean of Guinness. Now, sit back, open your eyes, and listen to this: it's all-possible! Hour after hour after hour, day after day, after day. AND, it's affordable!

London may be one of the most expensive cities in the world, but - and you can breath a sigh of relief here- there are some happy hours worth investigating to make your vision become a reality... Here's a weekly guide to help you keep up with - or exceed- the "sensible limit of 21 units" (or 14 if you're a woman) recommended weekly by the Health Education Authority.

Monday night is a big one-contrary to common belief- with an "all-you-can-drink-for-£5" from six to nine at Bad Bobs on Chandos Place, Covent Garden. If you can get past the power-tripping bouncers, and ignore the crowd of arrogant bachelors, and their tarty female companions, then this place is probably the best way to start the week.

Tuesday nights, there are various alternatives. I'll disregard the infamous meat-market off Oxford street that we all know too well, and direct the reader to a more classy venue on Shaftesbury avenue: Bar Rumba. If you and your Latin enthused pals make it there before 8 PM, entrance is free and all jugs of cocktails are half price. Have a few of the mediterranean sounding ones- since you can afford them, and because it'll make things easier-, and let yourself be dragged onto the dancefloor by a sleazy looking

Brazilian who will gladly initiate you to the joys of Mambo, Rumba, and other exotic sounding dances- providing your not to stiff, and you don't mind him getting a bit so himself... Two valid reasons why the happy hour cocktails are indisociable from the evening.

And if you're a bloke, unless you've taken Salsa lessons since you first learnt to tie your shoelaces, I would strongly discourage you from making and appearance. Rather, leave this more intimidating sophistication for a friendly mixed (half local, half student) crowd at the Friar and Firkin on Euston road. Not only does the pub offer a £1 a pint deal until 10pm, but they also have a giant Jenga game, a snow-boarding simulator, and a run-down, out of tune piano which are always a great source of amusement to the drunken student. Another plus, are the McD's, BK's, KFC's, Fish and Chips, and Kebab places down the road, offering the junk food selection of a lifetime, when you've been ruthlessly thrown out by the bar staff at closing time.

As for cheap outings on a Wednesday, they've been a problem ever since the management of Los Locos, off Oxford street- the location says a lot doesn't it? - has changed its policy. Cover charge has practically doubled (from £3 to £5), yet it seems they're attempting the introduction of a happy hour until 11- we like!- where hypothetically, all drinks would be a pound. But personally, I've lost faith in those greedy capitalists, and I think they deserve a

boycott.

And since I'm being rude, while I'm at it, I'll exclude half of humanity in my next tip, and encourage all women to go to a woman's night at the very posh "L'equipe Anglaise" where ladies get in free and have free drinks all night. You heard me correctly darlings, ABSOLUTELY ALL-NIGHT. But listen to this, the kick is that if your boyfriend insists on chaperoning you, he'll have to cough up a tender... just to get through the door! Well then, you might ask what king of a guy would pay ten quid to get into a club. The answer is simple: tall, rich, handsome, succesful young men in their twenties. But just remember, just because they're loaded, doesn't mean they have manners...

Once you've recovered from your absolutely free evening, it's time to come back down to earth, and perhaps to student life as well. I'm afraid to say that the best bargain for Thursday night remains UCL union. For "Cocktails", it's £1 to get in- you have to be with a friend from UCL, there's no breaking that rule- and drinks range from £1.50 for a pint to £2.50 for a cocktail. (They're doubles, so they're worth it, even if they're not decorated with smansy slices of

orange and pinneapple and pink umbrellas.) The only problem is that often it gets too busy, and guests (i.e. you) aren't allowed in anymore.

So if ever you get frustrated about queuing outside for hours, in the cold, for nothing, take a hike to the Rock Garden (WC2E) for their successive happy hours. Quoting the leaflet: first, between 5 and 6 "any drinks for £1", second, between 5 and 8: "pints and bottles £2, jugs of Heineken £3", and third happy hour, from 11:30 to 1:00am (with a £4 NUS CC), no prices mentioned. If you get their logic- it's chinese to me-, and if you like pop music, please contact the Beaver office, and we'll gladly let you review the club.

Finally, Friday nights, I know, are sacred. We all have a place -deep down- in our hearts for the "Crush", so I won't risk hurting those addicted to it, or offending the Tuns management by suggesting other times, places, or prices. After all, the Crush wouldn't be the Crush if half of you ran off to some happy hour in Soho, leaving room for the rest of us to breath normally.

Many happy returns.

L.T.



B.A.S.H.

This week in Be-A-Sound-Human, Nicolas Germain thinks that you guys are just a bunch of morrons. Well, seems like some peolple cannot do anything but complain... mmmh, slave mentalities...

A GROWING SPECIES AT THE LSE

True, criticisms and generalisations are more easily constructed than genuine praise. Nevertheless, some people cannot help but act in such a way that invites reproach; I am talking of a large contingent of our fellow students here at the LSE. You will find no difficulty in recognising them, for they derive immense pleasure in being observed. Their attire is unmistakable: Barbour jacket, Ralph Lauren shirt, the latest mobile phone, and of course The Economist (their bible) under one arm, and the FT ostentatiously waved around whilst proclaiming fundamental truths about the stock exchange. In fact, many others share their beliefs but are not yet ready to make such a show of themselves.

The number of those easily noticeable is increasing daily it seems, so that one may be forgiven for thinking that one is not in a university but in an office. There has been much change. In the 1960s the LSE was famous (or infamous) for being on the left; today it is evident that as far as a large number of students are concerned, ultra-liberalism is the only valid ideology.

