

Welcome!

Tervetuloa!

Bognor Regis is an English seaside town. It regularly tops the sunshine league, it's had a tornado, there are so many old people the shop windows are bi-focal and the beach has huge sand, also known as stones. On his deathbed King George V allegedly uttered the words, 'Bugger Bognor', the town has hosted the World Clown Convention and annually people jump off the pier to try and fly the furthest rdman Event. Bognor is my hometown.

Living in Bognor is like being sober with a group of drunken friends, they are all laughing at the joke but you just don't get it. One effect of growing up in Bognor is that you develop a sense of humour, learn not to take life too seriously and develop an urge to explore the world, or just get the hell out of there. It wasn't enough for my parents to raise me in a town that is the butt of many comedians' jokes they had to give me a *unique* name, too.

Asa, pronounced *Eh-sir* or in Finnish *ei sðð*, it originates from a Biblical king, it means doctor/healer, my parents liked the name of a 1970's footballer called Asa Hartford, and it is a masculine name. I have explained my name so many bloody times that it now fills my soul with so-much joy. Still, it is better to take the time to explain than have another teacher call you Arser, A-Sahh, Azzer on the first day of a new school term and endure the horror of another new nickname.

Funnyname. Funnyhometown. Is it any wonder that I emigrated to Finland? "But why?" I hear you and my mum ask, well the answer is quite simple really. You really wouldn't believe how clear cut the answer is. Seriously, it will just make you slap your forehead and exclaim, 'Of course!' and then you would feel stupid and embarrassed, so I'll leave you to work out the reason yourself...if you do stumble upon the answer please can you tell my mum.

After sitting down with my Finnish wife and explaining the reasons for wishing to move back to her native land she finally agreed through tears and sniffs. Leaving behind separate hot and cold taps, English breakfasts, the latest TV series, pound coins and a language that I know, gave me the perfect opportunity to dazzle a new country with my ramblings, musings, humour, thoughts, observations, outbursts, opinions, jokes, comments, scribbles and video collection.

Niin, haluan loppeta suomeksi koska se on hauska kirjoittaa hõpõhõpõsuomea ettõymmõrrõtte(joskus) ja sitten sano: 'Vau! Assð on uskomatonta ihminen ja haluan nõhdõ jos hõn on oikein ihana myõs.' Tiedan ettõ olen ihana, fantastinen ja vðhõn vaatimatõn. Minð rakastin Suomi ensi aika tuln ja rakastan teidðn maanneny, mutta toivon ettõ muistan sana on muistiinpano, ei pano.

Heipõ / Cheerio!



Call me Asa

Carrying bricks for my dad, collecting charity donations, packing vegetables and stockings shelves have all punished my physical and mental health but I am told that they're character building—whatever that means! It seems though my character has been shaped into something personable, confident and sociable because at high school I won the Mr. Social award (twice!) and later at college I received the Student's Student award.

I haven't always been confident in self-image, in fact while growing up I enjoyed reading the Guinness Book of Records cover to cover and even considered purchasing a Star Trek replica uniform. Thankfully my geeky period passed and while standing alone on top of the Empire State Building in one of those life-changing movie moments I finally believed in myself. Later that year I travelled to Finland for a three-month exchange filled with self-confidence and fell in love with my future wife and her culture.

Unsure of what direction to aim my life I amassed a few qualifications in media before deciding to head towards journalism and writing about all things Finnish. After graduating my wife and I decided to begin our life together in Helsinki where I have been keeping myself busy with Finnish language courses, writing a monthly column for the Kangasalan Sanomat and became involved with a new English language magazine called SixDegrees.

SixDegrees has allowed me to write many cultural articles, to interview and write portraits about Neil Hardwick and Roman Schatz, to research and produce a feature story about national service in Finland, to have two columns published each issue and I have the responsibility of proofreading the content.

Other projects include a website with a Greek and American friend to showcase our work and another website for a future political party that allowed me to interview the Finnish PM. Despite being officially unemployed my days are filled with writing articles, learning new programs and keeping the house clean for my wife. Even though I miss the UK I have created my own slice of English culture within our home: just ask my neighbours about the constant playing of Beatles' records.

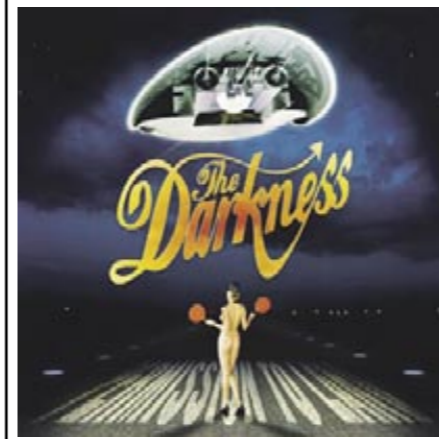
My portfolio is filled with some of my favourite pieces of work and should provide you with a further insight into who I am, what turns me on and the influences on my life so far. Enjoy!

Throughout the history of music there have been albums that have changed the face of music and pushed the genre beyond its boundaries: The Beatles' *White Album*, Nirvana's *In Utero*, The Eagles' *Hotel California*, REM's *Automatic for the People*, and countless influential albums that found a place in the public's heart. *Permission to Land* by The Darkness is not one of them.

Most contemporary bands are happy to rehash an old hit from

yesterday, but this band has taken a different approach. The Darkness have drawn heavily on the super rock bands of the past, such as Queen, AC/DC, Led Zeppelin and KISS – not bad influences I hear you say, which is why it is a shame that they stumble through the darkness.

