

The Beaver

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The £13,500 gamble

Mark Ready

What makes people choose to go to university? For some (students or their parents) the lustre of mammon is too much; everyone knows that University graduates get higher pay, more comfortable jobs than people who decided GCSEs or A-levels were enough. For others, university is the only foreseeable opportunity (before retirement) to live perpetually off the alcohol-production and entertainment-provision of other people. Indeed a few students are so slovenly or from such a background that they never considered not going to university. And finally the slackers' nemeses, that peculiar breed of student so prevalent/much in evidence/multitudinous/plentiful in the LSE library - the ones that study because they want to learn and think.

All of these amorphous generalizations must attempt to justify their existences. Government, in the form of ministers educated at top universities in the '60s and '70s with the support of generous student grants, is reclaiming its portion of the 'material benefits of university' pie. The consequences of such a policy on applications from less privileged backgrounds are bound to be catastrophic. Society will scrape scant solace from the knowledge that people from more privileged backgrounds will think more seriously about spending three years acquiring the qualifications which their friends' and families' firms 'require'. And then parasitic privilege will at least be charged for three years of masquerading.

Whether three years of debauchery are worth £13,500 is a question for every student who sees university as that kind of equation. If you think it's a bargain you're admitting that you don't even have the ambition to earn enough to lead a truly debauched lifestyle.

Worse still are students who arrive at university because it is a vortex. From their real lives indecision has sucked them into a parallel univers(ity) of postponement. If they do not realise as undergrads what they actually want to do with their lives they will mutate into 'profitable postgrad' fodder for unscrupulous lesser institutions.

However, some of those students who were washed into the whirlpool of university finally discover something to their lives that they might not have discovered elsewhere: an interest in something like blaxploitation films and music. University broadens some peoples' interests by offering an astonishingly wide range of societies and facilities, found together in no other organization.

And finally we come to the students who come to university with the primary objective of learning. Very worthy, and they've probably come to the right place. But they often become aliens in yet another parallel universe - that of subject specialization. How many friends from the first year sometimes seem to talk in rhyming gobbledegook by the third year? You thought you'd found a sociable economist in the first year, but by the end of your sentence s/he's bleeping numbers at you like the rest. At least they achieve something in their university lives.

Unfortunately, students who develop themselves at university are becoming scarcer as a result of government policy. Maybe students have to work less or are less indebted if their parents give them money rather than let them take out loans. But their parents also gain influence over their children's course choices, with the (even implicit) lever of withdrawing support. Furthermore, parents can influence their children's



Tony Blair: How much was his student grant?

Pic: Archives

behaviour, meaning that the process of learning to become independent at university is more restricted than when education was free.

University can be 'worth it', but only if you know why you're going or if you're prepared to make the effort to take advantage of all the opportunities which only universities currently provide. These reasons are becoming harder to put into practice in an increasingly privately-funded society.

The government last week announced a U-turn on student finances - but will this really, honestly make a difference? Certainly not for us. But overall? Maybe. Perhaps it will feel like it - until you graduate, and then you get hit with a 'tax'. Is it too late? For us the damage has already been done.

Where are we going Giddens?

Julia Giese

The LSE has probably not seen so many people in a line for a while - at least since the human chain last Lent Term. People were queuing from the entrance of the Peacock Theatre in Portugal Street right up to Sardinia Street at the back of the theatre already at 5.30 pm. So great was the desire to find out how the crème de la crème of the LSE was to take the debate on globalisation to "the next level" as announced by chairman Lord Desai that many just did not get in. The lesson learnt from last year's lectures does not seem to have been carried

forward over the summer as no video link was installed meaning that visitors had no choice but to leave. The wave of interest also took the speakers by surprise: the fact that so many people came to the discussion made Mary Kaldor, the fifth and last LSE professor to speak, "most optimistic" about the future, although otherwise a rather long and pessimistic list for the global agenda was outlined.

The first speaker, LSE director Anthony Giddens, made it clear that globalisation in his view has many more sides than just the economic one. Addressing the globalisation protesters he

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A young debate that must mature

argued that one has to say with which aspects one agrees or disagrees but one cannot simply be "against globalisation". It is for example completely wrong to blame only globalisation for the inequality in the world because countries that chose isolation never prospered. Still there is poverty that needs to be overcome by economic development. According to Giddens there is also too much corporate power. "We must respond to these problems and have a clear cut political agenda." What exactly solutions could be, he once again did not say - probably because of a lack of time as each speaker would meet Lord Desai's humour when speaking for longer than seven minutes.

sation than "we have to be aware of the conflicts that went together with industrialisation in the 20th century". According to his argument there is no reason to believe that industrialisation would be peaceful without



Even though the director insisted that the lecture was planned way before the events of September 11th happened, not one of the speakers avoided the topic. Some of the aspects of globalisation discussed are just getting more and more pressing now. Giddens said that it was not a clash of civilisations yet but that we all have to overcome any such feelings.

"If global co-operation cannot confront this challenge then we are all doomed", Fred Halliday predicted. He called the attacks a major blow to optimism, that reigned after the end of the Cold War and the millennium, but advanced the LSE with students from more than 150 countries as an example that it is possible to have diversity within frames. However, he argues that we should have "benign impatience" with people who make national symbols and feelings their policy. Security in all its facets will be decisive for globalisation, he argued, not only relating to terrorism: "We cannot have trade if there is no security on the seas and we cannot make financial transactions if banks are not safe."

John Gray reminded the audience in his talk that if globalisation is an episode in the process of industrialisation

any efforts from the participants. We therefore should expect revolutions or the emergence of very bad regimes, especially in developing regions.

Gray furthermore advanced a rather provocative idea, namely that free markets do not have a mechanism to stop the depletion of natural resources like oil. Theoretically, the prices of scarce resources should go up but in the real world a conflict or even war is more likely, he argued. This is true for oil but also for water - as can be seen in African regions. At this he learned that time is also scarce being cut off by Lord Desai.

David Held tried to look at globalisation from a slightly different angle than the rest of the panel. Calling it a serious problem he said that globalisation raises questions about the scope of politics and jurisdiction. Political power is more and more shared between a local and a global level and there is no clear cut division between home governments and international organisations anymore. Held pictured this theory with an example of an animal rights group who tried to prohibit the skinning of animals still alive. The UK government could not

Continued from front page

come up with a law as they needed the European Union (EU) to pass the act first. The EU in turn forwarded the matter to the World Trade Organisation where it is now lost in bureaucracy. "Democracy needs to be rethought and for this we need new ways and international laws", he concluded. Just how this is to be achieved he did not say - maybe because of time or perhaps because the answer is nearly impossible.

Mary Kaldor finally advanced her thoughts on "New Wars" relating to the one in progress right now. She made clear that this one is not the first new war - as opposed to classical wars which she defines as being a clash between two specific countries. New wars are, according to her,

extremely difficult to contain because activists operate transnational networks and have the aim of violence. They try to "eliminate tolerant people and create hatred". However, she argues, terrorists can only finance themselves through economic activities like drug sales and smuggling. Kaldor therefore views law enforcement, global justice and security as essential to stop new wars and build a global legitimacy: "We cannot allow the war on terrorism to stop us from having discussions like this."

In the following discussion the audience was relieved to laugh, albeit, at the gloomy picture of the world that lacks solutions: Lord Desai irritated Giddens by a remark "sounds like the Labour Party" when Professor Held said that the greatest problem the most senior executives have with globalisation is that their image is too bad.

To sum up, many legitimate questions - similarly to last year's lectures - were raised but answers for the real world seem years away. Describing the outlook in Gray's words you could not sum the discussion up better: "Never expect to much from the end of the world".

News Digest

A survey out last week found that students really are the great unwashed. Eight out of 10 young men about to start university have never washed their own clothes. Although women are slightly better, 30% had never used a washing machine.

Students also do not know how to eat healthily. Only 12% regularly cooked for themselves, while 52% said that they survived on takeaway foods such as burgers, pizzas and kebabs.

Students also have problems with money according to a survey by Abbey National. 2/3 admitted that it was not their strong point. Just 1% had paid domestic bills in the past.

Cherie Blair in The Independency on the best time of her college life at LSE: "Being able to have a bath every day instead of just a bath once a week as we did at home! I still love nothing better than a hot bath with lots of bath oil even now."

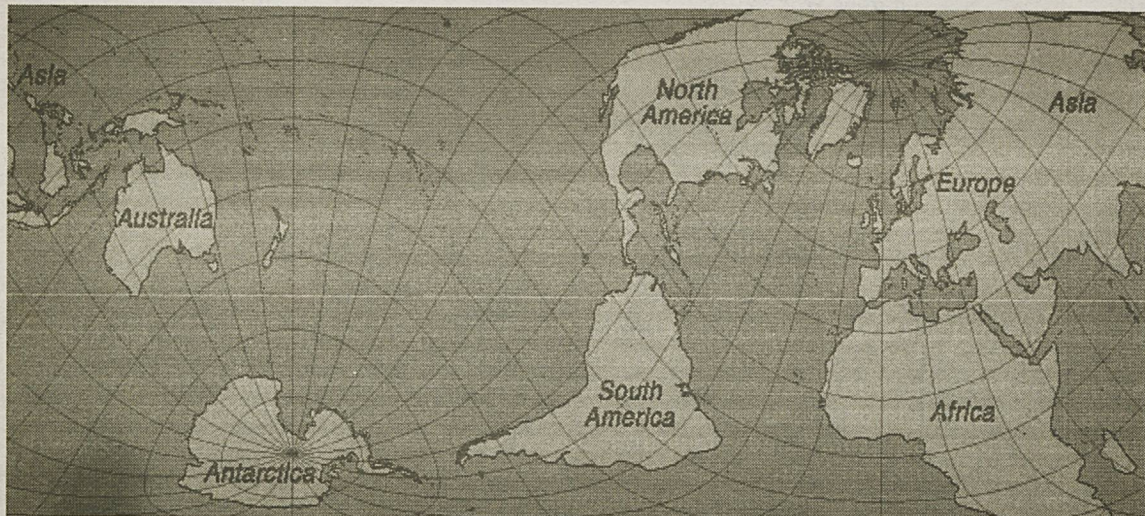
The new LSE library was part of London's 'Open House' scheme due to the staircase. It attracted thousands of viewers.

Alcohol spending by undergraduates fell sharply this year from an average of £24.10 a week to £16.61, a NatWest survey showed.

New survey shows that students are more interested in studying than sex. According to a survey of 600 students from 15 universities carried out by Metz, whilst more than half of the second years confessed to having sex during freshers' week, 38% abstained and 12% refused to answer. In another damning piece of evidence, while 30% of freshers are concerned about missing lectures, only 8% say they slept with someone they should not have in freshers' week, according to another survey quoted today. The Metz survey was conducted at a range of universities, including Exeter, Nottingham, Oxford Brookes, Bristol, Leeds, Cambridge, York, Edinburgh and UCL. The worst chat up line, according to a majority of the older students surveyed is "what did you get in your A-levels?"

Another survey concentrated on what students think of their peers. Cornish surfers were voted most sexy male student group, while Liverpoolians came bottom of the list. The least sexy subject for men to study is Computing. The most sexy female students, according to the men in the survey, are drama students. But art students only got 4% less of the vote. Third place went to journalism students, who got a meagre 8% of the vote.

More and more students are choosing to live at home during university according to a study done by psychologists at Leeds University. A pilot study of 2,000 students has found that those staying with their parents are far happier than those living in halls.



Promising a new perspective, but the globalisation debate has failed to deliver

Are British students losing out?

Ruth Molyneux, News Editor

Think of the big, traditional, 'exclusive' universities such as Oxford, Cambridge, Warwick, Nottingham and LSE. What type of people go there? Unfortunately not as many British people as in previous years. Overseas intake is on the up - in fact it's up 20% this year. Is this something to celebrate? Something for British Universities to be proud of or is it denying a lot of highly intelligent British people the chance to go to a top class institution?

According to Gwen Randall, head of Framlington College in Suffolk (a private school), Oxford, Cambridge and other universities (including LSE) are turning down British students in order to accept often less qualified foreign students who pay higher fees. Mrs Randall said that this year Oxbridge rejected five of her British students, while four non-EU students got in - even though they had lower grades. She doesn't believe this is co-incidence, and it doesn't take a cynic to agree.

Foreign students have become one of Britain's biggest invisible exports. They bring in £600 million in fees as well as additional millions spent in accommodation, shops and campuses around the country. Over the last 10 years, there has been a consistent increase, especially in postgraduates. In 1998, 88,780 students came to the UK as postgraduates, last year it was 97,820.

Whilst acknowledging the aims and objectives of The British Council, both they and UCAS have been actively encouraging overseas students, and a sceptic must ask if money isn't the primary reason behind this. After all - if the universities are

students are bound to lose out?

The Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE), which regulates the number of local undergraduate students a university accepts, rejects the arguments that universities are

LSE is a prime example of this:

A traditional British university who has become financially dependent on foreign students. There are 7218 students (undergraduates and postgraduates) this year at LSE of which 4513 are overseas students - that's well over 50%. However, these overseas students (who pay up to £17,000 each) enable LSE to pay their professors up to £90,000 a year and to treat itself as virtually a private college. As a result, LSE is 80% privately funded. I am sure that if so many foreigners didn't study at LSE then there would be no expansion, no infrastructure and less equipment. But this doesn't alter the fact that there are an undoubted number of talented British students have been rejected by LSE because of the financial incentives foreign students herald.



generating extra cash by accepting more and more foreign students then the government has to give less.

In fact the government has admitted that attracting international students to the UK is crucial to the health of the higher education sector. In June 1999, the prime minister announced a campaign that would promote the benefits of a British education overseas in an attempt to increase market share to 25% of fee-paying students in Anglophone countries - that's equal to 50,000 students. Since then, we have seen measures introduced to make it easier for international students to live, study and work in the UK. But does this mean British

rejecting home students in favour of overseas students. The organisation says that overseas students are unrelated and additional to that number. "There is effectively no way a British student could lose a place because a foreign student took up a place, except in an extreme case where there were not enough facilities."

