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The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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Winners and losers
in collapsing states
Pages 12-13

Summer movie preview
rolls into town
Page 25



Giddens brings ambitions to UGM

But where will cash come from?

Cathy Wallace

He was late but he was there. Anthony Giddens, our Esteemed Director, attended the UGM this Thursday to face the wrath of the LSE SU, alumni, onlookers and of course the Balcony Boys.

Continuing his yearly tradition of addressing us at the UGM - barring last year (Manifesto Year) - Giddens came to tell us his visions and hopes for the LSE.

And of course, it was all complimentary. The LSE is, according to Giddens, quite special. Its driving force is the exceptional calibre of its academic staff, and to come second in a recent research table (above Oxford) is an almighty achievement, particularly considering the size of the place, and the glaring lack of resources.

However, Giddens is not deterred and believes it is "quite feasible" for us to overtake Cambridge and top the research tables.

As regards development, Giddens believes the LSE must be an "in the world" institution (as opposed to a spacecraft, we presume) and must try to not only understand, but change the world.

Delusions of grandeur? Perhaps not, when we consider that this academic year alone the LSE has welcomed Bill Clinton, Kofi Annan, Tony Blair and various other pre-

miers.

However, Giddens wants a more cultural LSE and hopes to feature visitors such as Bono, Alan Parker and several film directors.

The LSE site itself is also in need of development, but hopefully this will come. As well as the Library, an "impressive achievement" according to Giddens, remarkably farcical according to the rest of us, there will be a new Student Centre in the Old Building which will encompass all aspects of student administration and services.

The LSE site itself will become pedestrianised, and the area outside the library will be landscaped and there will be a new café installed. The physical standards of the LSE aren't nearly as good as the intellectual standards, but Giddens hopes this will change.

Sounds good, doesn't it? But of course, we must now have the Catch-22 situation - where does the money come from?

Part of the mission of the LSE, according to Giddens, is to make sure students from poorer backgrounds can come here, but with little contribution from the government (19% of the LSE's total revenue comes from the state) the money must come from somewhere. So it comes from us.

Continued on page 5
Also *Union Jack*, page 3



It's a far cry from High Holborn: SU publishes first Housing Guide

Full story page 5

Recycling drive: it's all bog roll in the end

Samantha Nicklin

Toilet paper is a wonderful thing. It is an unequivocal fact, so that is the reason why a dedicated team from the LSE Environmental Concerns Group have been beavering away to place 50 all-new, blue, paper recycling bins around the LSE. These bins are for collecting white waste paper, which after the ink, staples and glue are removed, is turned into high-quality, super-absorbant toilet paper.

'Greening the LSE' has been

no easy feat. After copious amounts of Wright's Bar coffee to prepare themselves for early morning meetings, they have devised a cunning strategy to reduce waste and increase recycling at the LSE. Involving the library, the copy shops and IT services. The group collaborated with Oikos to monitor the present situation. Discoveries as a result of the survey include the fact that LSE students suffer from a debilitating inability to distinguish between white and coloured paper and that unsurprisingly, few students

realise that it is beneficial both environmentally and *economically* to recycle paper.

After these heartbreaking realisations, the group went to play with the laminators and have produced pretty notices now located by photocopiers giving a detailed explanation of how to make double-sided photocopies. Physical exertion also ensued as the old cardboard paper recycling bins were replaced with more visible and durable blue plastic ones.

Continued on page 6

Inside : blink - this week's best features, 10 - 17; B:art - the latest films, music, and theatre, 18 - 38; Sports - cup final glory, 39 - 44

Summer internships just around the corner at Citigroup Corporate & Investment Bank
imagine no limits: www.citigroup.com/newgrads/recruits

citigroup corporate & investment bank
Schroder Salomon Smith Barney & Citibank

Student socials for refugees face closure

Katya Nasim

Over the past few months LSESU STAR have been organising a weekly social evening for asylum seekers - mainly children - at Finsbury Park Methodist Church, which is adjacent to Pembury Hotel, a temporary accommodation facility housing around 350 people. People stay here for an interim period awaiting news of their asylum application and then to be dispersed to permanent accommodation in another part of the country. With no money and with little help with the problems of assimilating oneself into the alien sprawl of London life can become very isolated and dull. Thus our aim was to provide a warm, friendly atmosphere as temporary relief from the pressures of awaiting news of asylum applications, dispersal and so on. And also as relief to those families with small children under their feet all day - families are housed together in one room.

Social evening is perhaps not the right expression - it's been nothing like as formal. The weeks have ranged from getting to the fourteenth round of musical chairs with the kids (and us) still wanting more (next round lucky) to us running around after a particularly nifty little toddler whose favourite activity appeared to be attempting a double-twisting, highflying somersault with his mean machine of a toy car.

Many a week we've been entertained by Hazziz, an incredibly bright and articulate six-year-old who could far out-kick any of us in our weekly game of football. Hazziz, from Albania, came along most weeks with his many brothers and sisters. Hazziz usually managing to direct the evenings

activities: 'Football football!' was his high-helium pitch cry. Whilst the boys stuck to the football, the girls for the most part could not be torn away from their painting. Feeling this was a shame, we tried to have more inclusive, less boisterous games - musical chairs ever the favourite. Incredibly a young boy who had recently arrived from Sri Lanka proved to be uncontestable champion at this: despite being tone deaf; he simply kept a close eye on what everyone else was doing.

The kids were brilliant at keeping themselves - and us - entertained. With the adults who came things could be more tricky, a language divide being the main frustration. Particularly as we were young, and quite clearly not professionals, it was difficult not to feel patronising explaining basic phrases or concepts. Being unable to communicate is a disabling experience and often adults seemed reliant on their kids; who were inevitably quicker to pick things up. Many of the older kids had been temporarily placed in local schools which also helped. The best experience was when we could exchange language - so language learning could be a reciprocal experience with us both goofing up each other's languages.

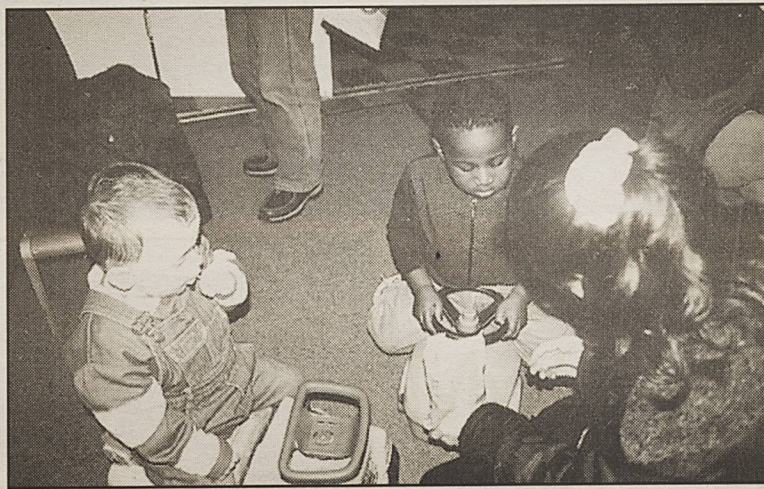
Some of the older people who came had excellent English - and were happy to talk openly about their experiences. In particular a woman from Zimbabwe explained she had no idea where her relatives were and she was anxious to get in touch with them. I got to know a young couple from Sierra Leone well. They arrived only a few weeks ago with the woman heavily pregnant and she gave birth to a beautiful baby girl just a week after coming here. Both are intelligent and articulate and

feeling increasing frustration with the lack of control over their situation in this country. They are keen to get onto training courses, improve their IT skills as soon as possible to improve their situation. Neither has attended school since their early teens due to the precarious situation in Sierra Leone.

after their arrival) they have little say in where they live. Rumours fly round the Hotel as to which places may be good or bad, or crucially, racist, and we were frequently asked where might be good to end up in. Confusion abounds - a young man once asked me the difference between England and

where they are to be sent. Revision of the process is welcome in some respects; people are now only to stay in centres temporarily at the point of arrival, and then placed in permanent accommodation with no interim period. This will perhaps prevent the dislocation of being initially settled and then moved again. One hopes the government will stick to its pledge to settle people in same-language clusters to ease people's arrival in a community. One hopes more efforts are made within the local community to set up local projects, community resources such as youth groups which are designed to be used by everybody in the local area: refugees and local people are like. Further education in schools is of crucial importance. It helps to remember that someone who is a refugee is not simply that - happening to be a refugee should not be seen to overshadow all the other things a person may happen to be: be it doctor, lawyer, journalist, teacher, mother or father, son or daughter. However, being a refugee places you, wherever you are in the world, at the bottom of the social scale.

For facts concerning refugees and the asylum process www.therefugeecouncil.org.uk is a useful site. Contact LSE SU STAR on STAR_LSE@HOTMAIL.COM



On their way out of Finsbury Park?

Pic: Meera Sodha

Unfortunately nothing is available to them.

Now they are faced with the prospect of being decamped yet again to 'somewhere outside London' (which is as much as they know). This is likely to happen within the next week. Having made friends in the London area they do not want to leave but it is an impossible situation; having no money and no job (asylum seekers are not permitted to work till six months

London: try to equate his feeling with how you would feel having stepped into Outer Mongolia.

The asylum process has recently been revised under the White Paper: the emergency accommodation centres in London are being phased out and Pembury Hotel in Finsbury Park will be closed by the end of next week with everyone in it being dispersed. There are lists going up in the reception every day with people's names on and

Money's not everything, says job survey

Farzan Bilimoria

One word - internships. This word juxtaposes the jubilation and cynicism which is part of life for most of the LSE community at one point or another.

But why are they so important, and what are we basing our choices on? The first question is easy: internships are the best opportunity to get experience in your chosen sector, and could be the start of a lucrative career with your summer placement firm.

For the second question, an annual survey of 6000 students, across over 40 UK campuses set out to find the answer. Students were asked to select the top five companies for which they would most like to work.

Top of the list is the BBC, which had come second last year. This is followed by the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, British Airways, consulting firm Accenture, and embattled auditors Andersen. Interestingly, despite its recent travails, the public sector is the most popular to work in, probably due to the variety of roles

available. It only goes to show that money isn't everything!

Students' main goals immediately following graduation are, in order, balancing their personal life with their career; international travel and a 'steep learning curve'. No, this wasn't copied from your favourite firm's recruitment brochure, but comes out in respondents' ideal packages. These feature a greater emphasis on holidays and paid healthcare, and less on the investment banker's favourites - stock options and profit-sharing.

These factors are based on students' increasing sense of insecurity in the job market, following the global economic downturn, with 'secure employment' being of primary concern for 30% respondents. It also shows in the mediocre placing of firms such as Goldman Sachs (27) and Deutsche Bank (36) - who offer massive salaries and bonuses, in return for your twenties!

Tony Engström, Strategic Account Manager for Universum Communications, in charge of the survey, says: "The ideal company seems to be a mixture of both having a

healthy working environment, without people getting burned out, and still have a challenging job with good career possibilities."

Let's not forget the money completely, though! Most students expect to receive almost £30,000 annually three years into their careers, though arts students tend to expect less than the average, and LSE students considerably more!

Perhaps stereotypically, males are more bullish about their earnings, 64% expect to earn over £20,000 from their first job compared to 43% of females. Who is right? That is for another article - nonetheless, in general expectations are likely to increase as females continue to find increasing success in breaching the 'glass ceiling' at work.

Overall, the survey shows that a wide range of aspects appeal to graduates in today's job market, and that employers hoping to continue attracting quality applicants will need to be a little more creative than producing the slickest brochure. Just keep saying to yourself - 'money isn't everything'...

How do you see LSE in ten years' time?

The Futures Group is about to embark upon a period of consultation with the School to discuss aspirations and goals for LSE.

Do you think LSE is 'world class'? What makes us the best? Our staff? Other students? The facilities?!? Is that why you came to LSE? What else attracted you? Location? The power of having LSE on your CV?

The answers to these questions are vital to the further development of LSE and its aims as is the ability to attract the best students.

Your input and views are hugely important, so that the consultation is balanced and fully takes account of the opinions of LSE students not just the staff and academics.

So if you have strong views on LSE, its mission and its identity, keep your eyes peeled for more details on how to get involved. Information will be placed on the LSE website and the Students' Union weekly update, and a student discussion meeting will be held at the start of next term. For more information in the meantime, please e-mail Clare Taylor: su.gensec@lse.ac.uk

Online course choice is here... for some of us

Katie Porrer
Undergraduate Office

At the beginning of week 8, the LSE launched phase one of its Course Choice Online developments for Undergraduate continuing students. This groundbreaking system allows first and second year students on BSc, BA and LLB courses to select their options for next session via their personal LSE for You account.

The new system can identify each individual user via their LSE for You account, determine their current degree and year of study and then validate their choices against the degree regulations in place at their date of entry to the course.

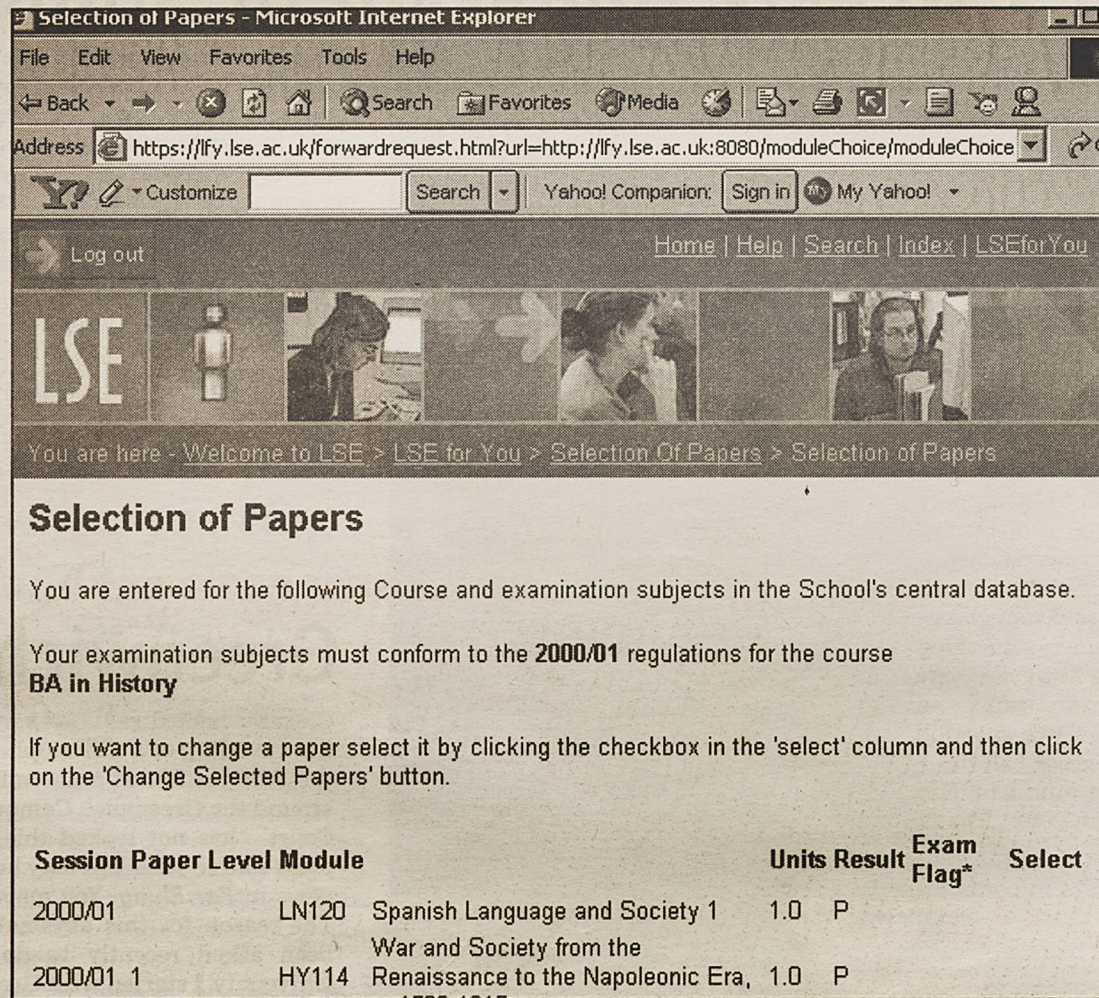
This development brings the School in line with many leading US institutions and, as far as we are aware, is one of the first in the UK Higher Education system. LSE for You has recently won the 2002 Universities and Colleges Information Systems Association Award for

"By the end of week nine, around 300 choices had already received tutor approval through the new system."

Excellence sponsored by SCT. The online system is intended to enhance the student experience at the LSE, allowing online access to the regulations and course choices before the tutorial meeting. Tutors can also view all their tutees' choices via their own LSE for You account and approve choices online either during or after their meeting at the end of Lent Term.

Tutors can also view a live status report of all their tutees which illustrates which choices have been made or approved, and the dates when this was done. Any changes made by students after approval has been granted by a tutor will result in the module status returning to unapproved. Tutors can also email tutees directly from within the system to arrange meetings or query a choice.

A PowerPoint demonstration of the online course choice system is available at



http://www.lse.ac.uk/ARD/studentlife/selection_of_papers.htm

By the end of week nine, 4725 modules had been selected online by 1153 students and around 300 choices had already received tutor approval through the new system.

Currently, only choices allowed under the degree regulations can be made online. Any choice requiring special permission of the Department

Tutor or Course Convener will be made on the paper-based form. However, the "Additional Permissions" and "Suspension of Regulations" forms which had to be collected from the Undergraduate Office previously are now available on the web as PDF files. Once a form is completed, it should be left at the Undergraduate Office, and the change will be processed and should appear on the student's online Selection of Papers

within five working days.

Phase two of the online development will include further enhancements to allow such choices to be made and approved online and also to give access to incoming first year and General Course students. We are also logging all comments from users and the second phase will take account of this feedback to further improve the service to students and tutors at the School.

(Here's what happened when The Beaver tried)

Julia Giese

Is it just me or was it rather asking a lot of end-of-term stressed students to be patient about a online course selection application that is not working? Call it bad luck but personally I have had rather bad experiences with it.

For two of my housemates the system would not work at all. After sending a complaint email one of them received an answer stating that the matter had been resolved when it clearly was not yet. To be fair, that are the kind of problems one might expect from a new system and they would not be too bad. The system may therefore be useful and even helpful for making choices where it is straight-forward.

However, once you try to choose something out of the line you quickly run into trouble. First of all you are only

told to get an "Additional Permission" or "Suspension of Regulations" Form signed. This takes you about one week considering you have to see your personal tutor and the departmental tutor.

Obviously, this was the case before but with all the regulations online you would expect to find some instructions on which form to use. Furthermore, I had no idea what would happen after I handed the form in - will the Undergraduate Office change my module for me or would it magically appear on my selection list at any point?

Neither was to happen because having gathered all the signatures and presented the form proudly to the office I was told that this was the wrong form. I used the "Additional Permission" Form as that was the only one I could find at the

Undergraduate Office while I should have used the "Suspension of Regulation" one. Funny, a friend of mine first got the latter signed, only to be told that she would need the former.

Again, it may be bad luck but I get the impression that the administration tries to put students off from choosing anything besides the rules as it might involve more work. Needless to say that the two forms look almost completely the same apart from the heading. Therefore, the second stage Katie Porrer announces should incorporate a simple explanation of which form to use for what kind of special demand.

It is great that LSE is at the forefront of technical development but please not at the cost of the students. What is the use if it causes even more hassle and frustration?



Union Jack

Jack would like to start this week's column by apologising to all his regular readers for his absence of late. Jack has been in the arctic teaching penguins to make model windmills out of fish. But the little bastards keep eating the fish as they make them. So it is fair to say that Jack has spent the last two weeks doing something futile, pointless and ultimately unrewarding. I love it.

Back in the twisted reality of the Old Theatre the man they call god in the sociology self-help classes came to educate, enrich and patronise the masses. "Who's your Daddy?" he cried as he mounted the steps to the stage, grabbing the microphone like an aging rock star. He then proceeded to rattle off a short, inspiring speech, fully justifying all the inadequacies students see around the school. After a few moments spent helping Rex with his selections for the Gold Cup we embarked on a friendly, frank, engaging Q+A session.

Was he expecting a hard time? Was he ready for it? What followed was what could be best described as a monstrous performance by a beast more arrogance than man. Every question was summarily dismissed with the graceful ferocity of a Robin Smith square cut. Never argue with the man with the microphone, Jack's father always used to say, and never was there a better case in point than last Thursday.

When questions weren't being dismissed with contempt Giddens would pretend not to hear in order to stall for time. On one occasion he even called a young girl up onto stage to perv at her. Not that Jack objects to that kind of thing, but hardly the kind of behaviour he expects of his Director. Next the appearance of MC Blackwell, UGM favourite of old, invoked a "why is he so popular" comment is a very acerbic tone. Even Blackwell, the original UGM anti-hero, doesn't deserve that kind of treatment.

Callas came up with what was less a question more an incoherent rambling that veered into a sound and well considered critique of the Third Way. Another girl, who had clearly skipped an English class or two, produced another well structured query, which went on for about three minutes.

Not that every question was without merit. Priya asked a forceful question about disabled access and Giddens fell back on to what has become quite a mantra: resources, resources, resources. Oy Vay Resources!

In answering a question about post-graduate fees, Giddens even managed to produce the argument that postgraduate fees are so high so that PhDs can get paid more when they get the job. Circular logic if ever Jack heard it. And again, resources, resources, resources.

In the end Prof. Giddens' appearance left more questions than answers. The question of his successor was totally avoided. But at least he sang for us...

Anyway, this is Jack's last column of the year, so rather than going out on a bitter note, Jack would like to wish you the very best for the future.

n.b. All italicised text is a blatant lie.

The Beaver's weekly round up of student news

with Lyle Jackson & Ju Li Gan

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

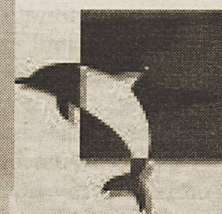
In more exciting news from our fellow students in Leeds, there has been a strong reaction to Liverpool's claims of being situated in the country's 'coolest' city. According to an official source, "Leeds is also a major club capital and has a host of live music venues featuring an eclectic mix of styles. From classical through to pop, dance and jazz there is something for everyone. If music isn't your thing however, there are hundreds of pubs, bars and restaurants to explore. The University also has extensive sporting facilities to help you burn off any excess calories." This response is the winner of 'most mundane city description, except for Aberystwyth in 2002'. Thank you and goodnight.

Greenwich College

Cleverly-named rag *The Sarky Cut* this week reports on the unveiling of a Christopher Wren masterpiece which is the culmination of a £50 million restoration programme around the Greenwich Campus. The design, 'King William Court' "has not looked this good for over 300 years" a press source said. You may be unfamiliar with this type of news in *Far Flung*. You may not even have read this far! The reason for this abysmal news article is that I have been asked recently to do a story on every London University. I started with Greenwich because it was so difficult. This outrageous story is the most exciting event at south-east London's most hallowed learning institute since part time artist, Wren visited the place in 1698. Awesome!



The UW football team has been banned from two campus bars for the rest of the semester following two incidents of violence involving football team members in these two bars. In one incident, a member of the team who had been involved in a dispute on the dancefloor was called into the back room of the bar to be questioned by the bouncers and a campus policeman about the incident. Upon entering the room he found his roommate "being brutalised and thrown around by the bouncers", and was tackled by the bouncers and policeman as he tried to storm into the room. He maintains that he had not been trying to pick a fight with the bouncers and police officer, and was merely resisting being thrown onto the floor by them. The incident ended with him being handcuffed and thrown onto the ground, with his head hitting a case of empty beer bottles, resulting in a gash in his forehead that required a dozen stitches. The footballer has submitted complaints to the university, but there is as yet nothing he can do until investigations into the incident are complete. At the moment the only arrests that have been made were of students, none of whom were staff of the bar in which the incident took place. The other measure that has been taken by the university is for the football team to be banned from the bar.



University of Southampton

Students at the University of Southampton have pushed the boundaries of chic back even further this week - indeed they are now on the edge of becoming chic pioneers. A number of students have arranged a 'future party' which has become enormously popular in the space of four days. Unlike most fancy dress parties, the question who are you going as is of very little importance - the answer, every time is 'myself'. Attendees of the future party will be dressed as themselves in 15 years time. The novel idea, sure to catch on around the country, is fast becoming a competition to see who thinks that they have the most interesting life time ahead of them. I for one can't wait to see the results of 'next year's biggest and best party idea'. In unrelated news, demand for 'convict suits' has increased by over 4050%* in the last week.

*unreliable

Time to visit the private parts of London

Dave Clay
Education and Welfare Officer

Thinking about private accommodation next year? You may have to, as you cannot expect to live in halls for the whole of your time at LSE. Most students will find themselves living out of halls at some point during their time here, and it can be a bit daunting. Moving out of halls and into your own place can be quite a difficult and stressful operation. This is why the SU is running a Housing Week this week and is publishing the first ever comprehensive SU Housing Guide.

For whatever reason, you have chosen to live in London. Unfortunately, this means that you have chosen to live in one of the most expensive cities on the planet, with one of the most competitive housing markets. Face facts: you're not going to find a townhouse in Bloomsbury for £55 a week.

But don't get too disheartened: most students love living

out. You can choose who to live with, choose what and when you eat, and the cleaners won't come and disturb you at 10am. You also get to see a totally different side of London, and can explore areas you never knew existed.

"You can choose who to live with, what and where you eat, and the cleaners won't disturb you at 10 am."

Once you've worked out your budget, and found some friends to live with, you're halfway there. House-hunting can be hard work, but don't just take the first house you find, make



Rented accommodation looms for most students

the effort to look around a few different places. Take a proper look around the houses you visit and ask the landlord any questions you have.

The best place to find accommodation is probably at the University of London Accommodation Office (ULAO). But remember you are competing against thousands of other students from the University of London, so it can be a bit of a scrum to get the best houses or flats. The ULAO begins to advertise houses for September in May, so try to plan ahead. Other places to hunt for accommodation include the LSESU list, which you can access through LSE for you, Loot, and accommodation agencies.

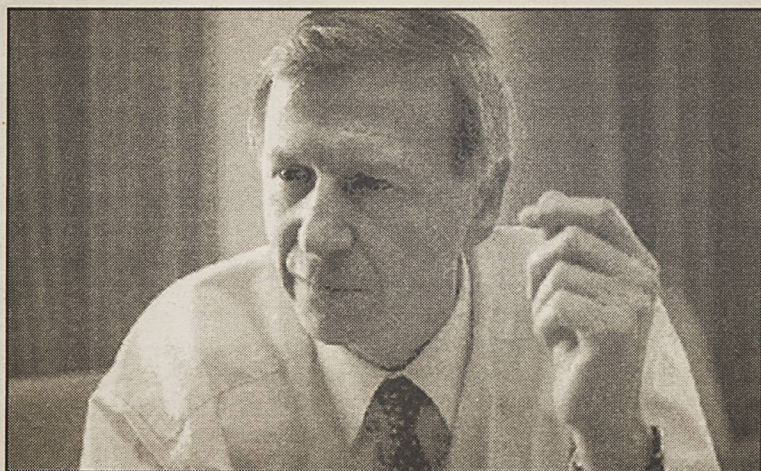
Moving into the house can be complicated, and there are many things to think about, including the contract, deposits, utilities and repairs. Read the Housing Guide and if you have any problems or questions, go and see the SU Advice Centre in E297.

Hear the master speak...

Continued from page 1

The LSE does give more scholarships than any other university per head of population, and it is a leader in Access schemes (Summer school, winter school) but the problem comes down to material terms. If we want a nicer LSE, a new café, a new Library functional staircase optional) and a new student centre then we must pay for it. But of course, we can't afford

course we must work with the resources we have. As the Director comes to the end of his term, which decision does he regret the most? Not knowing enough about the job - not having any money to spend on the School, as the money does not lie with the Director but with the departments (except for salaries, that is). How does the Director feel about his successor, and rumours that his successor may be Stanley Fischer? The Director is miffed that we are discussing



to pay for it. We're all strapped with fees, rent and cost of living, and the LSE gets so little from the government that it must demand more money from us. We get poorer, and grumble more about the LSE. It's inevitable.

However, Giddens is not taken aback unduly by this situation - in his opinion the LSE is a "fantastic place ... miles better than Cambridge."

And so to the questions. How does the Director feel about the fact that classes are overcrowded? Apparently the LSE compares favourably in class size to all but Oxford and Cambridge, and of

his successor before he has even gone, but the Director also has no say in who will succeed him. What does the Director think of the LSE's facilities for disabled students? The Director readily admits that the LSE is a terrible site for students with disabilities, but plans are in place, and it will be a long-term process to make the School more user-friendly. How does the Director justify his recent pay rise? He has "given up his intellectual career" to do this, allegedly, and as he pointed out, he could make more money elsewhere. And finally, how long are Norman Foster's legs?? To this, the Director feigned deafness.



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Jazz concert: if only Giddens had come too

Julia Giese

So Giddens wants more cultural activities at LSE. What a shame that he did not attend last week's Music Society Chamber Music and Jazz Concert. Or the Lent Term concerts, or productions by the Drama Society, etc.

There is quite a lot going on at LSE considering that it does not have arts faculties. Yet hardly anyone not directly involved seems to be aware of this. Be it because of lack of interest or the sheer mass of other events going on which make any advertising campaigns almost fruitless - you definitely missed something great last Thursday at the Music Society concert.

Lured by free wine and snacks (traditional to concerts at LSE) a few people found their way into the Shaw Library that night. Starting off with some classical chamber music performed by LSE students their talent showed everyone that our school is about more than numbers, economic models, essays and law books.

The programme included a violin and cello duet by Beethoven, a piano solo piece by Chopin and an, interestingly enough, unfinished quartet by Sam Wallace. What, you have not heard of him? He is a second year LSE undergraduate

and will follow in the footsteps of renowned British composers who have given their honour to LSE.

During the (first) break the

the audience in more and more. By the second break the atmosphere was fairly relaxed - just as it should be for a proper jazz concert. People started leaving



It may not be jazz, but it's still very nice

wine started flowing and lots more people by now crammed into the Shaw Library in order not to miss the jazz part. Only having kicked off this academic year, the Music Society's Jazz Group was amazing. It performed well-known songs such as *Four*, *Take Five* and *Killing Me Softly* (admittedly not jazz but still very nice...), drawing

but the programme was admittedly rather long. However, a lot stayed, enjoying the music, the wine and just chatted.

Let's hope that next academic year (or maybe even next term as an ideal revision break) will again see such a successful concert - both with serious classical and relaxing jazzy music!

Recycling

Continued from page 1

Furthermore, awareness was seen as a barrier to a 'Green LSE', so it was thought that an explanation of the paper production process might come in handy. So here goes nothing.

Purity. Virginal. Cleanliness. What does white mean to you? In paper production it can mean the use of hazardous chemicals and toxic waste. Mutation. Pollution. Death. Throughout the industry white paper is achieved by the use of chlorine bleaching. So, the less paper produced the less harmful effects there are on the world in which we live. However paper fibres from post-consumer waste can be recycled about seven times without a harmful bleaching process, so there is a huge capacity for recycling and huge incentives for purchasing recycled paper.

But as anyone taking Econ B could tell you, for a firm to supply goods, there must be a market, so the next time you're cruising the aisles of your supermarket, think about how you intend to wipe your nether regions with.

Top tips to cut paper use:

Use writing paper with thinner rule so that you can write more on less paper (*Shock! Horror!*)

Proof-read documents on screen before printing (*Obvious, but surprisingly effective*)
Print and photocopy on both sides of paper (*Involves jiggery-pokery with the print trays or copy shop staff, but once you've got the hang of it, an overwhelming sense of pride and achievement abounds*)

Jimmy Baker's Mullet

SO THIS IS IT readers, the last ever Mullet.

Well, it's been a hard slog and a lot of fun. Hopefully from reading this ridiculous column over the last two years, you've realised that there is somebody out there that you can look down on and feel superior to.

Mullet, for this week decided that instead of having this column go out with a loud bang, it should just go with a damp squib, like what normally ends up inside the trusty wanking sock.

So Mullet is writing this, as ever, with the deadline for submission already breached by a good 27 hours, in his pants at 5 pm while listening to the Rolling Stones.

It's been a decent two years, dear readers. Mullet's top three columns have to be *The One Where Warwick Found a Dog*, *The One*

Where the Library Staff got Pissed Off and *The One Where Mullet Woke Up Propped Against a Lamp-Post in Wapping*.

This week, however, Mullet has got up to nothing, just a load of sleeping interspersed with a few beers and a heavy dose of masturbation. Mullet's fairly weighty schedule of listening to Bonnie Tyler had to take a back seat this week, but should be back on track by tomorrow.

Before he signs off, Mullet must make a few thank-yous. Thanks to Fletch and Walford Warwick for the

masses of material they provided last year, thanks to Benzer for making sure that Mullet passes at least one exam this year and thanks to Bunders for never failing to laugh at this column, even when it was at its most shittest.

As for the Mullet, he's going to retire into the pits of the Entertainments Office, hopefully to run some

superb knees-ups for those of you continuing at the LSE next year. Remember if the office is rocking, don't come a-knocking... Mullet'll be having a one-to-one with a dirty sock.

As for final words of wisdom: never stop believing, you can reach your goals. Keep the faith, readers, never lay a glove on a fair maiden when it is not wanted and always, always, keep a handy supply of wanking socks tied to your bedpost...

MULLET!

PS: Remember we are still looking for people to take over the Mullet next year. Entries should be around 400 words and emailed to Bakersmullet@hotmail.com or thebeaver@lse.ac.uk. Cheers, it's been emotional.

TheBeaver

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Researcher returns to Bosnian villages

Catherine Baker

Nearly 15 years after Dr Tone Bringa first visited the Bosnian settlements of Kiseljak and Fojnica, her documentary *Returning Home* was screened last week at LSE.

When Bringa began the fieldwork in 1988 which would eventually lead to her book *Being Muslim the Bosnian Way: Identity and Community in a Central Bosnian Village*, the villagers to whom she spoke were still Yugoslavian citizens. Slobodan Milosevic, nonetheless, had already made the first of his inflammatory speeches playing to the gallery of angry Serb nationalists the year before.

By the time the book was published in 1995, Bosnia and Hercegovina had been recognised as independent for three years. Muslim houses in the villages to which Bringa had gone had been destroyed by Bosnian Croat forces, and the Bosnian Muslim, or Bosniak, villagers who were the basis of her work had been dispersed only a few months after Bringa's first return trip to film the 1993 documentary *We Were All Neighbours*.

"They could not conceive of living again in that village with their Croat neighbours," said Professor Peter Loizos of LSE's Anthropology department, the production consultant and lead cameraman, with LSE equipment to boot, on *Returning Home*. "But Tone promised she would make another film if they did."

Although the return of refugees to their old homes has been one of the cornerstones of the Dayton agreement which brought internationally monitored peace to Bosnia, *Returning Home* keenly showed the difficulties which still underlie the idealistic sentiments. "As we filmed, lifelong friendships were permanently ended," says Bringa in the film's introduction, remembering the experience of researching her book as Bosnia's collapse into violence drew nearer.

After a 1998 agreement between the Kiseljak and Fojnica municipalities allowing Muslim and Croat refugees from the two districts to exchange their houses with each other, the right of return guaranteed by Dayton has at last begun to be implemented in this region of central Bosnia, to the relief of Nusreta, a Bosnian Muslim woman whose story formed one of *Returning Home*'s main strands. "We went on hoping that one day we would return," she said in her first interview

for the film, "but we did not know how long the bombing would last. It's like a dream now that I'm actually back."

Nusreta thought back to the visit she made to the village a year earlier, when the group of Muslims with whom she had come to pray were turned back by Croat police. She walked to her old house and began talking to a Croat who she discovered had also been displaced from his own village during the war. "I was not frightened, but I was a bit uneasy... but every refugee's experience is the same." Joint Muslim-Croat police patrols, which Nusreta welcomed, have since been introduced.