Permission to Land *The Darkness* 2003 Warner Music



From beginning to end Justin Hawkins' pained warblings leave anybody with a headache or migraine investigating suicide. It is the castrato vocals that grated upon my soul and it is a shame because there are some great melodies. Justin also plays guitar, synthesizer and piano on the album, Ed Graham is on drums, Frankie Poullain plays bass and Justin's brother Dan plays lead

guitar. Together they have recreated the style of genuine rock that has slowly disappeared from the charts because so many people seem to believe it only belongs to mulleted, leather-clad, low I.Q. hardcore rockers.

Each track offers something different, although different isn't necessarily good. The opening track 'Black Shuck' promises to offer some real rock but then comes crashing down around our ears when Justin opens his mouth, while the next track 'Get Your Hands Off My Woman' allows packs of dogs to howl in unison. Track three 'Growing On Me' could be as close to a love song as The Darkness get but with lyrics like, "I won't have a life until you're dead."

Following the same music industry standard for every album, track four was >>>

McIlvanney On Football

Hugh McIlvanney

Mainstream Publishing Co (Edinburgh) Ltd, 1994

Hugh McIlvanney is a painter of words, a sculptor of vocabulary and a metaphor magician. Page after page provided a concrete foundation for those goals, players and magical moments shown countless times on TV, never meaning anything to somebody born in the late 70s.

McIlvanney On Football collects together many of his greatest articles written for English newspapers over three decades of sports journalism. McIlvanney has built a solid reputation among fellow journalists and has a kinship with giants of the game that is clearly reflected through his writing.



In his article on Jimmy Greaves and his fight with alcoholism, he writes, "When we say that British football is unlikely ever again to know the riches brought

to it by Greaves...we are dealing in reality, not nostalgia."

The passing of a legend provoked McIlvanney to produce articles that could have been used as a eulogy at their funeral, of Sir Matt Busby he wrote, "He could be passionate about football without

losing perspective about its place in relation to the deeper concerns of the heart."

Recognising the humanity of players and paying tribute to

those who kept their feet on the ground and acknowledged their roots is prominent in the interview with the irrepressible Brian Clough, then manager of Nottingham Forest. The opening paragraph illustrates the difficulty of motivating Clough to talk about motivation, although he was eventually happy to offer a plainspoken opinion on the subject that resulted in a very colourful article.

It's no surprise to learn that McIlvanney has been a regular winner of the prestigious Sports Writer of the Year, seven times no less, and when you read literary genius such as the day Kenny Dalglish becomes a gusher of controversial quotes, stones will be queuing up to give blood transfusions. >>>

In Bad Cone-dition

What could be remotely interesting about those resilient, red and white, plastic soldiers of the road? Armies of them guarding miles and miles of tarmac in every weather condition Mother Nature can conjure, come rain or shine, sleet or snow, he stands tall, sticks out his chest and perseveres with his duties to the last.

An inanimate object to be proud of, we should applaud its total simplicity and marvel as they swiftly adapt to any situation. Whether he is toiling upon the hot, black asphalt or acting as a pair of goal posts in the local park, he deserves a special place in our hearts.

The charismatic traffic cone made his debut in this chaotic world in 1958 and was immediately thrust into enslavement by its Scottish creators, Uniroyal Limited. The Edinburgh-based company promptly began to mass-produce their new product and slyly the traffic cone began to appear

everywhere from Land's End to John O'Groats, cleverly learning to exploit their new found domination of Britain's highways and byways.

Over the past four decades the cone population has multiplied at a pace, which could rival China's current growth rate. However, as we approach the Millennium, cones are finding themselves increasingly under threat from two extremely powerful human products: alcohol and the automobile.

The cone is, perhaps, more faithful than man's best friend and can never be accused of shirking his responsibilities, unless he is abducted during the early hours to the amusement of an intoxicated group of individuals. It is not a rare sight, in any urban area, to spot an appropriated cone atop a phone box, a bus shelter, in its kidnappers room or even sat upon the cones nemesis, the car.

Ever since their first encounter, the car and traffic cone have demanded a mutual respect and understanding from one another but this has never been 100%

successful. Daily, many courageous cones are struck down, squashed by irresponsible drivers who leave them to die alone on the hard shoulder of the M1 and be discarded forever. In retaliation the cones group together and

block off more motorway lanes forcing the rampant traffic to a crawl and the nonchalant motorists insane.

Recent attempts to quash or even just calm this hostility have proved futile after the failure of the unique Cones Hotline, a phone number for exasperated drivers to contact for helpful road information. Sadly, John Major's scheme was abused, mocked and abolished after it was used on far too many occasions as a Mr Whippy ice-cream ordering service. This has now left the traffic cone and motorist arguing about who is the protagonist and antagonist on the UK's roads.

The future of the traffic cone is guaranteed as it rapidly evolves and adapts to the environment within it is placed. Since its introduction forty years ago the cone has utilised many new inventions, such as the Reflective Stripe for increased visibility in the dark, sand-filled bases to remain steadfast and learnt to use barriers to harass pedestrians.

The Human Race must prepare themselves for all out war as we enter the 21st Century and cones learn to employ virtual tech-

bottles for the production. Of course, at the same time, my job also includes directing people to the right places, sorting, etc."

Many would claim to have enough experience to work for a brewery but how do you get employed? "My good friend used to work as a forklift driver...and he informed me about a sorter's position." Eight years later and Tero is still one of those responsible for giving us all hangovers.

"I have learned that it is not that easy to put 'stuff' in the can and make beer," informs Tero, but thankfully it is very easy to get the 'stuff' out. His nightshift begins at 2200 and runs through to 0600, with a few breaks - probably for chilli nuts, crisps and dip.