But as we can see from LSE, most universities do not enough have enough facilities. Surely, therefore, universities have already begun accepting foreign student's over their British counterparts because of money, not merit.

This situation seems most evident here in the capital and

All I ask is that British students get a fair chance. We are not worth as much financially and can't fund the research departments, university expansion, top class equipment, the best staff - but it's OUR education system. When did it stop being about teaching undergraduates and start being about financing postgraduate research departments and sabbaticals? I'm not a person - I'm a number who doesn't earn LSE very much money. It's a question of balance. But is the balance right?



Union Jack

It's early February and four 3rd years are sat in the brunch bowl bemoaning their lack of success.

Jarlath O'Hara: Shit, I can't believe it. We've nearly graduated and I've never been elected.

Claire Taylor: I've spent months of quality time with Charterhouse and still I haven't got any where.

Dave Clay: Dude, what is in this drink?

George Iannou: It's a special Greek drink, cums with extra Garlic Sauce. I asked Amar if I could give it away at Crush, but he wouldn't take it. If only I was Ents. Sabb, then I could make a difference...

Suddenly light-bulbs flicker above their heads.

J O'H: But how can I get elected?

CT: This one time, at NUS conference, I...

GI: Shish Kebabs for all!!!

DC: Guess I could promise to love everyone.

J O'H: I could pretend to be Irish. Everybody loves a paddy.

CT: I'll get Charterhouse on board.

DC: Then it's agreed. To the next step.

Dave raises his glass of watered down Fosters

All: To the next step.

Later we find the group on Houghton Street with the team busy pressing the flesh.

GI: ... and remember a vote for George is a vote for extra Chilli sauce.

DC: Hey Claire, how's your race going?

CT: Well, Bellini's definitely my bitch, Claudia stands no chance and my only worry about scouse Steve is that he might nick my car radio.

James Meadway: Down with Capitalism, Direct Action, Burn the LSE, invade France, liberate the Isle of Wight...

DC: Hey George, where's Jarlath?

GI: He's busy polling the electorate. Shish Kebab? Shish Kebab?

A random student approaches:

Osama: So Claire, why should I vote for you? What experience have you got?

CT: This one time, at NUS conference, I...

GI: Hey you, you vote for me. You need Kebab? Kebab for all!!!

And now the big night. Results start coming in and things are looking up. Towards the back of the room Jimmy Baker is leading the losing candidates in a chorus of aga-do. The gang consider their future.

CT: Shit, I'm gonna get elected. What do I know about running anything?

Claudia Kim: Well you ran PuLSE into the ground, bitch.

J O'H: Johnny Black's over there, maybe he can teach you.

DC: Ah Claire, with this success I see you in a whole new light.

CT: Say my name Dave.

DC: What?

CT: Say my Name, Bitch. Say my Name.

DC: Ahhhh, Sabb I'd love to Fuck...

So, as the new sabbatical team walk off into the night there is a feeling amongst them that the next year at college will be very different.



Is the multi-national nature of LSE driven purely by financial necessity?

Pics: Mark Simpson

I want to hear YOUR views on this - E-mail me at R.Molyneux@lse.ac.uk

Next Week: Iain Bundred argues that foreign students earn - not buy - their right to be here

Backstage at LSE

LSE - academic excellence, an international working environment, a functioning campus in the heart of London.

All very true but have you ever thought how it is possible?

The Beaver interviewed some of the people who make LSE work and gave them the chance to say what they think about us, the students.

So keep your opinions about the LSE services to yourself and read how we should behave.

Saija Vuola

Obviously, as anyone who had to queue to get through the gates of the Library can tell you, the first Monday of term was busier than anyone thought possible. The staff at the LSE did not really have time to answer questions but some could spare five minutes of their time. They were the catalogue updater/service-counter worker Oreste from the Library, the Brunch Bowl manager Lesley and Richard from Reception/Security.

The Library, the Brunch Bowl and the Reception all seem to be ideal places for teamwork. The fact that Lesley has worked for 18½ years for the Central Catering Services speaks for itself and even at busy times (like today) the Library team are relaxed and the atmosphere is cooperative. Hardly the atmosphere that pervades the student body during exam time. The Security personnel seem to be the only ones who are more questioning and alert, or was Richard just being the only honest one? But despite some disagreements, the men in grey support each other. Naturally.

The next thing I wanted to know was whether the non-academic staff feel there's a connection between their work and the academic work LSE is so famous for. Considering the Library, the answer seems a bit too obvious or rather the question a bit unnecessary. Not to mention the Brunch Bowl. Everyone's got to eat, no one lives off knowledge no matter how big a thirst for it they might have. Only when interviewing Richard on this question did I not feel completely stupid. He thinks the Reception is the focal point of the LSE and contributes a great deal to the general functioning of the LSE, thus also to the academic side. By the way, would you have guessed that about five years ago there was no such thing as the Reception and that the Security was basically put together by one man? After the recent events it is



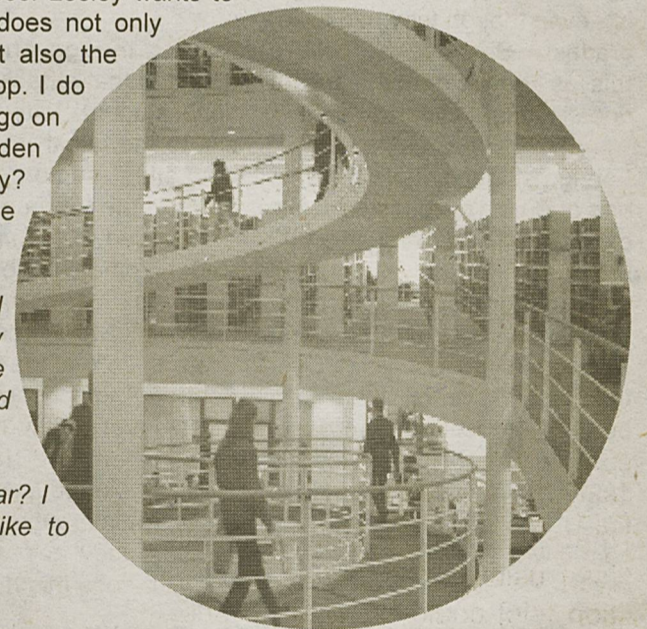
comforting to know that we can carry out reading our books while the Security know what is going on and who is supposed to be on campus and who's not.

And now (finally) to the part where we should learn from. Students and academic staff appreciate the services of the Library "by and large". But if you are among the 2% who don't understand that the Library has rules and that the working environment is rather disciplinary, you should be ashamed. And if you are a new student or don't for some reason know your way around the Library yet, attend the training sessions organised for you and learn to use the database properly. Make the most of the guides and instructions and you'll save everyone's time, says Oreste. Ok, when's the next session again?

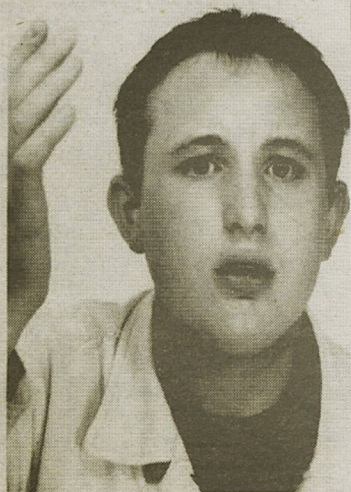
Lesley feels that students and academic staff mainly appreciate the work done by the Central Catering services but that "there's always the odd one who thinks they're superior to us". Even among that notorious 2%, there's still a chance they may learn some manners. Think about this: the sandwiches don't miraculously appear on the shelf, the sixteen different vegetables and other stuff ending up as salad on your plate are washed and chopped by someone. And even more, think about this: if you don't support the services on the campus, there will soon be no services. Lesley wants to point out that by this she does not only mean the Brunch Bowl but also the Student Union café and shop. I do agree but isn't it tempting to go on Kingsway or to Covent Garden for food and stationary? Mental note: support the local.

And in the words of Richard from the Reception: "Enjoy your time at the LSE, we're here to help you day and night".

Isn't that a nice thing to hear? I wonder what they would like to hear from us.



The Mullet



This week, after a sterling performance in the Tuns, Mullet feels that it is only fair that he should dedicate this column to a student who is rapidly becoming a LSE legend. Will the real Rex Walker please stand up, please stand up.

Freshers' Week for T-Rex began on Monday - a day before everybody else - at 11AM with a pint of Kronenbourg. The week following ended sometime in the early hours of Friday morning with a can of Special Brew, kindly donated to Mr Walker by a tramp.

The reason that Mullet feels Rex deserves a mention in these inches,

is the resilient nature in which he has drunk within the last couple of weeks.

Day upon day T-Rex could be found propping up the fruitie in the Tuns without a shred of concern for is financial situation, his social standing or his personal hygiene.

On Wednesday, at Turnmills, in an effort to repeat past glories, Rex again licked Mullet's cock by the fruit machine. Forthwith, Rex declared "That's the hat-trick. I've licked Jimmy's cock three times." Quite who Jimmy is, is a mystery to the Mullet.

The extent of Rex's drunkenness

was revealed when Mullet tried to reassure this geezer that it was only his second cock licking incident. Yet, after much discussion, T-Rex still didn't believe that he had only licked Mullet's cock once before. A slapping thus ensued.

Thursday saw Rex pissing himself twice on the way to the officience and concluded with him clutching a full bottle of Bud outside Chairman Mo's room declaring, "If this doesn't get me into the Mullet nothing will."

Rex, Mullet salutes you. Fair play. All in all, it's time that you Freshers' take a leaf out of Rex's

book.

Last year Mullet issued a number of challenges for new students to have a go at. Many of you succeeded, quite a lot failed.

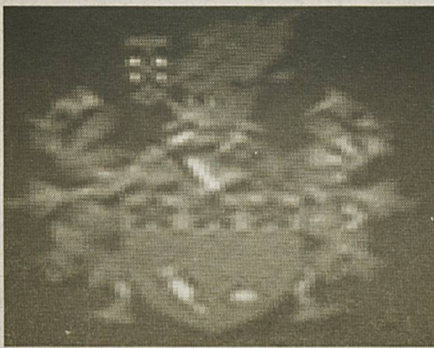
It's time for you new lot to rise. This school needs a new Oscar, a new Fletch, a new Charterhouse, a new Rex, even a new Mullet.

Rise to the challenge, grab the goat by the scruff of its bollocks. Don't sit back and wait for someone else to grab the limelight. Take it. Be it. And remember...

Hey! Hey Baby! Ohh! Ahh! I wanna knowooooo why I'm such a twat.

The Beaver's weekly round up of student news from around the country

with Lyle Jackson



Trinity College, Wales

Students at Trinity College recently staged an overnight sleep-out in their imaginatively named Front Square, in reaction to College plans to raise of on-campus accommodation costs by up to 25%. The protest was organised by the Students' Union in response to an unsatisfactory outcome of negotiations with the College Rents Review Committee. According to the Trinity College student paper, "it was tactically timed, to coincide with the fortnightly meeting of the College's governing body. The aim was that the Board members would have to pass the sleeping bags on their way to the meeting." Tactical genius. Currently, accommodation costs range from £48 to £60 per week but the proposal is to increase rents, across the board, to £75 per week. The rag went on to say, "The SU have pointed out that the revenue from toursits [sic] using College accommdation [sic] could be used to substitute costs for student accomodation [sic] in college. The current situation will mean that students pay market prices for accommodation." For an institution capable of teaching students three different spellings of one word, two incorrect, the other probably a mistake, £75 sounds like an absolute bargain.



Aberdeen, St. Andrews, Edinburgh and Glasgow

The University of Aberdeen has been listed in a new report along with St Andrews, Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities as having some of the biggest pay gaps between men and women. The University of Aberdeen fares particularly badly with a 25% pay gap between men and women, 9% above the national average. Over the past six years the situation has

not improved and since 1995 has indeed in many cases worsened, the national average shows women earn on average 16% less than men with Scotland maintaining an even lower average of 19%. David Triesman, general secretary of the association said, "Despite continued assurances from universities about the important role of equality on campus we have seen yet again an increase in pay discrimination. There is now a clear and urgent case for government and universities to work together to end this disgraceful practice." I've always said it though, Scottish women just don't wash up fast enough.



WARWICK

According to new research out this week, students at Warwick university miss their parents the most! Ahhh. Two thirds of Warwick students would go home every weekend if they could. The research can be interpreted in a number of ways. Firstly, and most likely, is that it has something to do with the place. Coventry is a dive. An absolute hole. Don't go there ever. Secondly, and almost as likely, Warwick just attracts the type of student who wishes he was at home being tucked up by his parents. Thirdly, Warwick students are keen not to forget the most important people in their lives - and use going back to their parent's place as an excuse for seeing old flames. Fourthly, and least likely to be true, parents of Warwick students are just the sort of people you want to spend time with. Have you ever met the parents of a Warwick student?

The Beaver Hard Sell

The Beaver is the weekly student newspaper of the LSE. It is situated in the basement of Clare Market Building underneath the Three Tuns. The dark squalid room in which we reside is C023, the original site of the London Dungeons. The Beaver newspaper is split into four sections: B:link covers world news and features. B:art covers entertainments, such as movies, clubs and fine arts in LSE and around London. News covers stories affecting LSE and students in general. The sports section is utter filth whose pages - and their authors - are salvaged from the gutter each week. This is our story.

The history of the beaver is an illustrious one. This is no more than you would expect from the weekly that brought you such classic headlines as 'Dwight Yorke ate my Beaver' and 'There's a mole in my Beaver, Delilah', a story about former LSE student Delilah Johnson who had to travel to Germany for surgery she couldn't receive on the NHS. However, the beaver, like so many others, started small and on a tight budget.

Founded by Lord Beaver of Wapping Hill in 1949 the original paper attempted to bridge a niche in the gap of the market that had developed during those torrid war years.