Call me an idealist, but I always used to believe that a university was also a place where one could develop one's intellect and culture, not solely a stepping-stone to the professional world. Obviously, here at the LSE, many people think otherwise as is made clear by the fact that whenever it is possible so many students opt for the "easy" courses (which they themselves admit are usually terribly dull), rather than go for the more intellectually stimulating courses in which they may not get such a high mark. In other words, they only construe an LSE diploma as a ticket to the City.

Ironically, Giddens calls for a "Third Way" in which society would redistribute the benefits of economic prosperity more equally, failing to notice that many students in the very university he directs do not appear to be too overwhelmed by such matters - they have other more important subjects to discuss, such as which one of them will receive the biggest salary when they leave the LSE.

A little more introspection would probably not be utterly useless for some members of this place. But if the latter is going to be an awkward and perhaps embarrassing process, why bother? Is it not easier to follow the herd as it mechanically marches on towards the City? Why worry that our future job may not be of much added value to the vast majority of the population?

Hegel once remarked that it is by looking at what a person satisfies herself with, that one can measure the extent of their loss. It might be argued that for many LSE students, this loss is perhaps even greater (though this is hard to fathom) than their self-inflated egos.

N.G.

DOWN UNDER

A night in Paris' catacombes by fred Blanc-Brude

"... what's this light over there?"

- I dunno, it's waving, maybe it's the cops.

- It's a signal. Shall we answer that?

- well, it's a green, us-army, blind lamp, it just can't be the cops... but I don't like that, get in the tunnel.. c'mon! get in the funkin' tunnel!

11:56, on a deserted railway in the even more

deserted outskirts of Paris. This piece of land ain't opened to the public anyway, which means that this bunch of guys, who are now crawling in the mud, trash and empty bottles in their combat trousers, army boots and rebellious attitudes shouldn't be here at all. (gee, this is illegal!!)

Quick! get in that hole we spent an hour to find in the dark and don't bother the water (several inches), the fear and the I'm-not-going-in-there last regretful thought; 'coz you don't have a choice now.

"god damn it! I've been running in this tunnel for 15 minutes now and I don't have a clue where it's going. Ouch! (my head) this place is

about one meter high... can't feel me b a c k anymore."

Paris is like one of those cheese you get in holland; there are more holes in it than

proper substance. The first people to dig the ground here were congregations of monks who settled in what's now the "jardin du Luxembourg" during the 11th century. They were builders, they built in stone. They started the first "carrieres", mines, to get the necessary stuff to construct their churches and houses. Pretty soon (a few centuries later), the whole city of Paris had been built that way. Hundreds of thousands of tons of rock had been taken from the belly of the city, which was now built on a giant cave, and slowly sinking like in a Tennessee Williams' play.

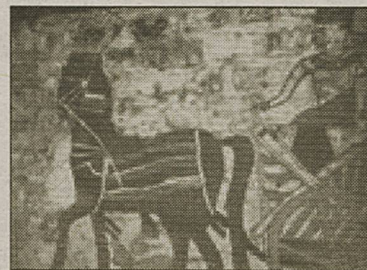
30 kilometers of galleries and rooms, black dead, all black dead... like you turn back and there is nothing but the impenetrable darkness to stare at... a maze going nowhere. "Watch out, there are cables on the ground, the germans wired the whole place in the 40ies, now France Telecom is using it."

You see, during the 18th century, Paris was full of dead bodies - the cemeteries were all way overloaded - so the city authorities decided to empty the graveyards in the then-

abandoned network of galleries.

2:34. The "cross-road of the dead". Crawling on bones and skulls is not such an easy thing to do, it actually hurts... It's funny how many people came here before, the place is covered with paintings of all sorts. A guy called Giraud did a map of the place during the 19th century, and it's been circulating... anyway if you get lost there's a police squad that's specialized in patrolling the network... they'll find you, after a few days.

Only one guy met death in the catacombes appart from the few hundreds of thousands whose bones have been thrown down here; a simple chap who got lost during the french revolution. He was looking for the treasure that the 11th century monks supposedly burried there...



Woolly Hats are Cool!

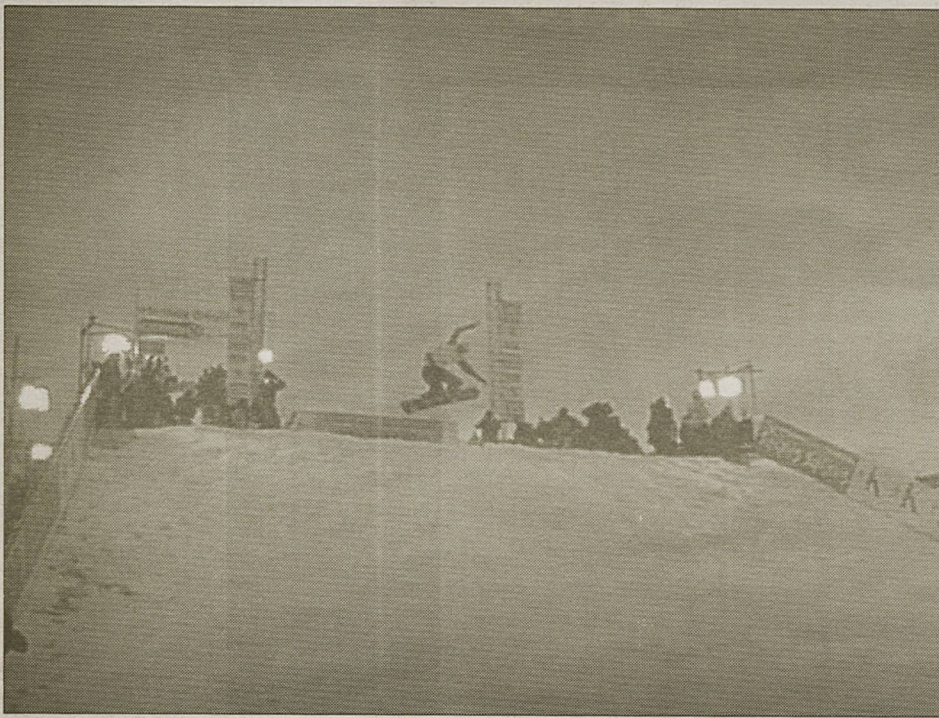
I desperately want a woolly hat. A funky one with stripes and a designer name embroidered into the side. It must have funny long flaps that cover my ears and a bobble, not on the top like the ones you're least favourite gran gave you as a kid, but a cool one on the end of a long stringy thing. Why? I just went to Board X, the annual snowboarding festival held this year in Battersea Park between 13-15 November and was utterly sold.