"Well, it is pretty much the same routine than the dayshift...the only difference being that the work is done during the night," jokes Tero. "This work has expanded so much that there wouldn't be time to do it in only two shifts." Not really surprising when Sinebrychoff's market share was 44%

Koff Brewery Foreman

Ever discussed dream jobs in the pub with friends? Occupations like professional footballer, rock star

and F1 driver are suggested, but then somebody shouts, "Working in a brewery!" Everybody nods in submission, acknowledging that it would indeed be a dream place to work...or would it?

Mr. Tero Kuula has the enviable position of working for Oy Sinebrychoff Ab, brewer of KOFF lager, among others. Tero, 31, is based at Sinebrychoff's production facilities in Kerava, north Helsinki, and is employed as a foreman in the Coating Department, but more importantly every third week he works the nightshift.

While most people are out in bars paying Tero's wages he is busy maintaining production needs, "It means that I make sure that there are enough empty



Moi

Moi Kangasala, My thoughts have turned to food, a tasty subject that you can really chew upon and feel your waistline increase with each paragraph. Grab the home pants with plenty of play in the elastic because this article could make members of Weight Watchers weep into their salad, there is no calorie counting here; so let the word feast commence.

Finland and England are home to fine traditional cuisines, dishes that a mother can cook up on a school night and satisfy the hunger of a demanding family. There are also specialities that make an appearance at special times of year or are held in reserve to dazzle friends over for dinner, though it is the love it or hate it category that really divides couples.

At Easter I met Mõmmi, a dish that looked as though a heavy-smoker had coughed it up, but I held my nerve and sampled it. After drowning a tiny portion in cream and sprinkling on a liberal dose of sugar I was left with a delicious sugary cream, while the remainder was sadly fed to the trash. During her first English Christmas my wife entered into the gastronomic festivities by trying a mince pie. She was prepared for a treat filled with minced meat but the joy upon discovering dried fruit was heart-warming.

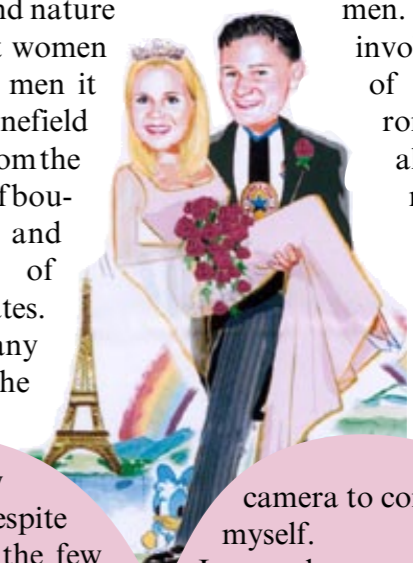
Some foods expect to have a rocky relationship with taste buds just from their list of quirky ingredients, whether it is blood in mustamakkara, Scottish haggis made from sheep's organs and boiled in the animal's stomach or an English pub snack called pork scratchings that is deep-fried pig skin served cold - sometimes you can still see the hair.

Away from those Pelkokerroin foods, there are Finnish traditional dishes that are haute cuisine and prove why the European Food Authority should be here; nakitjamuusi, hernekeitto and pyttipannu are but a few delicious examples. Okay, perhaps these portray a brighter culinary picture, karjalanpaisti, savulohi or poron filee. On a visit to Lapland I ordered a reindeer and pineapple pizza with a single tomato dead centre, my veggie friend ruined the experience by suggesting I was snacking on Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer.

To remain unbiased I'll highlight a few curious aspects of the English dining experience. Choose from entertaining names such as Toad In the Hole, Spotted Dick and Roly Poly Pudding, enjoy chocolate-flavoured carrots or go for the gut busting full-English cooked breakfast, starring fried eggs, tomatoes, mushrooms, bacon, sausage, >>>

Soft-centred bloke

Love and emotion are subjects that men would rather not write or talk about very often. Many Finnish men would rather give a bear an enema than express their deepest feelings in an attempt to guard their masculinity and sexuality. Engaging in love comes as second nature to most women but for men it is a minefield away from the safety of bouquets and boxes of chocolates. For many men the



danger of being creative with a romantic gesture lays with the fact that his mates will find out and endlessly 'take the piss', devastating your reputation.

One night in a bar I was telling how I proposed to my wife to a group consisting mainly of men. The story involved many of the classic romantic ideals: Paris, at night, atop the Eiffel Tower, and one

extremely nervous man. Despite being defended by the few girls in the group I have never experienced such a barrage of jokes and teasing; the name Romeo rang in my ears.

Admittedly, like many men I do get emotional during important sporting events - I remember dabbing my eye with a tissue after Beckham scored in the last minute to send England to the World Cup. Of course, there are "proper" moments like when my wife arrived on our wedding day and I had to hide behind a

camera to compose myself.

I remember a representative from Amnesty International stopping me and showing photos of poverty-stricken children. The wind was in my face, my eyes began to water and the guy began to get really uncomfortable with what appeared to be a man crying in the street - he didn't even ask if I was all right!

We may laugh at the French for greeting one another with a kiss

upon each cheek, mock the Italians for emotional outbursts and Americans for all their backslapping, but it's

time to overcome this self-consciousness and unleash a brand new nation upon the world.

If in the near future you make eye contact with a guy who has tears streaming down his cheeks and looks as though he needs a damned good hug, don't go looking for the bear with a DIY enema kit in hand but go ask if he is alright - it'll probably be sport-related anyway.