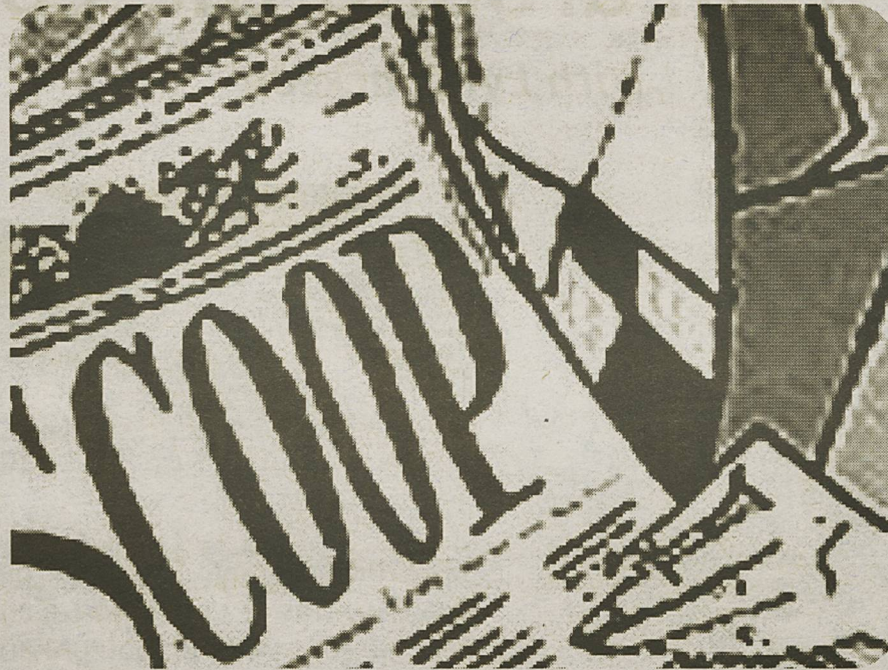
"I realised that there were few papers that appealed to social scientists, bird lovers, animal lovers, students and men" said Lord Beaver on the opening night of the paper. Thus it was with a diet of tits and beavers that the paper began.

To look back on those early years is only to fill one with a feeling a great awe and wonder. How could they produce such a great rag given the squalid conditions that pervaded those early years. Frank Smith, a tea-boy in those early days, fill us in: "We 'ad to get the paper up down mill by black out time on a Friday so the we could decode it into some sort o' English. In them days we had to work underground to

avoid the Boche. Can you believe it, was like going down the mines. Down at nine, up at nine, in winter we didn't see the light of day."

This interview with Frank threw up some interesting questions. Why was the Beaver forced to produce from a rotting sewer of an underground

to '45 he was in fact Baron von Beaver of Bayern, Hitler's right-hand man. A staunch lefty in his youth it was after a brief trip to New York and a chance meeting with Michael Portillo that he became a right wing fascist bastard. At the end of the war he felt lost, he had no focus for his facism. It was



Penned by Chris Wills, Executive Editor

lair in those early years? And why were they still afraid of the Boche in 1949? While the first question remains unsolved to this day, the second became clear in a recent Reputations programme on BBC2. Producer of that programme, purveyor of Lord Beaver's merchandise and his unofficial biographer, Michael Crook fills us in: "I was intrigued by Frank's answer as well. What on earth was the Boche doing around in 1949? After some research, I stumbled upon the answer. The boss - or boche - was Lord Beaver himself. It turns out that prior

then he came to blighty and founded the Daily Mail. It's all in my book, £13.99 from Harpers, you can find it in any old book shop where they stock David Irving."

Passing on from these early turbulent years the Beaver was soon going from strength to strength with Lord Beaver stolid at the helm. The newspaper for social scientists, bird lovers, animal lovers, students and men grew both in

stature and popularity. It was only the advent of feminism, political correctness and the Press Complaints Commission that saw the Beaver's regular tit features replaced by other birds of the city such as Peter Jay. And it was not until the early 90s that Lord Beaver, after a 40 year reign, stood down as editor. He was duly replaced by his prodigal son-in-law Gordon Gnome, later Lord Gnome. Taking a backseat, Lord Beaver sat until the late 90s; only when accused of buying shares that were tipped in the next day's edition did Lord Beaver flee a country for the first time in 50 years, this time to Brazil. Soon after his flight - only made possible by News Corporation - Lord Beaver was struck down by a heart attack, its acuteness not in any way related to the viagra he had plugged in an interview the previous week. That was 1999. Since then the Beaver has been bought over by another company that won't let-us say anything about Chris Pattern or China.

The Beaver Story is available in all exceedingly incompetent bookshops that take six months to pay for their adverts, such as Foyles Bookshop, 113 - 119 Charing Cross Road.

.....
If you are interested in becoming part of our illustrious story come to the first Writers' Meeting of term, Friday October 12th; formal introductions are at 2pm but we'll be around till 4pm.

What we need: Photographers, technical assistants, anyone who wants to write but especially foreign affairs writers, preferably those who have detailed knowledge of a particular topic or country. In the past the Beaver has failed to represent the diversity of students that attend LSE, it has in short, been overstaffed by Brits. I therefore urge international students to help us correct this in the coming year by getting involved in the paper. Both they and everyone else who hasn't already been put-off should attend this Friday.

Interested in
Media or just **Opinionated**

Write for LSE's student newspaper...

The Beaver

Come to the Underground bar
Meeting 2pm to 4pm Friday October 12th

Or email thebeaver@lse.ac.uk

b:arts b:linked b:news b:sport

*Catherine Baker, Political Editor***Does every generation ask itself: 'Where were you?'**

The question this time is posed for September 11th. And I for one was in Dubrovnik. And as I gaze out of the rain-beaten window of the train, waiting at a red signal somewhere outside Clapham Junction, wishing I was sitting in a café on Luza square instead, it is not solely to do with the state of the weather. I have returned from Croatia to London, place of heightened anxiety; this is not an irony one can overlook. Only ten years ago, in the place I now associate with warm tranquillity, the inhabitants lived in far more immediate fear and danger than do any Londoners even now, their city walls brought down by Montenegrin shell-fire.

But now, a month after I joined the story - having initially absorbed what I could from the Croatian press - any attempt of mine to find one level on which we're facing up to meets with confusion. If anything, the discontinuity is even more gaping now that the war's begun in earnest. I'm a news junkie who reads two papers a day even when nothing less inconsequential than the continuing saga of Tony and his cronies is filling them, but I very rarely find anything among the acres of newsprint that reflects the anxieties which crowd around me now every time I open a broadsheet. Perhaps I should give them up and wait for Peter Sissons to feed me half an hour of the latest troop movements at 10 o'clock every evening, but it's not the volume of news that troubles me: it's those that concern the statistics of war. Not statistics of deaths and casualties, but of wingspans and payloads.

These articles - all too prevalent in the last weeks - seem to be updated from war to war, but could almost have been cut and pasted straight from any newspaper's coverage of Kosovo or the Gulf. This morning it was the turn of HMS Triumph to be analysed for its military hardware statistics, and as I peered over the shoulder of my fellow commuter it happened to be the Daily Mail that was being the statistician. In fact the submarine cross-section came as something of a refreshing

change: More usually it's the exact capabilities and reference numbers of the various Allied fighter planes, up to and including how many bombs they can fit inside their hold. Don't get me wrong; after enough time has passed for the "War on Terror" to be a plausible tabletop gaming scenario, I'm sure all of this information will be important to know; but to me, now, it begins to smack of 'boys and their toys', especially when my memory persists in recalling that every one of these by-lines that I've registered has been male.

Forgive me if I can't be more enthusiastic about the precise tonnage of the USS Carl Vinson. If the military restricted facts like these, I'm sure I'd be one of the first to complain, but not being a soldier or an engineer, I find it difficult to understand the significance when I'm told the exact size of the warhead on a Cruise missile. None of us are exceptions to the first imperative of evolution; all of us, underneath the beliefs and the principles, have nature's universal instinct for keeping ourselves as safe as we can. It's the part of us that still clings on to a tree with two furry arms. The fact that the B-2 stealth bomber flies straight from Whiteman Air Base, Missouri, doesn't set off that instinct; but the throwaway comment on page seven that London's civil defence authorities are still operating according to regulations laid down in 1948 has my orangutan alter-ego frowning her eyebrows. By the time I register that if I'm to be defended from a terrorist attack, it will be the responsibility of my local council who can't even figure out what they want to do with the old swimming pool, I can hear a pained and startled Oook. Between Thatcherite cuts and the passage of time, most of the staff probably won't even have seen Threads.

I hoped my neighbour was satisfied that she was now able to locate the galley aboard the HMS Triumph. But that discontinuity I first noticed on the smoothly-paved streets of Dubrovnik still has its mouth open. Then I looked up at the Millbank Tower to be sure it was still there.

Rachel Goldwyn, LSE Postgraduate

Should this generation ask itself: 'Is this a Humanitarian War?'

Justice demands the trial of Bin Laden for crimes against humanity. But bombing Afghanistan brings us no closer to that end. Bombing is neither right nor legal.

The coalition against terrorism risks trampling on the very values it proclaims; a fair trial must remain the fundamental tenet of justice; Bin Laden must be proven guilty before a court of law before any punishment can be meted out.

For what purpose are we bombing Afghanistan? Retaliation is illegal in all circumstances. What values does the coalition uphold when it violates international law? It is to the UN Security Council that we should turn, the international body holding the legal monopoly on military action, yet Bush and Blair have refused to defer to its authority. Two UN resolutions defining the acts of September 11th as a 'threat to peace and security' and allowing the use of 'all possible means' to combat terrorism have delivered action outside UN auspices into a legal grey area. A repeat of Kosovo? A shift in international law to allow intervention that by-passes the mighty UN, and permits even a declaration of war against a non-state entity?

Even if we admit action outside the UN, the laws of war demand that all warfare be necessary, proportional and discriminate between combatants and civilians. In a country where starvation is already a fact of life, the mere threat of bombing; and the mass exodus that it precipitated; renders massive civilian casualties of an impoverished populace long-terrorised by the Taliban. The cost of war is thus disproportionate and indiscriminate. Closing the borders to refugees is an act of genocide.

An unholy marriage of dropping bombs and food does not make this a humanitarian act. Meagre rations, dropped in a dangerous and uneven fashion, cannot right the wrongs of illegal military action. We fool only ourselves when we purport to be able to provide food and shelter for Afghans fleeing the threat - and now the reality - of coalition bombing. The truth is that untold numbers of Afghans will not survive this mass exodus, dying of starvation and exposure on their way out. How much does the coalition value the hundreds of thousands of civilians teetering on the brink of death by starvation? Moral and legal limitations must be applied to all violence, not just to terrorists.

Emotional zeal has allowed the divergence of aim and means, what began as the hunt for Bin Laden has become the pursuit of the destruction of a military dictatorship in Afghanistan. Make no mistake, the world is rightly outraged by the despicable, flagrant violations of rights by the Taliban, but that gives us no right to bomb them into submission. Why not then bomb the dictators in Burma or the torturers in China? The Taliban too must be put on trial for their crimes against humanity, before a legally constituted court of law.

And what of this 'coalition against terrorism' that has been built? Not a word has been breathed of the Northern Alliance's human rights record. Accused of direct attacks on civilians - rape, ethnic and religious persecution, as well as indiscriminate bombing - further ethnic violence and reprisals can only follow. 'My enemy's enemy is my friend' is a dangerous adage. If known perpetrators of violence against civilians are not held accountable, and are entrenched into a future government of Afghanistan, then hopes for a peaceful future are slim. The cycle of

impunity and violence must be broken

The deafening silence of the media on alternatives to violence has given the attacks on Afghanistan an air of inevitability, but they needn't be so. The September 11 terrorists sprang from a country where peaceful political struggle is futile; the solution lies in demonstrating the supremacy of peace over violence, the promotion of democracy, participation and respect for the innocence of civilian life, and a credible commitment to global social justice.

There are concrete immediate actions to de-escalate the violence and bring justice. If the coalition is to present itself as the standard bearer of justice and peace then it must act within international law, using the UN as the conduit to combat terrorism. The Security Council can and should establish an independent tribunal to bring the perpetrators of terrorist crimes to justice. States that refuse to comply with Security Council demands can be subject to sanctions. A genuine commitment to peace must be made by Russia, Iran, Saudi Arabia and Pakistan, who must immediately cease funding and equipping both sides to the conflict. Non-violent steps to combat terrorism, including but not exclusive to financial measures must be taken, without restricting civil liberties or blaming asylum seekers. The Afghans must be allowed to choose their own government, and their choice must be respected.

The bombing of Afghanistan threatens to create a holy war, where people are radicalised and polarised, creating many more Bin Ladens and suicide bombers for the future. The world was rightly horrified at the tragic events of September 11th, but as Ghandi noted: An eye for an eye will only leave us all blind.

Letters to the Editor and anyone interested in contributing to The Beaver should email us: thebeaver@lse.ac.uk or c.d.wills@lse.ac.uk

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April 99



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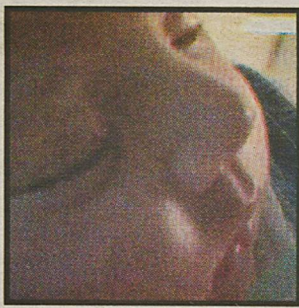
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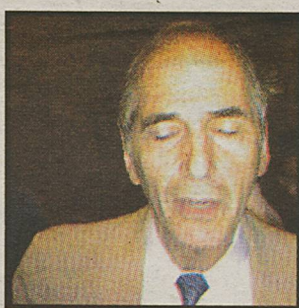
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politics



culture



life



edited by charlie jurd

beaver link

politics

words by charlie jurd

Although the controversy surrounding the England cricket team's 17 day tour of Zimbabwe has been pushed from the headlines in recent weeks there are still many who think it should not be going ahead, in spite of the fact that, three matches in, it appears England have found finally someone they can beat. To quote

Gareth Thomas MP, secretary of the all-party parliamentary sports group; "To play cricket matches in a country where the Government is clearly condoning violence against its opponents must be questionable". Many others, overwhelmingly from the political sphere, have also called for the tour to be cancelled, as a moral gesture of disgust at the looting of farms and indiscriminate violence being perpetrated under Robert Mugabe's regime. These calls, somewhat worryingly, seem to be an attempt by politicians to make up for their dithering impotence on the



Zimbabwe issue. To ask unelected, unaccountable, sportsmen to take on the responsibilities of Members of Parliament is wholly inappropriate.