As Nusreta took Bringa on a tour of the house and showed her the basic household items she had been buying, her expression became more and more animated. "I bought curtains three years ago," she said, "because I planned to return." She pointed to the lace curtains lying on the bed: "They still need sewing."

After showing off the house's new walls - "that corner was blown up, and now it's as good as new" - she led Bringa to the back garden and indicated a pile of rubble. "That's all that's left of twenty years' hard work... Croats, Muslims or Serbs, driven from their homes, they were the losers."

Other returnees' stories, however, have not been so happy, since aid efforts to assist rebuilding have not always been well coordinated. Another woman interviewed had found that the relevant aid agency had considered it not cost-effective to rebuild her house. As Zakir, the local link-man between refugees, NGOs and local government explained: "When there was water, there was no bucket, and now there is a bucket there is no water." Until recently, there was very little political will to help refugees to return, but approval was eventually given by the town hall the year before.

Even so, the rebuilding of one house may help many more people than the household to whom it belonged. On one occasion referred to by Zakir, breaking one point along the chain of occupancy allowed six families' homes to be vacated.

Many anxieties still remain for refugees successful in returning. "There's a bit of crisis," said another Bosnian Muslim returnee, "there's no work, no money; but as long as God gives us health, everything will be fine." The woman in question had recently re-occupied her house by evicting a



Dr Sumantra Bose and Noel Malcolm

Pic: Jerica Kraljic

Croat living there. "I came home, I kicked Stipe out, he went back to his little summer-house... I was born again."

Many families with children have chosen not to return, raising concerns, expressed by Dr Sumantra Bose of the LSE Government department in the discussion which followed the screening, about whether the returns will be sustainable in a generation's time. For those who do, there is the obstacle that since the municipality is Croat-controlled, with a Croat separatist flag flying in the market town, the local school's curriculum is Croat-oriented and teaches the Croatian, not the Bosnian, language. "There's no joy here," said Albina, Nusreta's Croat neighbour, "because all the young people have gone away."

Bose praised *Returning Home* as "a very rich film, which has to be carefully watched - and the voice of Dino Merlin," the leading Bosnian singer whose song *Da je tuga snijeg* accompanied the closing credits, "certainly provides a wonderful finishing touch."

He echoed the apprehension of the returnees themselves regarding the economic crisis now that many pre-war enterprises have closed or scaled down, and added that the "norms of neighbourliness" are still far from cemented, relations on the traditional coffee visits shown in the film being tentative. As Bringa says, he noted, "physical proximity coexists with social and emo-

tional distance" across Bosnia.

As Noel Malcolm, the author of histories of Bosnia and Kosovo, pointed out, the area in which *Returning Home* was filmed could be thought of as atypical of Bosnia as a whole. Many refugees from eastern Bosnia, now part of the Bosnian Serb republic, have instead moved to Muslim or Croat areas where their ethnic group is in the majority. "They are decanted back into areas in the west which they've never lived in before." Until Bosnian Serb towns such as Visegrad and Zvornik have had refugees return as well, he would not call this provision of Dayton acceptable.

Describing the course of the war in which Kiseljak and Fojnica were attacked, Malcolm criticised the West for bringing conflict to the villages. "This war came from outside," he said, "from Zagreb and Lord Owen." He condemned Owen as "downright dishonest" for attempting to portray in his memoirs that the regions into which his peace plan for Bosnia were divided were not based on ethnic lines despite his own press office having given out information to the contrary at the time.

Malcolm then added this gave the 'green light' to the HVO, the Bosnian Croat army, to carry out the programme of ethnic cleansing which was their war's "primary purpose - killing enough people to terrorise the rest, establishing a monoethnic territory."

"Partition as a mentality of international politicians and diplomats universally makes things worse," he added, since it acted as a reward to ethnic cleansers.

In an overview of the success, or otherwise, of Dayton's right to return, Malcolm offered a mixed assessment. The most significant returns, he asserted, are those where the refugee would be in an ethnic minority: two-thirds of these are to the Muslim-Croat federation, which represents just over half of Bosnia's territory, and many of them are Serbs who were actually extracted by Serb extremists themselves to be part of Serb plans elsewhere. A more shocking figure is that only 50,000 minority refugees have gone back to the Serb republic, "an appalling indictment of western policy for the last six years," especially given the effects of displacement shown powerfully by the film.

Unfortunately, *Returning Home* is unlikely to reach a much wider audience in its current state, as Loizos explained in concluding remarks: "The director of *We Were All Neighbours* wanted it to stand as a historical document and said she could not see the value of making a film about returns," so the team undertook it themselves. Senior management at Granada Television, who made the first documentary, have since "expressed regret" that they could not be involved this time.

The Beaver Comment

A very British paradox?

Tony Oruna-Goriainoff-li

Once upon a time Great Britain as a nation stood as second to none. It had colonies, trade, wealth and its influence was felt globally from London to Peking, from Buenos Aires to Washington. Gradually this country, as many other nations experienced before it, saw its influence decline, its

"America's closest ally'. Well, what does that mean for Britain and the world in general? By and large it means that wherever the US goes, Britain will follow."

presence diminish, its authority lessen, especially after the coming of the Cold War and the subsequent bipolar arrangement in world politics. Where does Great Britain stand today?

To answer this question we could look at two different perspectives: one being the British outlook of itself, and the other

the world view. I can write and make a strong case for what the world perceives of Britain: an easy task given that the world, to a great degree, still has an idea of what Britain is, and/or was. But when one peers into the British ideal of itself, there is quite a contradiction to behold.

Great Britain's paradox today is that whereas most of the world is waiting to hear its voice, the best it can muster is a chorus following an American melody. Is this bad? Well, I am sure it cannot be good.

In the 1960s General De Gaulle referred to the UK as *le portavion Americain* - the American aircraft carrier. Is today's British foreign policy different from what it was then?

It is difficult to argue. Granted there are many people in the British elites who are quite content with the current status quo as 'America's closest ally'. Well, what does that mean for Britain and the world in general? By and large it means that wherever the US goes, Britain will follow. It means that whenever Washington says jump, Whitehall will ask "how high?"

In any paradox, it is often worth asking and reflecting upon the answers given by the questions asked. Hence I ask: is the USA Britain's closest ally?

Well, the record is not all that favorable towards the US. Did it aid Britain in the Second World War? You could argue it

aided the allies and not just Britain and her then closest ally, France (the question bears asking from the French side: "Et tu Britannia?").

Ever since then, the US has sided with Great Britain in a vacillating manner. We need look no further than Egypt and the Falklands - to say nothing

nuclear technology advancements. Indubitably, for every example cited, the US can be seen to stand by Britain in some fashion; eventually; after much pleading; and only when it was no skin off America's nose. I ask again, is the US Britain's closest ally? Has Britain cut off its nose vis-à-vis Europe to spite its face?

Language ties aside, the US is no more 'British' than Algeria or Haiti are French or Mexico or Chile are Spanish. The US, like all ex-colonies of European roots, is an amalgamation of many identities - one of which is British. Thus, while Europe is waiting, and waiting, and waiting for Great Britain to never mind lead, merely participate, in the European project and give it a certain suggestion of Britishness (after all the UK is as European as can be) the UK is seen as being of two minds about the project. How is it that one of the most pragmatic nations can never be aware of itself?

Soon Margaret Thatcher will publish a book where she recommends that the UK redefine its treaty with the EU and look to join, are you ready for it? NAFTA. Yes, NAFTA. Ironic?

Not as ironic as an American newspaper article a couple of years ago mentioning - sarcastically - that when the US was done buying up the UK, it would rename it the 'United Magic Kingdom'. I ask again, is this Britain's closest ally or just as one might hope a normal ally?

The US is looking to take action against Iraq once more. It is apparent that European nations are not 100% behind this new American initiative. Needless to say, Britain is gearing up for conflict in Iraq.

I understand that the world has doubts about Iraq in general and Saddam Hussein in particular. But I am sure the world would applaud British participation in an operation led by the UN rather than in a unilateral decision by the US to attack Iraq. Perhaps the Britain that unilaterally declared in the early XIX century that Slavery was wrong and took steps to abolish it might make an appearance and take the high moral ground once more.

If it is true, as was once said, that Britain was Greece to America's Rome, is it too much to expect that the US might actually welcome a little bit of criticism from its 'closest ally' and maybe look for a - dare I say it - third way? And by the same token, could not Britain play Greece to Europe's Rome?

Something tells me that Europe has never really been deaf to British ideas. The new 'BAB Axis' (Blair, Aznar, Berlusconi) is perhaps proof of that. Whitehall probably needs to ask itself who Britain's closest ally is these days. Appearances can be deceptive, they say.



Britain's best representative in the rest of the world?

Cycle UK 2002: D-Day Friday! Please support them...

Well, this is it. By the time this renowned journal hits the news stands we will have less than 24 hours before we begin. The train leaves Paddington at 7:45 loaded with five 'eager' and 'keen' riders. I am very sorry to announce that the Bang has had to drop out due to unforeseen circumstances. He will be very sorely missed - and hopefully will be able to join us if we plan another ridiculous charity event! The final preparations have been made - bike serviced, padded lycra shorts purchased, panniers filled and sleeping bags rolled. Essentially we are just waiting for the off. Our last training run was over the last weekend. We did London to

Brighton on the Saturday and Brighton to London on the Sunday. It was a success - despite the dreadful weather and the strange amount of hills on what I had presumed to be a relatively flat section of England. Admittedly it wasn't the Lake District, but try telling my legs that!

So here it is - the last request. If you haven't sponsored us yet please get in touch and do so. We are raising money for a great cause - Cancer Research UK, and we very much want to get as much as possible for this event. Many thanks to all those who have already sponsored or been able to offer accommodation etc. It is all very much appreciated.

Day 12

Pitlochry - Inverness A9

Day of Hell! We enjoy the continued ascent of the Grampian Mountains. Amazing countryside, beautiful sights, very sore legs!

Day 13

Inverness - Helmsdale/Wick A9

Fortunately we have decided to take the coastal route around this part of Scotland. This takes a touch longer, but is flat. It wasn't a hard decision!

Day 14

Helmsdale/Wick - John O'Groats - Wick A9/A99

Beautiful day - it will be sunny, the angels will sing and the birds will fly!

Finish up and have a very lazy day from then on.

Get pissed on a cheeky half and have a bit of a celebration.

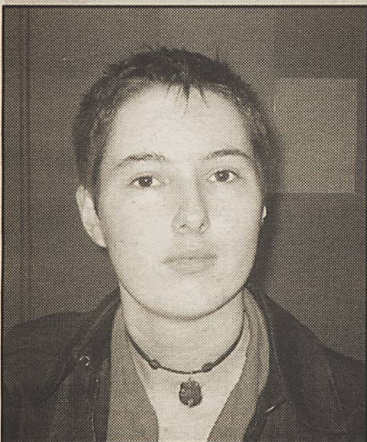
Train from Wick - London with big grins and jubilation.

For more information, or sponsorship details, contact Ian Curry on i.d.curry@lse.ac.uk

The Beaver Letters

Strictly speaking I owe this space to that time-honoured journalistic institution, the leader column: authoritative (or so I hope, to the tiny percentage of our readership who make it through the nine-point type), analytical (or occasionally, singing the praises of Finland's Eurovision entry, which I hijacked last week's leader to do) and anonymous (although anyone who has edited my copy in the past will testify that few members of the *Beaver* staff can overuse semicolons like the current Exec Ed).

Strictly speaking, too, this isn't even my last edition, since I'll be standing down as editor early in the Michaelmas term next year; but not knowing precisely when my dissertation will make irrepressible claims to take over my life, maybe I should say my two-pennorth now, before I'm sucked into the archive of undiscovered documents on the Spanish Civil War brought back home by an International Brigades veteran and unearthed by yours truly in the job-lot of his personal effects offloaded by his widow to



There's still a few issues left in her yet...

the Notting Hill Housing Trust shop. (You mean, she didn't? So why didn't you tell me this two weeks ago?)

Inducted on to *The Beaver* by Mukul 'I needed someone to write an article on Yugoslavia...' Devichand, and enlisted as politics editor under Charlie 'My testimonial's on page 11' Jurd, it would never have crossed my mind that twelve months down the line I'd have o'erleapt said Mr Jurd after a term editing *b:link* and ended up in charge of the whole damn thing. (I promise Charlie I've never even been to *All About Eve*...)

But how anyone combines this paper and their studies is beyond me, so with sincere regrets it's time for me to move on. There's no such thing as a clean break, though; before I know it I'll be tapping out my weekly 1,000-word *b:link* articles again and maybe even getting round to some of those Lit reviews that I'd vaguely promised I'd do.

All I need to do now is thank the *Beaver* crew, editors, writers and computer gurus alike: for all the creativity, for all the time, for all the patience and for all the never once wondering why there's so much Croatian pop music being played in the office all of a sudden.

Oh, and I need to work out what photo's going to go on to the front page this week. You can understand why I've been putting it off....

Catherine Baker

Dear Editor

In response to James Eyton's article 'Security fears at troubled Passfield' (*The Beaver* 556, 8 March 2002), I was pleased to see that he highlighted the problem of opportunist criminals trying to gain access to LSE halls. Passfield and Rosebery have both been victims of crime as a result of thieves tailgating students into buildings or residents using exits that they should not - a problem which static guarding can reduce but never totally eliminate. I would all urge all residents to think very carefully about whom they, possibly unwittingly, admit to their homes and to report suspicious behaviour.

However, there were a number of inaccuracies which need correcting. Firstly, the entrance is lit. In fact the lighting in the first lobby is extremely good. The main door is afforded excellent visibility from Endsleigh Place and the street lamps offer an adequate level of background lighting. Unfortunately, we cannot add to present provision because of listed building status. Secondly, the issue of securing the fire doors is not purely one of cost. The School's fire safety consultants and LFCDA (Camden) have been consulted and both have advised that putting any securing measures to these doors will contravene the building's fire certificate. Fail-safe magnetic locks linked to the fire alarm are the only acceptable way to secure the three annexe doors but the cost of this work has been quoted at not less than £6,000, hardly "small funds" for a 15-week solution. Far simpler would be for residents to leave, as requested, by the front door.

Finally, it is precisely because of the School's concern for its student residents that we have decided to close Passfield later this year, attract the necessary third party investors and to re-open both as a hall the School can be proud of and one that will provide a secure and comfortable environment for many years to come.

Yours sincerely

David Tymms
Head of Residential Services

Dear Editor

For someone who derides whingers and then elevates them with the use of capital letters, Blake Bailey isn't bad at whinging himself! However, as always, he misses the point with his article. I am left-wing, and indeed may well conform to his stereotypical cliché of a

whinger, but I subscribe to his main objective (helping the poor). However, the answer is not to raise tuition fees and means-test them for poor students, which, evidence shows, creates stigma and ignores, for less poor students, the problem of myopia (that people do not know at the time of making the investment that they will be earning £400,000 (extra, says Bailey - where does he get his figures from I would like to know?) over their lifetime.

The solution is a capped graduate tax, that taxes those who do benefit from a university education and does not deter those from poorer backgrounds (university education being free at the point of use). Further, it also ensures that children from wealthy but miserly parents do not suffer because their parents are not prepared to pay. This solution ensures that we have no bars for the most capable students, regardless of background, but that those for whom the personal benefit is high also pay more - equitable and efficient. This was the favoured option, when asked, of a bunch of students studying the funding of higher education, unlike Bailey, who by allying himself with New Labour proves that evidence-based policies are talked about but not put into practice, relying instead on bland non-specific philosophising.

Yours sincerely

Nick Posford

Dear Editor

'Offensive and ill-informed': I certainly think Elliot Simmons' article performed on both fronts. I understand the attitude he may have to student funding (which I personally do not necessarily subscribe to or particularly wish to discuss in this letter) yet this article was nothing more than personal opinion dressed up as 'news'.

I am not worried what he thinks of Margaret Hodge or tuition fees, yet I am concerned about the way he reported the

event: as though the students were affable and Mrs. Hodge was uncompromising and had no policies for higher education at all. Sorry, Elliot, but both of those are wrong. He claims that 'an audience member inquired about the situation in Barking...' I'm not sure how Elliot asks questions of people but heckling that Barking is 'a hellhole' is not how an audience member makes an 'inquiry'. As a lifelong resident of the Borough of Barking and Dagenham (and proud of it) I felt personally insulted by the narrow-minded arrogance that surrounded the 'inquiry' as Elliot would have us believe it was. Furthermore, Mrs Hodge did not paint a rosy picture of my constituency prompting the remark in the first place. As a resident I felt slightly easier when she (being one of the Borough's MPs) came to its defence and berated the comment.

Elliot seems to base his opinion - sorry, 'news' - on the information of a few people who spent very little time in the area and probably knew very little about it before but had, like so many others seem to, crass stereotypes about what it is like.

The article also fails to mention the important points the Minister did bring up (although they are debatable I agree) such as the fact that there is no conclusive proof that the fear of debt is the factor preventing people entering higher education. She mentioned an example of a girl from a deprived area whose educational progression was downgraded by a careers advisor, thereby preventing a potentially successful student pursuing a career in law as anything other than a legal secretary. It is this sort of attitude that underpins why people from deprived areas are more susceptible to dropping out before higher education. I personally, coming from an area considered deprived, was immensely proud to have been accepted for the LSE, yet I was originally put off by thoughts of feeling like a second class student because of my background. Yes, I had a fear of

debt, but I was not going to be put off from going onto higher education where my life chances would be greatly enhanced as a result. From my discussions with local A-level students, fear of being treated differently and the perception of elitism, whether real or not, still seems to be a major player in any decision. It must also be appreciated that comments such as the one made by an individual with too much to say do not help to give the university a good name.

When many students from deprived areas say that they believe that LSE is 'full of Oxbridge rejects' and fear being second-class students, shouldn't we look at how we present ourselves? - for perception may actually be the main motivator in students not taking up higher education, and the easiest to change in a short period of time.

However, with articles from Elliot that do nothing except stoke people's fires without showing any interest in any other possible causes, and arrogant comments not meant as a joke, made about people from different backgrounds and areas, I fear we are not going to change perceptions. I was due to begin a campaign in my area to encourage more people to apply for the most prestigious universities, particularly the LSE, but with no change in attitudes of some students, who (and I am not intending to assume) may or may not be speaking for a silent majority at the university, then I unfortunately cannot allay the fears of many students from my area.

Yours

Sean Purcell
Treasurer - LSE Labour

Dear Editor

Sometimes you should start at the end. Sean ends his letter by stating that he is the Treasurer for LSE Labour. Maybe he should have also revealed the extent of his involvement in the Labour-dominated Barking Council, whose reputation he defends. This is the only communication received by The Beaver about the article and the only negative feedback I have received. Why? I couldn't possibly speculate...

Elliot Simmons

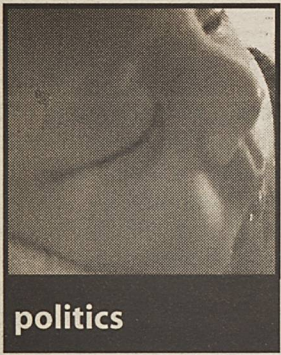
PS: If anyone is interested in reading the original article, which sadly bears little relation to Sean's 'review', or wants a more detailed rebuttal, send an email to e.c.simmons@lse.ac.uk. Alternatively just speak to anyone who attended the meeting.

Bang Bang's Thoughts

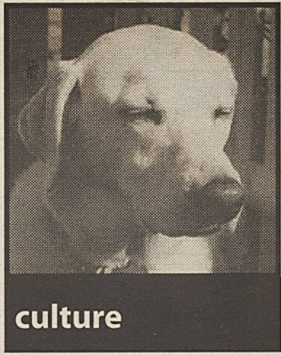


Bang Bang pushing the boat out, aged 7

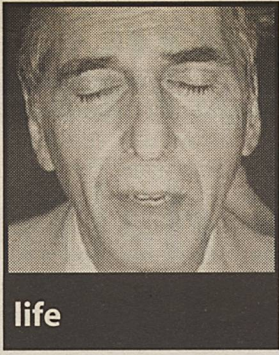
"Push the boat out while you can, fill your boots and stay young!"



politics



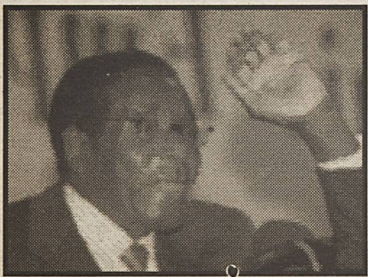
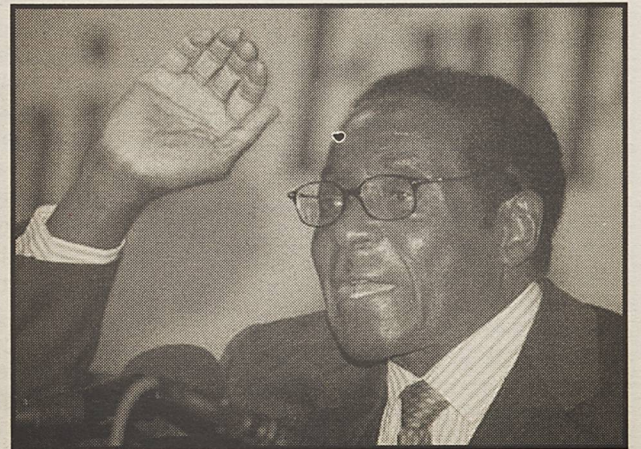
culture



life



what hope for zimbabwe?



at 10 am on Wednesday 13 March it was announced by the Registrar-General, Tobaiwa Mudede, that Robert Gabriel Mugabe, president of Zimbabwe for 22 years, had won a new six-year term. The results showed Mr Mugabe had won 1,634,382 votes, well over the 50% of ballots that he needed for victory against his main rival, Morgan Tsvangirai, leader of the MDC, who had 1,170,590 votes. Mr Mudede reported that 3.1m people out of the 5.6m registered voters cast their ballots in the three-day election that ended on Monday. Since then there has been immense criticism by local and foreign observers and governments, condemning the election results as twisted by violence and intimidation, deeply flawed

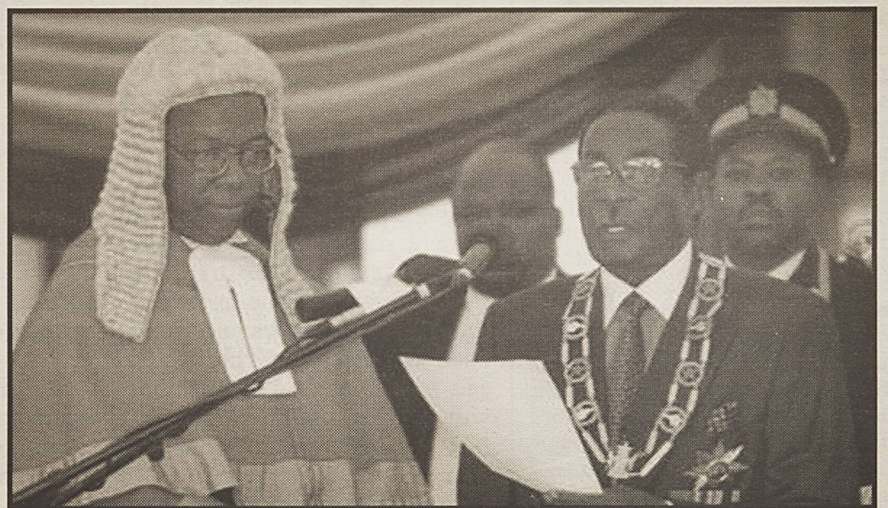
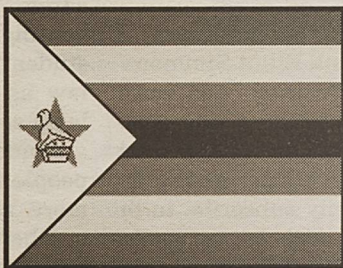
and unfair. The pressure within the country building up to these elections has been mounting for months. Indeed, Mr Mugabe's sudden paying out and glorification of

the Zimbabwe war veterans combined with his controversial land reform policies have meant that antagonism and animosity have been an underlying force within Zimbabwe politics since the late 1990s. It is true, as *The Independent* reported on Saturday, that the present land ownership problems (the whites, belonging to less than 1% of the population own 40% of Zimbabwe's land, mostly in the form of commercial farms) would not exist were it not for the likes of Cecil John Rhodes. In the 1890s, as founder of the British South Africa Company, he forcefully took over and exploited the area. Rhodes had little regard for the people of the area, Mashonaland, even remarking,

"I prefer land to niggers." This situation was clearly worsened by the racist Smith regime until at last it could be addressed as an issue in 1980 when, after years of struggle, Mr Mugabe led his government, Zanu-PF, to power. While most people concede that some sort of land reform programs need to be introduced, it is generally believed that Mr Mugabe, having taken very little action on this matter in the first years of his rule, has stepped up land re-designation policies recently as a tool in his election campaign. With Zanu-PF support flagging and the creation of a new opposition party in 1999, the Movement for Democratic Change (MDC), Mr Mugabe used

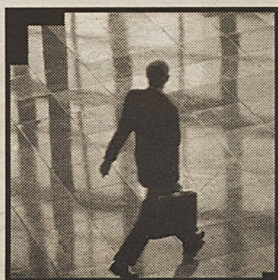
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hasty, disorganised land designation as a desperate attempt to regain the peoples' votes.

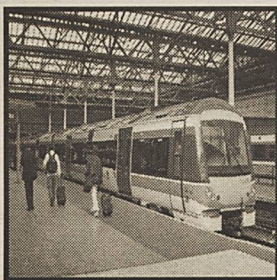


inside

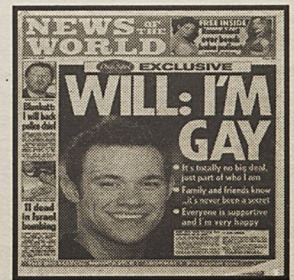
widdecombe on asylum



off to edinburgh



revelations inside



JURDS OF WISDOM

editorial finale

The End of *TheBeaver*?

4:00am Tuesday 28 September 1999

I am at The Office, which I had come to discover was a nightclub, in London (this was about as much that I was sure of at the time). It is also my first night at uni. I had met two new people tonight, which I thought was not bad going. A bit of data-projection meant that keeping this rate going would give me about 1,200 friends by the time I left LSE. Conclusion: Drink More. Unfortunately, things aren't that easy. In fact one of my 'new friends' was the barman at The Office and I never saw him again (although I have always maintained that the doctor in *EastEnders* was a bit familiar).

Then, out of the darkness came a figure. He was fresh faced and wide eyed, as was I. He was dancing like an arse, as was I. We chatted. He was at LSE, as was I. He put his arm around my shoulder... I remembered what my mother had told me about strangers in London.

He told me he was Dan Lewis, Editor of the LSE's newspaper and that I should write for him. He seemed like a nice bloke. He told me it was his beaver. I decided my mother may well have been right.

00:40am Tuesday 19 March 2002

I am looking at pictures of obese animals on the internet whilst blowing on the Minestrone Cup-A-Soup that occupies my "Elvis Lives" Magic Mug (having discovered a burnt tongue can play havoc with your sense of taste). I have just spent 15 minutes at www.famouspeoplewholookbetterwiththebodyofananimal.co.uk.

Who, or what, could have possibly done this to me?

In spite of my experience at The Office I went to see Dan Lewis and soon found myself part of the paper. I have now been editing this section of *TheBeaver* for one and a half years and was previously music editor and features editor. This takes up about 10-12 hours of my time each week, and the music editorial job was not much less - probably eight hours a week. All in all I think it's fair to say that, at a rate of ten beavers a term, I have given approximately 500 hours of my life to this paper during my time at LSE.

Don't get me wrong, I do not look back on this time begrudgingly. I liked the people and enjoyed doing the job. Whilst Music Editor I even got to see up-and-coming bands, interview obscure indie bands and achieve my childhood ambition of owning my height in CDs. But it wasn't all Shed Seven albums and Ace of Base box-sets, oh no.

Even once *TheBeaver* has been distributed and digested around the various nooks and crannies of the LSE people aren't happy. The paper gets criticised for being both the mouthpiece of left-wing propaganda and a "God Bless America" pro-American. How we manage to achieve both is beyond me.

The only misgiving I have about working for the paper is that the LSE student at large is rarely appreciative of the folks at *TheBeaver* put in each week. Those of you not bored enough by my self-obsessed rambles so far may wish to hear the point which motivated me to write this column. Fear not, it approaches.

It is sad to say it but I think that *TheBeaver* that you hold in front of you may well represent the summit of what is achievable with its current resources. Whilst I have been here each new Editor has been able to add something on to the good work of their predecessor. Given the very limited resources that the Students' Union supplies to us we do an amazing job. Purely from a financial point of view *TheBeaver* would not exist without the advertising revenue, something we have to put the time in to generate.

It is a sad indictment of LSE that it is no longer possible to edit the LSE's student newspaper and put in the hours needed to adequately study your chosen subject. Admittedly, we are all guilty of relegating academic study to a lowly position once in a while. Personally it currently resides just below my Champions' League campaign on Fifa 2002 and visiting the FatMouse website. However, it somewhat defeats the purpose of coming to university if you are unable to keep up with your course.

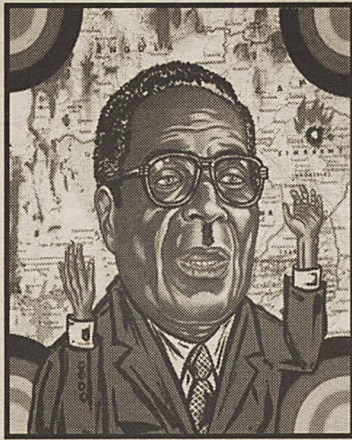
The time has more than arrived for *TheBeaver* to have a sabbatical officer responsible. Looking around London and further afield it does seem that I am justified in moaning about *TheBeaver* being hard-done-by. Across the Strand King's has a sabb devoted to their ROAR and that is merely a fortnightly. At UCL they have a Media and Communications sabb and don't even have a newspaper! Out of five sabbs not dedicated to medical students at Imperial one is responsible for their paper, *Felix*, which resembles the photocopied offering of a provincial Women's Institute. *London Student* even has a full-time paid editor and their arts section makes *b:art* look like *Empire*, *Q* and *Mixmag* rolled into one.

Some universities, such as Durham, even charge for theirs. Imagine having to pay to get your *Beaver*? It would be a sorry state of affairs as I am sure you'll agree. If you want to ensure a safe future for *TheBeaver* press for a Media and Communications sabb next year. They might even make PuLSE bearable.

Respect to *TheBeaver* crew. Past, Present, and Future.

continued on page thirteen >

With this stirring up of land politics came the inevitable clashes of race and tribe. Under the leadership of Chengerei Hunzvi, the so-called war veterans (many, too young to have fought in the Zimbabwe war are simply paid Zanu-PF members) grew in number and power and began a campaign of terror against both white and black Zimbabweans. Indeed, while white farmers have received vast amounts of British media coverage, it is the black MDC supporters and farm workers in rural areas who have borne the brunt of the most viscous and continual torture and intimidation. Zanu-PF youth militia or 'green bombers', trained in methods of terrorism, travel around demanding Zanu-PF cards and brutally beating people up for suspected anti Zanu-PF behaviour. Paid by the level of damage they have inflicted upon MDC supporters or stronghold areas, within these desperately poor, unemployed youth Mugabe has created a lawlessness he will find hard to control. With this as the build up to the March 2002 elections it is hardly surprising that most of the EU and Commonwealth observers condemned them as not free and fair. Kare Vollan, head of the 25-member Norwegian observer mission, said, "the run-up to the elections was not peaceful in the sense that there were so many incidents which instigated fear among the electorate and there cannot be any doubt about that." In the lead-up to the vote, Mr Mugabe denied his opponents access to state radio and television. When Mr Tsvangirai tried to get his message across through public events, the police used a newly invented security law to stop him.



Added to this physical intimidation, election analysts found that other tactics were used to promote Zanu-PF votes, such as the manipulation of the electoral register. Richard Maasdorp, who analysed it for the Zimbabwe Civic Education Trust (Zimcet), said that 27% of people on it were dead, abroad or seemed to have disappeared. Vote-stuffing is believed to have been widespread, especially in areas where MDC agents were barred from watching the count through jail, assault or being driven away. *The Sunday Times* described how in one area: Mberengwa West, in Midlands province, election officials claimed that a remarkable 96.7% of voters had turned out, more than three-quarters of them backing Mugabe. This was all the more implausible because of the area's remote and scattered population. Also, the number of polling stations in the cities, where the opposition is strong, was vastly reduced so that each urban station had to cope with around five times as many voters as the rural equivalent. The lines were so long in Harare that voting was extended to a third day. This was undermined, however, by opening the polls five hours late. Those still waiting in line at the day's close were chased away by riot police.

The feeling in Harare is of fear and despondency. As MDC supporters dread reprisal, Zanu-PF supporters marched confidently through Harare bearing a mock coffin for Mr Tsvangirai. While Mr Mugabe celebrated his inaugural ceremony on Sunday, it seems likely that Mr Tsvangirai will face treason charges arising from a videotape allegedly incriminating him in a plot to kill President Mugabe; an accusation he denies.

What hope is there left for Zimbabwe? Many believe that as an African problem, Zimbabwe requires an African solution. On Tuesday Olusegun Obasanjo of Nigeria, Thabo Mbeki of South Africa and Australia's prime minister, John Howard, will meet to consider the imposition of sanctions. Smart sanctions have already been imposed by Britain and the USA on key Zanu-PF members. South Africa supports the forming of a government of national unity within Zimbabwe, but Mr Tsvangirai has said that this would only legitimise Mugabe's win. Others have compared this coalition to that with Nkomo's Zapu, a vicious disaster.

It is clear that Mbeki needs to take a stronger stance on Zimbabwe. As nearly half Zimbabwe's imports and much of its electrical power comes from South Africa, he holds considerable power and sway. For Mbeki's own credibility in the west, his efforts with Blair and the New Partnership for African Development and the strength of South Africa's own economy and policies, he needs to deal with Zimbabwe. For Zimbabwe one can only hope that foreign blunders and inaction will not finally damage her people's resolve. With a manipulated election result, a 78-year-old president abusively clinging to power and the country facing appallingly severe food shortages and drought, there isn't much left to strengthen it.

The author is a first year sociology student



words by david keen

article solicited by
ahmadreza rezai

the not-so-failing states

A conventional view of contemporary civil conflicts is that states are collapsing and we need to rebuild them. This impression of collapsing states and even collapsing politics has been fed by the disappearance or at least erosion of ideological fault-lines. Increasingly, conflict has seemed to revolve around competing ethnic groups within a state, often with allies across an international border. The impression of chaos has been compounded by a proliferation of factions, by the extremity of atrocities against civilians, and by the fact that civilians have often been key perpetrators of violence - for example, as members of militias in Rwanda, Sudan and elsewhere.

So war is not what we thought it was, and the traditional idea of war as a contest between two sides is looking more and more outdated. Into the gap left by this outdated model of war has come a rush of media 'explanations', centring on terms like "mindless violence", "tribalism", "chaos" and "failed states". Robert Kaplan has been perhaps the best known champion of "chaos theory" in relation to contemporary conflicts. And Samuel Huntington has extended the common emphasis on ethnicity as an explanation for contemporary civil conflicts, producing an 'ethnic' or 'civilisation' analysis of global politics and warfare.

Unhappy with the label of "chaos", Huntington was trying to find a new paradigm that could explain conflicts in the post-Cold War era. I share his unease with the label of chaos. Indeed, chaos is not so much an explanation, more a confession of bafflement. But Huntington has stumbled into a paradigm that if anything is more dubious and more dangerous. Any explanation of conflict as fundamentally 'ethnic' or 'civilisation' runs the very grave risk of fuelling the rivalries it claims dispassionately to analyse. Such explanations tend also to turn a blind eye to the political and economic purposes behind the construction of various ethnicities. As British anthropologist David Turton and others have emphasised, ethnicity should not be regarded simply as an explanation; it is something which itself needs to be explained. One needs to ask not simply what is the effect of ethnicity, but what is its function? And one needs to understand not simply how ethnicity generates conflict, but also how conflict generates ethnicity.