I am the Walrus

Moi Kangasala / Soft-Centred Bloke

Columns
In Poor Cone-dition / Night Shift



Because

“What filling should we have for the wedding cake?” Muting the television, I stared at Põivi with a bewildered look on my face, sensing my confusion my fiancée went in for the killer blow: “Should it be strawberry, raspberry or maybe a combination?” My mind was racing, more time was needed for a question of this magnitude, seemingly on autopilot my mouth replied: “We should use a

To Finland with Love

seedless preserve.” She stared at me, slowly nodded and, with deep concern in her eyes, asked: “You will be alright choosing your suit, won’t you?”

Planning a wedding was never going to be as simple as baking a cake, especially when the main ingredients were over 2,000 miles away in Finland. My forthcoming marriage to a beautiful Finnish girl had opened a whole new world previously cloaked in mystery and intrigue, which is why Põivi had begun explaining the intricacies of a wedding in her homeland. “Our traditions are virtually the same as England’s. Everything from the vows to the reception,” I began to relax, “oh yes, and at some point the bride gets kidnapped.”

I had been imagining spit-roasted reindeer,

hand-carved wooden bowls filled with wild nuts and berries, heirloom animal hide outfits for the couple to wear, wedding presents consisting entirely of hunting implements, druid sacrifices and Põivi’s dad with a loaded shotgun by his side, yes they all raced through my head.

Our letterbox was soon bulging with literature offering a plethora of paraphernalia that all claimed to contribute towards our perfect day. Frustration rapidly escalated as my mail consisted merely of bank statements and junk, while Põivi poured over yet another identical tiara catalogue and brochures full of disposable cameras.

After a bottle of Cranberry Finlandia vodka we were brave enough to tackle the guest list for the second time, following a regrettable incident during the first draft that had resulted in bruised egos and shins. Compromise was the word of the day on the vocabulary menu and Põivi was willing to start by reconsidering her selection, since my guests had to travel further. Due to our immense popularity and reproductive relatives we were still thirty over the maximum, prompting some cold-hearted decisions: “Hmm, second cousins or primary school friends? Who would buy the more expensive gift?”

Tackling the logistical nightmare of transporting nearly fifty people to Finland and still remaining pleased to see them trooping through arrivals was never going to be easy. Foolishly my parents offered to undertake this responsibility, whether this was out of naivety, a need to repent for past sins or >>>



Liberal Questions

On Thursday 7th December, F a l m o u t h College of Arts had the honour of playing host to the self-effacing leader of the Liberal Democrats, C h a r l e s Kennedy MP, who participated in a version of Question

Time run by journalism students.

The event had been organized by the Post-Graduate Broadcast Journalism course after Mr Kennedy had requested a meet-

ing with students, while he was in the region. Their proposal was a question and answer session, which would be treated as a live television show controlled entirely by the students.

He arrived just before five at the TV Studio, on Tremough Campus, where he was greeted by the producer, Mr Chris Alcock, and changed into a dry suit, after a particularly wet and busy day exploring Cornwall.

Rumours quickly spread that he was in a foul mood, which resulted in precautions being taken with a scene interviewing a non-respondent dummy being cut out of a ‘Who is Charles Kennedy’ video vox pop.

Thankfully his mood was quite the reverse of this as he made his entrance into the studio and happily endured the Sound Engineers groping hands fixing the microphone to his tie, even managing to reel off a couple of humorous anecdotes concerning the Queen’s Speech.

The presenter, Scott Wilson, professionally controlled the proceedings, remained calm and may even challenge Jeremy Paxman for his job in the future. Questions were fielded from the assorted students in the audience who asked a variety of topics, including Europe, fox hunting, the libel laws, public transport, university plans and tuition fees.>>>

Lost In Translation

For his role in *The Last Samurai* Tom Cruise spent two years learning to speak Japanese to enhance his performance and bring more realism to the part - Bastard! The reason for this expletive outburst is due to the fact that I am an Englishman living in Finland and go to the cinema in Helsinki. While Mr. Cruise is engaging in his realism up on the screen I am sat in my comfy seat trying to interpret the Finnish and Swedish subtitles so I don’t miss a key plot point.

When I was growing up foreigners and aliens in films would either speak with a slight accent or be accompanied with some English subtitling, but I now realise that I took that for granted. It wasn’t until I moved to Finland that I gave it any consideration and that was because every imported television programme and movie that I watch has Finnish text along the bottom of the screen.

Usually I would say that the use of native languages in films is a

great idea but from a selfish point of view I think they are bloody annoying for a non-native speaker. One other aspect of subtitling that irritates multi-lingual people is the incorrect translations, the jokes that are clumsily interpreted and the spelling mistakes in English subtitles. A line from



Spiderman was, “Update me on the human performance enhancers,” but the subtitles read: Update me on the human performance on the uterus.

I have no problem with subtitled movies, so long as they are English subtitles, but more and more they are being used in international films. In the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy there was the imaginary Elf language, the TV-series *24* has Arabic being spoken

and *Lost In Translation* featured Japanese, although one scene with Bill Murray does gently poke fun at the Oriental language.

Subtitles have opened my eyes to how multi-cultural a movie can be, for example one of the first films that I watched in Finland was *Saving Private Ryan*, it was an American movie being watched in Helsinki, with Swedish and Finnish subtitles, while the main character listened to an Italian opera singer in France...but even that film the Nazi’s were speaking German and didn’t understand a single word.

Despite all my complaints I am still relieved that I speak the language chosen by the majority of Hollywood and am able to laugh at all the subtle jokes, understand clever uses of the English language and be the one to explain what the hell is happening to some of my Finnish (and English) friends. Subtitles have their place, especially during a Scottish film or *Auf Wiedersehen, Pet* with Jimmy Nail’s thick Geordie accent. Howay man!