lucrative industry for anyone with a knack for business and an understanding of youth psychology. Europe isn't the only gravy train, trust me. Though relatively small in number, boarders are a dedicated bunch willing to part with hard dosh to see the heroes of their world in live action and mingle amongst their own. Board X, the annual snowboarding festival held over several days in London's Battersea Park and

there. Snowboarding chic meets Calvin Klein and Sony in an indulgent and chilled atmosphere of the coolest sounds and high fashion. Board X is without doubt absolutely fab. It's impossible to be bored at Board X (sorry!). The highly competitive snowboarding events begin first thing in the morning and occur at regular intervals throughout the day regardless of which day you attend. A specially customised slope

A massive marquee played host to all the main commercial stalls, skateboarding events, food outlets and socialising though these were also represented al fresco. The stalls were as impressive in quality as in quantity. All the biggest brands in snowboards, clothing, boots, hats, bags and mags were present; Sessions, WestBeach, Helly Hansen, ACG and Burton to name but a few. Snowboarding certainly isn't cheap.

the distinctive atmosphere, vibe, call it what you will, of the people attending: those masters of chilling-out big style: the hardcore snowboarding fraternity. Woolly hats, big baggy trousers, fleeces and if not a snowboard at the very least a knackered skateboard. They came en masse and loved every minute of it. It's true; they really are as laid back and easy going as popularly believed. I pushed my way from the back of the



Welcome to the cool world of the snowboarder.

Snowboarding has become a major international sport in the last ten years even making tracks into the notoriously traditional world of the Olympics. Its origins actually date back to sixties America and a group of

sponsored by those funky kids at the Daily Telegraph, caters beautifully to their every last desire.

Board X is the brainchild of two daring entrepreneurs, Andy Mattle who had worked in the snowboarding industry in Verbier, Switzerland and Mark Adams, a successful marketing

dominates the festival area and enthusiastic crowds flock to the barriers at the slightest whiff of action. I could go into technicalities and drop phrases only the truly initiated would understand such as carved turns, boardercross and angulating but I won't as I got them from a magazine and can't elaborate on them further as I've simply no idea what on earth they're babbling on about. And that's the point. The first event I saw at Board X was the first time I had ever watched live snowboarding. Some plucky or nutty, depending on your own viewpoint, soul tearing down a frighteningly steep and icy slope at high velocity towards a ramp and propelling themselves into the air to perform the most spectacular somersaults and turns in what appeared to me, as a vertically-challenged person, outer space. A fantastically thrilling sight. Amazing people performing amazing feats. I defy anyone even the most non-sporty amongst you to not enjoy this sport live. Our best hope, Jamie Grant (UK) performed well yet disappointingly below form. The undoubted star of the festival was Ben Hinkley (USA). Wow...that boy can ride!! It was strange to see where the crowd placed its loyalties and for whom they cheered. Nationalism has no place; the best get the cheers, the rest indifference. Snowboarding is nothing if not democratic.

A good all-weather jacket averages £200...ouch!! Yet, with designer fleeces from £55 and hats from £15, it's still possible to adopt the snowboarder style without denting the pocket too much. To thumping sounds, a continuous skateboard display and competition drew an admiring and gratefully warm crowd. Great fun for any sadist who enjoys a laugh at the expense of some poor prat flying off his board and into the notoriety of shame. It was no effort to just wonder around and chat; everyone was friendly and laid back. Literally. Rooms dedicated to showing snowboarding, skateboarding and even wakeboarding - on water!! - were strewn with content bodies mellowing out after a hard day doing nothing. Board X may be a wonderful festival yet it would be nothing if it wasn't for

crowd to the barriers several times to view events and no one tried to kick my head in. I love them. The fashion looks great and emphasises its unisex appeal and their attitude to life is a welcome tonic from the stress merchants of this world. Including myself.