Those who are ready to use easy labels and to accept the inevitability of ethnic violence may actually play into the hands of local actors seeking to bolster their own power and privileges by forcing politics along ethnic lines. The classic, tragic case of this was the 1994 Rwandan genocide, where for a brief but critical period the international community bought into the idea that this was tribal violence or

civil war rather than a carefully planned genocide by Hutu extremists controlling the state bureaucracy and seeking to forestall the advent of democracy by channelling conflict along ethnic lines.

The so-called "collapse" of a collapsing state is never more than partial. Indeed, in Rwanda, the state proved all too coherent and all too powerful. The so-called "failure" of a failed state, moreover, conceals important policy successes. Even in states much weaker and more geographically extensive than Rwanda, state actors themselves have usually played an active part when states 'collapse'. And very often it is precisely the hidden violence embodied in the old state that explains the manner of its collapse and the more

Foucault emphasised the importance of:

Refusing to restrict one's questioning to the level of causes. If one begins by asking for the 'cause' of the Gulag (Russia's retarded development, the transformation of the party into a bureaucracy, the specific economic difficulties of the USSR), one makes the Gulag appear as a sort of disease or abscess, an infection, degeneration or involution. This is to think of the Gulag only negatively, a dysfunction to be rectified - a maternity illness of the country which is painfully giving birth to socialism. The Gulag question has to be posed in positive terms. The problem of causes must not be dissociated from that of function: what use is the Gulag, what functions does it assure,

versally disastrous could be allowed, and indeed made, to happen - and very often to persist over years or decades? In some countries, warfare (though still labelled an "emergency" or a "complex emergency" by aid organisations) has actually become more normal than peace - Cold War or no Cold War. Mark Duffield has spoken of "permanent emergencies".

In part, this way of thinking draws on studies of the famine process. Indian sociologist Amrita Rangasami portrays colonial and recent famines in India as a competitive process, and she argues that this process has beneficiaries - notably those gaining from rising grain prices and falling labour, livestock and land prices.

In my own work (*The Benefits of Famine*, Princeton UP), I tried to show how famine in Sudan has been a competitive process, causing immense suffering among some but at the same time providing others with access to cheap cattle from the south and access to cheap labour or even free labour in the form of slaves. All these markets were profoundly shaped by the use of force, including the intentional obstruction of aid - a case of "forced markets" rather than market forces. Famine has also been part of a government strategy to depopulate areas of rebel strength that are rich in oil.

Importantly, the state in Sudan was already collapsing before the war, in the sense that it was increasingly perceived as unable to provide protection to significant sections of its population. For example, part of the reason why some northern herders were ready to be recruited into the militia raiding that created famine in the south was the violence of development - the fact that their own access to grazing land had been restricted by an expansion in World Bank and Middle East-financed mechanised farming. This expansion had also helped convince some groups like the Nuba (occupying fertile and dangerous territory between the north and south) that the state was not willing to defend their interests, encouraging elements of these groups into rebellion.

Rather than simply 'collapsing', the Sudanese state has been involved in sponsoring its own demise. At the military level, the use of militias against the south has offered a cheap means of counterinsurgency for a weak and heavily-indebted state. It has also offered a way to confuse the international community, since abuses could be played on "ancient tribal hatreds" rather than on intentional state policy. International actors, notably the US, were more than ready to swallow these "explanations" in the mid- and late-1980s, since Sudan at that time was seen as a valuable Cold War ally and a buffer between Communist Ethiopia and

Gaddafi's Libya.

The idea of a war between "sides" (usually two, often "ethnic") is easy to grasp; it helps to make complex events digestible and (apparently) comprehensible. Also seductive and apparently self-evident is the idea that war is about "winning". These assumptions can be traced back, in part, to von Clausewitz and his view of war as a continuation of politics by other means.

But while conflict is an undeniable reality in many countries, the fault-lines of conflict should not be taken at face value. What are the systems of collusion obscured by "war"? And what are the hidden conflicts (for example, class conflict or conflict between armed and unarmed groups) that are obscured when officials and journalists portray civil war as a battle between two or more sides?

continued on page thirteen >



The bones of victims of the Rwandan genocide wait to be sorted and placed in display cases at a planned museum set to open in the capital Kigali in February 2002.

The museum will feature the remains of thousands of dead, their names and personal details. There will also be a library, video presentations and a cafeteria. Up to 800,000 Tutsis were killed in 1994 by Hutu extremists in one of modern history's worst bouts of ethnic slaughter.

overt violence of outright war - as Peter Uvin has argued in relation to Rwanda in his book *Aiding Violence*. Prior to the 1994 genocide, Rwanda was usually depicted by aid donors as a great success story of development. In any conflict-affected country, simply reconstructing the old state and the old political economy will mean reconstructing the reasons why war occurred in the first place.

What the contemporary emphasis on breakdown and failed states tends to miss is that wars, like famines and indeed like ethnicity, need to be explained as positive phenomena, that is as phenomena that have functions as well as causes and effects. In thinking about the functions, as opposed simply listing a number of 'background causes' of wars and famines, I think it is helpful to go back to Michel Foucault's injunction to those who might wish to understand the internment of dissidents - which he refers to as the Gulag - in the former Soviet Union.

it what strategies is it integrated? (Foucault, *Power/Knowledge*, ed. Charles Gurdon, 1980, 135-6).

Rather than portraying war as irrational or as an aberration or interruption, it is helpful to investigate how violence is generated by particular patterns of development, by particular political economies which violence in turn modifies (but doesn't destroy). Part of the problem in much existing analysis is that conflict continues to be regarded as, simply, a breakdown in a particular system, rather than as the emergence of another, alternative system of profit, power and even protection. Events, however horrible and catastrophic, are actually produced, they are made to happen by a diverse and complicated set of actors who may well be achieving their objectives in the midst of what looks like failure and breakdown.

The habitual (and natural) emphasis on war as a negative phenomenon should, I think, make us a bit puzzled: how is it that a phenomenon so uni-

LSE's own David Keen is lecturer of a course many have called "the most successful ever." For the privileged few whose course requirements have taken them into this class, *Complex Emergencies*, a many myths that surround civil warfare are dispelled. As this article spells out, especially within the realm of developing countries, warfare is a valued commodity that is poorly appreciated in journalism, the society at large, and even within academia. Famine, warfare, disorder has beneficiaries. Without this recognition there can be no sustained progress.





< continued from page twelve

Conflict is partly about limiting your own exposure to violence - as during the Cold War when superpowers waged most of their battles by proxy and avoided direct attacks on each other. Within recent civil conflicts, co-operation between armed groups has often been significant. Indeed, pitched battles have been the exception rather than the rule. Civilians have borne the brunt of the violence. In Angola, there were reports of trading and fraternising between UNITA and government forces after the war resumed in 1992. In Liberia, faction leaders were reported drinking together in Monrovia while violence raged upcountry. Pitched battles between armed groups were relatively rare, with civilians consistently targeted for violence, as Stephen Ellis has shown. In Algeria, the armed forces have at various times appeared to co-operate with Islamic extremists.

A concern with economic accumulation has often prompted actions that are counter-productive from a purely military point of view. One of these counter-productive actions is selling arms to the other side (see, for example, Thomas de Waal and Gall's book on the Russian army selling arms to rebels in Chechnya). Another paradoxical act is economically-motivated raiding that predictably radicalizes its victims and encourages support for a rebel group. In Sudan, for example, northern Sudanese militia raiding on a variety of groups preceded and helped to create their affiliation with the rebel Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA). Similarly, attacks on civilians by the rebel Revolutionary United Front (RUF) in Sierra Leone predictably alienated the very civilians that the rebels said they were trying to recruit and represent. Meanwhile, government soldiers' violence against civilians impeded any government efforts to win hearts and minds in the war against the RUF.

Whereas analysts have tended to assume that war is the "end" and abuses the "means", it is important to consider the opposite possibility: that the "end" is to engage in abuses or crimes that bring immediate

rewards, whilst the "means" is war and the perpetuation of war. Contemporary conflicts have seen the emergence of "war economies" (often centred round particular regions controlled by rebels or warlords and linked to international trading networks). The aims in a war may mutate over time, from the political to the economic, and perhaps back again. A war economy may involve, for example, extracting benefits by means of pillage, extracting protection money, controlling trade, exploiting labour, controlling land, appropriating aid and profiting from arms transactions.

Understanding a war economy



is difficult without understanding the frustrations that arose in the peace economy that preceded it. In Sierra Leone, on which I have written a book (*The Best of Enemies*, James Currey, forthcoming), a variety of armed factions have absorbed youths who were already partially disengaged from their communities, and disillusioned with lack of educational and employment opportunities. They have often been looking for security, excitement, a chance to loot and to experience an immediate sense of power from the barrel of a gun. Violence has sometimes been a way of achieving a crude and immediate levelling down of Sierra Leonean society through destruction. Status and visibility have often

been inverted through violence: those who were poor and poorly regarded could become 'big men'; and those who were ignored and forgotten could become front-page news.

The case of conflict in Sierra Leone brings out clearly the importance of accumulating resources (as well as the desire to limit conflict). In a bizarre pattern, underpaid and under-trained government soldiers in the early and mid-1990s were observed attacking civilians, engaging in illegal diamond mining, dressing up as rebels, selling arms to rebels, and co-ordinating movements with rebels so as to minimise clashes and maximise the exploita-

tion of civilians. From the rebels' point of view, with enemies like these, who needs friends? Powerful politicians have been involved in inciting indiscipline in the army and in covert support to the rebels. Government soldiers and rebels - who made a joint coup in the capital Freetown in May 1997 - shared important interests not just in preserving systems of economic exploitation that had flourished under the cover of war but also in preventing recriminations or prosecutions under a democratic government.

Significantly, the pattern of "sell-game" during civil war in Sierra Leone has been a variation on a peacetime phenomenon.

Collaborative conflict can be seen as a mutation of peacetime corruption, particularly in relation to the diamond economy. Prior to the outbreak of war in 1991, state officials repeatedly participated in the smuggling they were supposed to be suppressing. Anti-corruption drives proved again and again to be a fertile ground for extending corruption. Meanwhile, the corruption of government officials helped to ensure, first, a lack of genuine development in Sierra Leone (including a collapse in education) and, second, a lack of treasury revenue to suppress either smuggling or the growing discontent engendered by precisely this lack of development.

Also in the early and mid-1990s, another kind of "sell-game" was going on in Cambodia. After the Paris peace agreement of 1991, exporting timber and gems through Thailand helped the Khmer Rouge to resist UN pressures for disarmament. At the same time, Cambodian government officials and especially the armed forces had become heavily involved in the logging business, helping to denude Cambodia's forests. In 1994, the Defence Ministry was awarded the sole right to licence timber exports and to all the revenue received from those exports. All this gave the armed forces, particularly senior officers, a powerful interest in not eliminating the Khmer Rouge altogether, and the army in fact winked at timber concessions in areas they knew would provide funding for the Khmer Rouge. Between 1994 and 1997, elements of the army came to arrangements with the Khmer Rouge over the control of economic resources in respective areas of influence, and even co-operated in exporting, and in getting the best prices for, some commodities. Some soldiers were even reported to be selling armaments to the Khmer Rouge.

In Peru, the beneficiaries of continued conflict have included army officers stationed in areas where they were supposed to be suppressing both the drugs trade and the Shining Path. The army tolerated and taxed drug shipments. And army officers repeatedly released captured guerrillas (for a ransom), apparently seeking to perpetuate low-level conflict in drug production areas - thereby legitimating their continued, and highly profitable, presence in these areas. This is discussed by John Simpson in his book *In the Forests of the Night*.

Certain kinds of contemporary disorder are proving extremely durable, particularly since various kind of illicit global trade are often successfully confronting states that lack the ability or will to control such trading. These states are not only in war-affected countries (Congo, Afghanistan) but also in neighbouring countries where the profits from smuggling and illegal extraction of resources may defeat and corrupt any government attempt to rein in a transnational war economy.

Institutions in the West - for

example, multinationals and banks are also likely to have some involvement in these war economies. The role of Swiss banks in the German war economy has recently been highlighted. The profits have to be put somewhere. A contemporary parallel is the role of Singapore-like Switzerland, it has in some ways a squeaky-clean image - in banking the proceeds of Burma's destructive opium trade as well as supplying the Burmese military and lobbying on the government's behalf within the UN and the regional group of states known as ASEAN. Attempts to rein in Western corporations involved in war economies can be seen as driving business elsewhere. A good example is the recent attempts to prevent diamonds from conflict zones from being traded in the Belgian diamond market, and fears that this could drive business towards Israel and India.

Another respect in which war is not simply about winning is its function in propping up unrepresentative regimes. Conflict and genocide has been used as a tool for political survival and for weakening the opposition not just in Rwanda but in many other places including former Yugoslavia, Sudan, and Guatemala. Fomenting ethnic conflict has frequently proved a useful way of dividing the opposition, and indeed ethnic nationalists have often fed off one another's nationalism with each side using the other's extremism to justify internal repression, as in former Yugoslavia. In Sudan, part of the point of the government recruiting northern herders into the war against the rebel SPLA was to prevent the incorporation of these discontented northern groups into a rebel movement that was aiming to recruit them.

In Pakistan, the military have used the conflict with India (notably, the nuclear stand-off and the conflict over Kashmir) to justify their continued interference in politics and a large military budget. At the same time, many within the military have been benefiting from drugs trading links with the Taliban in Afghanistan, a nexus threatened by pressure from the US and apparently defended in the October 1999 military coup.

In Angola, UNITA has received most of the international criticism. But senior politicians and army officers - the so-called 'oligarchy' - have apparently used warfare to ward off genuine democracy and free speech and to help them make huge profits from offshore oil, from weapons procurement and from diamond mining.

So before we rush to the conclusion that the root of contemporary conflicts is 'failed states' we need to ask what exactly they are failing to do, what frustrations this creates that may find an outlet in conflict, and, last but not least, who exactly is succeeding amidst all this apparent failure. Only then will we be in a position to think clearly about reforming, rather than simply reconstructing, the state that produced the war.

would you choose england?

Following increasing concern with respect to immigration in the UK, and indeed worldwide, Home Secretary David Blunkett's recent White Paper is the fourth attempt in ten years to achieve a more effective asylum system in Britain. We asked Ann Widdecombe, shadow home secretary, for her views on the issue. Rather abruptly, she replied that Blunkett is 'ignoring the guts of the problem'. The answer is quite simple. Rather than 'scattering people all over the country', and having various administrative bodies in different locations, we should group everything together in 'secure reception centres', as part of a more holistic approach.

These centres, Widdecombe argues, would solve the problem of inefficiency in the processing of asylum claims, by allowing individual legal advice and health care, as well as the body of paperwork taking place on site. Most importantly, however, the centres would tighten the screws (effectively decreasing the number of applicants accepted), and eliminating the possibility to abscond. People who are accepted as refugees in Britain would be given a 'proper resettlement package', and those who were rejected could be easily and quickly located.

So what's the problem? Why hasn't the present government adopted such a system? Much of the criticism received by the White Paper is that despite promising that new proposals will ensure a fairer and more efficient legal procedure, whereby each individual will receive adequate legal advice within an appropriate length of time, this is not explained with a sufficient degree of clarity. We know from previous legislation that such targets have not been met, so how can we be sure this time round? It is difficult to tell in advance, of course, whether Conservative policy will achieve their similar guarantee. Yet with a clear emphasis on how best to

keep refugees out of Britain, or otherwise, how to ensure speed of processing and resettlement, one can only remain sceptical. When questioned on the financial viability of the project, Widdecombe said the centres would be funded in exactly the same way as they are at present. It is a worry then, that part of the problem now is exactly its lack of funding. The Government estimates that detaining all asylum seekers on arrival could cost £2 billion in start-up costs, with annual running costs of over £1 billion. (*Commons Hansard*, 16 March 2001; col. 767W). Widdecombe is yet to give any indication as to how these costs might be covered.

The problem of detaining refugees has recently gained much attention from the media, especially since the Yarl's Wood incident, in which asylum seekers facing deportation lit a series of fires during a mass breakout within the detention centre. Widdecombe insists that this incident was a direct result of labour policy, because in such centres, people

already know that they're going to be removed, which will inevitably cause unrest. By allowing it, she describes Blunkett as having 'lit the fuse'. In a recent press release, Widdecombe had stated that detention is 'an essential part of an effective [asylum] system'. We questioned this statement on the basis that individual decisions to detain should be subject to independent judicial review and that failure to do so is in contravention of Article 5 of the European Convention of Human Rights. She said that by 'detention', she was referring to her policy of 'secure reception centres', justifiable because of the vast speed up it would cause in application processing. In addition she argued that as an asylum seeker, 'if you're really fleeing persecution, you'll be glad to arrive somewhere safe' and therefore 'you're not going to worry about those first few weeks'. At the risk of sounding overly idealistic, I would hope that we might find a more appropriate yardstick of comparison to justify our treatment of refugees.

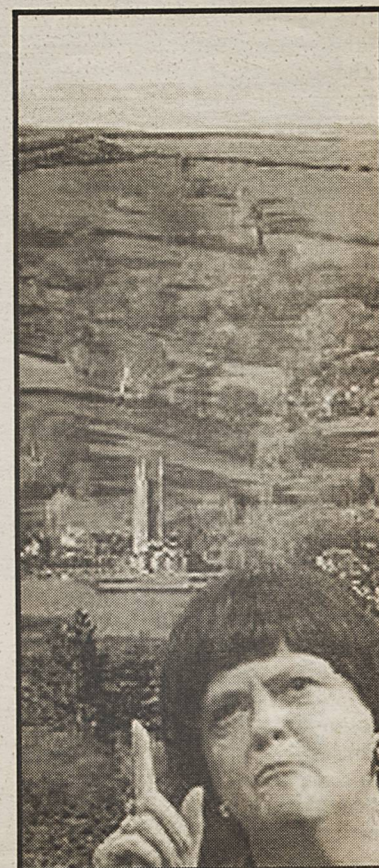
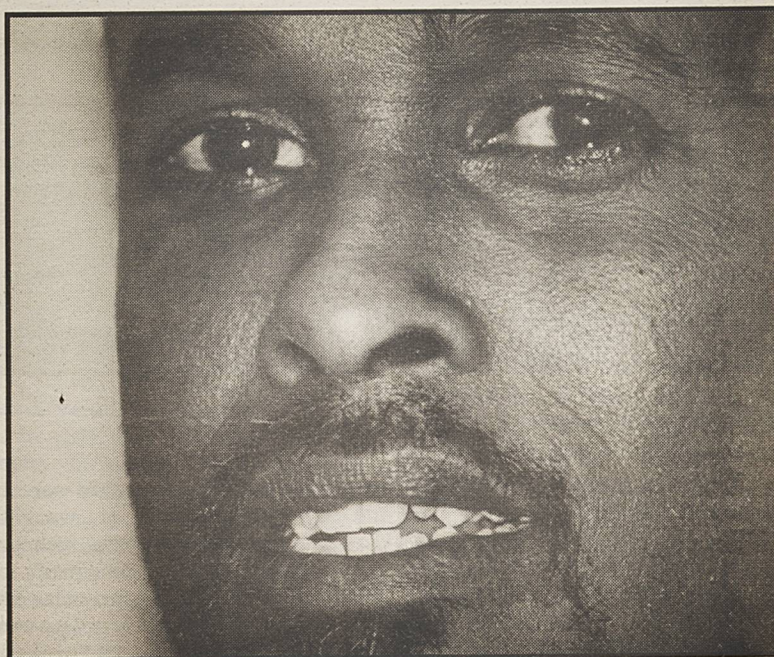
In the White Paper, the government has stated that people will be kept at the first initial stage of secure reception for a maximum of seven days. Concern expressed, particularly by the Refugee Council, is that if there is not sufficient quality accommodation in suitable locations in the dispersal areas, or if processing of claims is slowed down, asylum seekers will be forced to stay in the induction centres for much longer than seven days. Similar concerns must be spoken with respect to conservative policy, and thus it would be absolutely necessary to observe the progress of such centres in close alignment with the guidelines laid out by the 1951 Geneva Convention and the European Convention of Human Rights.

We cannot tell in advance whether the system of secure reception centres could maintain the level of efficiency it requires. However I would hope that priority was given at all times, to effective, fair and impartial legal advice for

each individual, as their entitlement outlined in the Geneva Convention, and that attention may be given to individuals at the point of dispersal, finding appropriate and resourceful ways of integrating them into the wider community. I can only maintain a level of scepticism when Widdecombe states that the most important objective is to 'remove the great magnet' attracting people to Britain. Nevertheless, it remains to be seen how these proposals are worked out in practise.

Lizzie Hull is also actively involved in the LSE Student Action for Refugees Society which organises weekly social afternoons at a North London refugee centre. Contact them at STAR_LSE@hotmail.com

words by lizzie hull



the view from abroad

words by nick posford



In an essay in Saturday's *Guardian* newspaper, James Rubin, Visiting Professor of International Relations here at the LSE, outlines his vision of the way forward for US foreign policy. Basing much of his analysis on Walter Russell Mead's book, *Special Providence: American Foreign Policy and How it Changed the World*, he proposes that the US is not now, nor has historically been, isolationist but is engaged in a pro-democracy, pro-freedom foreign policy, that US foreign policy has followed the beliefs that underpin the US. To this end, Rubin acknowledges Mead's four schools of American diplomacy and adds one of his own.

Hamiltonian

Adherents to this school subscribe to the primacy of international economics - which is described as originating when the US "had to protect the freedom of the seas, open the door for its exports around the world, and prevent any other power from challenging these principles". This is still the way many see US economic policy beyond its boundaries and, indeed, aid packages announced by Bush (and Bono) yesterday are dependent on reform of the recipient countries' economies'. This contradicts the supposition by Hamiltonians that "other nations joined trading systems voluntarily". They are compelled in an unequal world to accept the free market philosophy and practice if they are to receive help. How much this benefits them when they become open to US exports and global companies move in to exploit their cheap labour is a matter of concern for many anti-globalisation activists.

Jeffersonians

They are described as believing that the US should "teach by example", and to this end "she is the wellwisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own." This is

also a current long-running criticism of US foreign policy - that it suits the purposes of herself only - but this self-interest underlies the foreign policy of every nation. However, and this is the crucial difference, the US does so whilst claiming that she is providing freedom and independence for others - but whom is she actually helping? Not other nations, certainly not other nations when they threaten the US, yet surely as in any open and democratic society, the conflicting interests of the individual actors must lead to compromise if one is not to unfairly dominate others - how often has the US compromised? Further, the US claims to teach by example, and yet whilst advocating democracy and freedom, US foreign policy has often propped up dictators (South America) and encouraged oppression (Israel). It is this marriage of self-interest and hypocrisy that creates

such criticism of US policy.

Wilsonian

Adherents to this school are compared to NGOs such as Amnesty International, demanding that US diplomats "put human rights on the agenda," and the strong argument by this line of thought is "democracies make better, more reliable partners than monarchies and dictatorships". Saudi Arabia, among several Arab nations, is proof of the unreliability of the latter. The question is how important or frequent this school's influence is. It is often at the core of the rhetoric but seems equally as often to be missing from the actions of America abroad, tarnishing its image by allying itself too closely with dictatorships (Musharraf is another current example.)

Jacksonian

Reluctant to engage militarily and economically, these propose that if no other option is available, the US "should deploy all its power in ruthless pursuit of total victory". The menacing overtones of such a statement are borne out by the lack of concern shown by the current Bush administration for collateral damage. This follows the view, it seems, that 'the end justifies the means' - but what is the end objective? To prevent "the loss of vital oil in the Persian Gulf"? To achieve regime change in countries that threaten American allies but to ignore the plight of those in countries less strategically or economically important?

Pax Americanists

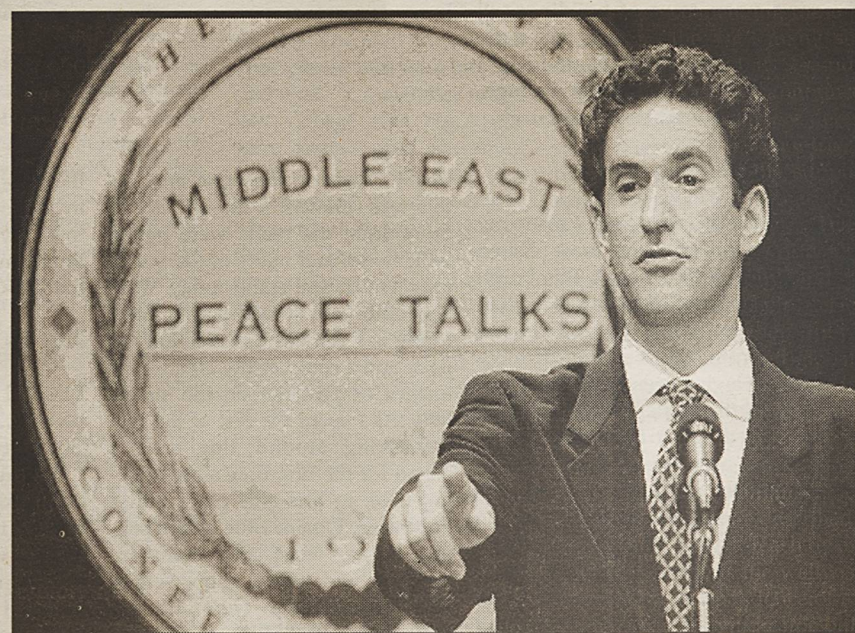
The crucial phrase here is that these want the US "to have a military capable of promoting democracy and freedom across the world." Yet the people Rubin ascribes to this school, Rumsfeld, Wolfowitz and Perle, show scant regard for democracy and freedom and seem more intent on a military that can afford to ignore any con-

cerns other than what they deem in the US national interest. Despite the positive words, these are the proof that America says one thing and does another. Some of the honest belligerence now coming out of Washington, perhaps understandable after the events of 11 September and the apparent success in Afghanistan, is exposing the weakness underlying US foreign policy - that its diplomats talk the talk, but the military and secret services walk a different walk.

Rubin concludes that compromise between all of these schools is required to make US foreign policy both more effective and seem more benevolent than it does at present, a worthy ideal, and there should be a recognition that international opinion does matter, but he then undoes all his good work by also saying that people must accept that "some international treaties have limited or no value, and that the UN and other institutions are no substitute for American leadership." What is that arrogance if not isolationism of the highest order and an excuse for interventionism only when it suits American domestic interests?

One can see why Mr Rubin excelled in the US government!

Nick Posford is in the second year of a BSc in Social Policy and Administration



edinburgh

words by may ling lee

Wanderlust has caught me again. It began with a small thought in the corner of my mind that life was beginning to feel like Groundhog Day, every single day being invariably the same routine of sleeping, studying and eating (okay, so I'm not the typical LSE student who parties every weekend and does well in school). The pile of reading which now threatened to swamp my already cramped room at Butlers Wharf gave visual reminder of my life of studying and nothingness. Sinful thoughts justified by good reasons formed in my mind. Maybe a weekend away in some part of the world would do me some good. After all, to state the cliché, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Where did I decide to wander off to in the end? Edinburgh, city of haggis, tatties and neeps.

16 February 2002

0700 hrs, GNER train pulls out from London Kings Cross Station

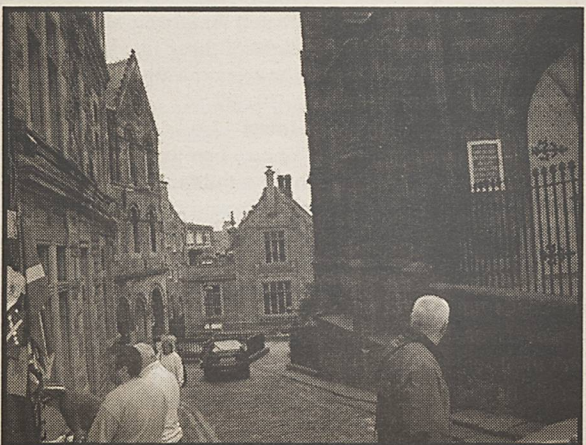
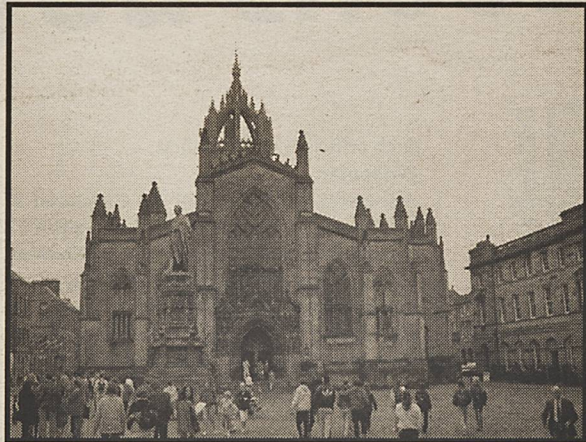
Yes! Off I go on this weekend trip, off to the land of kilts and whiskey, shortbreads and Scotland Yard, weird Scottish accent and freezing temperatures. Edinburgh, here I come!

1132 hrs, GNER train arrives at Edinburgh Waverley Station

Still suffering from lack of sleep and having to wake up at an unearthly hour, and after 4 fi hours of sitting in the train, seeing miles and miles of the English countryside, I finally arrived in Edinburgh. As I stepped off the train, I could already hear the distinctive Scottish accent in my ear and as I made my way to the youth hostel I had booked myself in for the night, I immediately noticed how old some of the buildings looked. There were rows upon rows of buildings, all grey on the outer walls and some even black in colour. If you thought London was depressing enough, then you haven't seen Edinburgh.

Rest of the day...

Doing the touristy thing, I made my way to perhaps the most visited attraction in Edinburgh, Edinburgh Castle. Situated at the top of a hill in the centre of the city, it is in full view from the bustling Princes Street. Having seen impressive pictures of the castle, I was quite disappointed when I actually saw it with my own eyes. It didn't look as spectacular as I had imagined it to be nor was it worth the 8 pounds entrance fee. I changed directions and found myself strolling down the Royal Mile, the road that leads from the castle and cuts across the city horizontally, leading to the



Royal Palace on the other end. As this was situated in the old city of Edinburgh, the roads were paved with stones and many of the buildings, which still stand today, were also built with stones. It was interesting as I felt like I was living the past, and I could easily conjure up images of past life on the streets here. As I spent the rest of the day wandering around this area, I began for the first time since arriving here, to find this place rather appealing. Quaint little shops selling fudge, wool and cashmere products and typical shops selling and hiring kilts were littered around the Royal Mile area. Narrow alleyways and steep staircases on

the sides of the street led to old and mysterious houses. The whiff of old town mystery caught my nose and I found myself lost in the streets of the Old City...

2100 hrs, High Street Hostel

I think I am going to faint... hello, people..... what do you mean an '80s party? And what was that that I just saw? Was that a smurf? The blue people? And someone trying so hard to look like Madonna? So yes, I was at the '80s party, but only looking on..... are you kidding? I wouldn't be caught dead in blue body paint, looking like a Smurf.... (da da dadadada dadadadada....)

17 February 2002

1400 hrs, Princes Street

Actually, Edinburgh is not really different from London, at least, in the new city. I mean, look at Princes Street, BHS, Debenhams, Marks and Spencers, Topshop etc, do they sound at all familiar? All I can say about Princes Street is that it is pretty much like your London Oxford Street, and perhaps a miniature of it at most. Finding myself bored with the high street stuff, I wandered back to the hostel and asked the receptionist where I could find alternative stuff. She suggested Cockburn Street and Victoria Street.

1500 hrs, Cockburn Street

Okay, so here I was in Cockburn Street. Pretty small place but somewhat more interesting than Princes Street. There's a photography bookshop here that sells loads of nice postcards and pictures. There are also some record shops which sell second-hand CDs at £3.99 each and many shops which sell Camden Town-style clothes and shoes.

1800 hrs, Grassmarket

The nightspot of Edinburgh. Filled with bars and pubs and restaurants, Grassmarket is a street just west of the city centre. I never made it there the first night (Saturday) because I was too tired to go anywhere but tonight, I made my way to Grassmarket, where the pub called the Last Drop was located. Here, I was to get my first taste of the infamous haggis, tatties and neeps dish. Apparently, haggis is the national dish of Scotland. It is disgustingly made of different internal organs of a sheep including a sheep's heart, lungs, liver, stomach and many other ingredients. All this is minced so that the end product looks pretty much like your regular minced beef. This was served to me in a dish with tatties and neeps, which are potatoes and turnips. Unsurprisingly, the haggis tasted just like it looked, pretty much like minced meat and nothing really very much different. It was an interesting experience though, sitting there in a Scottish pub in Edinburgh, eating my haggis, tatties and neeps and listening to U2 music (hmm...shouldn't they play Scottish music instead?).

1930 hrs, Royal Mile

I found myself on the Royal Mile once again, this time not to wander around the shops but to follow a ghost tour. The guide was a man with a heavy Scottish accent and he brought us around the old city, telling us stories of the past, including the Plague which befell Edinburgh and stories of ancient serial killers. He brought us to the underground vaults of Edinburgh, where people used to live and told us about the ghosts which still inhabit the place. He even made us

say hello to this friendly ghost and before we left, we ceremoniously said goodbye. Taking his stories with a pinch of salt, I nevertheless felt a little chill run down my spine and found myself wandering if what he said was true.

18 February 2002

1500 hrs, train pulls out of Edinburgh Waverley Station

As Edinburgh city drew further and further away, I reflected on my weekend spent in Edinburgh. It was probably not as fantastic as some of the other cities I have been to in Europe but it certainly had an interesting past. It certainly was a break away from London and I truly enjoyed that. Would I come back to Edinburgh again? Maybe, but just for the haggis, tatties and neeps. Or even for the ghosts.

This is May Ling Lee's second article for b:link

city of haggis, tatties,
neeps... and smurfs

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EXCLUSIVE

MARK LOBEL: I'M STRAIGHT



Fat Rik: Responsible?

The larger than life character made it to the final ten only to be ruled out from a throat infection. According to my sources, he has no role whatsoever in Will's outing. But I have learnt that he was bullied as a kid and it was thanks to his granddad Bill that he took up singing. Bill was known throughout Gillingham as a terrific singer. He was an inspiration to Rik. And Rik wants to be remembered as being a really nice bloke.



MAYHEM: Cafe last night

11 dead in Israel bombing

ELEVEN people were killed last night in another suicide outrage in Israel. Dozens more were wounded after the bomber blew himself up in a packed cafe in Jerusalem. One horrified witness said: "The blast was simply atomic." Another said: "It's the most horrible thing I've ever seen."

Full story: Pages 8 & 9



In terms of their sexuality, this week's chart contenders are quite diverse. William Young and George Michael, proven pop idols in their own right, find themselves overshadowed by the ferociously heterosexual Gareth Gates and the homophobic anti-'batty boy', Alistair G. And then there's the tracks, of course. Both straight performers are providing love songs, (albeit in their own styles), while Will Young's does confess: "You're the only girl that I need, 'Cause you're more beautiful than I have ever seen". But, why has their sexuality become an issue?

Basically, because of a few pathetic shits in the media and some over-anxious PR management on behalf of Will Young. It was not a bombshell to public school or Exeter University students (and their friends) that Will is gay. It was not a surprise to many in the media that there was a 'bigger' story behind the *News of the World's* 'revelation'. But it is all a little bit sad, really.