Going, going, gone dot com

Stored away in dusty attics and damp garages across the country are forgotten addictions from our childhood’s. Back when you swapped with vigour to complete your Panini football sticker album, relatives hoarded PG Tips tea cards for you and chewing the accessories of He-Man figures was second nature there was never a moments consideration that they could make you money in the future. Today they could bring you a tidy sum if posted on the world’s largest personal on-line auction website, eBay.

Gone are the days when philatelists and numismatists dominated the collecting world, now there are thousands of categories, which range from number plates to porcelain plates, Disneyana to Harry Potter, jewellery to pin badges. At any one time there are 5 million auctions live on the site and 650,000 new items appear every day on which members can bid. The eBay community consists of collectors, >>>

Tea total

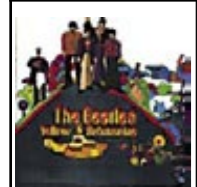
I am English and I hate tea. Not every Englishman carries an umbrella or wears a bowler hat; also very few speak Cockney or have a BBC accent. I have never met the Queen and I do not understand the rules of cricket. Now you may find that hard to believe but it is quite true, especially the part about hating tea.

I wish there was an interesting reason for disliking tea, such as accidentally using a gerbil as a teabag while drunk, but sadly the truth is I just loathe the taste. In *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* Douglas Adams simplifies tea as: “The taste of dried leaves in boiled water.” An Empire was built upon these dried leaves and brings comfort in times of complete despair, “You’re going to die? Don’t worry, I’ll put the kettle on.”

Earlier this year Dr Andrew Stapley of Loughborough University, England, concluded that: “If you pour milk into a cup of boiling hot tea, you risk *denaturing* the milk proteins and end up with a stale taste.” He went on to answer whether the teapot should be warmed and how long should it be brewed (left) for? His two-month study revealed the respective answers to be yes and for three minutes. But wait! Many disagree and put the milk in last, so all this energy has revealed how to make *him* the perfect cuppa. >>>



Yesterday



She Came in Through the Bathroom Window

Cover Story
Finnish Foreign Legion

10



FINNISH FOREIGN LEGION

Are you a foreign man aged 18 to 30 and thinking of applying for Finnish citizenship? Or do you have a Finnish parent and live abroad? If yes, then start polishing your marching boots because Finland Wants You! Every year about 500 people meet these criteria and receive draft papers to report to a Finnish military base for compulsory military service; these are the foreigners defending Finland's independence.

nationals are sent to do their service. Lt. Kangasmaa, who completed his service in 1989/90, believes that it provides men with invaluable training for daily life, "It gives you solid ground for the civilian jobs. You benefit from outdoor skills and a little bit of social skills; they improve here because you have to act within the society 24-hours a day." Lt. Kangasmaa thinks that foreign recruits are more likely to benefit from military training than perhaps native Finns when prospective employers are checking your military training and background, "It makes a difference, a big difference. If you are a platoon



Foreigners defending Finland's independence

Do you have a Finnish parent and live abroad? If yes, then start polishing your marching boots because Finland Wants You! Every year about 500 people meet these criteria and receive draft papers to report to a Finnish military base for compulsory military service; these are the foreigners defending Finland's independence.

Today's figures show that approximately 27,000 conscripts report to the Finnish Defence Forces for military service each year, including nearly 500 women. "We have the highest percentage of men who come to military service in the world with free will. That shows that the normal people are keeping up the conscription; they are keeping it alive," explains Lt. Tommi Kangasmaa, who is Staff Officer with the Guard Jaeger Regiment, located on Santahamina military base in Helsinki. Santahamina is part of Finland's Western Command along with 16 other regiments, brigades and military provinces. The Guard Jaeger Regiment trains urban combat troops and this where the majority of dual-

leader and if you are a foreigner, they go 'Hey, that's quite a different guy to what I thought. He went to Hamina and he's a 2nd Lieutenant!'" He recalls one dual-national conscript called Deiko Nandilimbre describing him as 'the best platoon leader I ever had'. Iranian born, Jussi Safiyari, aged 42, arrived in Finland 20 years ago and applied for Finnish citizenship, what he didn't know was that he had to do military service because he was under 30 when it was granted, "My wife and I had just had twins and the letter came: You are welcome to the Finnish Army. I was interested, and it was good in a way. I felt that I could learn to understand Finns better and make

Anti-New Year Resolutions

Hedonistic behaviour during the festive period leaves us feeling guilty at having over-eaten, over-drunk and under-exercised. To clear the conscience and begin a new year on a positive note we make resolutions promising to treat our body and mind with more respect. Many manage to keep their vows until Epiphany (Jan 6) before saying, "Bollocks to that!" WWWeb fights back against some of the common resolutions, so you don't feel guilty when you eventually fail.

www.kidon.com/smoke

Over 400 years ago Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the world to tobacco and unleashed one of the most-loved drugs of the 20th century. Cigarettes have received some bad press over the past few years but there are a few who refuse to bow to this mass hysteria against smoking. 'Smoking Causes Web-links' is a website that lights up and blows smoke in your face, it is a portal to a world of pro-smoking links that range from air travel for smokers to fetish pages with nude girls drawing on a fag. Forget guilt next time smoke fills your lungs, instead get those nicotine-stained fingers clicking on this website.

www.seafattle.org

What is Christmas all about? That's right, food. It is time to indulge your senses but come midnight New Year's Eve when your wife can't get her arms around you to hug, you may notice a bit of weight gain. 'Who cares' is the belief of SeaFATtle, a Seattle-based group who are dedicated to empowering fat people, fighting fatphobia and size prejudice, and do it by either 'Raising consciousness or raising hell'. Originally founded by six ladies at the end of Fat Fest 97 they have organised events such as International No-Diet Day where they smashed scales - with sledgehammers not by standing on them - to spread the message that 'you can be big and beautiful'.