Some critics have attempted to show precedent for a morally-motivated cancellation of the Zimbabwe tour in England's refusal to tour South Africa in the 1970s. However, this was a protest against the white-only discrimination in the selection of the South African team. The sport of cricket was being used as a political tool, by the South African government, to enforce apartheid; to cancel the Zimbabwe tour would be to once again attempt to manipulate sport into a political device.

Unlike South Africa in the 1970s, in Zimbabwe cricket is a multi-racial sport, played, as anywhere else in the world, as a sport, not as a political statement. There is support in Zimbabwe itself for the tour, from players, fans and Zimbabweans opposed to and in support of Mugabe. It was reported in the Times that Dirk Viljoen, the Zimbabwe all-rounder, whose family farm was invaded and ransacked recently has "strongly urged" England to travel. The tour will help boost morale and help finance those who have suffered two-fold from both Mugabe's regime, and the West's desire to sever trade links and reluctance to give aid.

What would have helped increase the separation between the worlds of sport and politics, both literally and symbolically, during the cricket tour was the

Commonwealth Heads of Government conference which was due to commence on October 6th in Australia. Mugabe would have almost certainly attended the event, supposedly a meeting of leaders sharing commitment to democracy and human rights. Surely it is this event to which we should look for action against Mugabe to be taken. Indeed, it seems ludicrous for British politicians to simultaneously call for our sporting links with Zimbabwe to be severed whilst accepting Mugabe's presence as part of the Commonwealth.

Reluctantly accepting that journalists expect leading figures in sport, music and film to make political statements England cricket captain Nasser Hussain has spoken admirably about the diplomatic side of the tour. Whilst being prepared to fulfil the diplomatic duties expected of him as a touring cricketer he has publicly pledged support for any member of his team who would not be prepared to shake hands with Mugabe.

Tim Lamb, Chief Executive of the England and Wales Cricket Board, has also asked "Why should cricket be a soft target?" arguing "It is not for sport to make these moral and political judgements"; something with which all those who watch and enjoy sport, I believe, cannot help but agree.

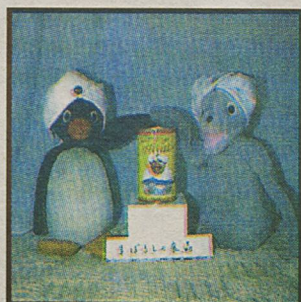
charlie jurd, in a concluding ironic twist to this article, does not actually like cricket but will watch anything.

..it's just not cricket

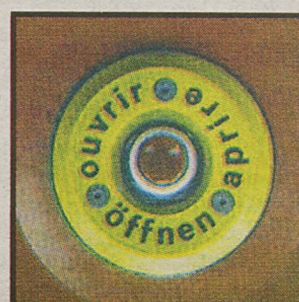
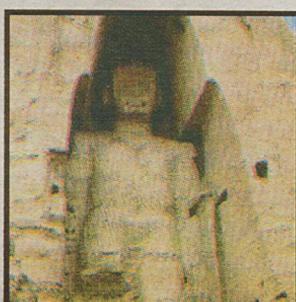


inside

visiting ground zero



buddha's legacy



conservative future?





precision

words by stephen linaweaver



a heap of crumbled building. Then we could prepare. But we can now view madness from orderliness, not only on our television, but also from Broadway. When the twin towers unhitched and fell to the ground like a glacier calving into the sea, it was as if they had been pulled down from below, leaving America a nation without a waiting room. Amplifying the situation, the crime scene immediately became the graveyard. Conceding this, the city of New York on September 27th, invited the families of the lost and missing to ground zero, to witness the last remnants of steel and cement being torn down by massive cranes and wrecking balls. As the crime itself places the last bits of dirt on the grave, we are cornered even further in that helpless and awestruck place, robbed of any decompression, leaving us to continuously ask, even today: Did that really happen? Americans as a people did not lose their innocence on September 11th, and we are not as naive as others would like us to be. We lost our innocence in the mid 60s, not in Vietnam, but on our own soil, when three of our greatest leaders were shot and killed within a brief five-year period. We are accustomed to violence. But a deadly act so precise, that can affect so many Americans in such a small area, makes the cleanliness and sometimes clumsiness of our every day life a constant reminder of the mess and chaos that is now clean-up zone and graveyard in Lower Manhattan. Maybe that is ultimately what terror is - not the feeling that your everyday life could be shattered at any moment, but the feeling that it *won't* be, and that someone else's has been, and will again.

stephen linaweaver is currently studying an MSc in environment and development at the LSE

I am not a New Yorker, and know relatively little about the city, which is not necessarily uncommon among Americans. I have visited there several times, and its energy and relentless motion would always leave me much like an out-of-shape flatlander who hikes in Colorado for the first time - exhausted, panting, glad to have seen it, and glad to be leaving. Living in San Francisco after the attack I felt as if I was in the nosebleed seats, watching a

glorious athlete crippled in action and unable to get up, but still on the field. The event was haunting - beyond the actual death and destruction, which were horrific enough in their own right - it was haunting in a way that was even more permanent, and in a way that could not be reconciled from the nosebleed seats.

Standing behind a red wooden barrier last Sunday, peering past two rain glistened officers, I began to realize the source of that haunting. Precision. I was standing on a municipal sidewalk, a Little League double from America's most violent and murderous event since the Civil War. I was on a clean street with glass shop fronts advertising specials in almost every direction. Restaurants and traffic carried on behind me, with unimaginable torture at an arms length. There are reasons we do not build preschools next to freeways, and there are reasons that courtrooms have waiting areas. Margins give us the mental and physical space to prepare us for what is inside, or outside. But the contradiction here was unavoidable, and it gouged the crowd into a hushed silence. The only voice was that of the police officer, barking impatiently at tourists: "Put away the camera, have some respect."

While staring at the concrete rebar, now confetti like and laced throughout my view, I was reminded of a riot in Nairobi in 1997, where I was trapped in the city with 2,000 dollars in US cash in my pocket, a business payment to a local printing shop. I

convinced a taxi driver to drive me out once rioters, who were calling for political reforms, had passed. As we sped through the emptying streets, the level of intensity grew steadily. First a handful of Kenyans could be seen burning trashcans, then rocks were thrown at the taxi, and soon large groups of men moved together, shouting. In attempting to avoid the riot the driver had driven directly into the core. A mass of bodies, belt-buckles, and torn t-shirts pressed against the car, windows shattered in the

darkness, and low, desperate screams could be heard. The driver pressed on, and soon trees could be seen through the smoke. After another five minutes we had reached a roundabout where a man sold newspapers and biscuits in the sun. There was horror in the riots, but there were also stages of progression, and decompression.

It is almost as if those towers should have fallen in some other direction, so there could be some dust and rubble first, then bashed cars and torn facades, and finally



what would buddha say?

words by maidah ahmad



It would seem that we have started this new academic year as we left it last year, that is completely obsessed with the Taliban.

Last March, the world was held ransom by the most hated of regimes. For what was at stake was the preservation of two stone statues of Buddha at Bamiyan. Afghanistan had the superpowers on their knees offering all kinds of

deals enticing the Taliban leaders to change their minds. Very rarely in history have actions provoked near universal condemnation as they did in the case of the destruction of the statues. Personal grudges between countries ceased to be important as governments worked together in preventing the demolition. India and Pakistan, forgetting their intense rivalry, acknowledged their shared history and culture and pleaded with the radical leaders to safeguard Afghan history. But nothing could deter the Taliban mullahs from destroying the priceless monuments, claiming they were an insult to the Islamic country. Needless to say that it is this very authoritarianism and intolerance that has alienated the Taliban in the Islamic world. National newspapers heatedly debated both sides of the argument. But one perspective was not mentioned; that of Buddha himself.

What would Buddha say having witnessed 13 centuries of Muslim rule in Afghanistan under whom centuries of cultural heritage survived? Yet in just 21 years, since the Russian invasion of 1979, "thousands of Hellenistic, Iranian and Indian artefacts from Afghanistan's many-layered past have been smuggled out to the voracious

and amoral Western art market." says Robert Hughes ("Buddha Bashing" TIME March 19 2001). What would Buddha say having witnessed a decade of Soviet occupation, the expulsion, by the courageous Afghans, of the mighty Soviet superpower, which led to its demise, and the fall of the Berlin Wall at the cost of 1.5 million Afghan lives, another million maimed, six million migrants because of Russian brutalities (out of a total population of 18 million), and many thousands who continue to be maimed or killed by the land mines left behind by the Soviets?

What would Buddha say to a U.S. that not only turned its back on the Afghans following these sacrifices, but continued to fuel a civil war against the Taliban which brought a large measure of stability to the 90 percent of Afghanistan which it controls? Without external influences the Taliban may well disintegrate. The popular enthusiasm that greeted earlier Taliban offensives has faded: Pushtun youth are no longer volunteering to join the Taliban, and Pushtun fighters are leaving the Taliban's ranks, gravitating back to their southern tribal areas. However, constant interference in the country has led to the flow of thousands of extremist Pakistani and Arab Taliban supporters into Afghanistan.

What would Buddha say to the U.S. which demonises the Taliban because it seeks control of Caspian oil, to justify defence spending, the U.S. share of the world's military spending at about 35 percent is now substantially higher than during the Cold War, and nearly three times that of all its potential adversaries combined, and to deter others from building an oil pipeline through Afghanistan?

What would Buddha say to the Chinese, Russians and Indians who fear the Taliban's support for

oppressed Muslims in the Chinese province of Xinjiang, the former Soviet republic of Chechnya, and in the disputed state of Kashmir?

What would Buddha say to the world's powers for their determination to protect the statues at Bamiyan, while they do little to prevent the destruction of Palestinian homes, and the killing and wounding of thousands of Palestinians, armed only with stones, and a few rifles and automatic weapons against the most powerful state, and nuclear power, in the Middle East?

What would Buddha say to a "world [which] seems to care more about the destruction of two stone statues, which, let's be honest, hardly anyone had ever heard of until ten days ago, than about 100,000 refugees who have been starving and freezing to death near Herat a few hundred miles away from them?" ("The Afghan iconoclasts" The Economist, March 10 2001).

Yet lessons from history are not sufficient to change attitudes concerning these forgotten people. The world still seems to be reaping in further destruction of the already ruined land.

Born in 563 B.C. in India, Siddharta Gautama, the Buddha, was deeply moved by the suffering of his people, and at age 29 gave up his kingdom and a life of luxury to seek enlightenment. When asked, "Are you a saint? Are you an angel? Are you a god? What are you?" answered, "I am awake." His answer became his title, for this is what Buddha means.

Buddha might ask the world, "Are you awake?"

maidah ahmad is international editor for the Beaver. If you are interested in writing for the Beaver contact maidah at the following address; m.ahmad@lse.ac.uk



Even when he stood for the Conservative leadership, Iain Duncan Smith was still seen as an invisible man. His lack of experience seemed to make the former Scots Guardsman an implausible contender against a long-serving cabinet minister and the figurehead of a potential new Conservative ideological vanguard. Fair enough: his camp has tirelessly explained that the blank spaces in his political CV are owed to his refusal to serve a government that had signed the Maastricht Treaty, and that he even turned John Major down when he offered him the job of an aide to a soon-to-be-disgraced Jonathan Aitken. If only Major were able to recall making the offer in the first place, IDS might just appear a man of principle, strange as his abhorrence of Europe might appear to many eyes.

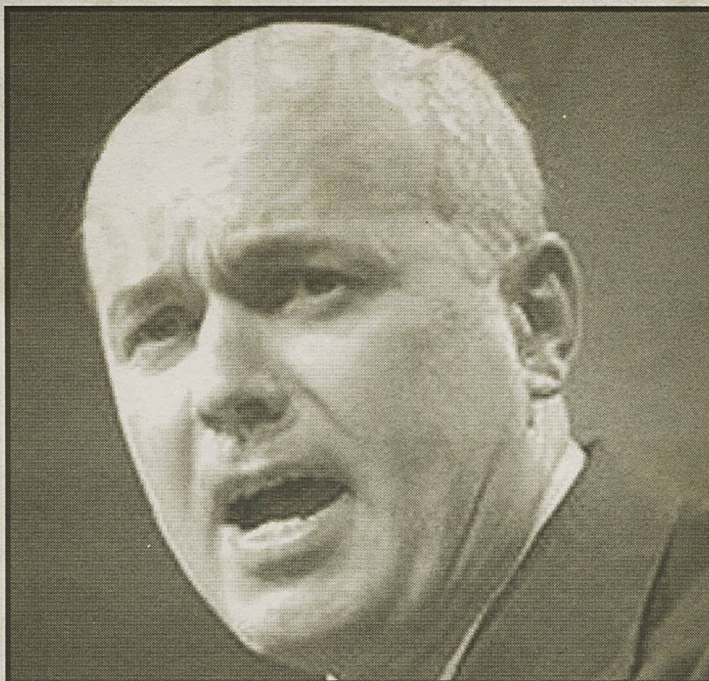
The world in which Iain Duncan Smith was chosen to lead his party had already veered on to today's troubling course before the postponed announcement of the result was finally made. In the climate he now inhabits, perhaps he might as well swathe himself in the dirty bandages Hollywood ascribes to the role and hand control of the Conservatives to Claude Rains. Still, even before September 11, back when polls indicated that Duncan Smith might win nearly two-thirds of the votes, the reversal of Conservative fortunes was never going to be an enviable task. Their 1997 defeat had election-night analysts reaching as far back as 1906 to express the scale of their failure: when they came up with no more than eight extra seats this time, nary a journo arched an eyebrow.