BY MARK LOBEL b:link politics editor

Implications in advance of the NoW article alluding to Young's sexuality in the *Daily Mail*, and *The Mail on Sunday's* attempted threat to publish a sordid story of his 'gay past' in order to secure the interview, (it is not clear whether they even had a sordid story), ended up with Will going to their rival instead. He correctly predicted that he could get the story reported as sympathetically as possible in Britain's highest-selling paper, and it seems to have worked. Not that he has friends everywhere. Once the story broke, *The Mail on Sunday* pushed the knives in somewhat, reporting of his 'aristocratic links'. Young complained of "media pressure" for him to come out in the NoW interview. It seems he was being honest.

And thus it ended up splashed across the front page of the *News of the World*, leaving only a few column inches for an arguably more important story entitled, "11 dead in

Israel bombing".

Before the article appeared I always suspected the story was going to break as a tabloid front-page splash. As the fact that he was gay was already known by those who knew a girlfriend of a friend of a sister who studied with Will, it was always odd that *The Sun*, (who you would presume would have almost definitely known), produced 'virtual' images of Will picking up his first Brit, hanging out with Jordan, breaking up with his supermodel girlfriend etc. and *Pop Idol Extra's* Kate Thornton kept making many leading comments while flirting with Will. It all lead me to suspect that the tabloids were building things up to make the story seem a revelation. I still don't understand how and why some of the reporters could have thought such misleading images were sensical. But, in terms of Will's publicity and paper sales, it obviously didn't hurt.

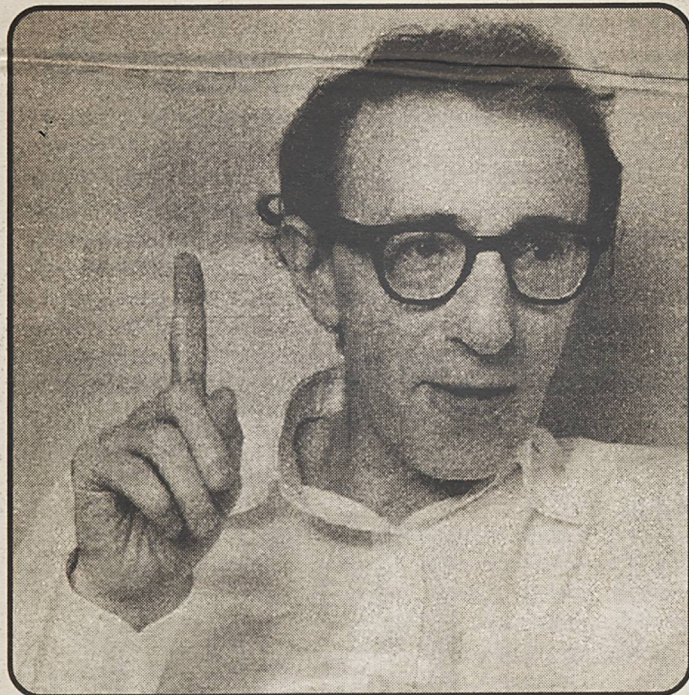
So, how will the announcement affect his career? And what were the NoW journalists on when writing a leader ending, "As to the future girls, well ... Anything is Possible"? Does this matter to 'the girls' though? The man behind *Take That* (please bear with me) has said that, "I remember when Boy George was big, there were always girls screaming for him. At the end of the day, teenage girls are screaming at a pop star, full stop. Of course, they all think, hopefully one day he'll marry me, but at that age you're not really thinking about sex". I wonder if the same could be said for male teenagers and Britney Spears. I doubt it. The fact that Will is gay is likely to matter to girls. It must at least put their hopes of a one in a trillion chance of marrying the big-grinned idol in jeopardy.

What about future boyfriends for Will? Supposedly all the best looking men are gay anyway, so he's lucky then. According to the *New Statesman*, Prince

William (how ironic!) may be gay. The writer even fed us the *Sun* headline: "Two Queens at the Palace". Treasonable. If Will is looking for a pop marriage, and all that jazz, there's George Michael, Stephen Gately from Boyzone and Elton John.

Of course, in many people's opinion it is a waste of print to be discussing this at all - but Will probably wouldn't care. I assume this from having watched a lot of *Pop Idol Extra* on ITV 2 (he can't be acting that nice all the time, surely?). Thus, so this argument goes, I think the original image *will*, despite the news, live on for many girls that want to fantasise about Will, and they shall still imagine steering him down the aisle one day. I mean, you've probably even forgotten that Gareth has a stutter by now. Or that ex-Spice-Girls publicist and Pop Idol judge Nicki Chapman is only in her thirties? Thirty-four to be exact. You never knew? Now there's an exclusive!

ADMIS #1 : Digital Love



All art starts at childhood. Remember modelling little animals out of clay, producing mosaics out of scraps of paper and patterned effects from potatoes. Breaking those bounds of forced structure, it was finger painting that really let you run free, gracefully moving over the page as your whim dictated, your true emotions spewed forth, authorities be damned.

However, finger art is no longer the domain of the toddler. A new form of finger-based art has been slowly developing in the underground art scene. Finger sculpture, the expression of sentiment through the medium of digits, is a simple, powerful medium, but one not without controversy.

For, embodied within such a simple concept, the five-fold choice of fingers (a mere four for the purists) presents great complexity, a mind-boggling glut of opportunity cascading from

the palm. And this, it seems, is enough to create division.

There are two main camps in this debate - the number of ring finger advocates having fallen away in recent years. The battle is raging between the young upstarts extolling the forceful crudity of the middle finger, and a much smaller, camp of artists of index finger admirers.

This group, known quite cryptically as the ADMIS #1, are slowly growing in number, and have a number of prominent proponents, as demonstrated by the array below.

Who will win out in this struggle is anybody's guess, but in the ever subjective view of *Beaver Fine Arts*, there can only be one victor. So let's all put up a finger for ADMIS #1 and make this world a better place. Amen.

Daniel Lewis



Lego: Play Well?

How does a childhood toy turn into a subversive medium? It sounds like the tag-line for an American paranoia-fest film involving the CIA, FBI and aliens. In fact, it's a reference to the work of Polish artist Zbigniew Libera. By using Lego blocks to depict a Nazi concentration camp - in order to reveal the gap between the images marketed to children and reality - Libera generated a truly explosive response.

Some critics labelled the work openly anti-semitic, many more claimed it treated the Holocaust with frivolity. The founding chairman of the International Network of Children of Holocaust Survivors asked, 'What can a Lego concentration camp mean, except that killing is child's play?', adding that the sets would be 'a boon of skinheads', by nature of the fact they 'trivialise and demean the Holocaust and the sufferings of its victims'.

Responding to such accusations, Libera commented, 'This is censorship all over again...I created this work to inspire discussion, not to suppress it'. Lego, who sent the pieces while under the impression that they would be used for more anodyne purposes, tried to persuade Libera to withdraw the pieces from public view, only ceasing once lawyers were called in.

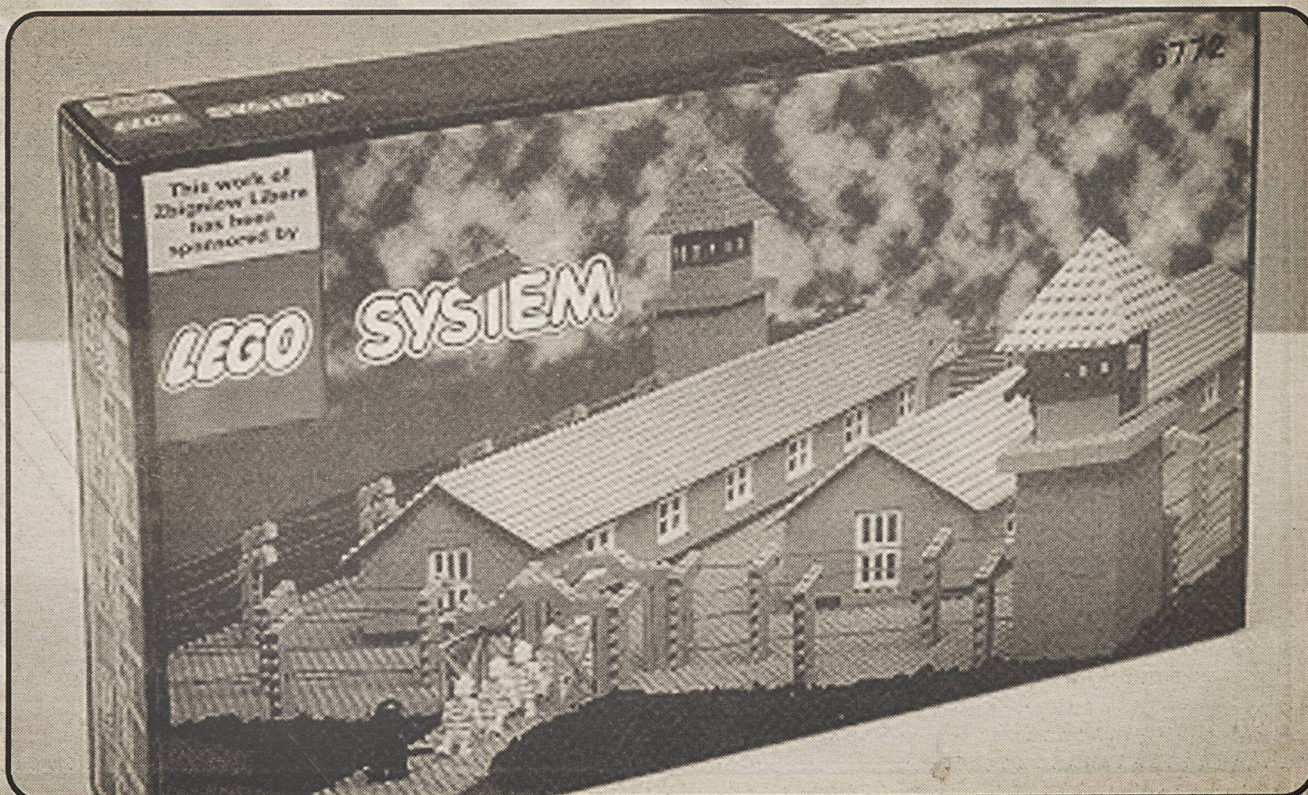
Are we seeing the limits of our 'liberal' democracy? Spreading hate is unacceptable, making a statement is not. As always with such work, the critics point to the children, and their supposedly fragile minds. Memories flood back of the *Child's Play* series of films, when a demonic animated doll was blamed for copycat murders, poor child literacy rates, and a general decline in the moral fabric. Far from being the naïve, impressionable serial-killers-to-be which are so often portrayed, children are often used by organisations to effectively veto material which they deem unacceptable.

There can be no doubting that the Holocaust was one of - if not the - most horrific episodes in modern history. Any well informed individual, child or adult, is well aware of that, and the terrible consequences of state-sponsored hate. Using such a medium as Lego, the ultimate artefact of childhood nostalgia, makes for

extremely powerful art; it leaves no room for indifference. Freedom of expression is sometimes painful for segments of the population - especially those with bitter memories of Hitler's Final Solution - but it is nevertheless essential for an open society, which can discuss such troubling events in a rational manner, without being subject to accusations of bigotry and flippancy.

New York's respectable Jewish Museum endorsed Libera's unorthodox approach to such a painful subject. According to Susan Chevlowe, the museum's assistant curator, the work 'merges aspects of popular culture with a pivotal event in Jewish history...It is a potentially interesting work of contemporary art'. Perhaps his work tells us more about our own insecurities than some would like to admit.

Peter Skipwith



Train To Perfection

Amy Williams asks 'Why do you love your trainers?'

As student life draws to a close for some of us the days of loafing around in jeans and trainers may be coming to an end and a new dawn of suits and shoes is what lies in wait. So in the last *Style* page, and indeed the last *Beaver*, we have decided to pay tribute to the staple of the student footwear diet: trainers. For once we aren't talking about the most trendy, top of the range, cost a fortune, took-out-a-hardship-loan-to-buy-them trainers but instead we are more interested in the old faithfuls that have seen you through your time in uni and stuck faithfully by your side whilst you tramped across London, strolled into lectures and danced the night away at *Crush*. So, trusty trainer, we at *Style* pay homage to you!



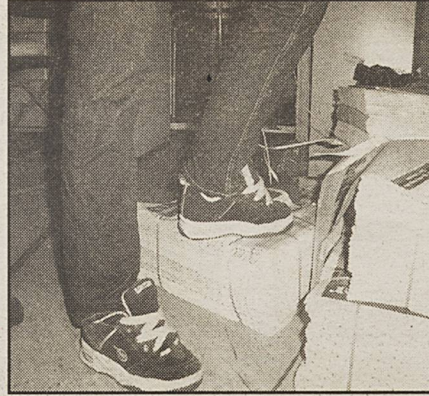
CAT:

"I love shoes so much that I'm a bit embarrassed at having these old things on today but they are so comfy they're fantastic."



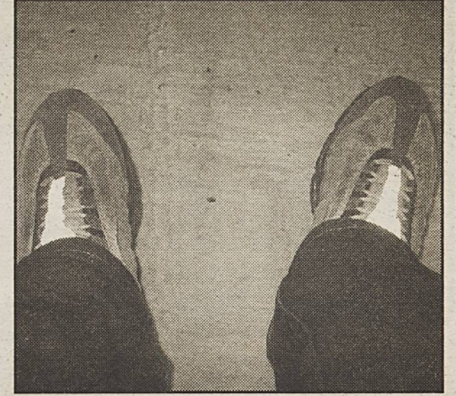
DAN:

"I was supposed to buy some trousers but got lost and confused in Covent Garden and ended up with these!"



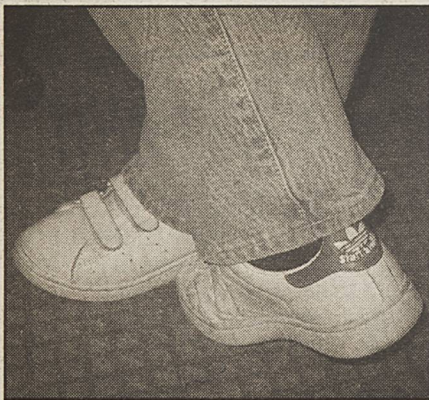
ROWAN:

"These are really old and I've had them for ages but they're still one of my favourites. They came from California actually."



IAN:

"It's worth spending £110 on a pair of trainers and ditching all your anti-Nike principles if you wear them everyday"



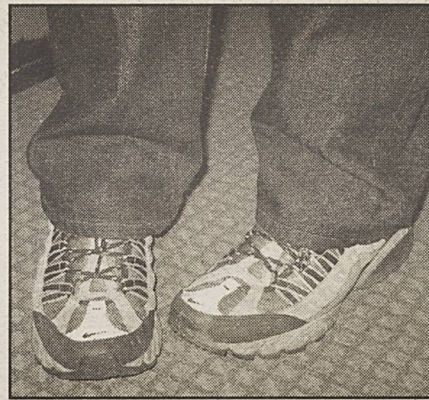
AMY:

"I bought these last summer for my holiday to Sicily and they've been firm favourites ever since. Brown legs and white trainers - can't beat it!"



CHARLIE:

"These shoes survived the *Beaver* vs *Pulse* football match. They're very worn but still really comfy."



ROBIN:

"My trainers embody everything that is great about the capitalist world we live in."



TOM:

"I bought these 'cos I wish I was a real skater. And as they're not Nike, I kid myself that they weren't made by a one-armed blind six year-old girl in Indonesia."

GIVEAWAY!

Yes, it's another style competition! This week we are giving away **5 T-ZONE SKINCARE GOODIE BAGS** full to the brim with tea tree facial products to help keep those zits away!

Just answer the following easy question:

Q. What children's TV programme does the character Spotty Man come from?

Email answers to A.C.Williams@lse.ac.uk before 5pm on Monday 25 March. Good Luck!

WANTED!

Suitably workshy fashion retard to join the *Beaver* Collective as next year's **Style Editor**. Go on, kid yourself into thinking you could do a better job!

Interested? E-mail thebeaver@lse.ac.uk

Metal Gear Solid 2: Sons Of Liberty

Tom WHITAKER gets the obligatory Solid Snake gag out of the way here: "Solid Snake. Huh huh..."

Anyone who owned a Playstation knows what *Metal Gear Solid* is about. Arguably the greatest game released for the system, its release back in around three years ago suddenly silenced any nostalgic harking back to a golden age of gaming. It was a revelation, as close to the long-held dream of the interactive movie that gaming has given us without sacrificing playability. In fact, it practically invented a new genre. Focusing on stealth, *Metal Gear Solid* was an action game where the point was to avoid the action. They called it "Tactical Espionage". We called it "cool". Sadly, it was all over far too quickly, which might be inevitable for the type of game you can play for a good four hours without realising, but it never had the staying power of, say, a *Final Fantasy* game. But when it was good, it was really good.

Thankfully, those geniuses at Konami have seen fit to bestow upon us another instalment of the *Metal Gear* series, and have opted for the PS2's vastly superior technology to bring it to life. And how. Graphically, because that's what strikes you first, the game is stunning. The animation may be fluid, but the camera movement is something else, winding its way around you, subtly shifting in perspective to show you what lurks around the corner with all the fluidity of a Hollywood Steadicam shot. Play more, and the details keep you impressed. Witness water trickling off the screen as you emerge from a pool, fight your way through a room as it fills up with fire and smoke, and still find time to be impressed by small details like your character's hair blowing in the wind as he opens a door. As before, the cut-scenes are not pre-rendered but done using the game's graphics. Only this time around, they look as good as most of the FMV you saw on a Playstation title.

Leaping back to the plot, this game sees you controlling Snake, the hero of the last game, on a mini-mission set on board an oil tanker. However, not long after the mission starts, the ship goes down, the shit hits the fan and Snake is lost, feared dead. It's then up to you, as a new, blonde-mulleted character known as Raiden, to infiltrate the shell-like structure erected around the salvage site. Why? Because nasty terrorists have taken it over, kidnapped the president and are threatening to blow the shell wide open, releasing all sorts of nasty toxins into the Hudson River.

And whilst we're unhappy with not getting to control Snake - the new guy is nowhere near as cool - the new character brings with him new abilities. The control system remains similar, with the crawling around and sneaking against walls still in tact. The major change is the first person mode, called up with a tap of the R1

button. With this, you don't just get to look around for hidden objects but use it for target practice. Pull out your pistol, and aim around for the bad guys. This adds a whole host of potential manoeuvres to your canon, and a whole lot more detail. Aim for silenced head shots to take out the enemy in an instant, but if the alarm is raised, emergency troops come running with bullet shields. Aim for the head, or crouch under a table, aim for the feet and watch them come crashing to the ground. Hold the square button to draw your weapon and let go to fire. In one of the game's nicest touches, slowly releasing the button will (thanks to the PS2 controller's analogue buttons) make Raiden slowly release the hammer and put the gun away without firing a shot. Pull a gun at close range and the enemy will freeze, allowing you to knock them out, break their necks or just splatter their brains for the fun of it. And, as stealth is the key here, drag the body to a nearby locker and stash the evidence away so none of the other guards are alerted. In some areas, you can even chuck the corpse off a bridge into the river! We like. A lot.

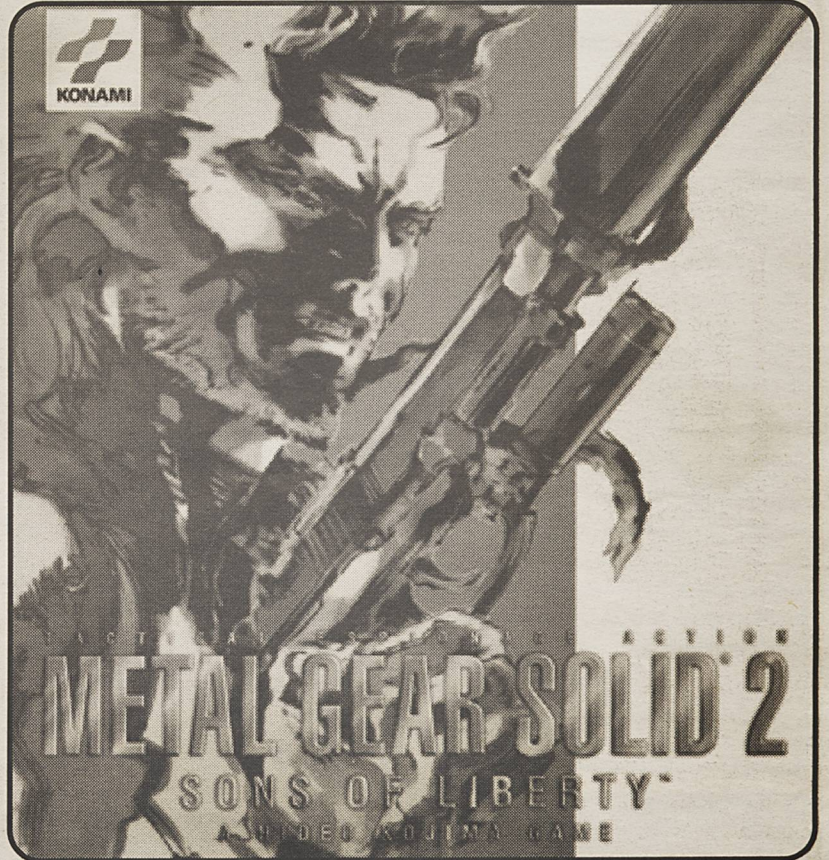
Problems? Sure, there are some. The game has a slightly annoying habit of bombarding you with cut-scenes, where plot details are spelled out. Fair enough (there are a few twists and turns here, including the is-he-isn't-he reappearance of a few old favourites), but they're very long, and often take control of some of the game's most exciting looking moments which could easily have been made playable (most notably the oil tanker's sinking). Worse are the long radio conversations, where there isn't even any pleasing eye-candy to distract you. What's more, the difficulty level is a bit low, with the guards far too easy to outwit in most places. They can now see a little further, but hiding isn't too hard, and if you die you often restart in the same position to try the same thing again. Trial and error always prevails, so completing the game shouldn't be hard, even for newcomers to the series. Given the impressive visuals and the game's filmic nature, it's a shame that there's no proper widescreen mode (those with the relevant kit will have to make do with a stretched image) and the lay-out of the main game area is a little repetitive, and less interesting than that found in *Metal Gear Solid* for the Playstation.

Still, this is nitpicking. Whilst its not as revolutionary an experience as the original was (it arguably never could have been), and it shares the same over-too-soon flaw, *Metal Gear Solid 2* is, while it lasts, quite possibly the most engrossing action game I've ever played, and an utterly essential title for the PS2.

★★★★☆

Review copy courtesy of The Playstation Student Network in association with:

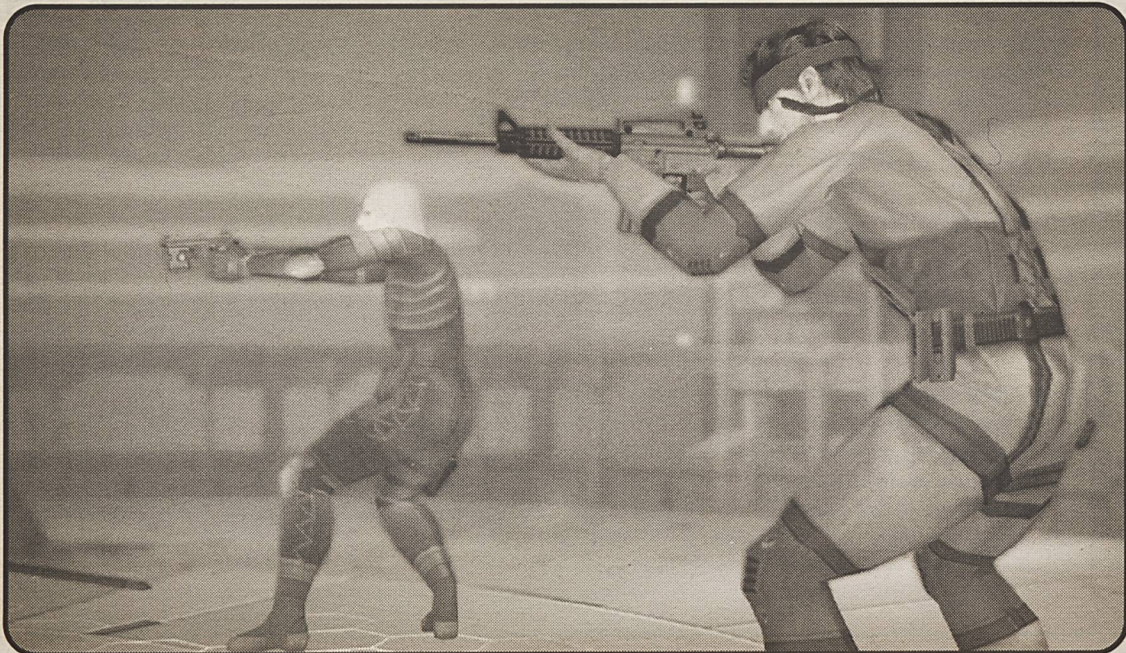
PlayStation²
OFFICIAL MAGAZINE-UK



"Quite possibly the most engrossing action game I've ever played, and an utterly essential title for the PS2"



Metal Gear Solid 2: Sons Of Liberty is out now and currently available on the Playstation 2 Student Network (that's the PS2 down in the Quad).
With thanks to Laura Caulton @ NUS Ents.



Ice Age

Tom WHITAKER and a pre-hysterical adventure



Director: Chris Wedge, Carlos Saldanha
 Starring: John Leguzamo, Ray Romano, Dennis Leary.
 Running Time: 81 mins
 Certificate: U
 Release Date: 22/03/2002

It's fairly standard these days to see the best bits of a film in the trailer. In the case of *Ice Age*, however, the film's finest moment (the opening few minutes of mayhem) was the film's original trailer. A small furry animal hops into view carrying an acorn across an icy plain, desperately searching for some soft ground in which to bury its treasure. Sadly for it, the requisite hammering into the ice starts off a chain-reaction, leading to an enormous avalanche and a rollercoaster sledge ride as it surfs the nut down the slopes and away from the snowy danger. It's brilliantly conceived, superbly animated and timed to comic perfection. That's where the trailer ended, but in the full film it dumps the viewer right into the storyline, at which point the quality drops a notch. Whilst the *Ice Age* is an enjoyable experience from here on in, it only once returns to such peaks of entertainment, and that's not quite enough.

John Leguzamo voices Sid the Sloth, a wacky sidekick to Ray Romano's Manfred the Mammoth. The mismatched pair stumble across an abandoned child, snatching it from harm's way (the harm coming in the form of a sabre-tooth tiger with the voice of Denis Leary). The trio then set out to return the child to his parents, with Diego the Tiger along for the ride.

Computer generated cartoons have enlivened the kids film in recent years, with Pixar enjoying the most success from their *Toy Story* series and this year's *Monsters Inc.* Their films combine imaginative concepts with acutely observed scripts, finishing them off with animation that continuously pushes the boundaries of what can be done with the current technology. For *Ice Age*, Fox's animation studios have attempted a

similar formula to a lesser degree of success. To their credit, the animation is superb, the visuals awe-inspiring. Much of the film's comedy is of the slapstick variety, with some excellent visual gags pouring from their stuffed hard drives onto the screen. Unfortunately, the script isn't quite up to scratch, especially in the earlier moments of the story. The characters lack the insight and invention which made Pixar's creations so enthralling and loveable, instead falling into a fairly traditional pairing of the sensible old fool and the wacky, you've-gotta-love-him sidekick, facing up to a leering bad-guy. Even more importantly, you never quite believe what's going on. Of course, this is fantasy, but *Toy Story* and *Monsters Inc.* worked because they took us into realms that didn't quite exist except in our childish imaginations. For *Ice Age*, the animators play around with a period of history and taint it with silly modern-day notions of family units and the like. It's nothing that Disney haven't done before, but it feels thoroughly contrived.

Thankfully, the film improves as it goes on, with the script getting stronger, building towards a couple of action set-pieces, one of which in particular is as exciting as anything Pixar put together (the door sequence in *Monsters Inc.* or the airport chase of *Toy Story 2*). In fact, it even matches the hilarious opening, but only serves to highlight how much more fun the whole affair could have been.

If computer animation is the way ahead for the kiddie flick and Pixar have lost their exclusivity, then films like *Ice Age* mean the honeymoon period may well be over. Everything here is a step down from the template on which it is so obviously modelled, from the concept to the gags to the visuals. Even so, *Ice Age* is a satisfying experience which doesn't outstay its welcome, and lasts a similarly short time in the memory. See it, enjoy, but it's by no means essential.

★★★★★

Ali G In Da House

Will ROWLANDS-REES looks like Will Young

I love Ali G. I love him. I LOVE him. Me luv im, innit. No I is not batty. Enuff of dat shite. *Ali G In Da House* is the first (and I don't want to open the debate on whether there should be a sequel) movie from Sacha Baron Cohen's cult TV star. Lets not beat about mi Julie's punani, this movie has girls (and lots of them) and they is all fit, 'nuff spliffs and lots of Fubu gear. Respect. Unfortunately what is not respect is the plot which makes *Dude Where's My Car?* look like a Chekhov classic, full of witty and inciteful dialogue and intense character development.

The plot (and this is thin) involves Ali being a waster and being asked to run for MP in Staines by the deputy PM Charles Dance (*Golden Child* being my favourite out of a huge list of previous credits) who basically wants to discredit the PM and seize power for himself. Ali succeeds and introduces some novel policies which see the government ratings rise. Ali does all this to save his local sports centre which is threatened with closure, where Ali teaches boy scouts that 'gay boys' should be called 'batty boys' etc... you get the drift.

Basically, what lets this film down is that Ali has morphed from being a rude member of the Staines massive in the series into basically a batty boy. He is so wet that flipper is jealous, and as for Free Willy, he has begged Ali to make a sequel called 'Ali self-lubricates his Free Willy'. I hated his new persona, I don't want Ali to care about his Julie, I want him to fuck her up the ass and piss off and find some other biatch.

If you are a MEGA fan of the series, and want to see Fubu's new spring collection, go see *Ali G*. You might even take the missus and she might enjoy it. If you are not, then give this a miss, and wait for it to come out on Moviemax 8 next autumn.

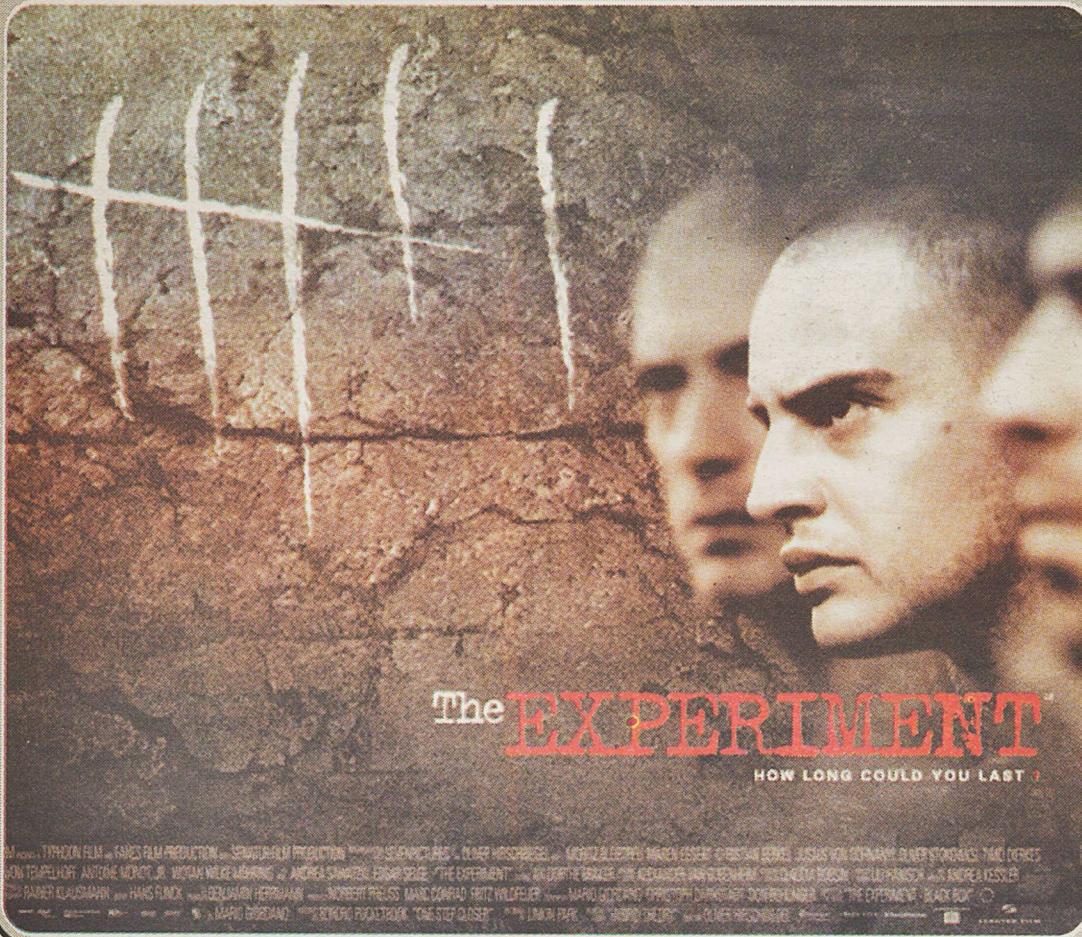
Director: Mark Mylod
 Starring: Sacha Baron Cohen, Kelle Bright, Charles Dance
 Running Time: 88 mins
 Certificate: 18
 Release Date: 22/03/2002



The Experiment

AngharadMASON: We wish she was in prison

Director: Oliver Hirschbiegel
 Starring: Moritz Bleibtreu, Christian Berkel, Oliver Stokowski
 Running Time: 120 mins
 Certificate: 18
 Release Date: 22/03/2002



Twenty men. Eight guards. Twelve prisoners. Assign to prison confinement and guarding duties for two weeks. Sit back and watch the results. Avid humiliation, beatings, rape and the death of your friends. A breezy \$2000 is for many far too tempting an opportunity to forgo, especially for ex-journalist and claustrophobic taxi driver, Tarek (Moritz Bleibtreu).

Oliver Hirschbiegel's film debut, *The Experiment*, is a frightening realization of what can occur when men are forced into the extreme. What makes the film even more frightening is that it is based on a real scientific venture, the Stanford Prison Experiment, which took place thirty years ago. The film begins when twenty men, including our protagonist Tarek keen to grab a story for his old newspaper, agree to take part in a mock prison experiment, run by some of the most professional scientists in Germany. The aim is to investigate aggressive behaviour in a simulated environment. The guards are told that it is essential they keep order or the whole experiment will fall to pieces. The prisoners are keen to rebel. What began as a piece of scientific work degrades into carnage as men literally lose their minds through fear. Beaten into submission by man turned animal, it is no longer a question of money, it is a question of survival.

The film itself is slick, fast paced and very well directed. Often with films like these an audience is left confused and disappointed by nothing more than a psychological mess. However Oliver Hirschbiegel's movie is no less than captivating, and truly petrifying; an adult lord of the flies. Civilised men who turn into total savages once given a small taste of power, turning vicious against their captives, the scientists and even their own. This is not feel good film. It is brutal and honest and will leave you shaken.

For those of you not keen on the make-believe fantasies of *Harry Potter* and *Lord of the Rings*, *The Experiment* would be perfectly suited to your taste. It is likely to shove you back into the real world where you like to be, kicking and screaming. Watch with great anticipation: just remember, this is not a game. This is real.

★★★★★

24 Hour Party People

PeteSKIPWITH was at boarding school at the time

Director: Michael Winterbottom
 Starring: Steve Coogan, John Simm
 Running Time: 118 mins
 Certificate: 15
 Release Date: 05/04/2002

It's the early 90s, and Manchester is going off: chemicals are being imbibed in quantities unseen since the hazy heyday of the Sixties, and suddenly every cheeky Northern soul is in demand. After coping with the chart assault of Jive Bunny, Sonia, and her other flat-packed stable-mates, the young indie-buying public re-emerges, rubbing its red eyes in the morning sun, carrying a new confidence on its scrawny shoulders. Sure, it would soon spiral downhill into the Britpop phenomenon, when even your gran could recant the words to Australia by the Manics, but the moment was perfect.