www.heartless-bitches.com

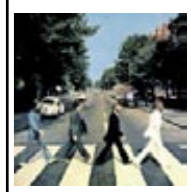
"This year I'm going to be nicer," proclaims a drunken individual on December 31st and then minutes later attempts to snog their partner's best friend. Heartless Bitches International doesn't make those promises, it doesn't cater to the spineless world, and they know that BITCH means: Being In Total Control, Honey! The site asks questions such as: 'Do really sappy, insipid, "always and forever" love poems make you want to puke?' and 'Do the words "If



you REALLY loved me..." turn your heart to ice?', they have rants about *himbos* and there is also an online shop to buy a t-shirt for the bitch in your life.

www.iwoot.com

When a bank note tumbles out a Christmas card we thank the Lord that Jesus was born. Now some people make crazy resolutions like being careful with money and paying off the credit card. Why? When I Want One Of Those Dot Com is a gold mine of 'stuff you don't need...but really, really want'. Wives, girlfriends and mothers may raise an eyebrow when you blow the cash from granny on a tabletop air hockey table, mega splat gun or remote control blimp, but, hell, think of the fun you'll have! If you are lucky enough to have a very generous relative then splash out 293,000 euros and buy a Russian Air Force jet - guns not included.



I Saw Her Standing There

Anti-New Year Resolutions
WWWeb

11

Arresting Job

Do you have a penchant for The Bill? Never miss an episode of Inspector Morse? Regularly set the video for A Touch of Frost? Have you ever considered turning fantasy into reality by upping truncheon, pounding the beat, learning the phonetic alphabet and joining the massed ranks of the police force?

Life in the police force is not as dramatic as television portrayals suggest, high-level cases such as international drugs running are not daily occurrences, whereas ordinary crime affecting real people requires the human dimension that comes with wearing the blue uniform.

Most people do not realise how challenging the job can be, it is tough on the body, taxes the mind, drains your emotions and places demands upon your whole life, but there is a deep satisfaction of solving a problem, though not necessarily a conviction.

“Spotting an entry on a computer which helped solve an investigation into a product contamination enquiry was one of my best moments,” said Phil Hobden, who served on the Sussex force for 32-years before retiring.

Phil was one of nearly 126,000 officers working in one of 43 forces within England and Wales dealing with approximately six million 999 emergency calls every year. He thoroughly enjoyed his career and considers himself lucky to have had so many experiences to look back on.

Joining the police force is a decision that requires a

great deal of consideration, like any other career, but if you want the challenges, gratification and involvement that life on the beat in a local community can produce then maybe it could be for you.

Every year there are over 35,000 applicants to the police force but only 5,000 make the grade. “You need to be thick-skinned, not take life too seriously and do not get upset easily,” said Phil. Could you inform parents that a drunken driver has killed their child? Could you arrest an elderly woman caught shoplifting?

Rules are rules and the law is the law, but as a police officer a relative freedom of action is afforded to you and the ability to exercise discretion is a skill that is continually developed. Policing functions within rigidly defined legal avenues and it is outside such avenues that you begin to mature as an officer.

“The police tend to be rather funny about applications to other forces and often will not look at your application if they know you have applied elsewhere,” confided Toby Burns, a recent recruit to the Kent County Constabulary. Deciding which force that you would be best suited depends on a number of factors, such as your disposition to urban or rural areas, traditional or modern policing techniques, option of overseas deployment as part of international peace support operations, or an attraction to the unique challenge of policing the capital with the London Metropolitan.

Forces across the country are keen to reflect the community they serve, so they actively >>>

RADIO



DAYS



Help!

ANDREW

Fuck, even the waiter is enjoying my humiliation. Calm down Andy, the booze is making the situation larger than it is. How late is she? Half an hour. She's probably stuck in traffic, ha, putting more make-up on is more like it. Give the girl a chance you are going to be with her for the rest of your life.

PAUSE

That's a long time, a very long time. It's not even official yet, there is still that obstacle of actually asking her. Ahh but Mr Farley it will be official by the night's finale. Two months wages have paid for this little piece of jewellery in my pocket.

PAUSE

Shit, where's it gone.

SOUND OF FRANTIC RUFFLING OF CLOTHING, BANGING OF TABLE AND ANXIOUS BREATHS FROM ANDREW

Waiter. WAITER.

Please keep your voice down sir. This is a respectable restaurant.

I've lost it, I've lost it.

Lost what sir?

The ring, the engagement ring.

What did it look like sir?

Bloody hell, I don't know. Definitely a gold band, a few little diamonds, and, errr, I only bought it yesterday.

Is this it?

You genius! You've saved my life.

It's very...they say small is beautiful.

Just give it back. Where did you find that?

Actually sir, I noticed it behind your chair when I served the first bottle of wine and thought it, well, I thought it could be...comical to watch your reaction. I don't know what came over me sir.

Well I hope you got your pound of flesh because you can serve it to me medium rare as my main course. I can't believe your nerve, go and get me the headwaiter.

What do you want the headwaiter for darling? Sorry I'm late.

Huh, umm, what do I want the headwaiter for?

If I may interject sir, your partner wanted the headwaiter to phone your residence to see if you were all right due to your lack of appearance.

How sweet of you, Andy. It's a long story but briefly I locked myself out taking out the rubbish to the bin men, since they come on Tuesdays, and they get really annoyed if...

This is the nutshell version?