I'm definitely hooked. I'll get the clothes, buy the music, wear the hat. For those of you interested, check out specialist mags and the web. There's loads of info out there. Go grab it. Maybe I'll see you at the British Snowboarding Championships (BSC) in Laax, Switzerland next April though I doubt it as I'm skint. And remember, you don't have to snowboard to get on the scene. I'm sure most of the people

at Board X have never actually snowboarded; check out the location of the BSC. If you've got it flaunt it, if you haven't fake it!!



intrepid pioneers searching for new ways to get kicks plummeting down chilly slopes. As the sport has evolved in form and grown in popularity, particularly amongst the more youthful and trend-conscious snowlovers, it has spawned an entire world encompassing its own music, fashion and de rigueur style. Snowboarding is attitude. Snowboarding is lifestyle. Snowboarding is an extremely

executive. Armed with only a damn good idea and a lot of balls they set up the first Board X three years ago held in the Royal Horticultural Hall in London. In its third year and held for the last two years in Battersea Park, Board X is now an established event attracting the finest snowboarding champions from around the world and an impressive array of sponsors and contributors. From the stars of the slope to the stars of commerce, everyone who's anyone is



The Pinochet Saga

Ee Loong Toh re-examines the plight of the former dictator

Last Wednesday the House of Lords finally decided that General Augusto Pinochet should not be immune from prosecution for murder and torture. His reputation is atrocious — following the coup and the death of the democratically-elected President Salvador Allende, many were rounded up and never seen again. An official Chilean report puts the number of 'disappeared' at 1,102, while 2,095 are said to have died under torture. The unexpected decision was therefore greeted with delight by relatives of the 'disappeared' and human rights campaigners.

The media coverage of the whole Pinochet affair has been quite nonsensical. Most ignore the fact that the extradition is basically a government-to-government process, not merely a judicial one. Only the Spanish government is able to make a proper extradition request, and only the British government (in particular, the Home Secretary) can give approval, should it decide so. Thus

the process is both a legal and political. This makes Britain's stance in the matter ridiculous. Tony Blair's official line had labelled the whole affair as strictly legal, as something which had nothing to do with his government.

British policy was, from the beginning, very confused. The Foreign Office gave General Pinochet a VIP welcome at Heathrow, at the taxpayer's expense. He visited Britain frequently, and until mid-September was treated with all the honour of a former head of state. Now the highest court in the country has ruled against his rights to sovereign immunity. Lord Steyns reasoned that if Pinochet were to get away with it, then by extension Nazi leader Hitler would also have been immune from prosecution for the murder of 6m Jews. Still, it was a close thing. The Lords ruled in favour of Spain with the narrowest possible 3-2 margin.

The ruling will have widespread implications. This now means that technically, the Queen could be arrested for the actions of the British



General Augusto Pinochet

Army in Northern Ireland. Margaret Thatcher could be put away for the wilful sinking of the *Belgrano* during the Falklands war. Even Bill Clinton could be brought to trial for shooting cruise missiles at Iraqis or Afghansell,

if Starr doesn't get him first.

LSE International Relations Professor Fred Halliday, who spoke at a Shapiro Government Club event on November 11, made his personal satisfaction with Pinochet's arrest

very clear. The former dictator had been made to sweat. The past would not be forgotten. The example gave further impetus for the legal argument in favour of international criminal justice. He argues that the notion that this case presents a danger to Chilean democracy are "absurd," and claims that army no longer poses a serious threat. While it is true that a deal was made between Pinochet and the Chilean population, Halliday differentiates this from the deals struck in South Africa and Northern Ireland. The difference is that no remorse whatsoever has been expressed by General Pinochet for the atrocities of his regime.

What is certain is that this case has created a huge fuss. France and Switzerland earlier joined the queue to ask for Pinochet's extradition. Chilean exiles caused a ruckus in London and around Grovelands Priory Hospital where Pinochet is currently being held. Whatever the outcome of the trial, the result will be controversial and bitterly political. The worst of the frenzy is not over.

America the strong

America is set to rule the 21st century, says Damian Thong

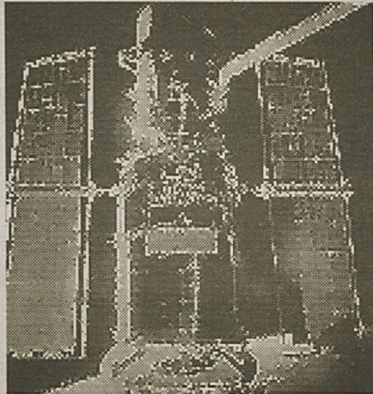
American militarism is poised to dominate the 21st century, whether we like it or not. Many interpretations of the post-Cold War era depict the contemporary world order as being increasingly multi-polar. Others suggest that military force is now not as relevant in an increasingly interdependent world. Both point to a diminishing American military capability, citing base closures and budget cuts as evidence. Both are wrong.

The failures of the US military establishment in Vietnam may seem to have signaled the beginning of its decline. American defence planners made use of the opportunity, however, to break out of their old complacency. The Vietnam experience made clear that the American public would never again tolerate heavy troop losses. The heavy economic burden also highlighted the need to make defence spending more efficient. In both cases, the answer lay in new doctrines, and more importantly in the development of radically new technology.

Military strength was once measured in the numbers or quality of advanced battle-tanks, aircraft and powerful aircraft carriers. Indeed, the development and perfection of these three weapon-systems have long been the focus of defence expenditures in advanced industrial states. Those that suggest that these weapons have limited usefulness in the small-scale, low-intensity wars of the future are right. But this is not the only reason that such weapons are now obsolete.

US defence planners now realise that such weapon systems are in fact very inefficient in the primary task of any weapon — killing the enemy. Although tanks, aircraft and

battleships are offensive weapons, most of the cost of each lies in the defensive, of developing the means for each to stay active long enough to perform its primary role. Hi-tech armour, stealth coatings, advanced jet engines, and even fuel and supplies for tank repair crew are expensive but do not increase the killing power of each. The overall cost-efficiency of these weapons is thus extremely low.



American space technology

The next generation of weapons will cut this process short. To a large extent the foundations of such technologies have already been developed. In Vietnam, faced with the inaccuracies of traditional "iron" bombs, the US armed forces rapidly developed and fielded new guided munitions that increased accuracy and reduced cost. These led directly to the smart bombs and missiles used against Iraq in the Gulf War. The latest generation now are fast evolving in the direction of intelligent weapons capable of targeting individual tanks and soldiers with high accuracy.