The bowl was back. Clint Boon (of Oldham's finest, the Inspiral Carpets) made sporting an early Beatlesque mop and wielding an electric organ damn cool. *24 Hour Party People* is a film for those who were there, those on the sidelines, and those who were still in school. Tony Martin, a Cambridge-educated, dog-stroking, supermarket-opening Granada TV superno, goes to an early Sex Pistols gig in 1976. Inspired by this pivotal moment in music history, himself and his compadres decide to set up a new type of record label - Factory Records - where the artists are given complete artistic control. The first contract is signed in blood.

Beginning with Joy Division, later to become New Order after the tragic suicide of lead singer Ian Curtis, and following this with the Happy Mondays, already notorious by this point for killing a large segment of Manchester's pigeon population with food laced with rat poison, the label grew like fungi in a student bathroom. Not satisfied with this stellar success, Factory then embarked on Martin's next mission: to create one of the greatest dance clubs in the world.

The plan behind the Hacienda project could have come straight from the fragile mind of a Strand

Polytechnic student: open massive club, fill to ceiling with e'd up ravers who want nothing more than mineral water, and sit back while the whole venture loses shed loads of money. As your business empire crumbles around your swollen ankles, liberally add hard drugs, buckets of KFC and simmer, until a London record company arrives and offers to buy you. Then, in a final twist, reveal that you don't actually have a single record contract, and therefore nothing to sell, save for a £30,000 postmodern table.

Like so many biographies, the sheer insanity of the urban myths, characters and events surrounding the Madchester scene would make compulsive viewing, even if the whole film was portrayed using stick men. However, instead of stick men, which would admittedly lend the movie an impressive arthouse feel, it features such quality as Steve Coogan (playing Tony Martin), John Simm (New Order's Bernard Sumner), and a whole string of slightly faded looking contemporary personalities doing cameos; at points, the movie feels like some feverish version of *Where's Wally*, especially when Mr Boon himself turns up as a train conductor.

Basically, this film is exceptional: witty, sharp, and fast-paced, with plenty for the washed out thirty something, and those afraid of anything lying to the north of Watford. It's enough to make you down that biro, bin the *Financial Times*, and jump on a train to Wilmslow, before getting your head kicked in and returning to London, bitter and rootless.

★★★★★



Crossroads

EleanorKEECH on why Justin dumped Britney

Director: Tamra Davis / Starring: Britney Spears, Anson Mount

Think "Britney" and you think of an all-singing, all-dancing schoolgirl. Well here she is with the all-acting side of her, to complete her status as an international superstar. Shame though. This film could send her to the very top, and with her wanting the music industry to take her seriously, this film is in the perfect position to be a vehicle for the all-new 'grown-up' Britney. But with lines like "oh, I write poetry" and that stupid song *I'm Not A Girl, Not Yet A Woman* (sorry Dido, you wrote that and I have no choice but to blame you for how inexcusable that song is), this film does her little favours. She wants to be the adult here, but you have to be a child to watch it and like it. Please don't see this film unless you are seven years old. The script is appalling; Britney's acting talent, well, it seems like it just wasn't on set at the time of filming.

The story line is boring; she hitches a ride with her best mates to the other side of the States for an adventure. No, sorry, I'm going to contradict myself here - the pathetic parts are hilarious. The characters are all flat. Her best friends are annoying, her love interest (although seriously *gorgeous*) just can't stand being around teenage girls - don't ask why, I don't know. Excuse me if I'm wrong but I thought all 20-something year old men love being around teenagers - it's pretty evident in the Tuns! And as for poor Kim Cattrall - just how unflattering is it to be cast as Britney's mum, when this is the most glamorous woman on TV? She has all of two lines, basically telling Britney to "go away". Well, I'm not surprised. I would. And her father, played by a fat Dan Aykroyd (he was never that fat in *Ghostbusters*) is the "overprotective" father (see what I did there?), and wants Britney to be a doctor (what?? Britney, studying medicine??!!?). Side-splitting stuff. Well, at least that's what the whole of the Empire Leicester Square thought, as the audience of nearly 2,000 chuckled away. Pity it's not actually billed as a comedy.

★★★★★



Director: Paul and Chris Weitz
Starring: Hugh Grant, Rachel Weisz
Running Time: 106 mins
Certificate: 12
Release Date: 26/04/2002

If you've liked the other Working Title productions such as *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, *Notting Hill* and *Bridget Jones's Diary*, then I guarantee that you will enjoy this British London-based rom-com. Over the 1990s

we've seen a progression in the types of character that Hugh Grant plays - from the bumbling love-fool Charles in *Four Weddings* to the cheating love rat Daniel Cleaver in *Bridget Jones*. Here we see the next progression in Hugh Grant's characters, this time playing Will; a responsibility-free, trendy thirty-something London playboy. At first he comes across as Dan Cleaver again, but in this film his character evolves from selfish to selfless, after Will realises how useless and empty his life truly is.

About A Boy

Eleanor KEECH: next year's film editor. **Bonzer!**

His life revolves around scoring, dating, then dumping, until he discovers the ultimate way to score - down at the local single-parent self help group. Only the women there are mostly ugly and quite generally mingers, apart from the young and pretty Susie (Victoria Smurfit) who catches his eye. He creates a web of lies to gain their sympathy, inventing his own imaginary son, Ned. Through the group he comes to meet Marcus (Nicholas Hoult), whose hippy mum Fiona (Toni Collette) has problems with depression, ending up with an attempted suicide. When they discover her unconscious and rush her to hospital, the friendship between Will and Marcus begins to grow - Marcus comes to see Will as a father figure, and Will primarily sees Marcus as company in his lonesome life. When Will discovers that Marcus is bullied at school for having a hippy lifestyle, there is a change in Will; he begins to feel pity for someone other than himself. He buys him trainers, CDs, and saves Marcus from the ultimate embarrassment of singing *Killing Me Softly* in front of the whole school. In a way, Marcus saves Will from his empty life.

It's hard to believe that this film is directed by the same people who directed *American Pie*, since the humour and satire are completely dif-

ferent. Hugh Grant's initial reaction was "no-one actually has sex with a pie in this..." but it's still classically funny in the same style as other Working Title productions. I can't really comment on whether the film does justice to Nick Hornby's novel since I've not read it (hey, I have degree to do... yeah right) but it's certainly got me interested in buying the book. And the *Badly Drawn Boy* soundtrack (who was asked to be involved by Nick Hornby himself) is pretty good too. There is the potential for quite a high cheese-factor in a few parts of the film (especially the rendition of *Killing Me Softly* in front of the school), but they all manage to redeem themselves; good quality British humour can overcome even the most diabolical corniness. There are happy endings all round, you couldn't finish this film in typical British style with a miserable ending (...the American audience wouldn't like that now, would they?...) but that's not Working Title's style anyway. Potential cheesiness is overcome by the well planned-out ending. Pity about Marcus's dreadful pudding-bowl haircut. I thought they were in the domain of the 1970s.

★★★★☆

Slackers

By Marie-Anthea NICHOLAS

Director: Dewey Nicks
Starring: Devon Sawa, Jason Schwartzman, James Jing
Running Time: 86 mins
Certificate: 15
Release Date: 12/04/2002

If I had to pick three words to describe this movie best (sorry, have been having interviews recently) I would begin with 'American teen comedy'. Think *American Pie* only not anywhere near as funny and cringeworthy.

In a nutshell, the plot centres around three guys; Dave (Devon Sawa), Sam (Jason Segel) and Jeff (Michael Marona), who have managed to scam their way to their final year at College all the while never studying for an exam. As finals approach, they get caught in the act of one of their clever plots by Ethan (Jason Schwartzman), an ambitious class nerd who promises to let them off on one condition, that they use all their unethical expertise to get him the object of his over-active hormones; brainy and beautiful babe Angela (James King). Desperate to not let their efforts of the past three years go to waste they agree and set about befriending Angela, only lo and behold, Dave falls for her himself.

Although it was quite amusing, I often felt I was laughing because the plot was so silly rather than funny or wittily written. It left me feeling I'd just spent an hour and a half watching a film about something that wouldn't conceivably happen in real life, even though the film was supposed to be about something easily associated to College life. Though I was surprised to recognise a few of the leads from other movies (Laura Prepon who played Reanna, Angela's friend, also appears in the fabulous *That 70's Show* and Devon Sawa was in *Final Destination*) the acting was in places quite bad and *Thunderbird*-like.

I would advise anyone who thinks they'd find the 'you've-got-too-much-time-on-your-hands' antics of three college guys amusing and has 86 minutes to kill to go and see this. Otherwise, save your money and wait for *American Pie 3*. Or just stay at home and do your homework.

★★★☆☆

K-Pax

Steve PARKINSON? Hell Yeah!

Director: Iain Softley
Starring: Kevin Spacey, Jeff Bridges
Running Time: 120 mins
Certificate: 12
Release Date: 12/04/2002

Sometimes watching films can be such a frustrating experience. Take this example as an illustration: You can happily sit through a certain film, being pleasantly entertained (indeed, not even bored at any point) but with a nagging feeling that you can't shake that tells you that there is equally no particular reason that you should be enjoying this film. And afterwards, you struggle to remember why you enjoyed the two hours of precious undivided attention that you gave up. Unfortunately for me, *K-PAX* just happens to be such a film.

Kevin Spacey claims to be Prot (pronounced Pr-oat), an extra-terrestrial on a visit to earth from the planet K-PAX. Jeff Bridges plays the psychiatrist assigned to discover exactly what psychological condition Spacey is suffering from that would make him believe this to be the case. Bridges befriends Prot in the determination to understand his condition, while at the same time being presented with increasing evidence that Prot may in fact be exactly who he says he is.

To claim that a film which employs a noticeably large number of scenes involving merely straight dialogue and little action (mainly one-to-one scenes between Spacey and Bridges) is boring, is little more than a cheap shot from any reviewer. Indeed, *K-PAX* does exactly this and is not boring. But equally it fails to effectively make any of the points it is seemingly trying to make. Prot appears initially highly dismissive of the 'backward' civilization he finds on earth, while at the same time he is only too happy to spout his own cod philosophy (including the staggering revelation that 'Jesus and Buddha had a point'). This is preaching in the worst Hollywood manner, the sort of nursery school morality that anyone with half a brain (human or otherwise) should feel insulted by.

Elsewhere, Prot spends his time enlightening and apparently curing the permanent residents in Bridges' psychiatric ward, who, despite being an entertaining cast of characters (see, I knew there was something I liked about it), one feels they would be rather out of place in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, never mind a real psychiatric ward. Bridges is likable as the quack struggling in his professional capacity to explain away Spacey's condition while finding himself ever more inclined to believe what Prot is telling him. Spacey however, an actor who always seems to walk the fine line between superiority and pretentiousness, unfortunately stumbles ungainly into the latter category here. Shame on you.

★★★★☆

Competition

To celebrate the release of *The Experiment* we've got a couple of T-Shirts to give away. All you need to do to win one is email beaverfilm@yahoo.com with the answer to:

**What year was the infamous Stanford Prison Study actually carried out?
 Was it:**

- a) 1970
- b) 1972
- c) 1974

Closing date is 28 March. Good Luck!



Coming SOON

Tom WHITAKER previews the Summer biggies. Which are block busted and which cut the mustard?

Blade II

Wesley Snipes returns for the sequel to 1998's brutal vampire-slaying blockbuster. This time around Blade joins forces with the vamps to take on a new breed of ne'er-do-wells who feed on humans and vampires alike. Director Guillermo del Toro, who scored an arthouse success with last year's phenomenal *The Devil's Backbone*, is behind the camera this time. And if that's not exciting enough, Luke "Bros" Goss is the bad guy. But most interestingly, the advanced word is phenomenal, suggesting a heady mix of horror and outrageous action, combined with striking visuals and a stirring soundtrack. All of which means that *Blade II* is sure to be one of the best, and certainly the bloodiest, actioners around this year.

Release: 29 March



Spider-Man

Sam "Evil Dead" Raimi brings the comic-book web-slinger to the big screen. In spite of Spidey stalwarts' contempt, the young Tobey Maguire (*Pleasantville*) plays Peter Parker, the newspaper photographer turned arachnidally affected superhero. Kirsten Dunst (*Bring It On*, *The Virgin Suicides*) is the love interest and Willem Dafoe is, well, the foe. The original teaser trailer - a specially shot action sequence culminating with a helicopter caught in a web spun betwixt the Twin Towers - was pulled from theatres. However the full preview, featuring action-packed sequences from the full film, quite frankly rules. The buzz is very good and Raimi's already in talks for a sequel, suggesting that this is a franchise with legs.

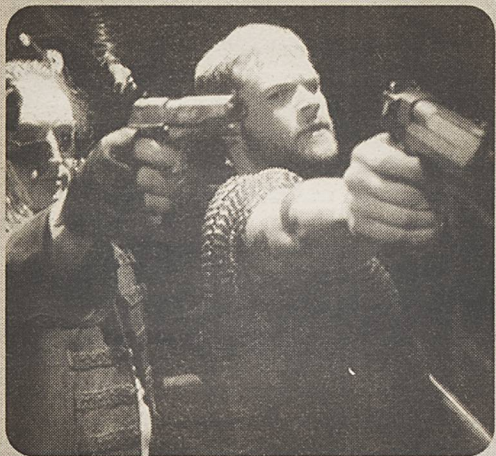
Release: 14 June



Star Wars: Episode II

Having had their patience tested with the rather slack *Phantom Menace*, Star Wars geeks around the world are once again getting excited about their next visit to that distant, ancient galaxy. And whilst I could care less about the *Star Wars* saga, it seems that the hype could have some foundation this time around. The slew of trailers tactically released across the net have suggested an *Episode II* that's packed with truly stunning effects sequences but mostly Jar Jar free, tinged with the usual bad dialogue but blessed with rather darker sensibilities than the fluffy prequel. And Yoda gets in a scrap too.

Release: 16 May



Panic Room

Director David Fincher swiftly erased the painful memory of *Alien 3* with the stunning *Se7en* and the love-it-or-hate-it madness of *Fight Club*. His new flick, however, stays closer in tone to his other feature, *The Game*, whilst retaining the CGI-enhanced camera-whizzery of *Fight Club*. When thieves invade, Jodie Foster and her daughter take refuge in the titular *Panic Room*, a mini-fortress within their Manhattan home. But it seems that the crooks only want what is inside the room already, and a battle of wits (and big crowbars) ensues. Nothing staggering, we hear: instead, we're looking forward to a solid genre-piece boosted by some flashy direction and claustrophobic visuals.

Release: 26 April

Road Kill

Every silly season needs a surprise hit, and it looks like this could be the one. Only, it won't surprise those in America, where it was released last year (as *Joy Ride*) and enjoyed critical and popular success. Borrowing heavily from *Duel*, *Road Kill* follows two brothers (Steve Zahn and Paul Walker) who use a CB radio to pull a prank on a long-distance trucker. Who turns out to be a loony and chases them across middle-America in a big rig. Tense and believable, *Road Kill* looks set to do what *Pitch Black* did two years ago, succeeding as a relatively low-budget thriller, bringing little originality but an excess of excitement to the multiplex.

Release: 12 April



Rollerball

Die Hard director John McTiernan takes on a remake of the 1975 hit, and people run for cover. Not only is emotion-free lunthead Chris Klein taking the lead role, test audiences thought it was so bad that it scurried off the release schedule only to reappear for the summer. The studio have chosen to remove most of the gruesome action shots, creating a watered down version of a bad film sure to make just that little bit more money because the kiddies can get in to see it. Support comes from LL Cool J, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos (*X-Men*) and Jean Reno (who appears to have found himself a worse blockbuster than *Godzilla* here). By all (and I mean all) accounts so far, this is one to avoid.

Release: June 2002 tbc



Minority Report

After last year's sporadically excellent *A.I.*, Spielberg looks like he may make amends for that ending with a new foray into sci-fi. Tom Cruise plays an agent involved in arresting violent criminals before they commit their crime, throwing up all sorts of moral questions. Then, he himself is targeted by the feds, throwing up all sorts of opportunities for pegging about involving high-tech machinery. All the while, he's hoping to make it onto the *Minority Report* - a document detailing the agency's extremely rare errors. The film promises an interesting concept, menacing atmosphere and some slick visual tricks. Colin Farrell also stars.

Release: 5 July



Scorpion King

Chuck Russell, who directed the less-than-stunning *Eraser*, takes the reigns on the *Mummy* franchise with this spin-off featuring *Mummy Returns* bad-guy, the Scorpion King. Only here, it's before he turned bad, with The Rock playing a Conan-like warrior. The trailer looks ropey and reports of reshoots don't bode well. It remains to be seen whether Dwayne's wrestling-ring charisma can translate to the screen. The prospect of a slow-motion Rock Bottom followed by some manic, eye-brow raised swordplay may be an exciting one, but it looks like all we have to look forward to is a rushed B-movie: an ill-advised star vehicle steroid-boosted by a mammoth marketing budget.

Release: 19 April

Tartuffe

Uncultured soul that I am, I have to admit to never seeing or reading Moliere before attending the new production of *Tartuffe* at the National. An absolute pity to be sure, because this show proves the man is definitely worth getting to know. Stellar dialogue and skilled acting mark this excellent new translation of the classic satire.

While it might not seem quite as subversive as in 1664, when the play was banned by Louis XIV and condemned by the Catholic Church, its central message remains timeless. *Tartuffe* is a sanctimonious con-artist who uses the appearance of piety as a way of worming his way into the heart and home of Orgon, a simple merchant. Orgon develops an obsession with this fraudulent man that eventually leads him to denounce his wife and family. However, the only way *Tartuffe* plans on paying him back is by secretly scheming to rob him of all he owns. The play has much to say about religious hypocrisy and the blinding power of faith - thankfully for the audience, it does

so in a highly amusing manner.

Tartuffe is blessed by a set of wonderful performances, including the charming unctuousness portrayed by the lead actor, Martin Clunes. The cast strikes a lovely balance of levity and credibility, and it really seems like the performers enjoy themselves on stage. The play is witty without being overbearing, and elegant without being stuffy. It's crisp and delightfully refreshing entertainment, and definitely a charming night out on the town.

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Vince Lampone**

Playing at the National Theatre
Tube: Waterloo
Student standby tickets £8
Box Office 020-7452-3000

[sstheatre@hotmail.com...](mailto:sstheatre@hotmail.com)

...for any comments, questions, address to send gifts, or desires to get involved.

On Tour...

Beauty and the Beast

Fresh from its West End run at the Dominion Theatre where it won the Olivier Award for Best New Musical in 1998, Disney's *Beauty and the Beast* is currently embarking on its first UK tour.

The delightful tale of *Beauty and the Beast* hardly needs any introduction. As Disney's first musical production on stage, it doesn't get any more magical than this. A selfish and loveless prince is cursed by an enchantress and becomes a monstrous beast (Alistair Robins). His loyal subjects serving him slowly take the form of various objects like a mantle clock (Cogsworth), a candelabra (Lumiere) and a teapot (Mrs Potts) to name a few. The Beast must learn to love and be loved in return before the last petal of the Enchanted Rose falls and all of them are doomed to remain in their non-human forms forever.

Throughout the musical, Belle goes on a roller coaster ride of emotions (best reflected in *Home*) while the Beast's heart-wrenching *If I Can't Love Her* is another notable addition to Alan Menken's magnificent score which was lengthened for the stage adaptation of the classic feature cartoon. The sets are sumptuous, the costumes are lavish and the *Be My Guest* scene is a spectacle of dancing cutlery and crockery to behold, without being overbear-

ingly so. 37 special effects and 11 magic tricks are used in the production and one simply has to see it to believe it. The transformation scene at the end has the Beast elevated into the air from his supine position and rotated amidst flashing lights. Half a second of darkness later, the prince sans 1.5 hours worth of make-up takes the place of the hideous beast. These are some of the many individual sections that are excellent, but as a whole, the musical comes out more than the sum of its parts.

There is a strong sense of déjà vu during the final scene between the villagers and the denizens of the castle where it is reminiscent of *The Lion King's* final battle scene with Scar and the hyenas, but unlike this other over-hyped Disney musical, *Beauty and the Beast* comes across as being more genuine and boasts a more memorable soundtrack. It is unfortunate that this gem of a musical is no longer in the West End.

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Kuan Ming Leong**

Bristol Hippodrome, Box Office: 0870 607 7500, final perf March 23 before going to Dublin, Birmingham, Southampton, Manchester and Edinburgh

Ariodante

The English National Opera have done a fabulous job in this revival of Handel's *Ariodante*. The story is set in Scotland, in the times of chivalry. Ariodante, a foreign knight in search of adventure, has fallen in love with Ginevra, only child of the King of Scotland, and she with him. Polinesso, Duke of Albany, is ambitious for the throne and was courting Ginevra before Ariodante's arrival. What follows is a classic tale of love, treachery, deception and finally revenge.

Sarah Connolly deserves particular praise for her singing of the lead role as Ariodante, she has delighted crowds many times in the past and does so again here. Not one note is missed, even when sliding down the side of a roof! Sarah Burgess as Polinesso, the other woman as a man (both roles are mezzo-soprano), also did a wonderful job; she just oozes the sort of treachery that her part demands. But despite their excellence both women were outshone by the combination of Harry Christophers' conducting and the pit orchestra. Together they really did Handel's work justice producing what I can only describe as absolutely beautiful music.

The scenery is spectacular and really has to be seen to be believed. Excellent use is made of a semitransparent curtain which acts as a mirror at points when the lights are dimmed, eerily magnifying the images of the performers and focussing attention to the front of the stage. The costumes are gorgeous, although some characters change clothes so often causing a little confusion.

The first act is wonderfully quick and interesting setting the tone for the rest of the evening. The second act is a little slow at the start with some of the arias dragging a little, but it picked up at the end with a good burst of action and intrigue to leave you anxious to get back for the third. The chorus really made the finale bringing an end to a well-balanced production.

If you have never been to the opera before then this is a fantastic production to whet your appetite. First, it is sung in English, most are sung in Italian or German, fine for purists or those that speak the language but not so good for everyone else as it can be difficult understanding the story. Second, it's playing at the Coliseum, one of London's finest venues.



A fantastic production of a great opera.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Robin Noble**

English National Opera at The Coliseum, Box Office: 020 7632 8300, Trafalgar Square, £6-£61, through March 27

Miss Butterfly

Madame Butterfly begins with a beautiful Geisha bought by Pinkerton, an American naval officer. Innocent to the power of the heart, she disavows her religion for his, and gives herself over to him on their wedding night. Tragically, her innocence has led her astray for this marriage is no more than a disposable commodity. Dawn breaks the love affair and Pinkerton returns to America leaving Madame Butterfly only with that which is now growing inside her. Madame Butterfly, shunned for her religious conversion and her mental shift westward, awaits his return like a mother awaiting the arrival of her only son five years after the war has ended.

When she finally hears the canon announcing his ship, her and her loyal maid elatedly prepare the home. Though Pinkerton has no plans to see his former Geisha, the American Consul who married the two tells him the news of his son and persuades him on the grounds of obligation. After making it to the doorway of her home, his guilty conscience sends him on the run, and to her shock she is left to meet his American wife Kate at the door.

In a final act of despair and generosity, she gives the final thing she holds dear, her young son, to the care of Kate, unable to bear her own child, and her one time lover. No longer motivated by her naive hope, she lets go of any dreams and transports herself back to her roots. In a ritual suicide, using the same sword as her father before her, the Butterfly retrieves her honor, and at last finds eternal rest.

This ballet, choreographed by David Nixon, powerfully incorporates the original score by Puccini with traditional Japanese music. Through the movements of the dancers both the tragedy and elation of love are conveyed to the audience. There are two especially noteworthy scenes, both love affairs that gain meaning in their comparison. The first is the wedding night of Pinkerton and Madame Butterfly. A young girl, the audience sees her release herself slowly, but finally as the two erupt into passionate bliss. The second is the love scene between Pinkerton and his wife Kate, playful yet conventional in the hotel room on their visit to Japan.

Chiaki Nagao's *Madame Butterfly* elucidates the qualities that began to fascinate the Western world with the art and beauty of the Geisha in late 19th-century Europe. With subtle changes of manner and expression she is able to within the minute transfer herself from elation to despair. She also is able to, completely devoid of self-caricature, possess the utter vulnerability that both draws Pinkerton and nearly destroys her.

Though what some consider an easy crowd-pleaser, David Nixon's dance rendition is hailed as having saved the Northern Ballet Theatre from the disaster of last year's *Jekyll and Hyde*. I highly recommend a careful reading of the synopsis or previous knowledge of the play, as then one can see the powerful emotion ballet adds to the classic story from Puccini's masterpiece.

The end is abrupt and concise as she at last returns to her roots with the final message existing as shift in music from the traditional Japanese back to the Western - subtle but powerful. The story remains a tragically beautiful case of worshipping and taking that which we can not hold dear.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Sarah Greenberg**



Sadler's Wells, Box Office: 020 7863 8000, Angel, £10-\$40, final perf 23rd March

Easter Material

St John's Passion

"And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth"

Chapter 19: 16-17

This opera is the story of Christ's betrayal and crucifixion according to the gospel of St John. The story remains as intriguing as ever and this English version of Bach's opera is very accurate.

Christ is betrayed by Judas and brought before Pilate. Pilate, being a 'sissy' and not wanting to fall on the bad side of the Jews, or Caesar, sentences Jesus to death. The soldiers mock him, his followers mourn him, and the people don't really get the gravity of what they have done.

While the story is accurate I felt that the emotions and drama of the event were not fully presented. It is reproduced in modern times with modern clothes and modern attitudes. While this is good in that we are aware that we would have acted the same way as the Jews did thousands of years ago, I would have appreciated some more drama. The stage seems bare. For example, of course they could not actually nail the hands and feet of Paul Whelan who acts as Jesus, but the director could have presented a more

visually stimulating portrayal of the event. One doesn't really feel that sense of importance and I think that's where the production fails. On the other hand, the actors are wonderful and the English National Opera is never short of talent. Mark Padmore as the Evangelist is one to look out for and I would recommend seeing it if only just to listen to him sing. I cannot describe how beautifully he narrates this liturgical work.

But, what can I say. I definitely think it is good Easter material - to remind us of the life and death of Christ - but since I am also aware of how poor we students are, I recommend you should all tune in to BBC2 on Friday 29 March as the production will be televised then. (please check *Radio Times* to confirm broadcast time)

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Adejoke Babington-Ashaye**

English National Opera, The Coliseum
Box Office: 02076328300
St. Martin's Lane, WC2N 4ES
Leister Square Station
www.eno.org
From £3- £55.00
Final Perf 30 March

The Mysteries

If you're looking for something different and out of the ordinary, this is it! *The Mysteries* is a breath-takingly stunning production, recounting stories from the Bible, but focusing more on the human emotions behind them rather than the morals that we all know. You tend to forget things like how terrifying it must have been for Abraham to have his faith tested by having to sacrifice his only son to God... And the intense happiness of Noah and his family upon the return of the dove to the ark with an olive leaf, marking the end of the floods, was so overwhelmingly powerful, you could see the entire audience wiping tears from their eyes, and gladly joining in the celebrations of a new beginning.

The cast was excellent at conveying joy, pain, anger and sadness to the audience, whose understanding of the dialogue was probably rather limited by the fact that a number of South African languages were used interchangeably with English, which (to me anyway) represented a celebration of the diversity of human life. Having said that, this does

mean that it helps if you know the stories a little bit, and you don't mind putting up with the odd profound speech in Zulu. There were plenty of laughs too though, demonstrating that the Bible doesn't have to be just a dusty old book that you never read.

Music, singing, noise and activity constantly surrounded us, with imaginative sound creations like bouncing rubber tires and rubbing the rim of a wine glass. The music was also South African in style, predominantly vocal, with some amazing voices in the cast, whose singing at full volume was mind-blowingly impressive. After the final song, the entire auditorium leapt to their feet, thoroughly amazed at the magic of the performance. Definitely not one to miss!

★★★★☆

Reviewed by **Esther Horvath-Papp**

Queens Theatre, 51 Shaftesbury Avenue, Box office 02074945040

Freebies!!!!

Taboo, Ariodante, The Mysteries...

...and a little Passion.

1) To win tickets to the new musical *Taboo*, tell us the social taboos that you like to break and why.

2) In order to see *The Mysteries* for free, clear up this mystery for me. In New York 'SoHo' is descriptive of the trendy area 'South of Houston'. What are the origins of the name for 'Soho' London?

3) For free tickets to see 'St John's Passion', tell us the word for a pregnant goldfish:

- a) a twit
- b) a twoot
- c) a toot
- d) a teet

4) And for the Easter egg experts out there, guess what kind of egg is used as the shade for the gorgeously eclectic lamp below and win free tickets to see *Ariodante* (hint: you can fit 4700 hummingbird eggs in one of these).



Email your answers to sstheatre@hotmail.com - Tickets are subject to availability.

Taboo

The Culture Club front-man, pop star and DJ Boy George has written a West End musical based on his own experience of finding fame in the eighties era of New Romantics. His musical, *Taboo*, is written from his own perspective as he and the rest of the group struggled to make a name for themselves.

The 1980s - Margaret Thatcher rules politics, riots run through Brixton, Live Aid unites the world. New Romantics, style magazines, designer labels, and the Queen's Silver Jubilee were fresh in the minds of all the Great British Public.

This musical *Taboo* brings to life a decadent decade - a vibrant era of colourful dreams, dazzling fashion, and the beginning of pop culture as we know it today. The music of the early 1980s is known for its then revolutionary use of synthesizers, drum machines and samplers, as well as its men in makeup. Other eighties stars depicted in the show include Visage's Steve Strange, music promoter Philip Sallon and the androgynous Marilyn. It will feature a host of new songs written by Boy George as well as Culture Club's number one singles, *Do You Really Want to Hurt Me* and *Karma Chameleon*. A love story of passion, ambition and betrayal unfolds alongside the journey of Boy George's rise and fall

from international stardom.

The book is written by Mark Davies-Markham. Mark Davies-Markham wrote the popular cult television series *This Life*. Cast includes Ewan Morton as 'Boy George' and Matt Lucas as Leigh Bowery. This new musical is performed at The Venue, a stylishly reclaimed dance hall off Leicester Square in the heart of London's West End.

Some of you may like it very much, some of you may not. Watch it and judge for yourself!



reviewed by **Shola Babington-Ashaye**

The Venue, Box Office: 0870 899 3335, Leicester Square

The Full Monty

Oh My Gawd! This show is *fantastic!*

For those of you, who have seen the movie, forget about the movie! This musical is totally on another level. Its funny, hilariously written, emotionally heart-wrenching, libido provocative and absolutely value for money. The stage performance comes with an American twist in its lyrics and performance. It is exciting. Ladies eat your hearts out!

Six unemployed men sick and tired of the having little or no money and being the 'wife' at home are desperate for money to re-establish themselves as 'men'. A incident in the men's room of a strip club puts the idea in Jerry's head that he and his close pal can make good money from stripping to their 'unmentionables'. It is a hilarious and emotional journey for the search of the four other 'would-be' strippers. Do not think for one minute that this is an excuse to perform soft porn on stage! No such thing! There is nothing dirty about the Full Monty. It is clean and healthy to the mind and your eyes!

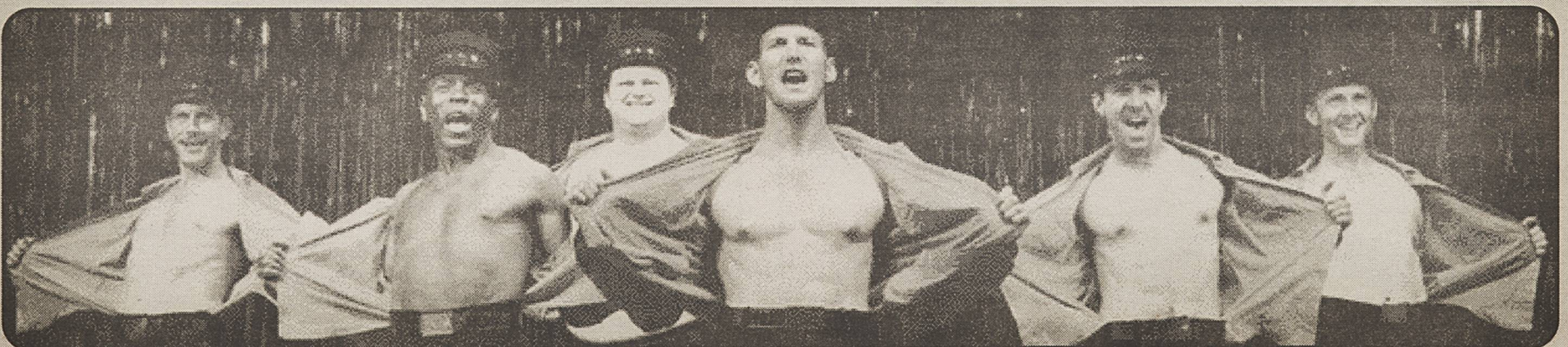
This musical version is located in Buffalo, New York State unlike the location of Sheffield in the original movie. The playwright Terrence McNally does an excellent job in recognising the insecurities and inappropriate behavior of the male gender.

The show's final climax is artfully illuminated and yes, yes, yes, ladies, we get the full Monty! It is tastefully done. Guys please don't feel intimidated because this is a show you will enjoy as well. I cannot single out a cast member because I found each of them fantastic in their roles. They were believable and you just have to love them. The songs and lyrics belted out were catchy. Overall, this is an excellent show and is rated amongst my top shows ever.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Shola Babington-Ashaye**

Prince Of Wales Theatre Coventry Street, Box Office: 020 7839 5972, Leicester Square/Piccadilly Circus





City Loud @ Turnmills

Saturday 16 March 2002

Funky house is undergoing something of a resurgence in London Town at the moment, and nights like Turnmill's City Loud have had a lot to do with it. Run by legendary promoter Toni Tamborine, City Loud has already found its groove and seems to be going from strength to strength.

Turnmills is by rights a 'superclub' but the best thing about it is it doesn't feel that way. It has a capacity of nearly 1000 yet still manages to maintain an intimate and friendly vibe. Quality, no-cheese house from both sides of the Atlantic spread over three rooms. Recent renovations have seen the addition of an extra chill out room with comfy stalls and candlelit tables, making it as much a social outing as a full on party.

Tonight saw the residents taking the limelight - and deservedly so. **Jazzy M**, the first DJ ever to play at the Ministry provided his usual energetic

mix of hardish funky house to get the main room going, somewhat bizarrely dressed in burger burglar clobber. **Smokin' Jo**, defected DJ extraordinaire put in her first appearance at City Loud, adding her twist to the main room shenanigans. Room two saw the party vibe turned up to the

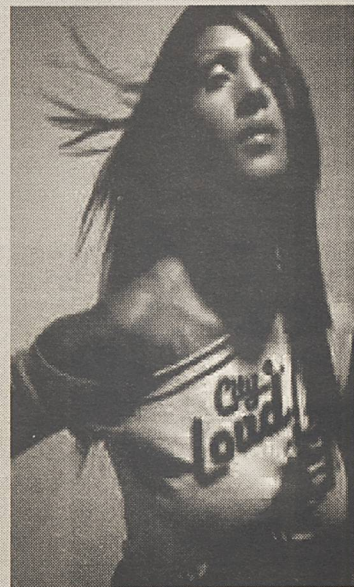
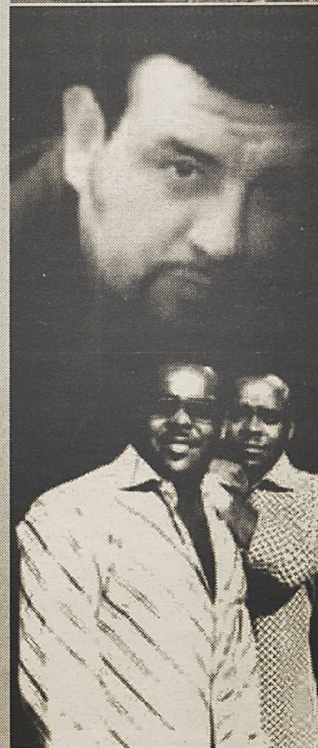
max with Garage City legends **Bobby and Steve** giving things more of a vocal sing-a-long slant.