It doesn't take a detective in a

deerstalker to apportion blame for the collapse: all one needs is the 'common sense' that joined William Hague's baseball cap in the hall of Failed Attempts at Conservative Re-Invention. Hague would descend on market towns insisting that they had Seven Days To Save The Pound; with the exception of the blue-rinsed faithful who would have crossed the Conservative box on the ballot paper even if the candidate wore a red nose and a clown's wig, shoppers melted away with cautious glances up and down the High Street to see whereabouts the visitors might have parked the flying saucer.

Even the campaign's emphasis on asylum and immigration, as uncertain ethically as it is politically, was by no means a successful strategy, as the Liberal Democrats showed last year when Charles Kennedy's courageous rebuttals of anti-asylum invective won the Romsey by-election. It can, however, be no coincidence that a third of their gains came from working-class constituencies along the far eastern reaches of the District Line, such as Romford where the hard-right Monday Club member Andrew Rosindell would go out canvassing walking his oh-so-symbolic bulldog.

When it's put this way it all makes sense: if the Conservative leadership had been voted on by the general public, one might be reasonably confident they would have plumped for Kenneth Clarke. A rare sight in post-Thatcherite Conservatism, Clarke was eminently prepared to engage the electorate on topics such as the NHS and New Labour's totemic Education Cubed: the very issues about which the much-courted



words by catherine baker

iain duncan smith: it's time to choose

Mondeo Man now grumbles on a regular basis while he waits for three hours to have the nurse see to his dodgy knee.

This would all have been logical if the decision hadn't been up to Tories. By which one should understand not necessarily any party member, but specifically the activists who can work themselves into a frenzy over the implications of obscure EU directives for British sovereignty, and who stereo-typically do so while queuing up in the post office, pension books at the ready. They're the ones with 'Save the Pound' stickers behind their net curtains.

The single currency debate is by all means worthwhile, but if the majority of the British public aren't inclined to think of it as relevant, and the Conservatives' campaigning has failed to make it appear so, there comes a point when politicians need to accept that they are not schoolmasters, the electorate is not Year 9 and if they don't want to listen then you

can't keep them behind after the bell. The last Conservative manifesto might have gladdened the retired national servicemen and their wives at the WI who now make up the bulk of the membership, but failed to attract new voters. Now that Duncan Smith's party has shied away from challenging for the floating voters' hearts and minds, the very tendencies which saw him elected in the first place now even call into question his designation as Leader of the Opposition.

The carrot's already been held out to the Lib Dems that if they can only raise their game, they could well become the UK's party of effective opposition. Should the Conservatives persist in discussing Europe to the exclusion of all else, it's not impossible that they might find the political initiative snatched away from them by a party better able to cope with Tony Blair's incursion into weak Conservatism. Rather than compete on the same terms of the centre ground, the Tories appear to have retreated to the right, a trend that was not diminished by IDS's appointment of the arch-Eurosceptic Bill Cash as his shadow attorney-general.

So much for politics as we knew it. There is a transformed world to be dealt with now; and here too the man with initials reminiscent of an embarrassing personal problem finds himself with little room in which to give his leadership a clear identity. As shadow defence secretary, Duncan Smith had already made very clear his links and sympathies with the Pentagon, visiting Donald Rumsfeld before his government counterpart was able to make the trip. Nobody, of course, is suggesting that this is the right time for party politicking, but even in times such as these, a true Opposition's role is presumably to speak up for an alternative, and short of throwing in his lot with America's ultra-hawks, there's

little he can do to distinguish himself from the Prime Minister, whose speech in Brighton suggested he was channelling the spirit of William Gladstone.

As he makes his own conference debut, IDS may only be faced with two choices if he wishes to avoid the Conservatives' eventual marginalisation. The first and bravest, if this right-winger is capable of it, would be to seize the party by the head and detach their eyes from their own navels.

If he's not up to that, there are always the bandages.

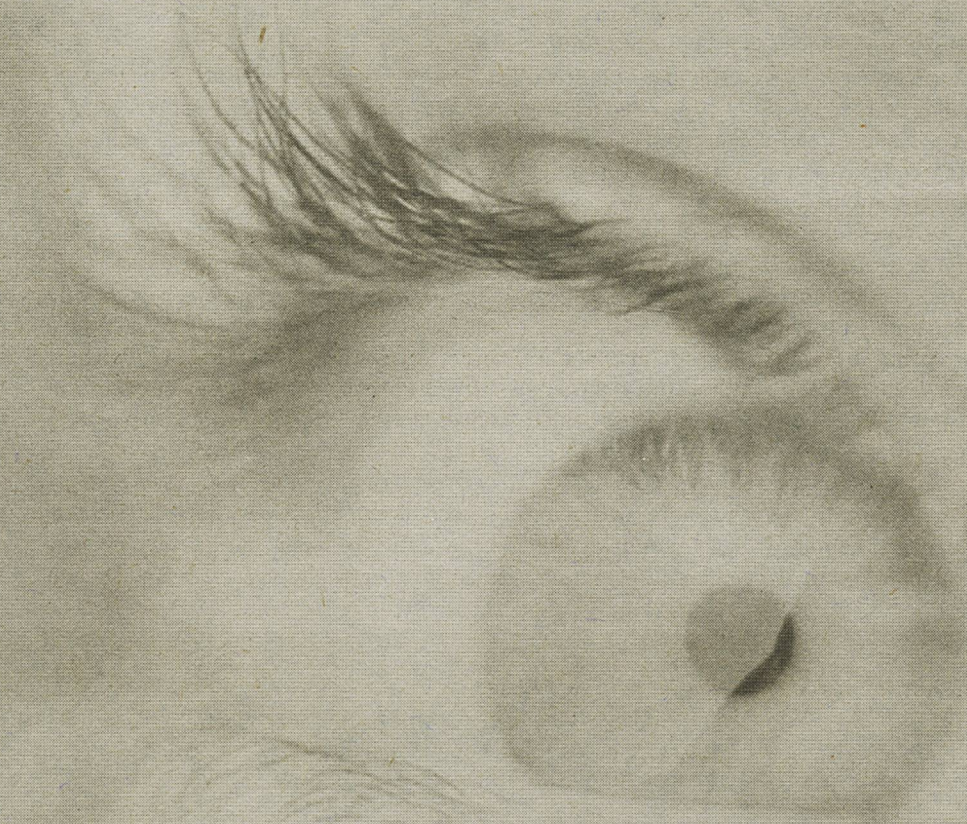
Catherine Baker is the Political Editor of *b:link*.



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Amelie 15

Just The Facts...

Starring: Audrey Tautou, Mathieu Kassovitz, Dominique Pinon
Directed by: Jean-Pierre Jeunet
Release Date: Out Now **Running Time:** 120 mins

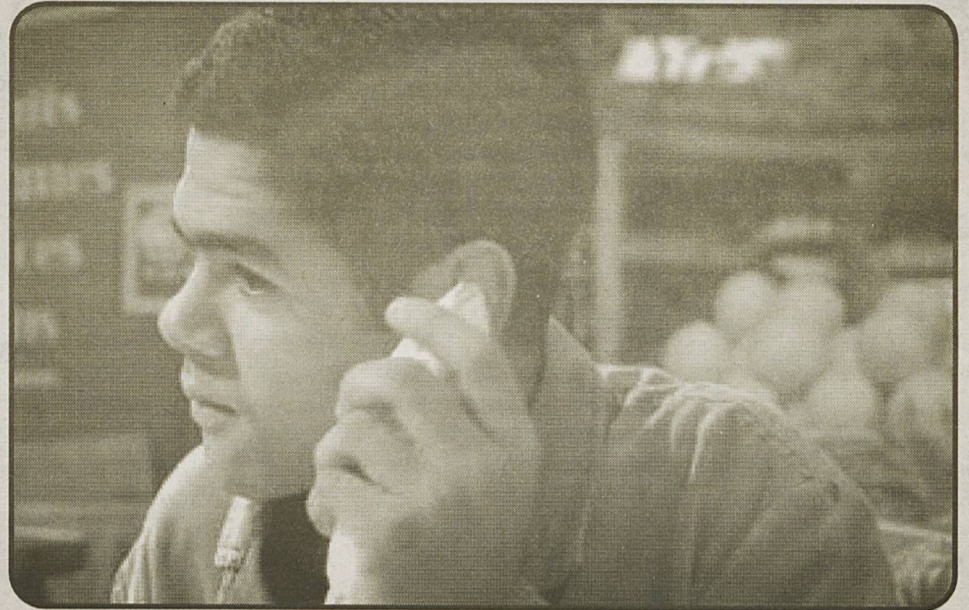
It's not often that the film on everyone's lips is subtitled. The last one of these 'must-see' flicks to grace our screens was *Moulin Rouge*, and despite a couple of verbal lynchings on Houghton Street for my two-star trashing of it last week, I stand by my hateful words. The film that was supposed to put the razzle dazzle back in our hearts was a crashing disappointment, and by slugging the movie of the moment, I rose to the arsey heights of integrity. Luckily for me, this latest peice of essential viewing has subtitles. So whilst I'm quite happy to go along with the advanced word (brimming as it is with superlatives), that makes for two five-starred foreign-language flicks in as many weeks, folks. Integrity maintained!

This is the story of Amelie Poulain (Audrey Tautou), a girl whose upbringing in Montmartre is told at a staggering pace in the film's opening segment. Raised as a lonely only-child, losing her mother at an early age and never quite bonding with Daddy, she withdraws into her own imagination. Leapfrogging the teenage years, we find her in Paris, all grown up but still alone, working in a bar tabac. Discovering a box of toys hidden in her flat by a child some 50 years ago, she sets out to find their owner, and in doing so discovers the joy of doing good deeds for others. Amidst this, a chance encounter sends her heart all a flutter and, with the help of a host of peripheral characters, she sets out to do a

good deed for herself.

This is the first film from director Jean-Pierre Jeunet since his 1997 encounter with Hollywood, *Alien: Resurrection*. Freed of the studio-imposed limitations of that bonkers thriller, he's returned to France but made a film without co-director Marc Caro, with whom he made the futuristic cannibal comedy *Delicatessen* and *The City Of Lost Children*. As a result, he's been free to pour his overactive imagination out onto the screen, but sidestepped the rather darker approach that Caro brought to his last two French features. The result is an absolute delight, a romantic comedy free of heavy-handed, processed schmaltz. This is a feelgood movie with an offbeat heart, and the sheer number of ideas brought to life is staggering. Witness suicidal goldfish, talking bedside lamps, brittle-boned matchmakers and a lead character who collects discarded passport photos, works in a sex shop and also part time at a funfair haunted house. These are "look how zany we are", *Ally McBeal*-style, clever-clever, eyebrow-raised quirks, but genuinely entertaining, frequently surprising moments and character traits liberally littered throughout. Meanwhile, *Amelie* stays on the right side of surreality, the bizarre moments sprinkled on top of the story rather than driving it.

Jeunet is clearly having fun here, with some dazzling camerawork, speedily cut sequences and truly cornea-caressing



visuals. Some of the visual trickery is reminiscent of his earlier films, but with the sadistic edge taken off, they're comfortingly satisfying, and still feel fresh too. Fans of his *Delicatessen* and *...Lost Children* may well bemoan the more optimistic, accessible approach of *Amelie*, but this is no sell-out. *Amelie* is an enlivening, unique piece of imaginative fluff, jazzed up by some note-perfect performances. In the title-role, Tautou never once grates, her beaming do-goodery offset by her endearing loneliness. Kassowitz, as the object of her affections, gets little screen time until the end, but plays their first meeting touchingly, and the range of eccen-

tric peripheral characters (including Jeunet regular Dominique Pinon) have a vibrant chemistry.

Admittedly, the film sags in the middle, unable to keep up the quickfire pace of the opening, and floundering a touch before the plot finds direction for the finale. Still, given the out and out quality displayed by the high points, you're always happy to sit in the sure knowledge that another will be along soon enough. And thanks to the visuals, performances, creative direction and the ideally-suited score, *Amelie* always makes for amiable company.

Tom Whitaker



American Pie 2

Just The Facts...

Starring: James Biggs, Alyson Hannigan, Mena Suvari
 Directed by: James B. Rogers
 Release Date: 12/10/01 Running Time: 104 mins

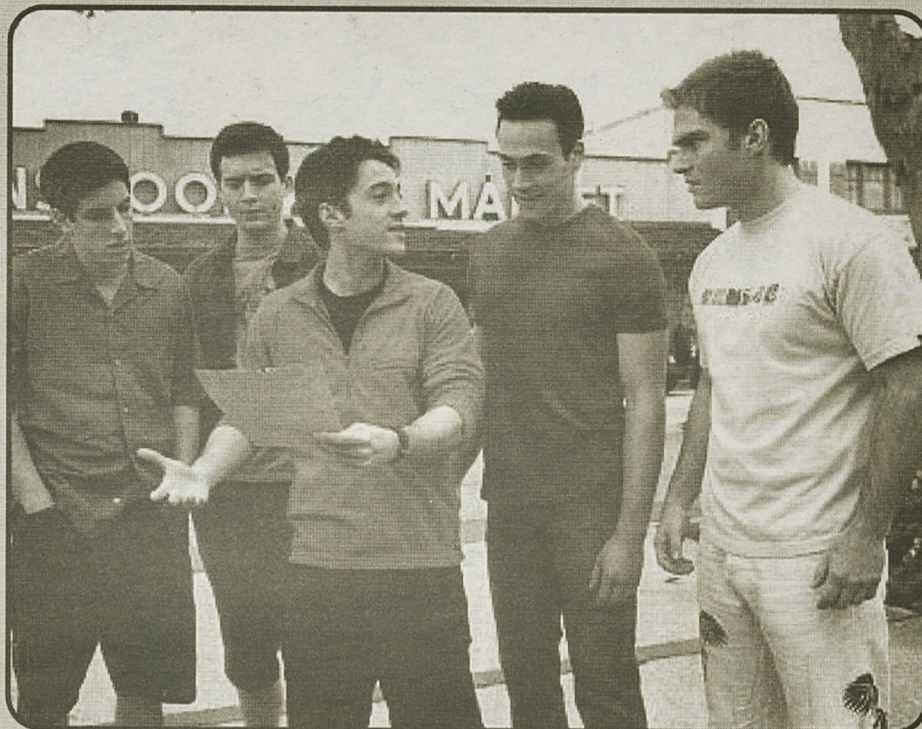
American Pie 2 has to be described as the ultimate young male fantasy; full of naked women, erotic lesbian action and as many hot bikini clad goddesses you can get your grubby paws on. The whole plot revolves around the number one goal of every man: sex. Yet this time the aim is not to experience it, but actually be GOOD at it. And delightfully for every female film fan, these young men are learning the most important lesson they'll ever learn - when it comes to sex, women rule.