Another set of critical and rapidly-maturing technologies are small, high-speed missile systems that can be launched from long-range. Such

missiles are extremely difficult to detect and shoot down. The Tomahawk cruise missiles currently poised around Iraq are the merely the primitive forerunners. Current developments are in progress to develop missiles that have global range with speeds over twenty-times the speed of sound. This would allow a missile launched from within the US to hit the Golan Heights in less than half an hour.

Ultimately however, the foundation of American military power in the 21st century lies in outer space, and to a large extent in the constellation of US military satellites. These already allow the US to detect threats, spy on enemies, and direct their troops and weapons worldwide. The US in essence possesses the world's only truly global military force, and their domination in space is key.

American military satellites dot our skies. The American Global Positioning System satellite network enables military units and civilians alike to locate themselves with extreme accuracy anywhere on the planet. Modern surveillance satellites employ infrared and side-scanning radar to penetrate meters into the ground to detect minefields, bunkers and submarines — a capability used during the Gulf War to hunt out Iraqi command centres.

In line with new threats to America's security, satellites have even been used to hunt out poppy-fields in Columbia, and to eavesdrop on the communications of terrorist groups. Someday America will be able to launch hypersonic missiles, targeted at any target on earth, far beyond the reach of the tanks, ships, or aircraft.

In August 1995 the American

Department of Defence announced the creation of a Space Command under the United States Air Force. In recognition of the importance of space in the future of warfare, its task was to coordinate military strategy in space and to develop the technologies needed to maintain American military dominance in the next century.

It is inevitable that America's enemies will increasingly find it more difficult to challenge US military dominance. They will, to a great extent, have to begin playing by the terms that America has already set. First of all they would have to challenge America's domination of space by developing weapons capable of attacking America's satellites. The United States is already prepared for such a prospect, however, and in 1997 fired lasers at its own satellites to develop methods of defence as well as preparing for attack of enemy satellites.

The American defence establishment is thus not about to rest on its laurels. In late 1996, the Clementine probe detected water on the moon. As the only nation to have sent man to the moon, America has a tremendous *de facto* lead in the utilising the moon and the surrounding space for military purposes. By no means was Clementine a solely civilian scientific project - it was a joint venture by NASA and the Ballistic Missile Defence Organisation.

American military might of the near future will incorporate hypersonic cruise missiles, launched at long range and capable of striking anywhere on Earth. America will be able to pick out and selectively destroy the war-making and fighting capability of its enemies without bringing American soldiers into

danger. Instead of the conventional and unpopular terror bombing, man-to-man combat, total war and atrocities, warfare of the 21st century will be described as "surgical" and efficient.

For any nation or military group to seriously challenge American dominance, then, the key is to place satellites in space, to develop or buy high-speed missiles with hyper-intelligent warheads, and to possess the means to destroy American satellites. Those who cannot, whether a nation-state or an international terrorist organisation, will have to accept and operate within the terms set by America's military strength. And even if sophisticated defence mechanisms are developed, the offensive capacity of America will remain virtually unchallenged.

On August 20, 1998, a US military strike using Tomahawk cruise missiles attacked the Shifa Pharmaceutical Plant in Sudan and terrorist training camps in Afghanistan. The wave of the future is already upon us. America's



US Tomahawk missile

FOURTHS MARCH GLORIOUSLY ON

Guinness abandons kebab for bright lights of victory

LSE 4THS 2 - 2 UCL 4THS
Matthew Stoate reports

The fourths approached this game fearful not of UCL but of where captain Will Paxton would take them, not having enjoyed Wild Will's magical mystery tour of London the previous Wednesday which achieved little more than adding to several already burgeoning overdrafts.

The omens did not bode well when, following a tip off from "this bird who was giving me the wink", 4th team legend Guinness led the entire team off the bus several stops too early. It was only the intervention of the alert bus driver which saved the team from being stranded in the middle of St. Albans. American 'Fast' Eddie lived up to his nickname, showing his gratitude by rushing to the driver to demand her autograph and phone number. Blushes spared, the fourths managed to arrive on time for an away game intact for probably the first, and last, game this season (owing mainly to the fact that the much more organised sixth team was playing at the same ground).

This gave Wild Will the time to give a lengthy pre-match peptalk, but the team, as usual, were not listening. Everyone seemed far more concerned with what wig Guinness would be wearing that day. Was it the speedy, goal-scoring wig of mid-week? Or would it be the slow, lazy lardarse wig witnessed far more frequently?

With Terry Wogan missing due to a heavy night presenting Children in Need, Mat 'I only went to the wrong ground once' Stoate was paired with Mark 'Who's about 10 ft tall so I won't anger him even though I've forgotten his surname' in the heart of the defence, thus compensating for losing the great Radio 2 presenter.

Despite falling one behind, there is no need to worry when you have a wig on your team, and LSE's very own cheap ginger wig didn't disappoint. A crisp turn and cross set up fellow Bolton scum Ralph with the equaliser, and a wig special from 25 yards gave LSE the lead.

Wild Will then showed his tactical brilliance by removing Weed and introducing Kwan, he of the unspellable name, to bolster the midfield. However, just as Will was congratulating himself on a very successful day: he had found the ground, bringing with him the whole team and the kit, he had even remembered his bandanna, so he didn't have to wear a sock on his head; but disaster struck as UCL squeezed a last gasp equaliser past stand-in goalkeeper Jimmy, plugging the gap left by the Crazy Fool, who was off being crazy somewhere. So a draw, perhaps a fair result, but on their long journey home.