I've found that the problem with many funky house clubs is in the clubbers they attract - ultra fashionable thirty-somethings with loads of money! Whilst there is a dressy element at City Loud, the mixture is fine and you won't find door pickers denying you entry if you're wearing trainers - damn right too. I was a little perturbed when on refilling my water someone

warned me off with 'you don't wanna do that mate, pigeons in the tank'; thankfully after not heeding his advice I was none the worse for wear.

CJ Mackintosh rounded off the night in his own funk-fuelled style playing percussive bangin funky house to an appreciative crowd. CJ has built up something of a reputation for himself at City Loud - last month he had to hide behind the decks from endless calls for 'one more'. My only complaint is that it ends too early; oh well, could just carry it on with Trade. Next month sees the mouth watering prospect of a US / UK soundclash with **Roger Sanchez taking on CJ Mackintosh**. What more can I say, except.....treat!

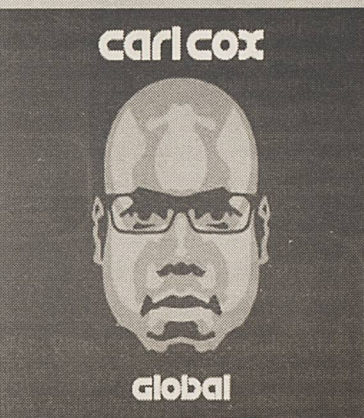
Pictures: clockwise: CJ Mackintosh, Jazzy M, Bobby & Steve and Smokin' Jo



Win!...Win!...Win!...

A Pair of Tickets for **Carl Cox's Album Launch Party @ Turnmills, Easter Sunday, 31 March 2002, 10 - 6am**

The DJ's DJ Carl Cox comes to town after an absence of four months to launch his new mix album, *Global*. Carl is one of the best and most sought after DJs in the world and has chosen Turnmills to launch his first UK mix album for four years. He will host the main room all night long providing a marathon eight-hour mix of funky techno and high octane house. Coxy is joined by the equally global and ever eclectic Gilles Peterson who, with the help of some special guests, will make sure room two is just as funky.



Mmmm... a mouth watering prospect I'm sure you'll agree. Apart from witnessing a marathon set from one of the world's undisputed masters, you'll get the chance to burn off all that lard that you have acquired courtesy of your easter egg excesses. Once again we've teamed up with Turnmills to offer one lucky reader the chance to win a pair of tickets to this unique event.

Answer the following simple question and email your answers and phone number to:

lseclubbing@hotmail.com

How long has it been since Carl Cox played in London?

- A) Eight Years
- B) Five Days
- C) Four Months

If you don't win the tickets fear not, they are currently available from Carlcox.com at £15 pounds each. There will also be a limited amount available on the door. Turnmills is located at 63b Clerkenwell Road, EC1. Nearest Tube: Farringdon.

Easter Clubbing Treats for the Raving

Crew

Easter is one of the phattest times in the clubbing calendar and there's plenty on offer to get you through the remaining murky months till summer; all work and no play and all that. ...Easter weekend kicks off with the Bedrock Easter Special on Thursday 28 March; resident and current international DJ of the year **John Digweed** is joined by the usual crew, plus a very special guest, **Tenaglia? Sasha?** Providing quality prog house and trance...alternatively you go south of the river to catch the US House legend that is **Frankie Knuckles** playing a monster set @ Mass in Brixton... Milk 'n' 2 Sugars celebrates it's birthday @ The End on the 29th with a juicy line up that includes **Jon Cutler, DJ Disciple, Farley**

'Jackmaster' Funk, Miss Jools and Marshall Jefferson...Saturday 30 March 30 sees the last ever Headstart @ Turnmills (Tom Stephan will be taking the reins next month at new night 'Roach')...For the Junglists amongst you Saturday also sees **Shy FX's** single launch party @ The New Connaught Rooms, Covent Garden; get your earplugs out cos the **Valve Soundsystem** is there along with a bumper line up of DJ's...further jungle madness is brought to you on Easter Sunday 31st March courtesy of the **Movement** crew as they hold the first of their one off raves @ The End (look out for limited edition Nike trainers in the colours of the Brazilian flag!)...finally if you're still standing, you could check out **Carl Cox** @ Turnmills celebrating the launch of his new mix album *Global* (check the competition for more details)...Can you handle it?

THE TOP FIVE

Friday 22 March 2002

Harlem nights @ The End, West Central St. WC2. 10 / 8 NUS, 020 7419 91999

Heir apparent to Tenaglia's throne, Steve Lawler, embarks on another monster six hour set

Kidsound @ The Velvet Room, 143 Charing Cross Road, WC2. 8, 020 8875 0381 Big, bubbly house music in the small bubbly club. Paul Jackson does the business tonight. Get down happy people.

Saturday 23 March 2002

As One @ The End, West Central Street, WC2 15/ 12 / 10, 020 7419 9199

The Saturday merging of the End and sister bar AKA was always going to be a good idea, with three rooms of the finest techno, breaks and beats. Tonight sees the man with the red face himself, Laurent Garnier make a rare London appearance. It's gonna be a roadblock.

Clockwork Orange @ The Camden Palace, Camden High Street, NW1. 15, 020 7344 4444 Clubbing legend Clockwork Orange makes a timely return to celebrate its ninth birthday. The usual suspects head the bill with Tall Paul, Sonique, Sister Bliss, 'Peasy and Blocko', Andy Manston and a live PA from Dreamcatcher., And O my Brothers, no doubt the devotchkas will be dressed in the height of Camden fashion, and we will viddy a mlenky bit of horror show ultra-violence! Possibly.

Sunday 24 March 2002

Sundaysonic @ The Notting Hill Arts Club, Notting Hill, W11. Free b4 Six 5 after, 4pm - 11pm., 020 7460 4459 Picking up from where the excellent Lazy Dog left off, Sundaysonic brings you the deepest, funkier house flavours. Special guest tbc.

Beaver Sounds

Vic Peckett writes... The Relativist's Manifesto



Having read the past few *BeaverMusic* editorial columns with interest, I decided it was about time I vented my own thoughts. I have been by turns inspired and provoked by what my fellow writers have had to say, largely because music is such a contentious issue, and one which invites strongly held opinions. These opinions are highly personal and idiosyncratic. However, they seem to fall into two broadly opposing camps.

On the one hand, there is the laissez-faire attitude that everyone is entitled to have different tastes, and since no-one is in a superior position to judge, it is pointless to waste time arguing about which kind of music is 'better' than which other kind. This is the position I am more inclined to hold.

On the other hand, there is the highly specialised, elitist position, essentially boiling down to the view that all the music I like is good, and all other music (particularly 'pop' music) is bad. Although I don't know anyone who holds to this extreme, frankly, anyone who sets themselves up to be a 'true music fan', or bemoans the lack of 'proper' music in the charts is heading this way. Likewise, those who chose to take an obscurist's position are cutting themselves off from anything remotely commercial in the belief that it's inferior.

I'm sure we have all fallen prey to this line of argument from time to time. It comes with the territory; when music is a major part of defining who you are, it's natural to want to be seen as an individual and cutting-edge. The problem is that this quickly starts to get competitive, with people trying to out-do each other in the cooler-than-thou stakes.

What is the point in all this snobbery? Any ego-boost received from the assertion that 'I was into the Hives five years ago, but I don't like them now they've sold out' is outweighed by the desperate oneupmanship employed, which can only give the impression of someone who is trying way too hard. I propose, instead of this petty behaviour, a relativist manifesto for anyone who wants to follow their own lead:

I have a right to jump on the bandwagon, if I think the band is worth the hype.

I have a right to be ignorant of new bands until someone - anyone - points them out to me.

I have a right to mix and match genres to suit my own preference.

I have a right to be in awe of the bands that really inspire me, rather than pretending to be unfazed by their talent.

I have a right to mine other people's CD collections to widen my own.

I have a right not to be cool, and not feel ashamed about it.

I have a right to care about the music.

I have a right not to care about anything else.

Beaver Sound System



What's going on Beaver writers Hi-Fi's? This week Vic Peckett

1. The Hives - *Your New Favourite Band* (album)
2. Goldfrapp - *Utopia* (track from *Felt Mountain* album)
3. Custom Blue - *All Follow Everyone* (advance album)
4. Beachbuggy - *Kickin' Back* (track from *Sport Fury* album)
5. Sahara Hotnights - *Jennie Bomb* (album)
6. Chris Isaak - *Wicked Game* (track from *Wicked Game* album)
7. Any track from Jazz fm's *Dinner Jazz* programme
8. Calexico - *Fade* (track from *Hot Rail* album)
9. Poe - *Hey Pretty* (track from *Poe* album)
10. The Strokes - *Last Nite* (track from *Is This It* album)

submit your current top 10 charts to m.r.burn@lse.ac.uk

Soul Waxed

MIKEBURN on the mixtastic new album from **Soulwax** and heads on down to indie central **Trash** to see the brothers in action.



The phenomena of Bastard Pop has made an indelible impression on British music. Taking one record and splicing it with another, making something completely new and often with spectacular results. The bootleg has gained legendary status and the brothers from Soulwax have been a key exponent in the 'movement'. Soulwax have catapulted themselves from being a fair to middling indie band to the status of superstar DJs.

The indie hordes descended upon Trash last Monday night to see for themselves the brothers in action. DJing is just about playing records, making people dance and having a good time and Soulwax seem to have mastered the art. All in attendance couldn't have helped but feel the genius at work. Electropop, 80s classics, indie classics and an abundance of records from the box marked miscellaneous, all fused together into one megamix. Soulwax have the ethic of Jive Bunny only they have better records.

The mix CD itself is an invaluable party tool; put it on and jaws drop and feet move. The highlights are of course *Smells Like Bootylicious: Smells Like Teen Spirit* with Destiny's Child's *Bootylicious*, you'll hear it for the first time and you will be amazed. Also *A Stroke Of Genius*: Christina Aguilera with The Strokes - an improvement of both records. This mix rates as one of the finest of all time. Hopefully there will be more to come from Soulwax. Don't hang the DJs.

Too Many DJs, a mix CD by Soulwax, is out now on PIAS recordings. The final version may differ to the version described above.

singlefest!

GARBAGE
BREAKING UP THE GIRL

This is a really disappointing single release from Garbage. It is not just the fact that this is basically an unremarkable pop song with nothing happening musically or lyrically throughout the record. It's the fact that you know that Garbage can do much better, for example *Cherry Lips* off the current album. Nice CD case though.

☆☆☆☆☆
RYANCOORAY

RIVAL SCHOOLS
USED FOR GLUE

Only occasionally does a song with a fantastic intro maintain its brilliance throughout. But *Used For Glue* is one of those rare exceptions - a deeply unique encapsulation of anthemic killer guitar riffs and genuine elements of heartfelt passionate emotion. And it proves a notable point: empathy can exist in music without an obligatory acoustic guitar and singalong rock anthems need not be devoid of meaning. A musical and conceptual explosion - could anything be more endearing?

☆☆☆☆☆
JAZMINBURGESS

THE BLUETONES
AFTER HOURS

After Hours is the Bluetones' brand new single to launch, well, a greatest hits compilation. Not to be dismissed on these grounds though, it is a catchy and relaxing tune that manages to emanate positive vibes without degenerating into blandness. If you like the Strokes, you will dig this!

☆☆☆☆☆
VALERIASEVERINI

BUSTA RHYMES
BREAK YA NECK

Busta Rhymes' rapping is, as usual, very impressive, but otherwise this song is very bad. It seemed promising, as it is a Dr Dre production, with music by the Red Hot Chili Peppers, but it's hard to make out their influence on this ridiculously aggressive and unmusical track.

☆☆☆☆☆
R.LEFROGGE

SHAGGY AND ALI G
JULIE

Shaggy's gruffness and Ali G's naughtiness meet in this tuneful single. You really have to like Ali G to enjoy this. They compliment each other. Get it and listen to it. This is an okay single but I think it is funny: for that I give it an extra mark.

☆☆☆☆☆
SHOLABABINGTON-ASHAYE

ALICIA KEYS
A WOMAN'S WORTH

This is a deep and insightful single. The kind of good quality stuff you expect from Miss Keys. It is original and soulful. It has a great string section at the beginning. Good rhythm and blues tunes. She sings beautifully. This is a good single. This girl has amazing talent for song writing and mixing classical piano with hip-hop and deep soul.

☆☆☆☆☆
SHOLABABINGTON-ASHAYE

THE VUE
PICTURES OF ME

A return to the late 60s mixed with contemporary flavours is the theme central to Vue's upcoming material. The B-side *Take Two Kisses* should really have been the single, albeit it entails a scary resemblance to The Doors' *End Of The Night*. Suitable for (not too) alternative listeners seeking laid-back streams of music characterised by familiar sounds.

☆☆☆☆☆
VALERIASEVERINI

ZERO7
DISTRACTIONS

North London duo Zero7 are back with another refreshing electronic soul-like track. Distractions, although quite similar to some other stuff on their Album, is distinguishable by its very romantic undertones. Zero7 are keeping up the good stuff!

☆☆☆☆☆
RLEFROGGE

REMY ZERO
SAVE ME

The soundtrack to *Smallville*, (the TV show documenting Superman's adolescent years) is a soaring anthemic gem from Alabama's finest Remy Zero. Reminiscent of U2 or Queen at the peak of their powers, this should finally give the quintet the commercial breakthrough that they thoroughly deserve. Super!

☆☆☆☆☆
PETERDAVIES

PET SHOP BOYS
HOME AND DRY

To be honest, I've always been a fan of the Pet Shop Boys, having a bit of a soft spot for the 80s posters. *Always On My Mind*, *Heart*, *Go West*, the *Neighbours* cameo; the Pet Shop Boys always knew how to subtly captivate the masses. *Home And Dry*, their latest release, is yet another excellent slice of haunting pop. The Boys are back in town, and how!

☆☆☆☆☆
PETERDAVIES

Badly Drawn Boy
SILENT SIGH

Better than anything on *Hour Of Bewilderbeast*, but not quite as good as *Donna and Blitzen*, Damon Gough seems to have found a bit of energy and happiness (maybe it's the obscene amount of money earned from *About A Boy?*) - *Silent Sigh* is positively euphoric. It includes a new track *A Better Way* where he sounds like the bloke from the Beautiful South singing Elvis Presley, but somehow he pulls it off well. There's some decent remixes of *Silent Sigh* on there too.

☆☆☆☆☆
VIDADELICA

OUTKAST
THE WHOLE WORLD

This single is what you come to expect from the new boys in the current rap and hip-hop scene. They have come a long way in a short time. Outkast perform good lyrics and phat tunes in this single featuring Killer Mike. Check it out! It is on another level. This is a good single.

☆☆☆☆☆
SHOLABABINGTON-ASHAYE

THE D4
ROCK 'N' ROLL MOTHERFUCKER

It is not often that New Zealand is mentioned in music files but this might change shortly given the infectiousness of The D4, a talented true rock 'n' roll band from Auckland. Granted to make you recycle those flares and Yoko Ono sunglasses you thought you'd never take out of the closet (not even on Hallowe'en) and put you in a happy mood.

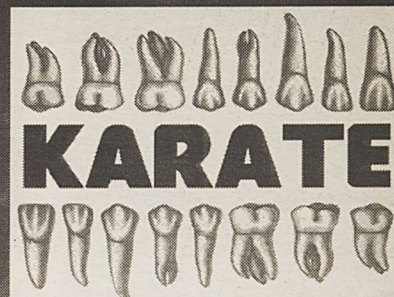
☆☆☆☆☆
VALERIASEVERINI

KOSHEEN
HUNGRY

Compared to some of their earlier stuff, such as *Hide U*, this new track by Bristol-based trio Kosheen sounds more like country music. Sian Evans' uplifting vocals blend well with the classical guitar, the whole being rhythmically smooth, light drum'n'bass beat. Some very promising stuff...

☆☆☆☆☆
RLEFROGGE

Singles of the Week

**KARATE**
CANCEL/SING EP

It takes a lot of self-assurance to release a 25-minute EP of only two songs. However, judging by Karate's efforts, this sort of confidence is more than justifiable. Both *Cancel* and *Sing* are majestic forays of guitar-powered jazz-blues, provocative lyrical elements and musical solos beautiful enough to stimulate awe in anyone. Creating a unique song in excess of five minutes is always worthy of admiration. But by producing two highly individual 15-minute pieces, united in simplicity and intensity, Karate have by far exceeded this merit. In fact, they have made the idea of labelling them as 'perfect' seem like an understatement.

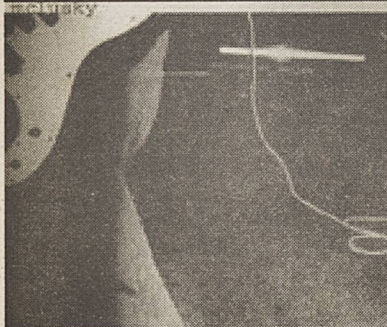
☆☆☆☆☆
JAZMINBURGESS

**MOLDY PEACHES**
COUNTRY FAIR / RAINBOWS

Moldy Peaches possess qualities much needed in today's musical climate. Adam Green's dry, warped and irreverent wit is pure genius. What the songs lack in production they make up in warmth and humour. *Country Fair* is a short upbeat ditty, pleasing but nothing spectacular. *Rainbows*, however, is a work of complete comic brilliance. "You've got to have rain to have rainbows / you've gotta have dick to have a dick in your mouth / you've gotta skin a rich kid to wear a rich kid's suit / and you've gotta know by now I think you're cute" Not to mention a line about shitting in condoms. Call it what you will: anti-folk, comedy or just plain ridiculous but the Moldy Peaches are putting a smile on the face of the (my) world.

☆☆☆☆☆
MIKEBURN

albums



MCLUSKY
MCLUSKY DO DALLAS

Mclusky's is a very particular brand of musical misanthropy. This three-piece noise rock outfit have the confrontational punk element, engaging lyrics as well as some pop hooks to boot. Imagine a grittier sounding Mudhoney coupled with the Pixies covering metal songs. Vocalist Andy sounds like Frank Black with a sore throat without a Strepisil in sight and the fuzzy guitars and pounding drums rock with a violent tenacity. This, their second album, has been produced by Steve Albini with devastating effect. Albini is rock Midas; the man can do no wrong. With lyrics like: "secret fuhrers got your tongue and bitches got your car / and if it wasn't for the '86 world cup it wouldn't have got this far" on *Dethink To Survive*, the definitive track off the album, which goes on to a screaming chorus of simply "Danny Baker, Danny Baker" Mclusky possess lyrical genius. And combined with the music what we have here is an impressive rock album. The assets of this album lie in the combinations. Aggression with subtlety, harmony with discord. The 14 tracks here are all diatribes against something and Mclusky's vitriol is what endears them. They have passion, a mentality which very few bands seem to be able to muster and the conviction necessary to make a significant impact on the noisier end of indie. Mclusky Do Dallas rocks like a motherfucker. (8)

MIKEBURN



DELAMITRI
CAN YOU DO ME GOOD

Scottish journeymen Del Amitri return with their 47th album still not having gotten the hint. However, the good-if-not-amazing single *Just Before You Leave* signalled that my three years reviewing CDs for *TheBeaver* had merely turned me into a prejudiced music fascist. *Cash & Prizes* and *One More Last Hurrah* arguably top the single for re-invention. Trip-hoppy drum loops and phasing chords creates an unsettling soundscape which entices the ear and is more than listenable. This new improved formula is replicated elsewhere on the album.

But by the same token *Drunk In A Band* stumbles from the stereo with the subtlety of an inebriated mid-teen it is clear that Del Amitri have not shed their cringeworthy penchant for simple but catchy pop songs. Stereophonics get away with writing crap rock/pop songs because they are young-ish and relevant. Listening to Del Amitri is like trying to identify with Stereophonics' parents. Yes, things can be that bad.

Impressive and regressive in equal measure, *Can You Do Me Good?* has good intentions which may, sadly, end up with it failing to make the leap it obviously wants to. Instead an ignominious slide between the hands of their traditional fanbase and potential converts such as myself into 2002's bargain basket may beckon. (6)

CHARLIEJURD

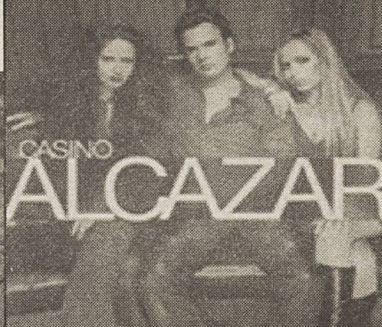


GORILLAZ
G-SIDES

The four Gorillaz cartoon characters (Murdoc, Noodles, Russel and 2D) are back with a 10-track compilation of B-sides and remixes. There are remixes of all three of Gorillaz' first hits, such as *Clint Eastwood* and *19/2000*. *19/2000*, remixed by Soul Child, sounds much more happier, and seems to make more sense than the original version! The original track gives the impression that it is unfinished, that the various loops and samples are too disjointed, but the Soul Child remix fixes all these problems, by manipulating the vocals.

There also are a few really good genuinely new tracks, particularly *Dracula*, which is a successful experiment with down-tempo dub. *The Sounder* is very different, sounding like wacky but depressed hip-hoppers expressing their angst. The same influence is recognised in the *Clint Eastwood* remix, where most of the original music is kept, but the vocals and lyrics are much more aggressive. Finally, Gorillaz chose to spoil their fans even more by including the video clips for *Clint Eastwood* and *Rock The House*, where you can admire the amazing graphics of the cartoons. All in all this is really good stuff, but people already owning the original Gorillaz album might feel a little ripped off. It may be more worthwhile to buy it on vinyl, to play around with the remixes. (6)

RLEFROGGE



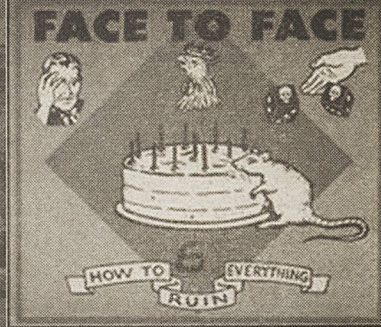
ALCAZAR
CASINO

Proclaiming to be 'the ultimate party album' in a similar way that *Shine 7* claims 'to be the best indie album in the world...ever!', you're obviously a bit sceptical. But this Swedish pop combo seem intent on reviving the rotting corpse of the eighties and prostituting it around every club in Europe, but never mind, at least they do it in leather trousers and a shirt unbuttoned to the waist.

Songs include such fabulous titles as *Sexual Guarantee*, *Don't Leave Me Alone*, *Almost Famous* and *Baby Come Back* - sadly not a cover of the Pato Banton classic. Then, who could forget the anthemic *Crying At The Discoteque* with lyrics like "let tears of joy baptise the crowd/you wore a tie like Richard Gere". So, I was willing to let them get away with the eighties electro-pop resurrection, but not the blatant half inching of J-Lo and Madonna stuff "Hey Mr DJ/Won't you play my favourite record"- sound familiar anyone?

This might not be to everyone's taste because Lee Gorton does have a pretty - how do you put it? - distinctive voice, but as long as you can handle another scruffy Mancunian indie boy mumbling down a mic, you'll be fine. It's a great album with lovely brass section interludes and the offbeat lyrics, it could be described as folk, but that gives the wrong impression and suggests they might wear cardigans and sandals, but they don't, so have a listen and decide for yourself. (8)

VIDADELICA



FACE TO FACE
HOW TO RUIN EVERYTHING

Two years after their last LP release *Reactionary* and innumerable sold out shows in the USA, Japan, Australia and Europe, Face to Face are ready to return with more delicious melodic punk rock.

Rather than with anger, it is with sobriety and a deep introspective analysis that singer/song writer Trevor Keith slides on the chain of subtle power chords throughout the record.

Each of the songs on *How To Ruin Everything* flows perfectly into the next, constituting a music stream fit to accompany a broad variety of moods. You can close your eyes and be transported by the beauty of the lyrics or switch your brain off and keep the music in the background to cheer you up.

Whereas themes of disillusionment and search for the ideal cover the whole length of the record, *The Compromise* is certainly the album's highlight with its explicit criticism against conformity and a sarcastic invitation to find self-fulfilment through individuality.

Easy enough on the ear not to scare chart music fans off but not too superficial in its content, Face to Face might turn out to be the next big thing in the pop punk revolution. A great album filled with stand-out songs definitely worth adding to your record collection. (9)

VALERIASEVERINI

Junk Shop

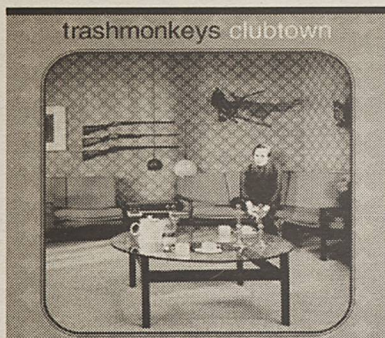
ROBBANERJEE on the new album from **Cornershop**

Cornershop's new album starts off very strong with the intro, *Heavy Soup*, perfectly adding horns to the infectious baseline and re-introducing listeners to one of the most original British bands of the 90s. The shift to the jingling track two, *Staging The Plaguing Of The Raised Platform*, is seamless. So far so good. Cornershop never hesitates to experiment with sounds, and I don't just mean the blend of Punjabi influence with western pop. In *Handcream For A Generation* Tjinder Singh, possessed like some kind of Punjabi Beck, brings in everything from telephone rings to monotonous television signal beeps along with the guitars, sitars, and percussion. The sheer blend of sound pays off brilliantly when there is a great hook. *Staging The Plaguing*, for example, is catchy, original, and features the best use of a chorus of kids singing since Jay-Z's *Hard Knock Life*. Too often, however, the hook is missing from this album's songs.

Track three, *Music Plus 1*, is just painful to listen to. It's a pretty standard dance track with an uninspiring beat and nothing worthy of a second listen. On *Wogs Will Walk*, the hook is equally elusive, the lyrics nonsensical ("It's a world wide web, wogs will walk), and the repetition unbearable. *Motion The 11* is a reggae-inspired bore, while *The London Radar*, infused with clips of speech from flight attendants, pilots, the intercom at Victoria Station, etc., is like something out of the Tate Modern - interesting, provoking, but not particularly enjoyable. After the unnecessarily long *Spectral Mornings* featuring (who cares?) Noel Gallagher on guitar, the album finishes strong with the fresh *Slip The Drummer One* and the outro version of *Heavy Soup*. All told, Cornershop offers an album whose best moments are the first and last five minutes, with the undeniably fun pop gem, *Lessons Learned From Rocky I To Rocky III*, acting as the main redeeming quality in between. Cornershop has enough good material overall to make for an awesome live show, as was evidence some weeks ago at the Scala, but unfortunately the majority of that good material is not on this album. (4)



albums



TRASHMONKEYS
CLUBTOWN

Anglo-German band Trashmonkeys are releasing this, their debut album, on the Acid Jazz label, which is just massively misleading in so many ways. Rather than some funk soul sounds, Trashmonkeys are instead a weird old mixture of guitar rock and organs.

Sundays, the opener, is quite an energetic affair, which half grabs you, but then takes you nowhere in particular. Unfortunately, that's about the way it is for most of the songs here...

On the plus side, there's plenty of fizzing organ and guitar-led energy on all the songs but it all sounds a bit strangely dated, as if The Wonderstuff had never split up. It's not a bad sound per se, but it just sounds really old-fashioned without being in the least bit retro.

What with all those ultra cool new-wave bands such as The Strokes and The Hives around, aping old sounds and doing a rather fine job at that, this sounds like an uglier and poorer cousin of that particular musically derivative family.

There's a faintly ridiculous whiff of an almost metal vibe here too, which again, doesn't go anywhere near the currently in vogue nu-metal sound, but instead sticks to soft metal sounds that prompt images of greasy long-haired rockers with scary bandanas. I'm as open-minded as the next person, but that's just going too far, even for my taste. (4)

ADITIMENE



REDEFINE
THE DAISYCHAIN CYCLE

After accepting to do this album I turn over the case to see four goggle-eyed kids staring back at me. This does not look promising; though I console myself thinking that Ash started off young, Opening lines of first track, "It strikes me as a fool, Open end-up show the white". Errr what. Opening lines of second track, "I'll break this plaster cast, And yet I'm crying, Like paper-weight to paper, I awake". OK, this could be some sort of poetic lyric genius creating new metaphors to declare his heartfelt angst. Or, as I believe that I have something of an intellect (something being the operative word here), that this is complete and utter bollocks.

After hearing the album a few times the overall feeling is that that the band are not actually all that bad. The lead singer sounds like Brian Molko in places and some of the guitar tweaks are very much like Korn though they are not a metal outfit or sound like Placebo. Redefine are much more in the rock genre and if there is such a thing perhaps nu-rock. They also enjoy having mellow breaks leading back distorted screaming and loud guitars. Still I am surprised that they have already been signed up, as they still need musical finesse with their songs whilst not being terrible are not that great either. Redefine do have some talent but they have to take giant musical leaps forward and a fair bit of luck to breakthrough into the scene. (5)

RYANCOORAY



THE DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN
CALCULATING INFINITY

According to The Dillinger Escape Plan, emotions are 'better conveyed in a song'. But erase any ideas of gushing harmonic sounds. Because, The Dillinger Escape Plan also associate 'ear-bleeding' and 'thrash hardcore' with their concept of a 'song'. Fear? Curiosity? Excitement? It's all part of the Dillinger effect.

Calculating Infinity is a caustic mess of deep basslines, chaotic shouting, and enough aggression to scare Slipknot stupid. From a superficial view, all eleven tracks could form one unoriginal noise amalgamation, involving blood, broken bottles and throwing people off horses (!). But yet, as easily as they can fit in with the nu-metal scene, The Dillinger Escape Plan can stand on their own. Because they encompass something that Linkin Park don't: genuine emotion.

If you're looking for something vaguely melodic, then avoiding *Calculating Infinity* would be sensible. However, if you want furious, anger-driven raw emotional noise, then The Dillinger Escape Plan couldn't be more appropriate. Its unfortunate that *Calculating Infinity's* songs are far too similar, giving the impression of 'emotional hardcore' being over endowed in woes but lacking rather noticeably in imagination. Because sadly, this has made The Dillinger Escape Plan fall very short of what could have been a high impact, intensely brilliant album. (5)

JAZMINBURGESS



GOMEZ
IN OUR GUN

Following on from the critical acclaim of last album *Liquid Skin*, Southport's greatest export draw this freewheeling gem from their creative holster. Combining intertwined vocals from Ben Ottewill, Ian Ball and Tom Gray with layers of guitars,

Gomez enriches their tested formula of wistful quirkiness and spawns a musical kaleidoscope. The band certainly hit the right spot with new single *Shot Shot*, conjuring up a laid-back exuberance seemingly with the minimum of effort.

The easy abandon continues with *Rex Kramer* and the down-to-earth *Detroit Swing 66*, both fusing acoustic riffs and casual rhythms. *Even Song* is similarly shrouded in a pot-induced haze, but perhaps you can have too much of a good thing as Gomez seems to slow down completely on *Sound Of Sounds*, which is one-dimensional after the overlapping textures that shroud the opening tracks.

Frankly, hearing *1000 Times* just the once would not be beneficial to your health but Gomez's class returns with the magic bullets of *Drench* - dripping with quality - and the aptly titled *Ballad Of Nice And Easy*. That's Gomez, still in the habit of making musical brilliance appear nice and easy. (7)

DEANBEST



BUSTA RHYMES
GENESIS

Busta Rhymes, probably the most charismatic figure in hip hop, is Back. And after the legal and financial dilemmas of changing labels (from Elektra to Clive Davis' J) he's still as good as ever.

This is a solid album. Unnecessarily vulgar. It has a good mix of hardcore gangsta rap and some nice r n' b tunes. It is what you would expect from Busta Rhymes. It is different and original. An album you can listen to more than once. The intro features Busta and Clive Davis talking to Dolemite spitting some knowledge to Busta over a tight beat provided by Nottz. Tracks like *Everybody Rise Again* and the Neptunes-produced *As I Come Back* is tight and guaranteed radio and club rotation for its dope flava.

The standout track *Shut 'Em Down 2002* which is the remake of the Pete Rock remix of Public Enemy's *Shut 'Em Down* takes us back to the early days of hip-hop. The track *Break Your Neck* is a dope song with a bouncing flow that Busta perfectly performs. This is a taste of Dr Dre.

Another hit track is *Pass The Courvoisier* featuring P Diddy. Overall, this is a good album. If you like Busta go get it; if you hate Busta, go get it. (8)

SHOLABABINGTON-ASHAYE



F MINUS
SUBURBAN BLIGHT

The Orange County truly seems to breed punk bands of an exceptional calibre. Huntington beach based hardcore group, F-Minus have released a brand new album filled with political anger and want for riot.

Tracks such as *Christy Vanity*, *White Collar Crime* and *Atrophy Of The Soul* are an invitation to reconsider the set of values which are daily taken for granted in a conformist society.

As Logan and Daking alternate the vocal lead, the questioning escalates amidst violent power chords and screams. Albeit short, all the songs entail clear messages directed against capitalism, hypocrisy and couch-potato passivity.

F-Minus will spit the truth into your face regardless of whether you are ready for it or not! Sexual equality is also represented in the band, in that bassist Jen Johnson and guitarist Erica Daking evenly contribute to the song writing and the band's overall musical presence.

The battle of essence vs appearance is vehemently fought by this band strongly attached to its essential roots of moral and social criticism so be prepared for a serious re-consideration of the reality that surrounds you when you decide to give them a listen. (9)

VALERIASEVERINI



THE DUKES OF NOTHING
WAR AND WINE

If you thought punk and metal were incompatible, you might want to listen to *War And Wine* and think again!

Opening with a straight hardcore track, the record evolves into a blend of metal-influenced guitar riffs coupled with extremely fast drumbeats and aggressive vocals that will destroy any attempt to fit the Dukes of Nothing into a particular musical category. No wonder, considering that the band springs from three of Iron Monkey's former members and lists Danzig and Black Flag among its influences.

Anti-poser and anti-commercial, the Dukes of Nothing write music about "normally fighting, boozing and fucking" on the grounds that "you have to sing about what you know, or else you are a liar!". In this case, skateboarding and surfing are out of the picture. So are meticulously planned strategies to seduce teenagers desperately seeking politically correct angst.

If you're in awe in front of the pop-punk revolution you might want to stick to MTV-friendly bands (they need no further publicity) but dare opening your sphere of sound to *War And Wine* and you will encounter raw emotions and gut-driven impulsive chords. (7)

VALERIASEVERINI

Fly Pan Am

Ceux Qui Inventent N'ont Jamais Vecu (?)

Silence, only broken by a gentle breeze blowing, the noise of a needle on a record and some subtle screeches. The calm before the storm. A hook then explodes like a train out of a tunnel. Upbeat, funky maybe; a near jazz groove. It meanders around background noises and slowly and surely grows more intense. Waves of sound layer on top of each other, weaving a tapestry of sounds, rioting into noise and plummeting back into near silence. *Rombre L'Indifference De L'Inexitable Avant Que L'on Vienne Rombre Le Sommeil De L'Inanime* sums up the musical approach of Fly Pan Am. Combing jazz and noises and rock and noises to make enchanting soundscapes which contribute to a beautiful aural overload. A sensory intoxication; the ears alone probably cannot unravel the layers upon layers of intricate sounds within any one Fly Pan Am record. An achievement in itself.