After their first year apart at college, and facing the prospect of an embarrassing and tedious summer, the guys rent a beach house vowing to have the best summer ever - even with the addition of the carnivorous Stifler (Seann William Scott), only there to help pay the beach house rent of course. What follows is a wondrous mixture of humiliation, classic humour and plenty of hard-ons. The gang once again get themselves into some of the most humiliating situations possible and at some points you don't know whether to laugh or hide amongst the popcorn and trodden-in Starbursts under your chair.

After being assured by Michele (Alyson Hannigan, returning as the band camp goof) that he really is crap in bed and with the impending arrival of the luscious and eager Nadia, Jim (Jason Biggs) really has a little problem on his hands. Meanwhile Kevin (Thomas Ian Nicholas) is struggling to resist his one time girlfriend who has returned from college looking staggeringly hot, and Finch (Eddie Kaye Thomas), obsessed with his virginal fling, Stifler's Mom, has delved deep into the world of tantric sex simply to woo his lady

once again among the sheets. Coupled with Oz's new hobby of phone sex and the all time classic advice of Jim's dad, it all makes out to be a highly interesting summer. This time the guys are growing up and learning thick and fast that it's often quality not quantity that counts when it comes to women, although admittedly Stifler will settle for both!

Although a little slow to start and without the sparkling originality of the first film, the writer (unusually for a speedily produced sequel, only one is credited) have once again produced a fantastic piece of work with an originality of its own. Not Oscar-winning stuff, but quite frankly there hasn't been a slew of Oscar-worthy comedies of late. Instead this is a film to really be enjoyed; if you start analysing it too deeply you'll tear it apart. If you want to watch another *Elizabeth* or *Shakespeare In Love* we recommend you get your sorry arse down the local video store. This film is entertaining; quite frankly, it's bloody funny and, in my opinion, pretty damn accurate when it comes to teenage boys. A film that men can identify with



and women can piss themselves at. What more can you ask for? And if all else fails, at least we can all learn to check when we reach for the K-Y jelly. A definite must.

Angharad Mason



Driven

Welcome to *Driven*. Welcome to world of CART racing. Sylvester Stallone's latest film (he's both an actor and a writer) is supposed to be an action packed adventure, following both the drivers and the cars of the CART car racing series around America and a couple of other countries. It could be a dream combination of technology and action for the guys, coupled with a human interest storyline for the girls. Unfortunately, it's a bag of shite.

No-one in the UK (apart from a few die hard fans and a couple of General Coursers on the tenth floor in Holborn) knows anything about the parochial CART racing series. For those of you who don't live on the tenth floor of Holborn, CART racing looks like Formula One, tries to be Formula One, yet fails miserably. *Driven* looks like *Days Of Thunder*, tries to be *Days Of Thunder*, yet fails miserably. Fantastico? I don't think so. First year film students at Goldsmiths could have come up with better.



The film concentrates on the rivalry between a new driver (Kip Pardue, playing the Jenson Button/Kimi Räikkönen character) and the established champion (Til Schweiger, dreadingly playing the Michael Schumacher/arrogant Teutonic driver role). After Kip manages to steal Til's girlfriend (don't ask me how - geek chic must be very now in America) things start to go wrong, so Burt Reynolds (Frank Williams/ a tough talking team owner in a wheelchair) gets retired driver Sylvester Stallone (Johnny Herbert) to come and show the young hotshot the way. Chuck in lots of in-car racing footage, lots of crashes and explosions and you've pretty

much completed *Driven*. Estella Warren (from *Planet Of The Apes*), who plays the girlfriend, is one of the few things to shine in the film - she manages to show off her great acting skills, which is no mean feat in this pile of dross.

Driven is the first screenplay written by Sylvester Stallone since *Cliffhanger* 8 years ago, and it shows. Don't forget to take your 'Eye-Spy Book of Film Clichés' to the cinema - you'll get maximum points with this film. This is a classic case of moviemaking by numbers - and whilst this might not normally be a bad thing (see the delightful *Armageddon*), Sly apparently couldn't count higher than 4.

In the real CART racing series, a driver had a huge crash in Germany which resulted in him losing his legs and going into a coma last month. Despite the fact that *Driven* features a now very tasteless sequence of a huge crash in Germany where a driver nearly dies, the film has not been re-edited and, disgracefully, the film doesn't even acknowledge the real-life crash or dedicate itself to the driver in the credits.

If you're a fan of motor racing, don't go and see this as you'll be disappointed by the poor quality of the action. If you're a fan of drama films, don't go and see this as you'll be disappointed by the long and pointless driving sequences. The producers could have saved themselves \$80 million by putting the Channel 4 programme of the same name on the big screen, as Mike Brewster would have acted better than Burt Reynolds. Masturbation is cheaper and a lot more enjoyable than watching this film. Come to think of it, so is ironing. *Driven?* Drivel.

Alison Perine

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important.**



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An Englishman, Canadian and Two Aussies walk into the Quad

Emerging to a packed Quad and a seductive candle-lit stage tonight's compere Daniel Kitson immediately knew he had his work cut out. It was immediately apparent that LSE's assembled freshers did not know what to expect from the night, featuring a line-up of comedians which would rival any of London's established comedy clubs. Brendon Burns came first, creating the first big laughs of the evening during a set uncompromisingly dealing with controversial topics such as race and ethical eating.

Unfortunately Burns sometimes confused the priority of laughter with his desire to be controversial, saying that a black person's facial characteristics would look stupid with white skin just isn't funny, something that Burns saying "Oh, come on, relax" cannot change. Luckily after a short interval Kitson re-emerged and breathed new life into the Quad, ripping the piss out of, perhaps the most pathetic heckler in the history of live comedy, known only, perhaps for the better, as

"Barbara". The place was on such a high that the patchiness of Kitty Flanagan's set

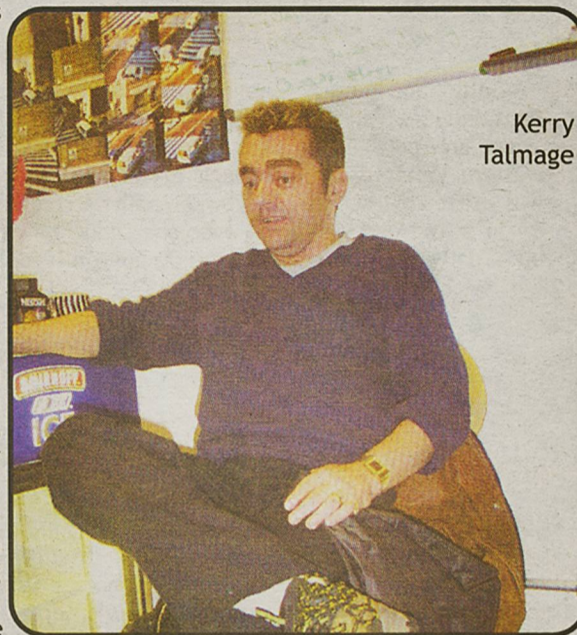
was largely ignored, perhaps legitimately as the audience reacted well to material ranging from her gig in a prison to the French version of Planet of the Apes.

The final act of the evening, Kerry Talmage, who once again refused to compromise for the unprepared fresher crowd throughout a frank but frankly hilarious discussion about homosexuality, height, diabetes, gender roles, oh, and fanny farts. Like Brendon Burns, Talmage seeks to challenge our perception of what is controversial and shocking as much as to cause controversy and shock, which is an inevitable side effect. Speaking to *TheBeaver* after the gig, Talmage explained "To me there are much harsher words in the English language than 'cunt'... What about hunger, nigger, homeless?". Two and a half hours of laughter and something to take

Daniel Kitson



Kerry Talmage



home and think about, and all for a fiver... bargain!

Charlie Jurd

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Single File

Thirteen:13
Try

Guitar-pop from new youngster fourpiece Thirteen:13 which sounds like Teenage Fanclub, short, sweet and polished up with a portion of country and western guitar twang. Although decidedly average, it was written by the bloke/boy who was in Catch and sang *Bingo* in the mid-90s which everyone thought was shit but I really liked so I'll give it an extra point just for that.

Charlie Jurd

Pulp
The Trees

So what have Pulp, once the jewel that shined through the shite that was Britpop learnt from working with new producer Scott Walker? On the basis of this evidence a complete disdain for all things environmental. *Trees*, according to Jarvis, are useless because although they 'produce the air I am breathing, they didn't tell me my girl was leaving'. A claustrophobic effort, but one that shows more structure than the frankly shambolic effort that was *This is Hardcore*.

Sarah Peet

Therapy?
I am the Money

I am the Money the latest single from Therapy's disappointing *Shameless* album, is a grinding monster which is uncannily similar to crowd favourite *Teethgrinder* from Nurse. Although it'll win no awards on grounds of originality, it is a passable song that should satisfy Therapy's ever diminishing fan base.

Peter Davies

Mark B & Blade
There is no stoppin' it e.p

UK Hip Hop, or it's illegitimate child Hip-Pop has never looked so good. Mark B and Blade along with Roots Manuva are it's ambassadors. *Ya don't see the signs* is one of the records of the year, especially the Feeder remix which was something truly special. This truly is a stellar release, carrying on the good form. WARNING: this review is tinged with irony, read with caution. UK Hip Hop does sound a little bit silly now doesn't it.

**
Myke Burn

Gorillaz
Rock The House

Nice, funky, typical disposable Gorillaz tune from "the blackest white man in London" according to Alex James. Better than the last single by far but without the cult radio feel of *Clint Eastwood*, *Rock The House* as an instrumental could be mistaken for lift music, but don't let that put you off.

Vidadelica

Planet Perfecto
Bites Da Dust

Regulation four-to-the-floor house beat, bit of bass, hang on, that's familiar, oh shit, it's not, it is. Queen's *Another One Bites The Dust* has been rejigged and generally robbed of its dignity by James Holden. Rather than bombing, we should play this over Afghanistan to get Osama bin Laden out of his cave.

*
Charlie Jurd

Spek
Look Me Up EP



Fluffy round the edges hip-pop somewhat unfortunately featuring the pre-September 11th WTC towers on front and back cover. Aspects of NYC abound, from the metropolitan living of *Look Me Up* to closer *SoHo* but Spek couldn't be further from the gritty urban angst of his East Coast brothers. Spek's mellow rhymes and helium tinged vocals bridge simple but uplifting choruses which reach a consistent standard across the EP.

Charlie Jurd

Ash
Candy

It's a song, by Ash, about a girl. Nothing new, I hear you cry! But yes, there's beats, there's a nifty Walker Brothers sample, there's everything needed for the fourth single off one of the years top albums... Need I say more?

Andrew Swann

Nilo
A Summer Song (Be My Friend)

Summery smiley-faced, unassuming, laid-back beach-house from Nilo which will not win any awards for originality but sounds great. It sounds like a cross between Phats and Small and that song the guy from Artful Dodger did with the woman who used to be in All Saints.

Charlie Jurd

The Bin Factor

- ***** Bin-ge drinking
- **** Bin-oculars
- *** Bin liner
- ** Bin-go
- * Bin Laden



Alabama 3
Wade Into The Water

It's shocking how much a band can deteriorate in the space of one single. From the dizzy heights of *The Sopranos* theme to this piss poor American country/rock drivel. It sounds like a parody of every other country/rock song ever done- with hints of The Mavericks to boot. The one redeeming feature is the artwork which is quite nice- oh, and the comedy value of the b-sides being called things like *Too Sick To Pray* and *Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlife*.

*
Vidadelica

Two Day Rule
Had A Good Thing

Two Day Rule are the people who formed a punk rock band at school, like loads of kids, but forgot to split up when they realised they were shit/got a job. How they got signed to *Sugar Shack* records, to be affectionately known henceforth as *Sack of Shit* records, beggars belief. Radiohead once said *Anyone Can Play Guitar* yet TDR seem to have, against the odds, found two exceptions. If they sell a single copy of this shite their PR people, Work Hard, will have been working fucking hard.



*
Charlie Jurd

Swann Says...

Welcome to the first instalment of a new (and potentially regular!) feature, where I, Swann, shout my mouth off about anything that takes my fancy...

So, P.J. Harvey won the Mercury music prize; could have been worse, but an unlikely choice none the less. This brings the question: what is the point of awards ceremonies these days? There are too many of them for starters, every magazine, television channel and radio station have their own awards ceremonies now with almost every artist having an award created to fit them in case they do not win the usual categories.

The way they are decided stinks of industry back-scratching too. Where an award is decided by 'music industry insiders,' the outcome is always a joke and when they are 'voted for by you, the general public,' the information on how to vote is distributed in a manipulative manner.