WAITER

ANDREW

WAITER

ANDREW

WAITER

ANDREW

WAITER

ANDREW

WAITER

ANDREW

WAITER

ANDREW

EMMA WATSON

ANDREW

WAITER

EMMA

ANDREW

Recruiting
Arresting Job

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ali
This is Ali
He has a pizzeria in Helsinki.
His hobbies are sports
and handicraft.
He is going to open
a second restaurant next year.

matina
This is Matina
She is a nurse working in Vantaa.
She has saved money to buy a car.
She just found out that
her number wont change
if she changes her
phone subscription.

mark
This is Mark
He is a program analyst for
a corporate in Espoo
He is taking his family for
a two-week holiday to
Caribbean for Christmas

These are just 3 of more than 100 000 immigrants in Finland.
They are from different cultures and backgrounds.
Most of them live here permanently.
SixDegrees is the only Finnish paper many of them read.

SixDegrees Advertisement. Tel: 777 2054, 7772055
www.six-degrees.net
adv@six-degrees.net

There are more than 124 000 immigrants living in Finland.
If they would live in one place, their population would be same
as that of Oulu and more than Lahti, Kuopio or Jyväskylä,
and most other Finnish cities!

Inhabitants of this city consume electricity,
water, fuel, clothes, culture, and services.
They call and travel abroad more than any
town.
They have no brand loyalty and most
Finnish brands are unknown to them.
They do not read the Finnish media and most
of them do not speak or read Finnish well.
27 out of them have Finnish citizenship and
can vote or be elected for political posts.

SixDegrees is reaching them!

Finland's English language magazine

Radio Days
The Proposals

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Pledging to spend your life with one person is a daunting decision. It is one filled with countless unknowns, doubts, worries, enough to send you on a rollercoaster ride of emotions, but it is a decision made by millions of people, which some live to regret while the majority stick it out till death do us part. This is my story:

Summer 1999 and my Finnish girlfriend had agreed to spend the summer living with my family in Bognor Regis. It was a strange period since we were not only living together but we worked at the same vegetable packing company. Spending almost 24-hours a day together gave us true insight into our personality and, at times, really tested the strength of our relationship.

One evening I walked into my parent's lounge and discovered my Mum showing Pöivi a travel advertisement from the paper, which was offering value trips to Paris. Before I knew what had happened I had paid for the trip and was told we would be leaving in a few weeks. Back at work the following day I was sticking labels onto vegetables and placing them into crates when my thoughts turned from packing to Paris, Pöivi and what-if?

Once the initial shock of the thought had worn away I began to give serious consideration to the biggest decision of my life, so far. Was I too young? Should I give it more time? Is she really the one? More importantly, would she say yes? The questions swam around my head day after day, until I tried imagining my life without Pöivi and that confirmed the action I should take.

We took the Eurostar from Waterloo International to Gare du Nord and prepared to have our first foreign holiday together, which is the real test of a relationship or so I have been told! The evening of the first night was spent on board the very romantic Bateaux Mouche, a boat that slowly cruises along the Seine while you eat some of the finest food on offer and wash it down with too much wine.

Our hangovers in the morning put us in the perfect mood to attack Paris and to skip the breakfast on offer. Our first stop was the Eiffel Tower, followed by almost every other landmark in Paris plus a few more. We walked and walked and then took a metro and then walked some more, and through some stroke of good fortune Pöivi had decided to wear a pair of shoes designed to torture feet with every step.

Due to our attack on Parisian sights and lack of time in the city we kept putting lunch off, until we realised it was nearly dinner. Tired, aching, hungry and a little grouchy, we returned to the hotel to freshen up before heading back out to find a little bistro to spend the evening. Before we found a restaurant I wanted, or should I say needed, to return to the Eiffel Tower because some careful questioning of Pöivi had revealed that the top of the Eiffel Tower at night was number one on her romance list.

She didn't want to go. She wanted food, to sit down, to just do nothing, but I convinced her that it would be quick journey and I really wanted to go. Finally she agreed and we boarded the hot and crowded metro and tried to recall the correct stop...yes I missed the correct station and we had to walk a kilometre back along the Seine. When we finally reached the Tower all the signs said that the top was now closed.

In despair I asked the lady in the booth if I could still get to the top and she said, "Oui!" Two tickets later we are riding in the elevator up to the top and ? >>>>

A FISHY INCIDENT

One afternoon I was putting the finishing touches to an article when there was a knock at my cubicle door. Upon answering I discovered it to be the wife of one of the staff, she greeted me in broken English and presented me with a heavy plastic carrier bag. Eager to discover the contents of this present I peered inside and almost fell off me swivel chair; two dead fish were gazing up at me.

Later that day Matti called me down to the paper's hospitality room, which now resembled a temporary abattoir. The floor was covered in old Kangasalan Sanomat's, an assortment of knives lay at my feet, a large bucket of water stood ready and, at the centre of it all, an editor holding a dead fish.

Deftly he removed the tail, fins, scales and head, with only one eye popping out across the floor, before slicing the belly open to rip out its inner organs. Irony abound as Mr Butcher became slightly nauseated by the sight in front of him; editor-in-chief, Matti, was tearing out the slimy guts of a fish with his bare hands and on his own premises. individual households.