Here, unlike their eponymous debut, the jazz element seems to have been brought to the forefront. Still accompanied by drones and ethereal melodies, the twisted jazz which is a constituent part of Fly Pan Am is much more prominent on *Ceux Qui Inventent N'ont Jamais Vecu (?)*. There is a warped and vague funk; enthusiastic but not over zealous, grooved but not groovy which underpins the record but simultaneously there is a dark minimalism as a driving force.

Ceux Qui Inventent N'ont Jamais Vecu (?) closes with the positively chirpy *La Viese Doit D'Etre Vecue Ou Commencents* and brings a musical journey to a close. Passages of delightfulness are juxtaposed with passages of sabotaged tape loops and effects: the end product is astounding. The Fly Pan Am journey is not always easy but is always engaging and stimulating. (9)

MIKEBURN

Ceux Qui Inventent N'ont Jamais Vecu (?) by Fly Pan Am is out 1 April on Constellation Records



Do Make Say Think

& Yet & Yet

Instrumentalism is not the most accessible of mediums. It requires a certain patience and a certain determination. One has to work with the record to get something out of it. Songs with lyrics, most often deliver things on straight forward platters. Instrumental compositions depend some engagement. Do Make Say Think, as instrumentalists of the highest caliber do, however, manage to present something essentially accessible and engaging which yet doesn't demand too much effort on the part of the listener. *& Yet & Yet* floats along, laid back and relaxed: Guitars drift unthreateningly and jazz drums center.

Like John McEntire's *Tortoise*, Do Make Say Think mix parts together for maximum effect. Bass grooves with horns, ferocious drums and delicate percussion. All linked together with winding guitar. *Reitschule* is an exemplary DMST track, it contains all the elements, musical and dynamic, of their sound. The dynamic is of course essential in instrumentalism and DMST manage to build and fall with fantastic finesse.

A lush and intricate album, the most technically accomplished of DMST's work to date but this perhaps is also its down point. *Goodbye Enemy Airship* and the eponymous debut both seemed to have a rawkus element to them which seemed less refined and more appealing for it. Nonetheless *& Yet & Yet* is eloquent and sophisticated and provides suitable relief from the abundance of formulaic and forlorn music available today. (8)

MIKEBURN

& Yet & Yet by Do Make Say Think is out now on Constellation Records

Alkaline Battery

VALERIA SEVERINI experiences the **Alkaline Trio** live at the London Astoria

Following their successful first UK tour, which took place last December, the fantastic trio from Chicago returned to London to bliss an increasing set of devoted fans.

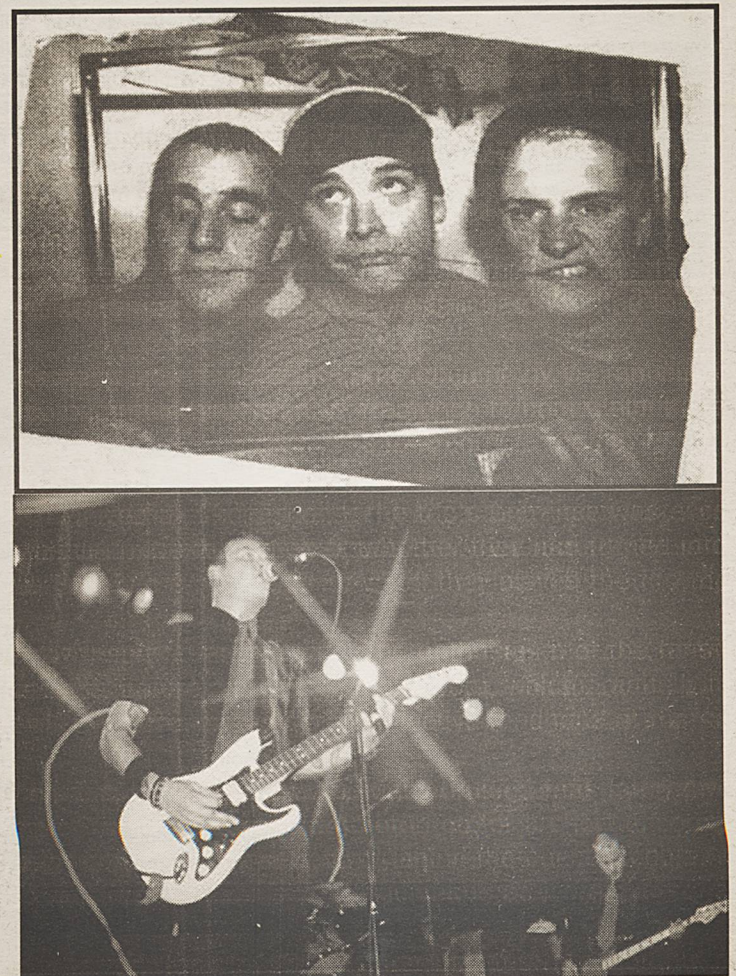
The opening by Vagrant-signed Face to Face was a perfect and energetic prelude to the performance to come, albeit disrupted for an instant by an ignorant comment coming from an anonymous in the crowd.

The trio's entrance was accompanied by a mystique lighting that made the audience wonder whether they had turned into new wave Goths overnight. Luckily, these doubts dissolved when they played the first notes of *Stupid Kid*, their current single.

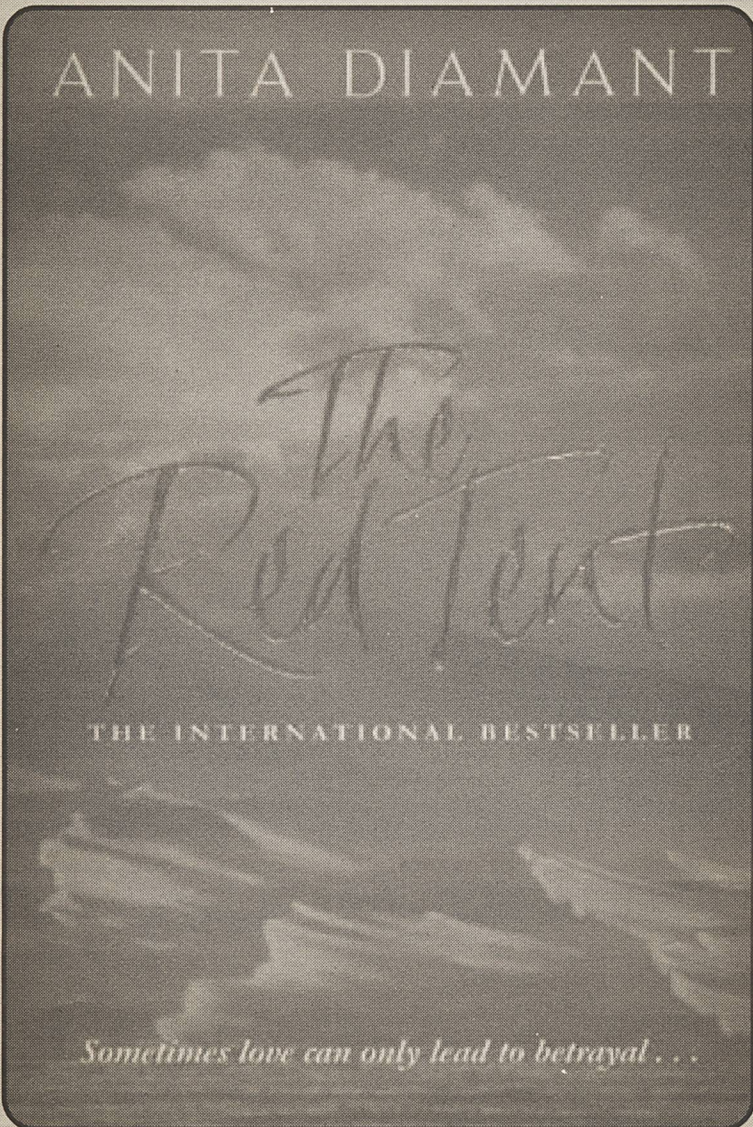
The enthusiasm of the fans could be perceived in the incessant crowd surfing and awe-driven cheers, which gradually increased throughout *Take Lots With Alcohol* before exploding in collective madness at the sound of the Trio's anthem *Radio*.

Many bruised fans later, the band made an attempt to leave...and failed. The Alk3 duly returned for a short encore, which included the most awaited song of the night, *Private Eye*. Wishing the concert could have gone on forever, the crowd eventually made its way out of the venue as it watched one lucky boy win a disputed fight over a holy drumstick.

First ULU then the Astoria; perhaps the next venue to host the trio will be Wembley Arena?!



The Red Tent



Just The Facts...

Title: The Red Tent
 Author: Anita Diamant
 Release Date: 08/03/02

The Book of Genesis contains some of the most dramatic stories ever told. Many of those that I remember, I recount in the voice of my Sunday school teacher, and I visualise them as they were depicted in the story-books of my childhood. Lot's wife turning into a pillar of salt and the story of the wickedness of Sodom and Gomorrah (which I have a distinct feeling was taught at a later date or with a great deal of editing) - which six year old is going to forget those particular gems?

In *The Red Tent*, Anita Diamant brings to life that part of history and presents us with Dinah. 'Dinah?' you ask. Never fear, you aren't supposed to know her - she's only barely mentioned in Genesis 34. If you know who she is already, give yourself a well-deserved pat on the back. Her minor role in the Bible is translated however into the main voice of a moving novel that constantly had me wondering at where the distinction lay between fertile imagination and actual history. The story is told from the sometimes seemingly omnipresent eyes and ears of Dinah, the only daughter of Jacob (as in Jacob and Esau). She speaks of the time before her

birth where her mother Leah and Leah's three sisters were all bedded by Jacob and produced sons for him; she also describes her death and what follows.

I loved this book. I read it in one sitting - a feat I had despaired may never again be accomplished after a drought of a year or so in the 'great story' department. I proved I could multi-task by taking it with me to the loo as well as managing to read it while enjoying some scintillating phone conversation. It's a definite keeper. It makes me want to re-read my Bible, scouring between the lines for any untold stories that might prove to be only one tenth as interesting as this one was.

The themes of childbearing, childbirth and motherhood are constant and form the base of the novel, as indeed these would have been the pillars of every woman's life. The red tent of the title is where for three days of every month, each Jacobite woman resided as she rejoiced in the process unique only to her sex; the process which in its way symbolised life.

"In the red tent...women give

thanks - for repose and restoration, for the knowledge that life comes from between our legs, and that life costs blood."

Don't let these things be used to write the book off as some literary equivalent to a 'chick flick' however. Though the sales pitch for the book is firmly geared towards the female market, I'd recommend it to anyone. Stealing a line from the promotions for the recent LSE-produced performance of *The Vagina Monologues*: 'Both penises and vaginas welcome'. This is because, much like the *Monologues*, *The Red Tent*, through the travails of the woman, deals with society at large. Jacob, his twelve sons, Dinah's future loves - they all have important parts to play; and not just as sounding boards off of which the women of the novel can rant and expose all the horrors of sexual inequality that was B.C.

I'm not going to tell you anything about the actual plot of the story - I'll leave that to you all to hopefully discover for yourselves - and rejoice in it.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Dalia King**

Monkey's Birthday and other stories

I am a big believer in blurbs. I realise like everyone else that very often, blurbs are not worth reading. You wonder to yourself if the blurb-writer had even bothered to flip cursorily through the book before handing over those few lines with one hand and accepting the cheque with the next. Despite this, I read blurbs almost religiously before purchasing a novel. Sometimes they get it right - and this is one of those times.

'Three novellas stamped with a surreal, hilarious and often moving humanity'.

The word surreal is an understatement of mammoth proportions. I could only just get my head wrapped around each of these stories and as soon as I had managed that, they came to an end. At times it was really too much and the story moved from being bizarre to simply confusing. The best example of this would be the second novella called *English Electric*. Neither the blurb-writer nor I have much to say about this one. I think we're both still confused.

The title novella - *Monkey's Birthday* - features the inhabitants of one street whose lives are intertwined and who it seems are competing with each other for the 'Most In Need of a Shrink' prize. As with all three

stories, the humour jumps out at every page and it's almost enough to make you forget that the apparent lack of a plot. Apart from being a blurb-lover, I'm quite partial to beginnings, middles and ends myself. I also draw a great deal of enjoyment out of character development, but since some people drop in for one scene and are never heard of again, I had a hard time finding the characters imbued with any 'moving humanity'.

That was until I got to the last story - the gem of the three really. *Early Doors* tells the story of Cyril, Ray and Dawn (main characters and a plot! Yes!). Cyril is disgusting, pathetic, deceitful and spends most of the story drunk. You have to love him. Dawn is an 'ex-Goth' with a penchant for penguin drawings and Ray is Cyril's loaded and well-connected friend. The three are as well-drawn as you could expect from a short story and the action moves along at just the right pace - giving the reader enough time to fully comprehend what twist the book had just taken before heading for another turn. I enjoyed this one. There was the 'moving humanity' my friend the blurb-writer had written about and if I were a sobber, tears may have leaked through towards the end of the story. The only major prob-

lem I had with *Early Doors* was Cyril's behaviour towards the end - it didn't flow with the development of his character till then and since Cyril was my favourite, I was a bit peeved. Not enough to spoil the story for me though.

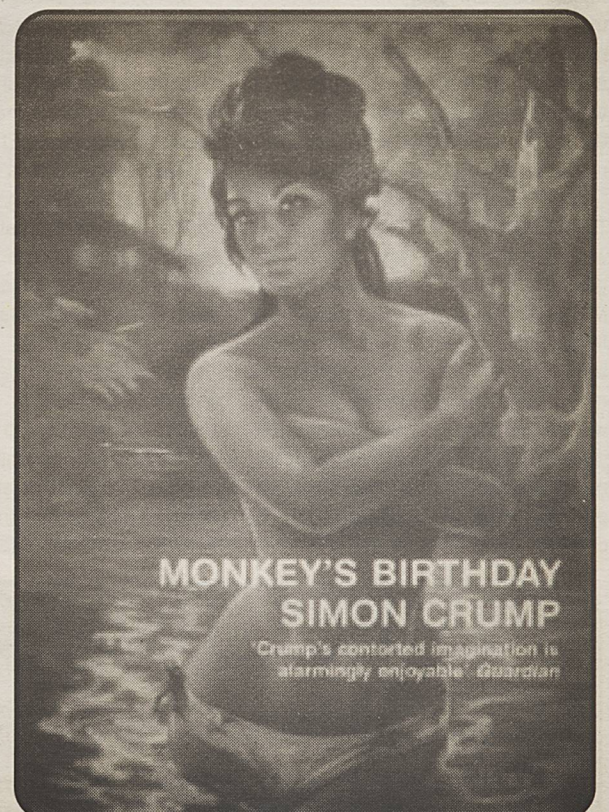
I would recommend this book solely on the strength of *Early Doors*. Think of *Monkey's Birthday* as an added benefit and when you read *English Electric* tell me what it was about please.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Dalia King**

Just The Facts...

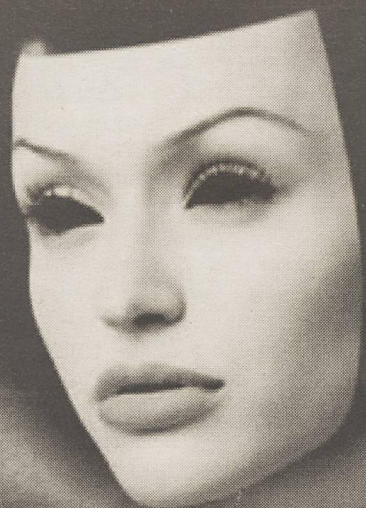
Title: Monkey's Birthday
 Author: Simon Crump
 Release Date: 18/03/2002



The Decoy

TONY STRONG

'Master of the psycho-thriller' TONY PARSONS



THE DECOY

Just The Facts...

Title: The Decoy
Author: Tony Strong
Release Date: 18th March 2002

This is a psycho-thriller with many twists. It makes an interesting but confusing read. The story begins in the world of show business where the talent of a certain actress in method acting is used by the intelligence services of the police and FBI.

Claire Rodenburg works for a detective agency entrapping unfaithful husbands and gets paid loads for it. She finds it a necessary occupation to put food on the table and a roof over her head and pay for acting school. None of her scummy waitressing jobs provides enough money for it. However, the death of one of the clients brings her in contact with the police who want to use her as a decoy to catch the grisly killer of the murdered victim especially as other killings arise that copy the exact method of operation used to kill the client.

Welcome to the world of internet browsing and web-world, the playpen of sexual and manic fantasies. No regulations. No law. It is a world where everyone is his or her own master. This is where the killer resides and plays to the world pictures of his conquests

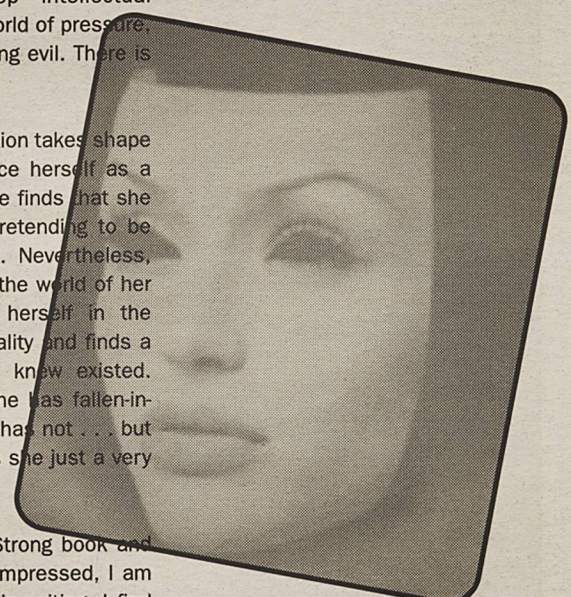
emphasised by deep intellectual poems. It is a scary world of pressure, tension and approaching evil. There is almost no way out.

However, as the operation takes shape and Claire has to place herself as a target for the killer, she finds that she is not the only one pretending to be something she is not. Nevertheless, she soon gets lost in the world of her character, immersing herself in the very deep of her sexuality and finds a wilderness she never knew existed. She has to pretend she has fallen-in-love then pretend she has not... but which is the truth or is she just a very good actress?

This is my first Tony Strong book and while I am not overly impressed, I am not put off either by his writing. I find that I may go out and buy another book of his.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Shola Babington-Ashaye**



The Nomad

Just The Facts...

Title: The Nomad
Author: Isabelle Eberhardt
Release Date: 10/03/2002

Isabelle Eberhardt, selections from whose north African diaries are published in *The Nomad*, is a character half-hidden by history and crying out for an insightful biography. As it is, the hints laid out by her biographer in her introduction to this volume leaves a reader approaching Eberhardt for the first time with many more questions than are answered by the fragments from her travel journals.

The daughter of a Russian general's wife and the priest who tutored the general's children before eloping with Madame to Istanbul, Naples and finally Switzerland, Eberhardt could be accounted one of a collection of nineteenth-century women travellers whose writings are now being rediscovered. 'No-one has ever lived as much from day to day as I have, no-one has ever depended so much on chance,' is how she sums up her life,

cut short at 27 when she was drowned in a flash flood in 1904.

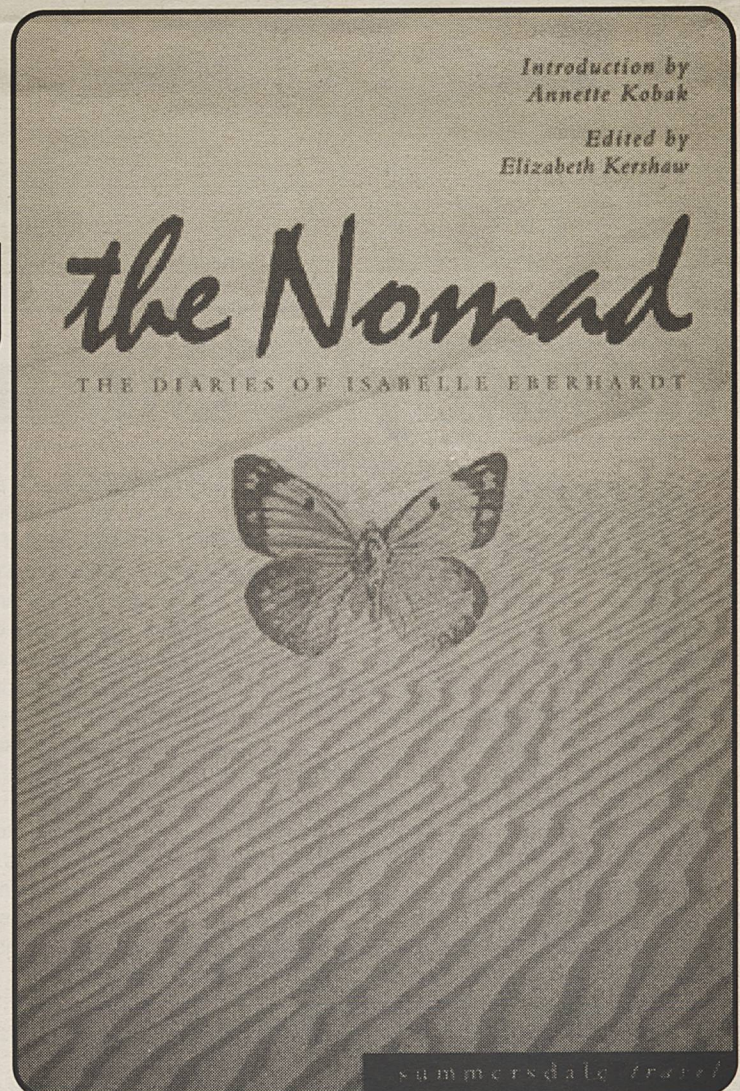
Yet unlike Edith Durham, renowned for her travels through the Balkans before the First World War, Eberhardt assimilated herself into the culture through which she journeyed, choosing to dress as a man, under the alias of Si Mahmoud Effendi, in order to go her own way in a society which, despite her infatuation with it, denied women self-determination. So it's Edith Durham meets Lawrence of Arabia meets, to name but the most obvious historical cross-dresser, Joan of Arc.

Although Eberhardt, her diaries reveal, was even more complex than that. To the contemporary reader, Eberhardt's mystical enthusiasm for Islam, to which she converted, sits ill at ease with the images we have

received from the media since they began to concern themselves with the plight of women in burqas. Perhaps it's significant that the version of Islam in which Eberhardt found fulfilment was Sufism, a very different brand of the religion from the branches which have influenced Islamist extremism. But even so, the most introspective sections of her journals have resonances which the publishers Summersdale could not have imagined when they first decided to issue this book: no matter how uncharitable it might be, there are points in *The Nomad* where, on casting around in vain for a concise way to summarise such an uncategorisable woman, one is tempted to mix the three avatars above with just a little sprinkling of John Walker Lindh.

★★★★☆

reviewed by **Catherine Baker**



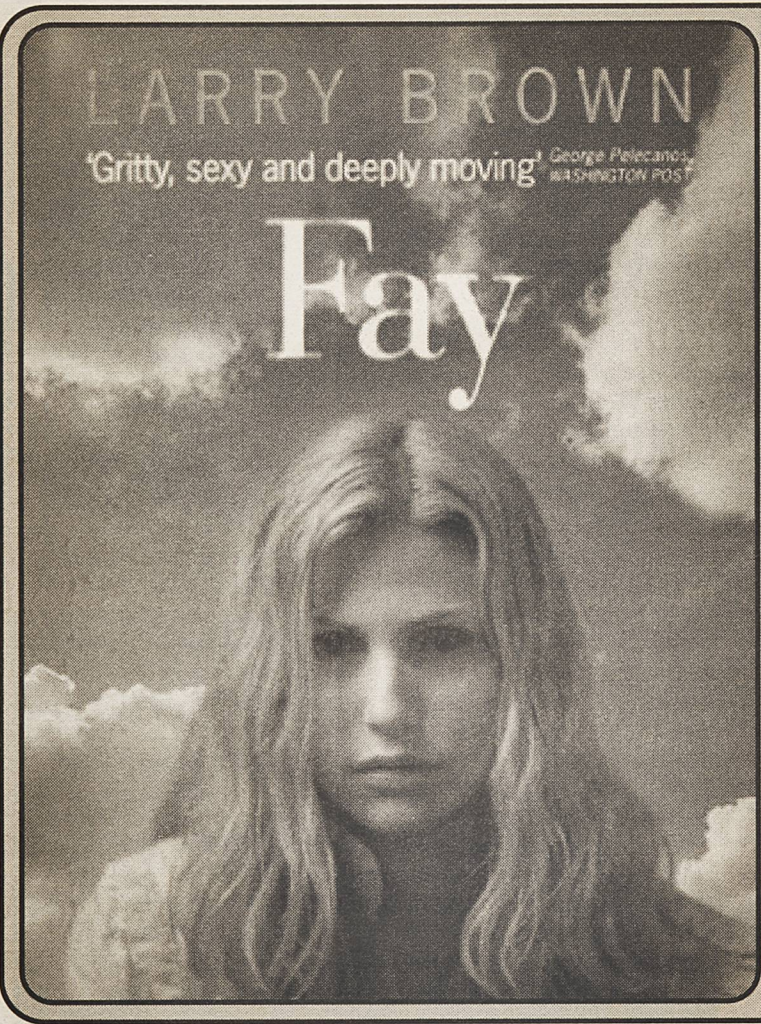
COMPETITION GIVE AWAYS!

In light of our departure, we thought we'd clear out our many drawers in the office. I'm sure Dalia King, our newly elected successor, will appreciate our spring-cleaning frenzy. So if you want to win some valuable revision material, send us the answers to the following questions:

To win a copy of

1. Edward Craig's *A Very Short Introduction to Philosophy* - what was Nietzsche's first name?
2. To win a copy of David Degrazia's *A Very Short Introduction to Animal Rights* - what animal is associated with Easter?

ANSWERS TO: Seni8saph@hotmail.com



Fay

Just The Facts...
 Title: Fay
 Author: Larry Brown
 Release Date: 15th March 2002 Price: £6.99

When Transworld sent us this book to review, we didn't scream with excitement, nor did we have to flip a coin over who would review it. It was one of those books that sits at the bottom of the 'to be reviewed' pile. One that no one wants to read.

As our time as Editors of the Literature section is coming to an end (boo hoo!), we were told that we must fulfil all of our commitments. Hence, I set about reading a book that professes to be 'a gritty, sexy and deeply moving story'.

Larry Brown is apparently very big in the American

Literary circles. He's the author of six other books - none of which, I must admit, have made their way to my book shelf. Nevertheless, I began the book with no expectations and no previous knowledge of Brown's other work.

The story revolves around Fay. Our heroine. Fay is one of *them* girls, you know the type; she looks good in everything. At 17 she leaves home and heads for Biloxi. A place she's not even sure exists. She's fleeing some undefined family horror in a backwater of Oxford, Mississippi, and heading south on foot with half a pack of cigarettes

and two dollar bills. Mapless, broke and almost illiterate she sets out to find herself a future. Dressed in the only clothes she owns, a dress three sizes too small paired with a pair of rotting sneakers she still manages to catch the attention of more than one 'undesirable'. Resourceful but utterly naive, Fay embarks on her odyssey armed only with an intriguing beauty - the power of which she does not yet comprehend.

Half way through we lose the narrative voice of Fay (a good thing too since it was getting a little tiresome), and move on to the voice of Sam. Sam is

a local policeman who isn't quite the good, honest law enforcer he is built up to be.

The story spirals and gets more and more complicated line by line, whilst the chapters do 'flash by like fence posts on a highway'. I haven't quite reached the end yet, but I'm told that a 'shattering conclusion' is in store.

Although the book isn't one that I'd typically choose, I was pleasantly surprised. But not enough to want to purchase his next novel!

★★★★☆
 reviewed by **Saphira Isa**

To The Edge of The Sky

Anhua Gao was born in the Shandong Province in China in 1949. She grew up in its capital- Jiangsu Province, and moved to England in December 1994, after a lifetime full of extreme ordeal. *To the Edge of the Sky* is her first book.

She recounts her hardships as it is her wish to 'tell the whole world the truth about China'. Anhua and her siblings experience huge upheaval with the sad death of their father Gao Dao-Pang, and later the death of Hong Bin, their beloved mother. Even in their childhood Anhua detects animosity from her sister Pei-gen which later materialises itself into out and out betrayal. After the death of their parents,

they are hailed by Mao Tse-tung (leader of the communist regime) as martyrs, yet Anhua's parent's good name is not enough to save her from the harsh horrors of communist China. Isolated and alone, Anhua's misery does not end here. Even after serving with distinction as a nurse in the Red Army, her own sister stabs her in the back and puts her future in jeopardy.

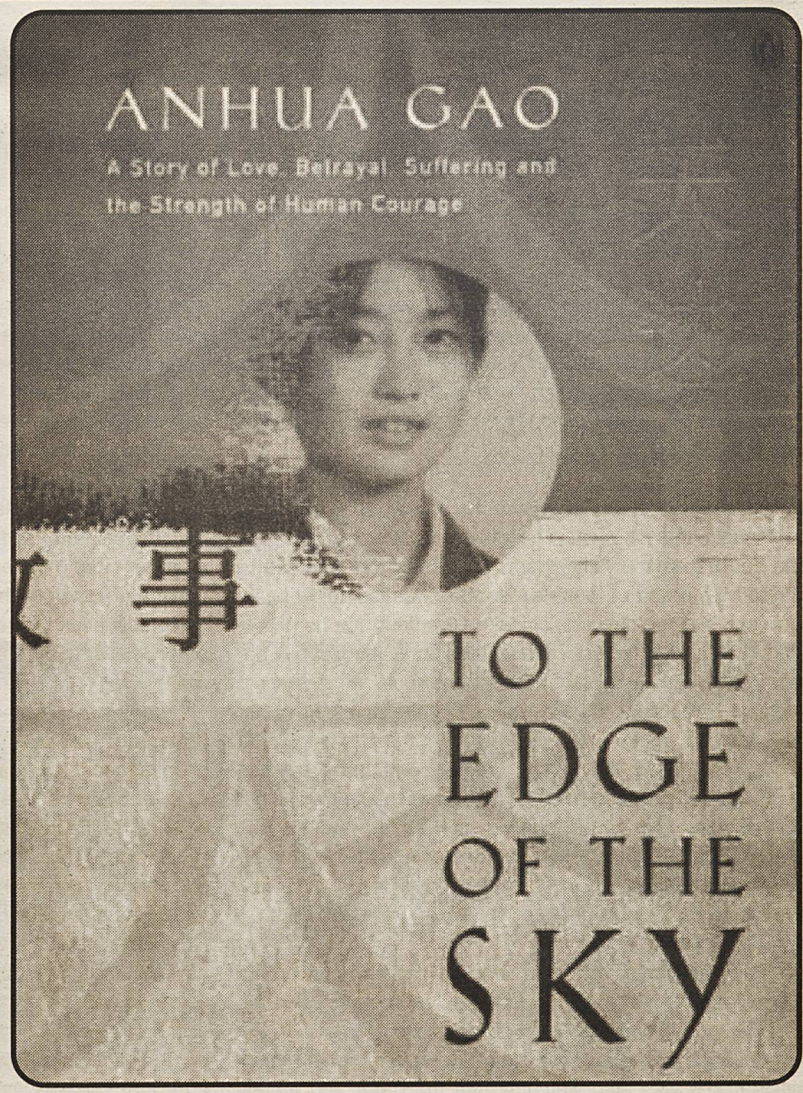
Even as a married woman, Anhua finds no solace as she suffers at the cruel hands of her husband as is then arrested and put into jail for the simple fact that she could speak English. Her intelligence is feared and she is seen as an enemy agent. *To the Edge of the Sky* conveys the atrocities Anhua

goes through, witnessing hideous torture and being cut off from contact with her daughter. This is an amazing story of sheer strength of human courage. A compelling read of how Anhua, against all the odds finally finds happiness. Incredibly written and educational at the same time, ultimately this is too good a book to be her first.

"Because my parents died a long time ago, I could not do my duty to look after them, I was too young. So I have written a book for them". Anhua Gao.

reviewed by **Seniha Sami**

Just The Facts...
 Title: To the Edge of the Sky
 Author: Anhua Gao
 Release Date: 12/12/2001 Price: £7.99



COMPETITION (GIVE AWAYS) continued....

To WIN a copy of
 1. **Kenneth Minogue's A Very Short Introduction to Politics- Which other famous 'K' is a Minogue?**
 2. **Mary Beard and John Henderson's A Very Short Introduction to Classics - Who wrote The Aeneid?**
 3. **Star Wars- Darth Maul: Shadow Hunter by Michael Reaves on audio tape - just email us and you can have the tapes!**
ANSWERS TO: Seni8saph@hotmail.com

drink

to your health

Delicious,
Easy-to-prepare
Juices,
Smoothies,
Teas, Soups,
and Other Beverages
that Deliver **Vitality**
and **Immunity**

Drink to Your Health

Just The Facts...

Title: Drink to Your Health
Author: Anita Hirsch
Release Date: 03/03/2002

Ok - so smoothies are an easy way to get your daily allowance of fruit in a reasonably novel way. Intent on doing my work as a book reviewer I actually bought a blender and spent a fortune on expensive fruit from Sainsbury's - hoping the foray into healthy food would lead to a lifestyle change.

The basic principle is soya plus fruit, or a number of combinations of healthy fruit juices and some soups. There are a number of good recipes, and a few obvious ones. I particularly liked strawberry and peach and strawberry and blueberry smoothies. Strawberry and Kiwi wasn't a great idea as there were too many pips. Not much really to say - it's great if you're into healthy eating and drinking and have the time to do this. It's good to feel you're doing something healthy - and they do actually taste nice (I recommend using vanilla soya milk - and a dash of honey for sweetness). Not exactly meal replacement but tastier than slim fast. Making things from scratch means you know exactly what your drinking and that there is no secret extra's as in added sugar or preservatives - and in the case of the soup salt. The blender is a starting cost but if you get the fruit from a market it's not that expensive. Also the Tuns will serve you the Cranberry Sparkle!

★★★★☆

reviewed by Jane Edbrooke



The Spectator

A lot of people ran along the river in their lunchtime. It was really amazing the dedication and the effort that they expended, because, after all, they must have been working that day. He himself could not understand the fascination. Of course, he had run before, in college, but he had not particularly enjoyed it. It was hard going and he found it incredibly boring, yet he always watched the others running. He did not tell anybody why, but he had a very good personal reason for doing so.

The reason was in fact, a person. He could not be sure, but he thought that she was Scandinavian. This was because she had the wonderfully glossy, bright hair that seemed to him to be the trait of their women. She was incredibly beautiful and had the delicate, chiselled features that he particularly admired in her sex. What fascinated him about her most, though, was the taut beauty of her body which she did not care to conceal. He was riveted by the ripe fruit of her body and he would watch for her, day after day on a little gilded bench along the river, where he found that she would perform a full turn and head back to whence she had come. This enabled him to get a good look at her and he was assured that it was the best vantage point, after a frustrating system of trial and error he had performed, which had consumed many lunchtimes of his own.

He often wondered, at home, whether she had noticed his attentions. He had made no attempt as such to keep his observations secret from her, yet he had not verged on the blunter edge of obviousness either. He could not help thinking that she was also watching him from afar and merely concentrated her eyes forward as she assumed proximity to him.

It was with such thoughts that he was preoccupied one Tuesday morning. He had braved sleet and snow in the past to see her, but she had not been so resolved as he and he had sometimes, much to his disappointment, missed the sight of her. On this day, though, the weather was most exceptionally fine. The sun shone with a strong heat on his face and mixed with the surface of the waters in a liquid gold that hurt his eyes. He looked impatiently at his watch and then into the distance from whence she came. She was ten minutes late.

He was getting the distinct impression that today he was to be disappointed. He felt very lonely and hollow inside, waited a few more minutes, uselessly. She was not to come. He resigned himself to the issue and was on his feet to trudge dejectedly back to the office. He reached for his briefcase, but as he turned he caught a glossy flash from across the road.