LSE were left ruing missed chances and hoping that perhaps one day Wiggy would shut up.

SECONDS CANT HELP WINNING

Yome, Rafferty, Enrique, Sutton.....players of real quality

LSE 2nds 4 - 1 UCL 2nds
Matt Sutton reports

LSE seconds stormed to yet another victory, conquering a UCL side that though blessed with abundant qualities; determination, drive and tenacity, were no match for an LSE team that now attacks with a flair and precision that justifies their lofty position at the top of the table. Captain Naveen Paul has moulded a side that can defend as a unit, attack with pace and finish without remorse. Qualities that have marked them out as favourites for the London Cup.

Not that this game was easy. For long periods LSE were forced to soak up pressure from a UCL attack that eventually ran out of ideas. Rafferty was a Goliath, in the opening moments intercepting an attack that threatened to put LSE on the back foot. Seconds later though, a sweeping counter attack involving "chopper" Mason, John Boy and Che was scuppered by a desperate last ditch challenge. From the resulting corner a seering volley from Sutton, playing at centre forward due to an injury crisis, was tipped over by the impressive UCL keeper.

The inevitable LSE goal arrived only minutes later. LSE's hard working midfield found free running Sutton, who turned and

played in Yome. His finish was sublime, rounding three players to find the bottom corner from an impossible angle. Minutes later a Sutton corner fell to Rafferty whose volley found the top corner, providing LSE with a lead that justified their technical superiority.

The second half started with a bout of intense pressure from a UCL side desperate to live up to their quite considerable reputation. Indeed, for twenty minutes LSE defended desperately. Yome dropped deep into midfeled leaving the forward line isolated and Enriques magical piece of improvisation came at a crucial period. Turning on the edge of the area, he vollyed into the opposite corner of the net to make the final twenty minutes academic. Before securing the victory with a volley from twenty yards, Sutton could have bagged a brace, as could Che and Mason. Above all it was the speed of the attacks that impressed.

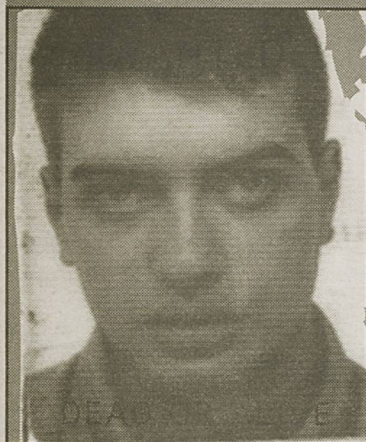
As it was, UCL grabbed a goal that illustrated the lack of concentration that could yet be the undoing of a team that though embryonic, is blessed with real quality in crucial areas. These are exciting times for Navs army. They are yet to field a full side, but continue to create chances and put them away. Never before has destiny rested so firmly in the hands of those who she controls.

Tracy Bullet Investigates



Giddens' room is devoted to netball girl. I'm not talking passing fancy, I'm not talking well her face isn't great but what a twosome, I'm talking grade A, lock him up his pants are on fire kind of devoted. Pictures cover the walls, trophies clutter the shelves, her '84 signed harrick netball takes pride of place on the mantle-piece. Pictures of her naked (with a wide-lens naturally) taken from impossible and highly illegal angles. I struggle to keep my balance, partly because of the shock and partly because these breasts are weighty. I'm tired and sit down. I remove the emergency artichoke from my inside pocket and place it delicately on the end of my penis. I feel a guilty, but desperate situations cause for desperate measures. The life of a PI is a lonely one. Giddens, the great man, brought to his knees in such a humiliating way. Shit. A noise at the door. Its Giddens. I run to the opposite end of the room. Breathing heavily I hide under the desk. Giddens sits down at

HOUGHTON STREET HARD MEN - No. 1



In the first of this brand new series following LSE's most extreme brand of sporting psychos, Federman, the ginger magician, goes undercover with rugby lunatic Oscar Kent and finds out that suaveness and hardness just don't mix:

Name: Oscar Kent

Age: 23

Dept: International History

Aka: "Gimp," "Great Guy"

"Conan the barbarian" and "Bond"

Being the self-confessed scitzo that you are, what is the worst thing you've called your mother?

A wonderful lady, loving and caring to the end.

Have you ever assaulted anyone in authority?

One time my main man Carlos, the Colombian coke dealer was getting jumped by these 6 geezers. I ran over there to boot the guy nearest to me who happened to be an officer of the

law. I immediately offered my sincerest apologies and proceeded to beat the fuck out of another of the foul vagabonds.

You fucking nutter! Tell me Oscar, what is the worst injury you've caused to another player?

One time, the scrum collapsed. My erect penis found itself tearing a hole in Fat Bob's rectum leaving him scarred for life both physically and mentally, not to mention anally.

What is your worst attempt at sexual deviance?

Candle wax on nipples, getting spanked by Big Jez, wanking over Walt Disney films while wearing a gimp mask.

Have you ever watched a porno with a girlfriend?

Lee my friend, if I was so crude and vulgar to demean women in this way I wouldn't get to quaff champagne and chablis with some of the finest examples of top totty you're ever likely to see, old boy.

Do you carry a weapon?

(Avoiding the innuendo) No why should I? I don't start fights and furthermore ruining my pretty face would be a crime against art and beauty that even the most neandrethal thug would not contemplate.

To finish off old son, who is your hard man hero?

I'd probably say Will Carling for the harsh manner in which he deals with the fairer sex. He's a geezer.

Cheers Oscar, you truly are a fucking nutter.

GOD BLESS ATHI YOGA - TIKKA - MASALA...