It is fifty years since '53
And the arrival of Bryan B
Destiny said this April Fool's lad
Would 25 years later become my Dad

This honour was shared with another
Yes that's right Tony my brother
With the help of Mum he raised us both
In sunny Bognor on the South coast

In the early days I caused much strife
You sacrificed flip-flops to save my life
Raced me to Casualty after I dived from steps
Even scrubbed the carpet after an Easter retch

Hot foreign holidays to the Med
Shorts were Bermudas - 80s cred
Day trips to Safari parks we'd all go
Scaring Macaroni for that lion photo

San Fran rent boy you could've scored
Nautical humour on the Broads
Florida turnpike driving fun
Yorkshire twitching left me numb

Bosham harbour and its jessy
Eating your chocolate Xmas prezzie
Always offering me such compassion
The fun I had with loft insulation

Around the UK we used to go
Eagles playing on the radio
Pub cricket passed the time
'How much further?' was our line

Like Father, Like Toon

Certain dates are destined to become landmarks in our lives, whether it is the day you meet your future partner, have your first child or learn that Santa Claus does not exist, each will remain etched into your consciousness forever. Unlike some sports, football appears to thrive on dates, anniversaries and moments that will accompany supporters to their graves, either haunting them or rousing euphoria with every recollection. My initiation began on March 23rd 1988 when I was dealt my first soccer-connected disappointment.

Months after my tenth birthday it was felt that I could accompany my Dad to a football match, an international at Wembley Stadium, against Holland. The anticipation was excruciating, my classmates heard about nothing else and daily peeks at the tickets failed to quell the excitement mounting within. Then, that morning, disaster struck; my body was over-run by bacteria, a cold broke out and my younger brother went in my place. Childhood certainly provided me with an early opportunity to learn the misfortunes that life throws up; innocence and naivety were both casualties during my early years on this planet.

Erosion of this juvenile purity was the responsibility of a passionate paternal presence that peddled the 'beautiful game' within our household, football dominated life, especially Newcastle United. Walls of the study were adorned with accolades and photographs from his playing days, our aural senses battered with anecdotes of glory days as team captain and, it seemed, he had scored at every pitch we have ever driven passed. The bug quickly infected my younger brother who began playing in the notorious youth league, where parents standing on the touchline are more frightening than the success-driven manager reliving his former glories through his young starlets.

Away from the fruitless activities of Under-14 football on a freezing December Sunday was my Dad's obsession with all things black, white and Geordie. The real brainteaser concerning why somebody born in the Surrey commuter belt, thereby living over 300-miles from his spiritual home in Bognor Regis and having no family connection with the area would support Newcastle can be easily explained. Many years ago, in his short-trouser days, he enjoyed the unfamiliar pastime of noting down vehicle registrations, jotting down where the car was registered and his initials matched the code for Tyneside, which started a 40-year love affair of all things Toon.

Following a teenage rebellion his eldest offspring chose to support his childhood detestation namely Arsenal, for no reason other than to irritate him, and there I was successful. However, whether strategically planned or completely innocently, I was invited to accompany him to watch his beloved Newcastle United, whenever they made the rare away journey to London or the South coast. My first opportunity to vanquish the demons of Wembley '88 was a trip to The Dell and this time nothing would stop me. Most football fans can identify with the main character in the film Fever Pitch as the virgin supporter walks up the steps

into the stadium and is overwhelmed by the electric atmosphere inside the ground, sadly Southampton was not like that.

Memories of those early excursions now roll into a montage of incidents etched into my mind, legends such as the Brazilian striker Mirandinha dazzling the crowd, the 'Mighty Quinn' chant, the torrent of Geordie verbal abuse aimed at the 'biased' referee from the gentleman behind me and, unfortunately, the fact that they never seemed to win. Newcastle was on the brink of sinking into the old Division Three; Kevin Keegan took over at the helm and began the job of guiding them to the top. Every newspaper seemed to believe this was a match made in heaven, the Man had come home to save his old club, excitement reigned, anticipation made the mouth dry and it was infectious; I pledged my allegiance at last recognising my true calling.

During the Keegan years, supporting Newcastle United was a turbulent roller coaster ride of emotions; promotion to the top division in 1991/92 soon followed, playing attacking football with winning score lines, such as 7-1 and 4-3 (sometimes going the other way), stylish new players strengthening the squad with, England captain and local lad, Alan Shearer signing for a record £15 million and in 1996 Tyneside looked set to see its first silverware since 1969, but regrettably it was just another nearly year among many.

In the seasons that followed Keegan's resignation, the arrival of Ruud Gullit's sexy football, Kenny Dalglish and the homecoming of uncle Bobby there have been more moments of disillusionment than any supporter can bear. The success of reaching two FA Cup finals in a row was matched by losing two in a row, including one to Arsenal, and now Newcastle holds the superfluous record in the fact that no other club has achieved this feat twice in the same century. April 9th 2000 is another date etched on my soul, the semi-final against Chelsea when the Toon outplayed the opposition and should have claimed their rightful place in the final. Never before have my family felt a combined sense of euphoria (Bob Lee's bullet headed equaliser and the desolation of the Gus Poyet winner).

Life after an event like that usually requires my Dad to alleviate the utter disappointment through one of his unintentionally comical rants at the commentator's remarks: "It's been x amount of years since they won any trophies and the fans are getting restless with the lack of success." After the fatherly coughing and spluttering has subsided, the rant begins: "X amount of years! Newcastle has not won the FA Cup since 1955, the league since 1927 and the last trophy was the Inter Cities Fairs Cup in 1969."

In a recent edition of a Newcastle fanzine, The Mag, the editor, Mark Jensen, wrote about people outside of Newcastle following the club saying: "I have nothing against people from elsewhere supporting the Toon, in fact it's a feeling of pride that these people are attracted by the humour and charisma of the fans and club, well it can't be the trophies can it?" Being a Toon fan on the south coast has its own stigmas, especially when you could not go any further south of Newcastle without getting your feet wet, but the >>>>



And I Love Her



as