It was her! However, there was something altogether very peculiar about the image before him and he could not at first work out what it was. He concentrated. Yes, she was not wearing the figure-hugging tracksuit that she normally made a habit of. In fact, she was dressed very professionally as she leaned insouciantly against some dark-green railings. What was she doing?

He realised that he was staring a little too intently in her direction, so he got his case and headed off without looking back. He was getting a very curious feeling about those eyes in the distance, though and his mind wondered. He had the same irrational sensation that he had got before. He was sure that she was watching him.

written by Suneel Mehmi

b:end

The End of a Chapter

Back in the days of Mukul's Empire,
When he had the power to hire and fire,
We were recruited to help with the news,
Which soon evolved to include celebrity interviews.
With names such as Uri Geller, Loyd Grossman, Anne
Robinson and Judge Jules under our belt,
It was the right time to spread our wings, we felt.
Retiring from celebrity circles and scenes,
We found our niche as literary queens.
But it is our writers who deserve the praise,
As they helped us through our bookish phase.
A big, big thank you to all who've contributed to our
pages,
Even that cheeky chap Pierre who thought we'd give
him wages.
But Shola and Suneel deserve a special gold star,
As their contributions have outweighed any others, by
far.
On many occasions you saved our pages from extinc-
tion,
whether by conjuring up last minute reviews or original
fiction.
Thank you guys and good luck in all you do,
and that goes to all The Beaver Crew.
Have a great summer and fingers crossed England
wins,
Respect The Beaver, take care and keep smiling
Love from 'The Twins'

Seniha Sami and Saphira Isa

GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK!

Thanks a lot Tom and Nick for all your editorial help, Good luck to Dalla and Suneel with the section next year and to all of you for your exams and dissertations.

Hugs, Sen and Saph

I'd like to take this bit of blank space to thank all of those who have edited sections for me over the two years and to the batch of writers that made it worth sticking together. Good luck to everyone carrying the b:art torch next year!

Whitaker

Tom Whitaker, b:art Editor

Daniel "Loser" Lewis

An obituary to Stoker Cup legend Daniel "The Stabber" Lewis who recently died a very untimely and undignified public death

Daniel was born just one week before Christmas in 1978. Christmas, a time for drinking and eating, seemed an especially appropriate time for Daniel to enter the world. From a very early age Daniel excelled; he was a child prodigy at school in Ilford completing his A-Levels at the tender age of just 16. A short career in the city was to follow where Daniel first set his sights on the jobs he would covet in future.

his beady eyes on the editorship of *The Beaver*. Achieving this was perhaps the poison that was to flow through Daniel's quickly pumping veins. Election success was to prove far less familiar in the future. Daniel's *Beaver* was however perhaps the greatest and finest groomed the school has ever come to know. Beautifully prepared and presented yet full of witty stories and cutting-edge journalism. You were even allowed

he said, "I could run at least twice more". Daniel, true to his intimation, did indeed run three times for the leadership of our student union.

On his second outing to the campaign trail Daniel fared little better. A relationship with his campaign manager ensured she worked very hard on the streets while Daniel canvassed the Tuns; but such dedicated work went largely unrewarded. Daniel was, for the second time, roundly beaten. Indeed Daniel was proving himself to electoral success what peace is to Ariel Sharon, a distant idea not really fashionable to contemplate. It was at the end of this year that he was awarded the *London Student Wooden Spoon* award and rather wittily nicknamed "Loser" Lewis.

At the end of his undergraduate time here Daniel went to Australia to learn more about beer, rugby and cricket. Yet this was not the last we would see of Desperate. Coming back to do his Masters, certainly a more well rounded individual, LSE were glad to be receiving him into the bosom of our community. The year passed slowly for Daniel as he geared himself up for what was to be his final campaign. A new girlfriend was acquired for him, a bed to use during election week and a potential powerful ally in student union politics: equal opportunities officer *female* Rowan "you can call me cunt" Harvey. However, in 2002 "Finns" could indeed only get worse for Daniel. He narrowly defeated Tom "Fudge" Packer, a man as forgiving in his views as the Ayatollah Khomeinei, and lost comfortably to a Scandinavian girl none of us had ever heard of before.

Daniel should however not be

thought of in terms of his lack of election success. His presence was felt by all around him at LSE. Who could forget Daniel's corpulent frame stalking the election room as the ballots were counted? Who cannot help but feel sorry for Daniel and his hat-trick of defeats? He will be sorely missed in these pages.

Daniel leaves behind him Rowan Harvey (who certainly didn't expect it would be Dan who came a cropper), a litter of illegitimate children from various female hacks who worked in student politics and Catherine Baker to run *The Beaver*.

It is Dan's writing talents for which he will be most remembered and so *The Beaver* would like to commemorate this sad passing with an extract from his autobiographical account of the 2002 campaign entitled *Mission Impossible 3 - A Campaign Diary*.

Daniel Day minus 12

At least you never lose the memories. Began today with a bit of reminiscing. Such good memories. I mean I may have lost the 98 election but that wasn't the only thing I lost. Jo Swinson, you know what I mean.

D-Day minus 8

Think I really impressed the voters in the Islamic Society today. Told them I could down 14 pints and 14 pork pies in 20 minutes.

D-Day minus 7

Christ, Rowan's just explained why yesterday's jibe was not in the best setting. Definitely lost the Muslim vote now. Rowan picked

up the pieces. Says I use Christ too often.

D-Day minus 6

Lost the Christian vote this morning. Said Christ at CU event. Only people I haven't offended are the bloody Finns. CU do good doughnuts though.

D-Day minus 4

Lost keys this morning. Fortunately Rowan was around to let me in. She's the reason I'm still in politics: I mean, seriously, if it wasn't for her and her minority vote grabbing machine I wouldn't still be in this election.

D-Day minus 3

Hustings evening. Going well then I lost my train of thought. Beginning to lose my nerve - *Mission Impossible 3* was meant to be a satirical title.

D-Day minus 1

Went to the gym this morning, I've put on 12 kg. Feel really good about it: first time I haven't lost anything in about three years.

D-Day

Christ, time to think about a PhD.

The Beaver intends to commemorate the passing of this *Beaver* and Stoker Cup legend by commissioning the UGM to place a plaque entitled 'Loser Lewis waz never 'ere' above the weighing scales in the LSE gym. Dan, you will be missed the length - and particularly the breadth - of LSE.



The cause of death has not yet been revealed, although it is believed an on-set incident occurred during Dan's part-time job as stunt double to Rik from *Pop Idol*.

Unfortunately, Daniel managed only a 2:2 and he now serves coffee to the people in those very same jobs.

Perhaps the most important moment in young Daniel's life was the decision to study at the London School of Economics. He arrived fresh faced and eager and soon set

to say "cunt" in the sports section.

It was at the end of his first year that Daniel first ran for the position of General Secretary. Less successful than a white farmer in Zimbabwe, Daniel took his defeat gracefully and alarmingly suggested that as he was a mere first year he could always run again. "Hell"

Xtreme Warfare The Future At LSE

Chris Wills and Iain Bundred went deep behind enemy lines

We live in a world of long-distance warfare, topologically penetrating daisy cutters and missiles that cross when the green man flashes. Yet two teams from the LSE returned to the trenches the Saturday before last as LSE's Xtreme Sports Society launched its inaugural event.

not have been more appropriate that the name suggested a departure from civility to damn God-awful language.

Arriving at our pre-determined rendez-vous point - Campaign Paintball - we quickly ordered ourselves to pit good against evil, only with a twist. For once it was the red team who were the crusaders for truth and justice, the blue team (by virtue that it contained Beaver

except we too weren't sanctioned by the UN - for our mission was not too exterminate a vastly inferior opposition but to engulf our foe in yellow paint. All at the family-friendly price of £13.

Using a combination of negative tactics and Somme-like attrition warfare the devilish Blues began to take the upper-hand by the third game of the afternoon.

Was this because of their sniper-like precision, their speed of foot and mind, or just because loads of reds couldn't be bothered to see the day out? In war, many such questions are never answered. For rea-



sons of extreme bias, we won't answer them either.

However, no war is truly complete without an unknown soldier to put upon its pedestal and it was in the fourth capture the flag game that an anonymous member of our number was to distinguish themselves and steal glory for the Blues, running the red flag back to the Blue base.

In truth, the heroics weren't all that smooth. After stealing the flag from the red base the Blues proceeded to act like a bunch of British

relay athletes, dropping the baton at every possible opportunity before stumbling over the line. Nevertheless, despite a couple incidents involving amphibious obstacles the unknown man returned with the goods.

If you are that unknown man, or just if you're interested, email lsex-treme@hotmail.com.

Next time we're all going sky-diving.

You wouldn't think they just shot the hell out of each other, would you?

And what better setting to acquaint oneself with the horrors of war than the greenest khaki countryside of Surrey. Effingham Junction was the figurative stopping-off point between the civil society we've come to love and the hells of modern warfare. So it could

staff) taking on the role of devil incarnate.

It was time to forget the suggestive colouring of Transformers and venture forth into colour-blind conflict. Or at least that's the excuse Iain gave for shooting me.

This was no ordinary war -

Martial-art medal madness in the Midlands

9 March 2002; 6 o'clock in the morning; Kingbin the Afroman and his ninja warriors meet ready as a stealthy and highly trained army of martial artists should be. Each had his or her own way of staying focused. Sze Wing, hooked up to an intravenous drip of Red Bull, flew round the ceiling. Lady Natalie Croft slept, preserving her energy for later, and Alex flicked through his massive library of pornography "to stay relaxed".

Their mission was simple: to travel to one of the most desolate and ugly part of the West Midlands and boost the employment potential of the LSE students by giving members of lesser universities brain damage. This was the National Student Tae Kwondo Championships.

The journey and weigh-in proved uneventful. The girls, typically worried about their weight, threatened to strip if found too heavy. The organisers, who had obviously never seen anyone less fat than an King's netball girl, explained that this was not necessary as the probability of throwing up all over the scales was too high.

The only casualties were our Austrian playboy and the pride of Scandinavia who, despite purging heavily and sweating, were deemed too heavy and were later spotted wandering round Birmingham eating burgers and checking out the local talent.

So on to the fighting. First fighter was the Red Bull goddess. She flew round the ring kicking her opponent hard in the head a lot, and as this was the aim of the game she won. Luckily caffeine is not a banned substance in the sport as it was discovered in her drug test that her body contained enough of the stuff to

kill a large bear (more of Blake later).

Next to go were Imran and Gian Marco. The former won comfortably though GM waited alone in the ring as his opponent, after seeing him in pre fight made a mess all the way down his trouser leg and

her own sake and theirs). Joana left her opponent bleeding after a supreme Karate Kid move. The only down side were the toothmarks left in her foot. Alex also won easily even though he was the only LSE combatant of the day to have his blood spilt.

invisible people) in which the Bear managed to actually look pretty and win a bronze. Fortunes were mixed thereafter. Somehow for two of the black belts, Zac the Cypriot He-Man and Chris the friendly giant, kicking your opponent more than he kicks you

LSE fighter was some chaffing from the comedian's goatee.

Young Alex performed a similar feat soon after. Facing a large opponent he became scared so kicked him in the head really hard. His opponent congratulated him on a brilliant kick and then col-



was busy cleaning.

Then it was Lara Croft's turn in the blue belt category. Her opponent turned out to be Lady Jane from *Lovejoy*, a dumpy ginger girl, who despite being a late eighties antiques icon could not match the archaeological know-how of the "Tomb Raider". Nat, ignoring explanations about Chippendale chairs, twatted her fellow aristocrat in the head till she cried and won easily to secure her bronze medal.

Next came Alex who being only twelve and therefore having been in bed at 7:30 the previous night (so very fresh) and Joana (she asked me to point out that she is a cute Portuguese girl and eligible. However as only bored rugby boys will read this I won't for

After the initial fantastic start things went a little down hill. The BinKing, having swapped his afro for a Mohawk, was robbed by judges who decided that hiding behind your mother was a more aggressive technique than actually kicking people.

Doug also lost after his opponent's score-a-point-then-run-away-for-the-whole match tactic worked, and was actually legal to everyone's total surprise. Ty 'the pike' (apparently that's a good thing in California) took time out from his caravan driving and stealing to win his first fight, and as always he looked very pretty doing it.

There was a break for the forms (when you try to look pretty pretending to kick

and generally being better means you lose- obviously some special rule.

Nat, after nearly breaking her foot on a mixture of elbow and chin was also beaten. Joana, 'Joan Collins' and Wingy came through their second rounds unscathed though. We also all took great pleasure in watching Gian Marco beat up a bearded weirdo from Cambridge University.

Next came the heavyweight Boom Boom Cairo and The Texan Grizzly. However they both faced problems due to the open-ended nature of the heavyweight division.

The Bear came up against Bigfoot, who won but only after he performed a move to the throat straight out of *Wrestlemania* (which is also extremely illegal but he only got a gentle tap on the wrist for it).

Boom Boom, a mobile and gifted fighter, came up against one that looked like a mountain and was immovable, the judges in fear of being sat on by the giant fighter gave him the match.

Then things began to look more promising. The Kitty Kat fought his first fight against Ali G and despite threats to "get the Staines Massive on his ass" and an amusing jumping up and down technique the vodka gargling legend smacked him in the face knocking him down. The only injury to the

lapsed as blood poured from his head. Jaime also won her fight by repeatedly swatting her opponent's head with her foot, and was guaranteed a silver medal.

So, on to those fighting for medals. The Kat lost but was guaranteed bronze as did Gian Marco who won a bronze. For Jaime the gold was also elusive and she had to settle for a silver. However the two girls Joana the Killer and Wingy (possibly due to the effects of red bull abuse) comfortably won gold in their respective weight categories. All the girls had won a medal. Nat got bronze in the flyweight blue belt category, Jaime Silver and Joanna and Sze Wing gold in the Yellow belt categories. Much respect must go to their mentors Amy (she still loves to grapple) Jeenes and Kien Lun, who through tactical knowledge and bribery by chocolate aided the girls.

The only guy in the Final was Alex. He faced a karate expert but, a Tae Kwondo beginner, Alex can only play cricket. Some how he won, only one nil but he won, despite all the spinning hardcore kicks the opposition could do he won. So the boys got one gold, one silver and loads of bronze. A pretty good haul masterminded by the tactical brilliance of Gian Marco, Chris, Zac and Martin - the English version of Mister Miagi in Reeboks.



Part II, in which Indy and the 1sts finally vanquish the Holloway muppets... continued from back page.

Half-time, 1-0 and LSE were half way to rewriting the history books of the AU!!!! The team talk consisted of one last push to complete this Last Crusade. Many were battle-weary after a long season but the emotion of the crowd and the desire in the team meant that no one believed there could be any other result other than an LSE triumph. But we did make it a little tough.

Firstly Callas lost the damn book which would have allowed us to find the Holy Grail no problem. Bigs lost the clues in his face and Ickle had an attack of nerves as the swinging axe came perilously close to his twelve-year-old body. I have a feeling it was the Germans who tried to sabotage our jamboree as the spectacled Jules, leading his rank of Bavarian men into the crowd celebrating their own victory, peered on with their black trenchcoats. Scary.

Lozzer, the shy, timid, soft-haired choir-boy lashed out at an opponent Beckham-style. He was sent off for violent conduct as the Holloway striker put his own sword back in his sword holder and hid behind the dug-out stealing back onto the pitch when the ref wasn't looking, i.e. all day. The crowd were incensed as the Holloway cheats manipulated the ref. Being a kindly old man, but blind, is not a good combination to make an effective ref. But it is good for a laugh at the incompetence... (!)

It was a complete travesty, but LSE were not going to let it ruin their day. Full-time came and extra-time beckoned. Someone had to save Ickle's Dad, after all the nasty German man with glasses and a black cape had stabbed him in the chest and the only thing which could revive him was drinking Special Brew from the ULU Challenge Cup!

LSE dominated extra time and it was no surprise when Ickle released Sexual who beat a laborious Mr Furious and



A quick free-kick, a sleeping back line and the Holloway virgins had somehow put the ball in the back of the net after bundling in eight players, the keeper, their mothers, some random people who happened to be walking by and the ref. Who claimed he saw nothing (wrong). My point exactly. It was at this point the game turned nasty (it coincided with Bisexual Billy Muppet entering the fray). No mere coincidence, I hear you cry!

Having eventually retrieved the book, found the right page and begun where we had left off, the boys were forced to dig deep in their physical reserves. Big Face put on a new balaclava as the cold started getting to his fast eroding face and Peter Pan got Tinkerbelle to rub some more magic fairydust into his boots. Gay Icon Buttery's legion of adoring males began their barbershop quartet version of "Buttery is Quality" which spurred him on even further as Darius' wanton females declared he was robbed in *Pop Idol*. Robbed, I tell you, judging by the MC-ing in the taxi at the football dinners!

With both forwards now safely tucked away in Peperami's pocket, one of them spat his dummy out and cried 'Foul'. Literally. 'Foul the keeper', one shouted. No sooner had the words left his lips, G had to hurdle one of the worst challenges of the whole year as the Holloway striker almost decapitated our beloved keeper. A red card was the only option, although the ref was tempted to let him off with a little ticking off saying "you naughty boy. Don't do that again". Thank God the linesman had eyes.

Holloway down to 10 men, LSE got their second (and third and fourth) wind. However, mere seconds had passed when

lobbed the keeper with aplomb. Legends the lot of us as the terraces screamed with rapturous applause. We were going to win the cup. Some quality defending from The Pirate and Peperami as well as class keeping from G allowed LSE to canter to victory. We had done it. The Holy Grail was ours. 3 years work in battling from bottom of the ULU League to become champions and now we had capped it all off by becoming the **FIRST EVER LSE 1st XI to win the League and Cup double.**

Celebrations were plentiful. Ickle's dad drunk from the Cup and all was well in the Ickle house once more. The fans were magnificent. Loud, proud, lionhearts, every one of them. Ickle was thrown in the shower, Lochers, Phil the token French geezer, who was the reason we were there in the first place after his brilliant match-winning goal against RUMS in the quarter-final, phoned France, India, Mars and Neptune to let his relatives know the world-altering result. Each and every member of the squad deserved their champagne and caviar that night and, as ULU tried to sleep, the LSE boys partied on. We had raped and pillaged our way to success five times. In one night. Congratulations one and all. This will live long in the memory... or at least until we do it again next year! The Holy Grail is won, long live the King! He'll be back next year, albeit with a few alterations, but with just the same spirit and determination. Success. Victory.

THE DOUBLE!!!!!!

Peter Callas is a third year travesty of a man, in the Shaun Ryder mould, who bases his defending on the teachings of Arsenal forgotten man Kerry Dixon.

LSE Sporting Legends: Dean Taylor

This week, we salute a *real* legend. No Tuns legends, or those made great by virtue of their constant insobriety, but a true athlete. Ladies and gentlemen, the one, the only, the irrepressible youngster that is: Ickle Dean Taylor...

ALIAS:

'Ickle', due to the sad fact that he has yet to reach puberty. The 'Ickle Tyke', although this is really only used by that Greek bloke, you know, the fat one? Forget his name...

The moniker hints at a littleness never before seen in this world, more Tolkien-esque in nature. A kind of 'striker-in-my-pocket' for those of you who wish for further descriptions. Sort of...a Mars bar bite-size, when the rest of the first team are those 59p king-size bad boys.

DRINKING:

Despite not being able to gain regular entry to pubs, clubs or restaurants (apart from the Wacky Warehouse sections... you know, the crèche-like facilities they have... with balloons... and ballpens), the Ickle does drink his fair share of alcohol. Two vodka and oranges, and he sits, stony-faced, staring out into nothingness, swaying gently. Or, as happened on one legendary occasion, he attempts to bus it back to Manor House, ignoring the directions given to him by gay homeless people, going the wrong way, before being found by Peter 'The kerb-crawler' Callas.

FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:

Apart from his traditional romper suits, and Huggies training nappies, Ickle's true love, his security blanket if you will, is his newly acquired Liverpool shirt, bought for him by the caring and sharing 1st team. Oh, and that ugly Liverpool woolly hat dealy-thingy. Oh, and the ugly Liverpool towel you once swaddled Callas in, the one with your name on it Deano, yeah, we know about that.

AMBITION:

Despite being rejected by the FA's recruitment section, he still harbours the childish, yet loveable in its way, desire to work for the FA. Being Adam Crozier's right-hand man, or even better, right-hand, would be the pinnacle of success for Ickle. That, and to finally be able to kick a ball longer than Callas can 'control' it.



FAVOURITE TOTTY:

Oh dear. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. Ickle by name, Ickle by nature, and Ickle are his tastes. This young lad, of good Welsh stock, has yet to really be enticed by the female sex just yet although, it has been rumoured that he did in fact pull a twelve-year-old in Singapore. That's right, a twelve-year-old. Two years his senior, she pounced upon him in Bangkok, stealing his innocence, and tarnishing his purity forever.



PAST CONQUESTS:

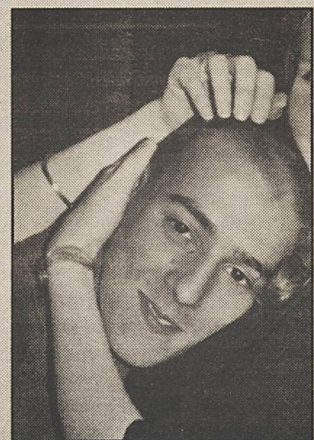
Um...that twelve-year-old, for one. Ickle has an incredible ability to only pull girls in the last week of term, so as to avoid ever speaking to them again. Cunning, some might say, or even, shy and endearing. Aaaaaw...

FAVOURITE HOBBY:

Football. Pure and simple, the love of the beautiful game has saturated his very soul, and crowded out all other desires. Even for Tuns barmaids, no names mentioned...hehehe.

BIGGEST MIS-MATCH:

Ickle Vs Everton fans
Ickle Vs Women
Ickle Vs Big scary people
Ickle Vs Tuns bar-maids...hehehe.



Dave's baby-loving tube army dominant in season finale

LSE 4ths	3
RUM's	1

Dave 'El Capitan' Bains

“ You thought we'd win fuck all.... Everyone did...at times even we thought it too. However the unprecedented adventure the 4th team have been on this season just wouldn't let it happen. From Michaelmas misery to lent lapiyoooness, Dave and his 'TUUUUBIES' have felt both worlds of the football life this season. This *Bill and Ted*-style adventure was always destined to reach Fulham's Motspur Park and the day duly arrived on 9 March with the epic ULU reserves plate at stake. RUMS 3's were the opposition and after dispensing of several quality teams including their 2nd's were always going to be stiff competition.

The bus ride was tense, probably due to the 9:30 scheduled leave along with the disappearance of Bruno AKA Aydee AKA Eddy and absence of the bearded Tony's 'funny' jokes. However, all suited and booted the boys looked sharp ready for the day, with Alan being the only member looking like he had spent the previous night dancing like an idiot, trying to sleaze on girls on the stage in the quad, drinking shit beer and singing his heart out to Bon Jovi... he had. Anyhoo, the scene was set just leaving the question of whether the boys really had the bottle for cup success? At the ground, Dave sorted Becky while the boys got changed and headed to the pitch. Cheers ULU, it was really nice of you to send us to the end pitch while nobody else was playing so that the wind could ruin our game! Despite this fact the boys kept focused with Alan taking us on his now legendary team warm up...gay Alex 'sit down, shut up'. Bruno and Tony arrived and the boys started the game as: GK-Antti Nyman, LB-Flan Bevan, CB's-Duncan Napier & Tony Anastasiou, RB-Alan Crawford, LM-Carl Leung, CM's-Mike O'Rawe & Omar Kayat, RM-Victor Fleurot, FC's-David Bains (captain) & 'Bruno', Subs: Daniel Riggs, Martin Sjogren & Antony Balestrieri..... Individual legends brought together to

form a calculatingly and deadly forceful unit. Our time had come.

The game kicked off at frantic pace with both teams planning to stamp an early mark on the game, causing Bruno to think he was supposed to stamp on their players and duly earned himself a yellow card. While all this was happening the ball just kept flying into the air, occasionally dropping to the floor to go out for a throw in, with Victor, Alan and Tony having a hard time fighting the attacks of the RUMS midfield. No real chances were created while Antti had to make some good saves to keep us in the game but just before half time a RUMS goal kick managed to perpendicularly bisect our defence causing some RUM's idiot to score giving them a 1-0 lead

would just not arrive with Bruno striking the inside of the post after a typical strong run from the manic Portuguese who no defender no matter how strong can ever get the ball off. Antti, 'the backbone of LSEFC' Nyman and Tony 'I can read a game of football better than I can read' Anastasiou were in control throughout emphasising the psychic link that has grown between them ensuring that RUMS were never gonna score.

However the game finished 1-1 at full time. At this point it was time to dig even further and discover who really wanted... and it was clear that we did. We went out, back into wind and sun and fought like intelligent headless chickens with Omar personifying the word determination, relentlessly encouraging and supporting in the manner that has emulated him to our inspirational leader. Dave and Bruno displayed tireless running as the LSE's first line of defence and the rest of the boys, in particularly Omar and Mike, continued to stop RUMS having any kind of possession that didn't involve taking throw-ins.

The second half of extra time saw us having the wind advantage with our full backs Alan and Flan using this to make some promising forward runs..... and then it came. Again and again, Alan has been the figure-point in the team with a magic right foot and the brain to exploit this ability. His beautiful corner, along with the aerial presence of



at half time. Although playing into the sun this was one of our worst halves of the season and from anyone remembering some of our earlier fixtures (South Bank, UCL etc) it wasn't looking too hopeful. However, positive words from Dave and Omar emphasising the many reasons we needed to win the game helped lift the team.

The second half kicked off again at a frantic pace with Flan and Carl having the opportunity to fetch the ball continuously from the nearby trees. However their link up play was immense with Lightning Quick Carl showing skills that have identified why he has never been contested for the left wing position in his three years within the LSE. After 15 minutes of DuDu raising his game to a standard far above all other 21 players, ensuring that he was going to continue his 100% success rate of tackles and headers won this season, the goal eventually came. Flan, excellent, dependable and inspirational as always, linked well with Carl and Mike to get enough space to play a killer ball for Dave to chase. Reaching the ball at the same time as their left back the ball was wrestled away from the medic allowing Dave to sidestep an oncoming defender and curl the ball around the keeper into the bottom right corner. The force of LSE sideline support was felt with a pitch invasion but more was needed for that cup to be kissed. Del Boy was brought on to add his ultra-adaptable game, which has been an absolute saviour this season, to the field and was instantly making his presence felt with him and Omar passing well to slip Dave through who was then foiled by the keeper. The chances kept flowing as Victor continued weaving his way through the RHUMs midfield displaying the French skill which has combined with his new found English toughness that has developed him into the complete midfielder. However the goal

Del Boy and DuDu, allowed Bruno to find the ball at his feet and the goal 2 yards away. He delivered and the team went wild. 2-1.

However, not the kind of team to retreat and defend, we kept fighting and creating chances. From a Bruno thunderbolt, Dave was presented with only the defender to beat, the shot was good but the RHUMs defender cleared with his hand. Mike wanted the penalty and delivered with the kind of accuracy and coolness that have characterised the quality he has presented in his ever-present season. The game was over and the 4ths were victorious. The only words that described our emotions were 'trust in me while I say... I Love You Baby' with Dave moving from the pre-match individual hand shakes to individual 'manly' hugs without managing to cry.... something it seems everyone had bet on prior to the game. Team pictures were taken before we went up to collect the trophies where, with Dave leading, we one by one lifted the cup being cheered by all.

Everyone did their part and the whole team showed special love for the non-playing substitutes Martin and Anthony who have been integral in the success of the team 'on' and 'off' the pitch. A medal was also gathered for Aydee who unfortunately has been plagued by injuries but has nonetheless been essential in the turn around of the team. We love him. After the game, the boys hit the bar at the fairly useful 2:00 pm and headed on a rollercoaster piss-up for the next twelve hours. Drinking champagne out of the cup and supporting the other victorious LSE teams, the boys were in high spirits with Beano calling loudly.

The Cup came with us so displaying our love for LSE and drinking games (Carl and Mike... you're shit) along with obsessive chanting caused all about to realise our pleasure. The scene of three successful LSE teams standing on the tables at ULU singing 'Que sera, sera' was one image that will stay with me forever..... we all felt the love... deeply. However, eventually it had to go blurry and from recent reports it turns out we were just downing drinks out the cup and licking the dirty thing...it's 40 years old! The team were together all night in unison on the dance floor and in happiness off it. The night ended but the day will surely last forever. I loved it. I may be a very passionate person but the bond that has grown between the team this year has been immense. The unity and solidarity shown has caused me to be able to look back on a successful year as captain and manager knowing that I've been part of the most entertaining and loveable football team ever. I love my boys. We won the Cup. We're the tube army. It's been a fucking good year.



LSE 2nds in another moment of cup brilliance

LSE II Investment Banking, Maserati driving, lap dancer girlfriend shagging dapper city gents 2

ICSM II None of the above 1

For the climax of the season, the 2nds were determined to prepare in the best possible way. It all started on Wednesday, all of 4 days in advance when we played a not-so-friendly game against the Incredible Hulks from Brighton, by far the best team we faced this year (sorry 3rds, you don't even come close...) and we realised on that day that Gamel would be amazing in the Final - man of the match on Wednesday and only just warming up for what would be an outstanding performance in the cup. The following day, most of us made the careful executive decision to skip the last training session in an attempt to keep our stamina to the max! (For Captain Pecky, translate as 'recovering from the massive hangover sustained the previous night'...) Finally, the turnout was excellent for our team dinner on Friday night (even the team mascot, Peck Junior was there) in a restaurant that shall now be remembered as the "never-ending Italian buffet that only exists to please LSE 2nd XI". There, Cyril narrowly beat Tom and Jörg in the glutton stakes, who couldn't even finish their sixth plateful, lightweights...

After an early start on Saturday morning, it was immediately apparent that it was the most important day of the season. It looked like we would be turning out with at least eleven players and everyone was more or less on time. Steffen and Owen decided to ignore their injuries in order to face the Gimps, we remembered to bring our kits (even the Bazooka shirt #2!) and there were even a few supporters on our coach. (Rumours that they were random punters living close to Motspur Park are still unconfirmed.) As with the rest of the season, we couldn't get to the game completely untroubled as Henry managed to be late, which is quite impressive for someone who lives in Drury Lane (sorry girls, I won't mention the full address...) and he was not even wearing a suit. After being duly booed, he went back home and returned suited, booted and very very late.

We got there at the same time as our opponents from the South Kensington Comprehensive, and the fear was already in their eyes. Did they already know the score, had they already realised that their win over us two weeks prior to that day was a mere accident in our glorious way to the silverware? Some of the more cocky members of the IC squad were rumoured to have muttered something about deserving victory in the 4-0 farmockersham (© Callas 2001, without permission). Was it at that moment that Jez decided that he would fight them at Beano's that very night? Who can tell - Jez's mind is inexplicable, even to him.

Anyway, after taking a few snapshots, we went to the changing rooms (not too shoddy) and the miracle happened: Gav's speech was actually inspiring (it pays to work on it till 3 am, kids) and even Jules comments were uplifting!

Changed in record time, we were warming up in our well-planned routine that has worked so well for us all season. Sometime later, Imperial snuck out to the pitch already with their tails between their legs, only to perform the most putrid warm up under the sun. (Or more aptly, in the hurricane force gale that even blew away the removable dugouts even when they contained four of the pie-eating experts from IC). LSE turned out a squad with such depth that the bench would have given IC a good run for their money. Super Swede Johnsen - who came to our rescue midway through the season, deadly efficient German Issleib - who had produced consistently excellent performances all season, shirtless wonder Healy - the shirtless wonder, hardman 'Ray' Whinstone - a recent and excellent addition to the squad and 'Sub-ten' Jackson - top scorer and only player in the football club running sub-ten second 100-metre times this year.

At 12:30 though, all eyes were on the starting eleven. As soon as the whistle blew, LSE 2nds looked the most



comfortable that they had done all season. The much-anticipated return of Gav Peck had paid off in recent weeks and cup final day was no exception. Gav started strongly at the back, soaking up IC's early pressure and showing excellent distribution yet again. James and Jamie were quick out of the blocks and neither could be faulted, tracking their men and not allowing IC close to the box for the opening half-hour.

The three defenders were able to play well up the pitch for much of the first half, working as a unit to the best standard this season. Jimi has grown in confidence and ability this year and may have peaked at just the right time for us. The midfield was endowed with six players for the first time this season and also worked together better than in any of our previous games. Gamel, Jörg and Jan were everywhere in the middle of the pitch and tackling and passing was outstanding. Gamel's trademark tough challenging dispossessed IC players all over the pitch and after a few minutes he was already contending strongly for his second man of the match award in four days. Jan showed early on why he is next year's captain stamping his authority on the game and distributing well. Jörg yet again turned in a full game's worth of solid performance and proved why he was voted player of the season. 120 minutes of football and very little of it not straight from the textbook. Julius and Cyril ruled the flanks and made the direct connection from defence to attack that we seemed to have missed all season. Alex in midfield and Henry up front spent the early minutes of the game tormenting the IC defence and did everything but score. Alex played his best game all season, which is no easy feat with a record like his. Henry, recently back from a two week preparation on the slopes had pace to burn. An estimated 100-metre time of 10.0000001 seconds would not be unthinkable!

For most of the first half, IC decided to mark Mr Wigan with two defenders, neither showing the fitness to keep up. LSE 2nds were a well-oiled machine and pulled out the best performance all season at just the right time to the distress of IC's fans who had spent a good deal of time working on the chant 'LSE - wank, wank, wank'. French superstar Cyril opened the scoring with a superbly finished strike after twenty minutes. After an unfortunate start to the season plagued by injury, Cyril has proved his quality in recent weeks scoring at will and setting up just as many. ten minutes later IC were level again after their only good opportunity in the first half was converted. The chief supporter of Impotent College, celebrated by streaking much to the delight of all the IC players. Officials subsequently removed him from Motspur Park.

The second half was a much more closely fought affair, neither team giving an inch although IC seemed to tire first. Extra time beckoned and at this point Julius yet again gave us his awe-inspiring speech yet again. "Boys. At full time, do you want to be on the

team raising their hands in the air and celebrating?" We would soon see that Cyril indeed did and rest of us didn't mind either. Jez, Lyle and Tom were introduced late in normal time and early in extra time as a much-needed injection of fresh legs after ninety minutes of grueling football.

At this point Jan realized that he hadn't contributed to this year's Worst Miss competition and decided immediately to win it comfortably, firing high and wide. Tom had different ideas and his own effort sneaks into second place. Retrieving the ball from these two travesties ate up roughly 29 minutes of the half-hour extra time.

After them, there was just enough time for Cyril to score his and LSE's second of the match after latching onto a through ball from Lyle after good play in the middle of the pitch from Gamel and Jan. Cyril fired past the keeper from just inside the 18-yard box, leaving the keeper with no chance. The defence held tight after strong pressure from IC in the last ten minutes. Jamie turned in his best performance of the season and James gave his regular display of essential challenges. Jimi still came under pressure constantly however due to IC's 12th player, the meteorological conditions. The winded almost nodded in two corners for Gimperial in the closing stages, but Jimi punched away confidently.

As the final whistle blew, we all proceeded as prescribed by Julius, raising our hands in the air and celebrating until we truly looked like absolute idiots. We then proceeded again. To Beano where there are rumours that we all enjoyed a superb night of alcohol fuelled entertainment. So good in fact, that ULU asked us to curb our behaviour or risk not being allowed to return. The 2nd XI's most loyal supporters Callas and G proved their love for the side by doing what we should have done earlier and threatening to knock IC's number 6 out. Gimperial, having already planned to celebrate their win at ULU turned up looking frankly very stupid.

A big thanks to everyone who turned up to watch, Gav and Jules for working so hard all season and a big well done to the other cup winners. And the thirds.