.... and all who groove in her

LSE 1st XV 17 - 44 Sussex 1st XV
Russell reports

These are bleak days for LSE Rugby. With Fat Bob off to Singapore and the warm bosom of a certain Miss Ferneyhough, the LSE were led into battle against Sussex University last Wednesday by none other than the ever reliable, most unselfish and huge tackling Ik Iroche (isn't irony such a sweet thing?). There was a general mood of confidence and determination before the match after only the second training session of the season on the cold, cold fields of Regents Park.

Sarah's Purple Warriors conceded a soft try early on when off the back of a scrum that was being mercilessly driven back by LSE, their little scrum half picked up the ball and ran in from outside the 22 to touch down without so much as an LSE breath being laid on him. We fell further behind as the Sussex Sissies scored another try. With a defending scrum 5 metres from their line, Sussex were driven back and in the one blemish on an otherwise brilliant performance, their scrum half had his clearance kick blocked straight into the hands of Owain the Welsh who touched down to bring us back into the game.

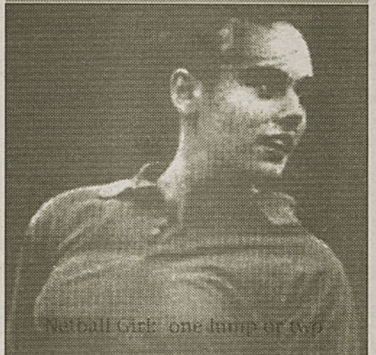
We went into the 2nd half with a large deficit to overcome but with the determination to do this. On came the Young Christian Alcoholic

(YCA), Richard Bailey to run things for the Jessicas in the back line. Big Gav made veritable steam train impressions as he charged through the Sissy midfield time and time again. Could they stop him? Like fuck they could! Athi Yoga-Flame did his own choo-choo impressions as he huffed and puffed through limp Sissy tackling to score an impressive try which cut the deficit.

What happened next you ask? Oh, Marcus just took the piss out of



us again as he slipped through about 5 pairs of hands and ran in his 3rd try from over 50 metres out. Athi Yoga-Fire scored a 2nd try but Marcus was simply having a field day. He scored his 4th and final try from a tap penalty 3 yards out. We were led a merry dance



Netball Girl: one lump or two
the desk and idly plays with a picture of Netball Girl, spending an unhealthy amount of time rubbing her breasts between thumb and forefinger. Every mans dream. Looking suspiciously round the room he takes out a red phone and makes a call. "Hi, tony Blair please" Silence. "Tony, darling its me.....oh me too...yes...yes...yesss...I can just imagine my face between her...oh yes...I've got my sports vest on too...Now Tony, I've told you, don't leave Downing Street with your netball kit on it's not worth it ,and have a word with Ron Davies, he can't be in our little gang, he's not got the legs...oh me too... yes...Cheri? suspicious? never...I've told you, you can't see the bra through your shirt, look darling I'll have to go, netball court 9pm...right.....yes..I'll bring my ball.....love you..." Blackout. Where can this sordid tale possibly go from here? How will Bullet escape? Does anybody read this shit?

These questions and more answered in next weeks sensational beaversports.

Rugby victory or cruel joke?.....Rugby victory or cruel joke?.....Rugby victory or cruel joke?.....

IT DOESN'T GET BETTER THAN THIS

Unchartered territory. LSE, rugby and victory in the same sentence

LSE 2nd XV 22 - 17 SUSSEX XV
Many, Many people report

Christmas came early for the LSE 2nd XV rugby team on Wednesday, as we faced the bugging Brighton shirtlifters intimately known as Sussex University. With new talented blood in the team the senior players were assured that Sussex would not pilfer another 85 - 0 Victory from us.

However, our captain 'Dirty' Doug Clarke was less than optimistic suggesting we should give 110% rather than his normally more positive "We can dick on this lot".

The first 10 minutes, in truth, were incredible. Ever Enthusiastic Peps chanting his usual mantra of "Come on Guys-Fucking get there" gave the pack new found dynamism. As we rucked, quick ball Pete "I'm Sorry guys but my kids have got to eat" O'Flaherty shifted the ball to the backs as if his next paycheck depended on it. This actually had the ball moving through hands for only the second time this season.

Despite being camped on the line Sussex went five nil up after 10 minutes following a lucky break. Yet we played the game right back to them, French Flare Pierrrrrrrrrick making some

gastronomically crunching tackles and scoring a try with with some great footballing skills (Not another French footballer!). As we continued to play with fluency and continuity we blew them off the field, making Sussex very aroused.

Kim "the tobacco industry's favourite son" spluttered and coughed his way through the entire match giving the pack a nice smoke screen and extra puff. Tony "I Like cock" Leung put in his usual stunning performance by going bright red at the sign of a pint in the Tuns. He also played pretty well in the match too. Continual pressure on their line almost resulted in Dave "Stocks and shares" Fairbain crashing in for a try but the ref would not give it to him when he was on all fours.

Russell "White Men can Jump" Byrnes showed them how to do it by giving them some serious length in the lineouts setting up some champagne rugby which resulted in a second try for the greedy French man to take us to 10-5 up at half time.

The second half saw the introduction of token Taffy Owain 'lord of the rings' Morgan at fly-half, shifting gansta' Leung to

scrum half to free Pete (Y'what? - ed) O'Flarerthy to go and get home before his wife's curfew. Sussex began to pile on the pressure, but to their disappointment they were unable to penetrate our defences due to our tight fitting underwear and vigilance to round the back surprises.