For example, A1 winning a Brit for best newcomer, despite being a talentless bunch of wankers. Who shortlisted them in the first place? Then, the number to vote was distributed at peak pop broadcasting hours on Radio1, as well as the Box, a tv channel viewed mainly by under fourteens. Admittedly, such tactics backfired nicely in the infamous Belle and Sebastian incident, but that was a lesson learned... the safety net has been tightened.

How then, in a media-ruled public and power-ruled industry, can an awards ceremony truly become fair? Hard to say, but unless every member of the public is given an extra slip at a general election to vote for their favourite band, a fair representation can never be gained. I'm guessing Blue will win best newcomers at next years Brits. Shite? Yep.

News

Return of the Mack



Mark Morrison, the crazy R & B star, who in the past bemused critics and fans alike by getting an impersonator to serve his community service order, is back, *TheBeaver* can reveal. The Hip-hopster has signed a new deal with Mason 'Suge' Knight on US label Tha Row, and the Mack is reportedly delighted, claiming 'It's an honour to have the opportunity to have [another] go.' We wish him well.

KO'd By Jay Kay

Jay Kay, the enigmatic frontman for Jamiroquai, has denied a charge of assaulting a photographer outside the Attica nightclub in April this year. At the Bow Street Magistrates' Court in central London, the singer confirmed his name and denied the charges, and the case was adjourned. Watch this space...



Brown and Out

Ian Brown
Music Of The Spheres

The first track, *F.E.A.R* (the current single) is a superb opener to the album, but sadly the LP goes rapidly downhill. I did indeed have



Mr Brown

Fantastic Expectations for King Monkey's new album, and then *Amazing Revelations* when I realised it was fairly average. *F.E.A.R* is by far the best track on the album, closely followed by *Gravy Train* and there are some comic moments when he sings in Spanish (*El Mundo Pequeno*) in a broad manc accent, but this is one of the more exciting parts of the second half of the album. The sad thing is, it isn't a bad album by any means, but it certainly doesn't have anything that grabs you like *Dolphins Were Monkeys* or *Golden Gaze*. It just seems a shame that after the stunning *Golden Greats*, Ian Brown has produced this. Disappointing.

Vidadelica

Tall Order

Skinny
Taller

There has never been a better time than right now to be a post club chill out band. Amongst the millions of Ibiza chill out albums, mercury nominations for the likes of Goldfrapp and fashionable beer adverts for the likes of Kinobe one thing shines through - although dance is not dead just yet, there is a considerable market out there for people who simply want music to get stoned to. But where then do 'post-club' group Skinny fit into all of this?

Essentially *Taller* is a muso's chill out album, designed to appeal to the type of blokes spending an inordinate amount of time in record shops putting the, (music), world to rights. There is a curious mixture of samples, (including, incidentally, the 3rd outing this year for *Daydreams*, the other two being the Beta Band and I Monster). Whether Skinny are a DJ band or a band band remains to be seen. They themselves don't seem to be able to decide and switch tack quite a few



times though not in a cool 'breaking the boundaries of sound' kind of way, more in a 'lets just bung everything we know onto one record then at least someone will buy it won't they?' kind of way. Single *Morning Light*, (the one that's been played on Sara Cox), does shine through though.

So should a potential drug-user buy this for any future come-downs? There's probably little need as

Skinny don't contribute much more than bands like Bent or Lemonjelly do, only they do it much better. Plus they will no doubt be coming to a beer or jeans advert near you sometime in the future.

Sarah Peet

Hey Arnold!

Arnold
Bahama

Creation Records brought us some of the most memorable



records of the 1990's, albeit mainly courtesy of Primal Scream. And now Alan McGee has brought us his Poptones label, (or Peptones as my spellchecker has it) which is somewhat less radical. And a great deal less interesting are Arnold. Poptones speciality is mediocrity; and for this Arnold could win awards. Arnold produce breathy acoustic songs with a full compliment of strings and whirlings. Opener *Climb* is reminiscent of Jimmy Somerville flexing his vocal muscle, only in a more psychedelic way, accompanied by pansy guitar strumming. *Hangman's Waltz* is Toploader doing folk; enough said there. Whilst *Pavey Ark* is a 9 minute plus 'crazy' drug induced wig out. Whereas



Creation records was certainly a bit hit and miss, Poptones at the minute is missing by a mile. Creation releases had an edge, the label had its finger on the pulse for a good 5 or 6 years after *Definitely Maybe* was released. But Poptones is failing in every respect to rekindle the excitement

of the Creation days. Throwing a mighty fine celebrity riddled club night in Notting Hill does not make a record label, the artists do and Arnold, like their colleagues; Cosmic Rough Riders, January, Captain Soul, etc. lack any kind of vitriol. Where is the sense in wanting to be a version of Travis? Wanting it to be the 60's again? Good thing the album only has 9 tracks. Recommended for hippies and Starsailor fans, no one else.

*
Mike Burn

Poof Daddies

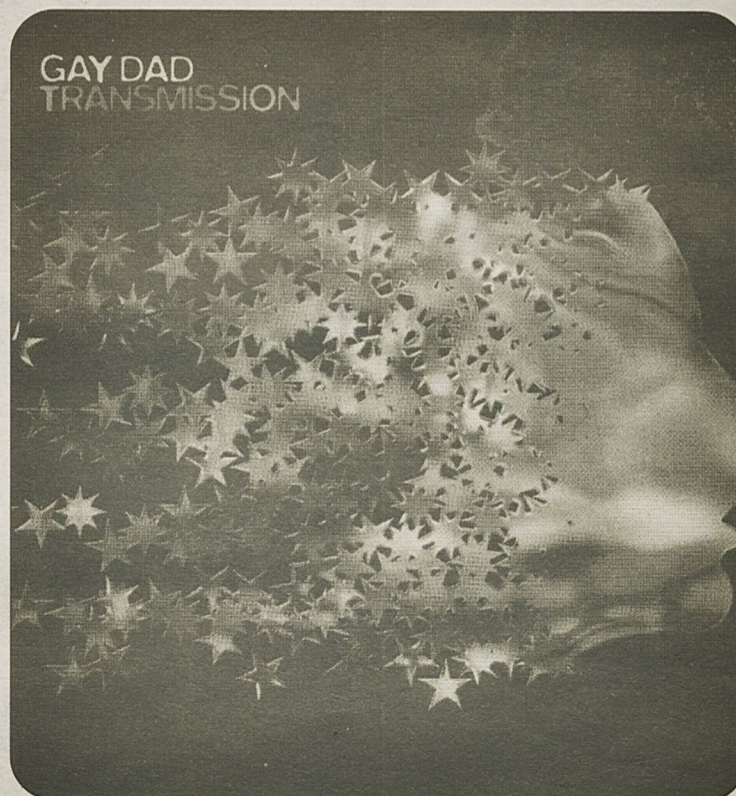
Gay Dad
Transmission

'I want to get high on you'/'Turning it on for you' whinges Cliff Jones on the title track of *Transmission*, the 'Dad's second album.



Cliff Jones, like Cliff Richard is hanging around the music industry far to long and like Tom Jones is an arrogant twat. Random sleeve note quote: "Move beyond the avant-garde make a bomb become a sophist do you never get anywhere whatever become an enigma change the channel". Gay Dad were doomed by the NME hype machine before they released their debut album. And this, their second absolutely murders them. I forbid myself from thinking that they actually have a fan base because that scares me. They are failed glam revivalists. I've never been put though the Gay Dad live ordeal but I imagine that Cliff Jones wears spandex and rubs his crotch a lot and talks convoluted prentious bollocks between songs. In many ways he is the new Crispian Mills. *Transmission* has no redeeming features whatsoever, it reeks of stale, stagnate, musical and lyrical ideas. Whinging has been developed as an art form by many late 90's bands but Gay Dad can't even do that well. Glam is dead, Gay Dad are deader. The one or two occasions where they try to be heavy on this album are comical. Cliff Jones is a clown. His band are muppets. Don't buy this album. Enter the Beaver competition to win it! I don't want the filth in my possession any longer. Just complete the sentence 'Gay Dad are...' Email me on m.r.burn@lse.ac.uk. I'm expecting no entries.

*
Mike Burn



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- b) I would like my work to be right, but achieving anything is hard
- c) As long as I have a job in London, I don't mind what I do

2. What do you want to do on a day-to-day basis?

- a) I want to resolve key issues for the world's most results-orientated businesses
- b) I want to work on lots of difficult things
- c) I want to use the complex colour photocopiers

3. Do you want to be recognised, rewarded and trained?

- a) If I perform well I want to progress rapidly, with career flexibility and extensive training and support
- b) I would like a fixed career with tenure based promotions
- c) I don't like the concept of feedback; and I think it's down to me to train myself

4. Do you care about the kind of people you work with?

- a) Definitely. I want to work with smart, down to earth and friendly colleagues
- b) No. I prefer to get my head down and not be disturbed
- c) I'm indifferent. People are incidental to my career experiences

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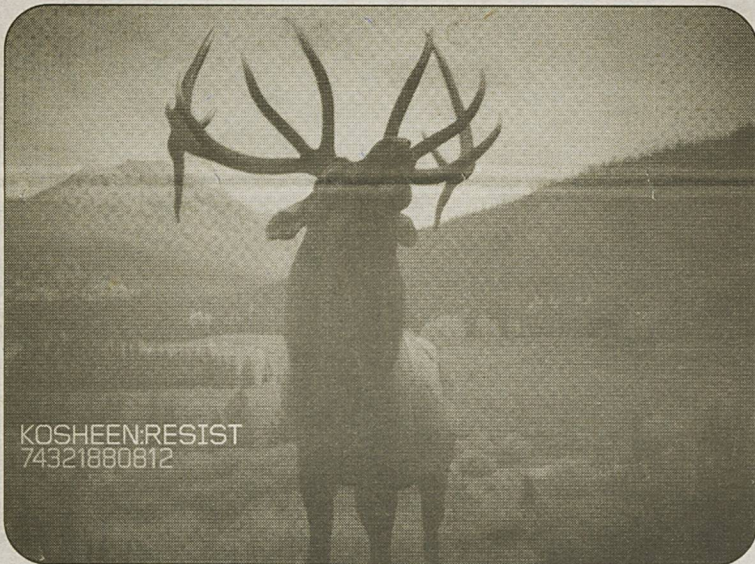
To say that Finland's Rock Champions of 1982 have changed somewhat over the last 20 years would be a dramatic understatement. The garage-rock threesome who emerged from the musical isolation of Utajarvi in the early 80s a loose outfit who could barely play live have moved across countries and musical genres in their quest to better themselves musically. In fact it is only on *Freeman* that 22-PP nod backwards to their garage-rock roots, the song full of dirty guitar riffs and a chorus which brashly explodes in a fusion of T-Rex and Rolling Stones 70s glam brilliance. Elsewhere it is the Pet Shop Boys and Garbage electro-pop which brothers Asko and P-K Keränen and their friend Espe Haverinen have cultivated since the early 1990s which dominates. Equally the influence of their past collaborations with dance artists such as Jimi Tenor gives a more ambient feel to tracks such as *D-Day*.



At their best this reaches the pop-summits of the REM-sounding *Mowing A Lawn*. If you can put up with the sub-Eurovision song title, it is obvious that the last 20 years of reinvention and experimentation have not been in vain. However, there is a nagging feeling that mediocrity awaits the listener at every turn. The slow, acoustic, *Bloodstopper* seems to, coming in at track five, prematurely drag the album further from the pop heights to which it aspires. Faux-Stone Roses opener *Quicksand*, complete with Squire-esque guitar hook, also disappoints. Tracks such as the catchy synth-pop first single *This Time* just come along too infrequently to make *Rally of Love* the album it could have been.

Charlie Jurd

Mr Sheen



Kosheen
Resist

This album's formula is the familiar combo of sultry female vocals over dark - at times even sinister - drum 'n bass beats. Kosheen have received much praise for their attempts to bring more melodic structure to their beats, and they have indeed succeeded in crafting proper songs, and not just the shapeless ramblings drum 'n bass has become infamous for. Of course, one of the complications of marrying sexy smooth jazz diva melodies to drum 'n bass beats is that the sub-genre can never quite decide whether it is here to Pump You Up or to Chill You Out. The result is one proper dance choon (which obviously was first choice for single release) and a lot of edgy cocktail sipping.

Leo Brouwer

Shameful?

Therapy?
Shameless

Therapy? Are a band who have always been a little erratic to say the least. Led by Andy Cairns, the Northern Irish pop/punk/metal quartet have infuriated their fans and critics as much as they have delighted them, with their constant shifts in direction from album to album. 1994's Mercury nominated classic *Troublegum* was undoubtedly one of the finest rock albums of the decade, incorporating strong pop influences without deviating too much from their punk/metal roots. The follow up *Infernal Love* bizarrely veered towards gothic balladry, yet despite much criticism from wide sections of their fanbase, the album was a bone fide masterpiece, a fact sadly only recognised in certain quarters of the music press. Since then, however, artistically its all been down hill. *Semi Detached* was a patchy affair at best, whilst *Suicide Pact...You First* tried so hard to return to the metal roots of their debut EP *Babyteeth* that it made for uncomfortable listening.

And so to *Shameless*, Therapy?'s sixth full length album, which sees the band return wearing their influences on their sleeve (hence the title). The Thin Lizzy/Stooges influence is present on most of the tracks, the band purveying their melodic brand of punk/metal for all it is worth. The big question though - is it any good? Sadly, the album is far more *Semi Detached* than *Troublegum*, and although tracks like the punky single *Gimme Back My Brain* the grinding *I am the Money* (perhaps a sequel to Nurse's Teethginder) and the superb *Wicked Man* suggest that Therapy? aren't entirely a spent force, the majority of the songs such as *Theme from Delorean* and *Tango Romeo*, are unadulterated mediocrity. Indeed, the album as a whole hints that Therapy? will never again scale the dizzy heights that were reached in the mid 90's. A shame!



Irish Oiks Therapy?

Peter Davies

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TERM TIME: MON to FRI 9am-7.30pm; Sat 11am - 4pm

VACATION: MON to FRI 9am-5pm

Breakfast 9am-11am: continental, traditional, and healthy options, special price reductions.