Phil 'lanky but good' made some blatantly girly style tackles but was creative enough to make an exodus to avoid showering at the end of the match, despite soap bar offers from Sussex. Their pie eating talents began to show as they staggered to the line but not even our incredible looks (Alright you dirty mingers out there) could give them that extra incetive to try it on with us.

We however made some slicing runs into their half to keep the balance equal. Dave Disco Dancing Ampaw kept the pressure on and sussex had no choice but to take it standing up. Yet the forwards game were kept on their toes with Disco Dave's school boy handling errors, but I guess that's what you get for looking like Anaisly Harriet. Whilst not supporting Student line, Dave Fiabarn offered a great pair of

supporting hands feeding nice ball to Spunks Duncs. Spunky followed though with some amazing runs along the outside and ensured that his opposite number was exposed to the Sussex boys' delight.

Our US millarty enforcements Banta and Spencer played their part. Phil held the srum like he was defending the US front line while Neil ran like he was leaving it to give some smooth breaks down the line.

Suddenly, out of nowhere the team found the energy (god knows where from) to attack their line and score the killer try which was the repsonsibility of the welsh wizard. Owain morgan simply weaved his magic(maybe the offer of a free sheep if he scored in both matches spurred him on) and become invisible to their defence; then magically appeared behind the touch line. Perhaps this is another sign of the welsh revival in Rugby (Another false dawn me thinks). And like the Neil Jenkins that he is he put the conversion between the sticks beautifully.

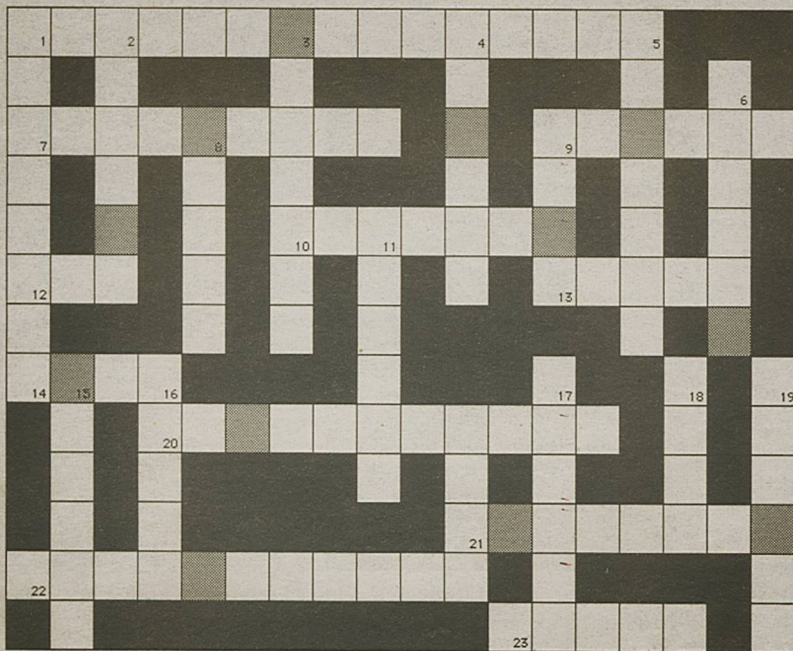
The Sussex fatboys came right back at us (Dirty sods) and kept piling on the pressure. Yet again we stood firm. Disco Dave put in some crunching tackles to

hold the defence up. Is there nothing that this man can't do? Even the wide boy skills of the Sussex fly half couldn't break us down. Ed Swenson at full back helped us through until the end and showed the Sussex fairies - sorry! - Backs how to run the ball out from deep. We held them up in the scrums and stood firm in the tackles until the whistle blew for a sweet second victory for the 2nd XV Rugby team.

The crowd went mad in adulation as they stormed the pitch in celebration as the bubbly flowed. Opps! sorry I get carried away at these things, but you have to get excited at this sort of event. Anyway the team made their way back to the Tuns for some large Tunnage in celebration of a brilliant result for the team. The rest as we say Ladies and Gentlemen is history.

Honourable mentions go to those that weren't with us due to exceptional circumstances. Especially G.I.Ho who was probably in court facing a charge of assault on some poor bystander who he late tackled unintentionally, or so he would claim to the referee. But what a day for LSE rugby, God Bless the Queen.

Skip's SportsWord



Last week Mike Sisson grabbed the free pint. This week however things have got harder: the letters in the grey boxes add up to a football related word or words. Will anyone be necking the free pint?

Across	Down
1. Poorer brother of Spanish giants (7,8)	1. Annoying ex-Evertonian turned annoying commentator (4,4)
7. One-time Sheffield Wednesday striker (9)	2. Scottish hardman will well-dodgy haircut (6)
9. First name of new Birmingham manager (6)	3. Team name, sounds like sandwich (7)
10. George Graham called him 'the saviour of Tottenham' (7)	4. Australian star blazing through Div One (6)
12. Christian name of two failed managers (3)	5. See 11 Down (7)
13. Could he do to Brazil what he did to Barcelona? - we'll never find out (5)	6. Nickname, faded Southerners heading for Div One mediocrity (6)
14. Skip's pastime after BeaverSports (4)	8. First winners of the Carling Premiership (5)
20. Former sponsors of the League Cup (10)	9. Christian name, much-travelled Toffies star (4)
21. Scotland's most capped player (6)	11. England couldn't win the World Cup even with her on board (6)
22. Town in which Grimsby play their home games (11)	15. Foxy Irish manager (6)
23. Creature that lives in the earth (not Stan Collymore) (5)	16. Federman's favourite sexual position (5)
	17. ---- Littlejohn, former Wednesday centre-forward (5)
	18. ---- Le God (4)
	19. Reds striker, got slow and went to the Toon (6)