Lunch 11.45am-2.30pm: international dishes; pizzas; jacket potatoes; pasta; stir fry/omelettes cooked to order; fish and chips; lots of vegetarian choices; salad bar

Supper 4.30pm-7.30pm: An ever changing choice of hot dishes and snacks, salad bar.

All day: sandwiches and baguettes, lots of snacks, cakes, muffins and yoghurts. Fresh brew coffee, cappuccino, hot chocolate, traditional & herb teas, soft drinks.

Saturdays: all day brunch, soup, hot and cold beverages, snacks etc.

ROBINSON ROOM RESTAURANT

(3rd Floor, Old Building)

TERM TIME: MON to FRI, 12 noon-2.30pm

Superb quality home-made hot dishes, fresh vegetables and soups including vegetarian and organic.

Open sandwiches with continental breads, desserts to die for.

CAFÉ PEPE

(3rd Floor, Clement House)

TERM TIME: MON, TUES & THURS, 9.45am-6pm

WEDS & FRI, 9.45am-5pm

Coffee Bar with speciality toasted pannini, bloomer sandwiches, hot soups, cold snacks, fresh baked bread and pastries, muffins, cookies and great coffee.

BEAVERS RETREAT BAR

(4th floor, Old Building - through Brunch Bowl)

TERM TIME: MON to FRI 12noon-2.30pm & 5pm-9pm

VACATION: MON to FRI 12noon-2.00pm & 5pm-7pm

Traditional Pub with modern touch. Great selection of cask conditioned, keg and bottled beers, wines, spirits etc. Open fire on chilly winter evenings.

Great place to socialise.

SENIOR DINING ROOM

(Members only)

COFFEE BAR - MON to FRI, 10.00am-4.30pm

LUNCH - MON to FRI, 12.30pm-2.00pm

FUNCTIONS AND SPECIAL CATERING

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Such a Beautiful Horizon

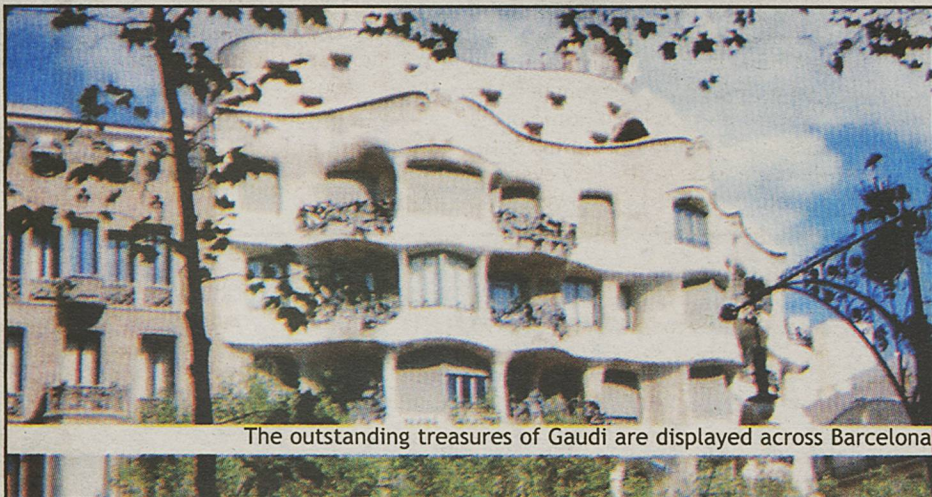
Ian Curry looks for sun, sea and sangria, but discovers a city that offers far more than this. Welcome to Barcelona, the perfect city break for those long and lonely winter weekends.

We left the autumnal mess of London swirling in mist, rain and wind, and landed two hours later in a summery, warm Barcelona. September is one of those months where the climatic divide between the north and south of Europe is revealed. Even into November is it possible to enjoy *al fresco* dining and t-shirt wearing sight-seeing in this Mediterranean jewel.

For those who will quickly tire of the Capital as it plunges in to winter, the capital of Catalonia is an obvious choice for a weekend break. It combines the tireless sophistication of Paris with the advantages of warm weather to produce a truly cosmopolitan metropolis unlike any other in Europe. But apart from warding off rheumatism, what does Barcelona have to offer for a weekend break?

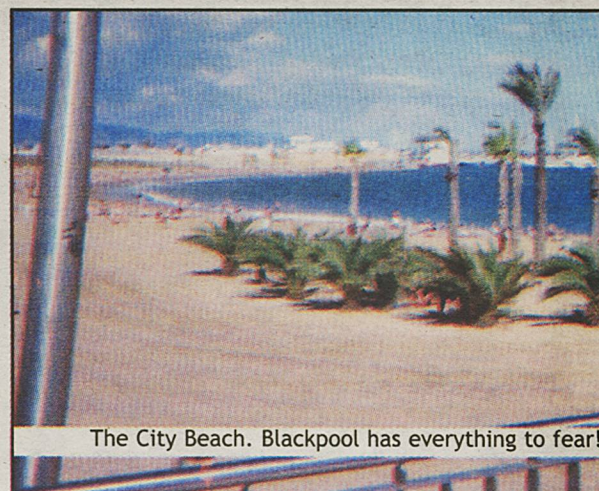
For a start Barcelona is a treat for the gastronome. As the capital of Catalonia it offers a wide range of local dishes, which usually feature meat and seafood in large proportions. It is also excellent for Spanish and international cuisine, with something for almost every taste. Some of the best restaurants are located far from the tourist areas, but don't write off the more obvious areas. We ended up in a restaurant in the Royal Square, just off the main thoroughfare, and still enjoyed a fantastic meal, still at the very reasonable prices Barcelona is rightly known for.

is the city of wide, tree lined boulevards, fine town houses and the striking architecture of the *modernista* period. Most striking of all is the work of *Antoni Gaudi*. His organic, almost living structures stand as a testament to one of the most eccentric geniuses of the city. The church he started, the *Sagrada Família* is still being built, and the *Parc Güell* is well worth a visit. The rest of the city falls to the sides of the old town,



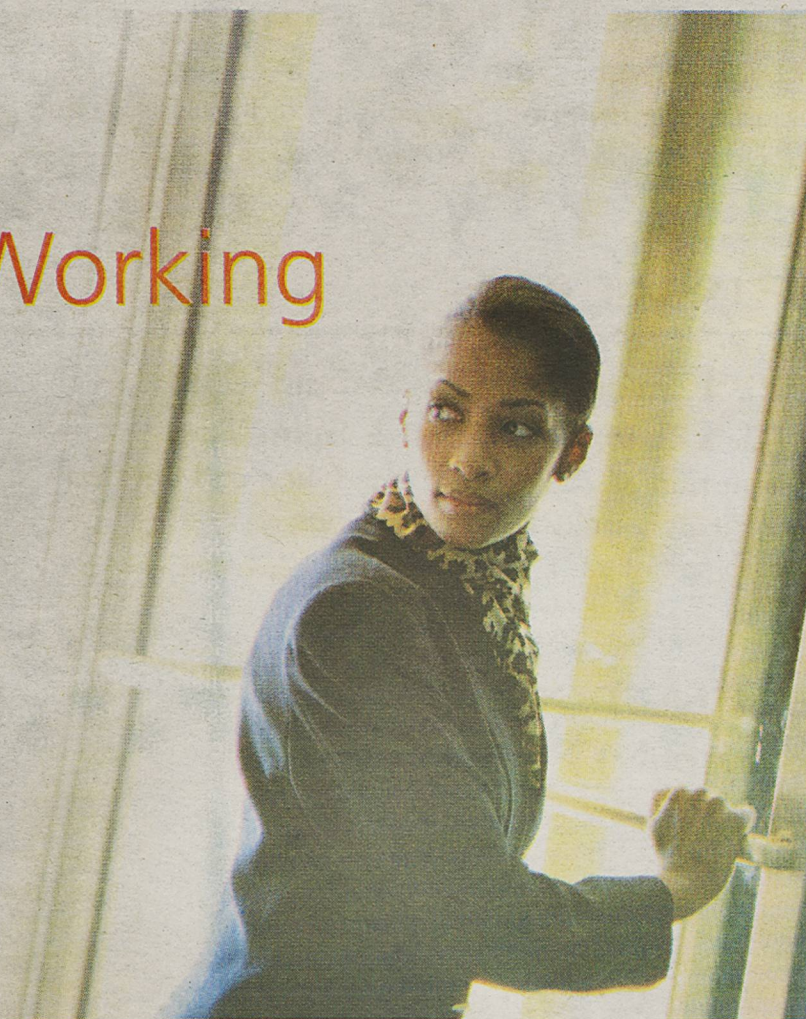
The outstanding treasures of Gaudi are displayed across Barcelona

The city is essentially three cities rolled into one. The original medieval, walled and cramped city is *La Ciutat Vella*, most noted for the *Barri Gòtic* - a twisting collection of passageways, walls and the original cathedral. The 19th Century city fathers realized that the city was going to have to expand or stagnate, and so ordered the construction of the *Eixample* - the extension. This



The City Beach. Blackpool has everything to fear!

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balance

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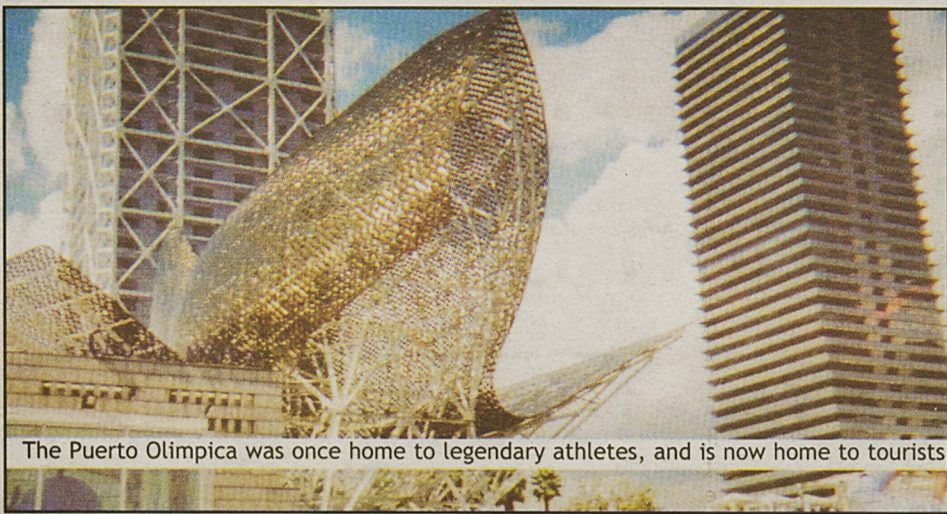
Please sign up by sending an email to gradrec@ing-barings.com

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ING BARINGS



The Puerto Olimpica was once home to legendary athletes, and is now home to tourists

and is notable for its beaches, parks and monuments to the Olympics.

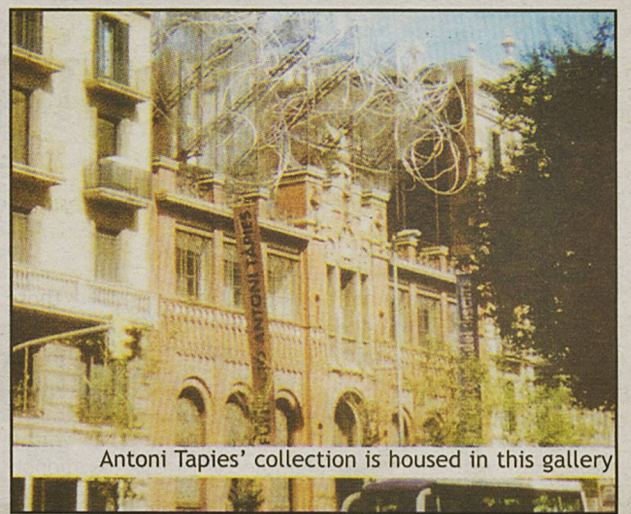
If the sightseeing does not quench your thirst for culture, there are a huge number of museums and art galleries, including those devoted to two more of the city's famous residents, *Picasso* and *Miró*. Although most of the city is an easy 30 minutes walk away, the city's bus and metro

system is very well developed, regular and extremely cheap. The metro is worth a visit for its TV screens showing news, weather and sport - London Underground take note!

For the British traveller Barcelona can be a very cheap city. Accommodation can range from the ridiculously cheap £5 per night hostels, to something a little more exclusive. We travelled at the height of the *Festa*

de la Mercè, the city's biggest carnival, and were forced to go up market for lack of alternatives. We ended up in a very nice four star hotel in the *Eixample*, and still only paid £25 each per night. These bargains also extend to shopping, and it is possible to pick up some great clothes in some very chic designer stores, and some bargains in the chain stores. If you need inspiration for Spanish design, think Zara and remember the credit card.

My time in Barcelona was memorable for several reasons. The people are incredibly friendly. Don't worry if you don't speak Catalan or even Spanish. Many speak English and are very accommodating. The nightlife is great, but the best thing is the opening hours. You can carry on drinking at a leisurely pace all day and night, so there is none of the binge drinking that makes many a UK town centre a miserable place to be on a Friday evening. In short Barcelona is well worth a visit, and



Antoni Tapies' collection is housed in this gallery

would not eat in to the Student Loan too far. With budget plane fares ranging from £70 to £120 it is almost always possible to find reasonable deals. The well versed traveller can still eat out very well, enjoy the raucous night life, and do a little shopping, and have change from £200.

It certainly beats eating beans from a tin in Manor House.

Getting There

Barcelona is easily accessible by Air. Flights leave Heathrow, Gatwick, Luton and Stansted. Cheap flights are available on EasyJet, but all the major carriers have deals available through the discount ticket retailers. See www.cheapflights.co.uk for

more information. From the airport Barcelona is connected by train and bus, both of which are quick and affordable.

You could also get a train, but with a journey time of nearly a whole day, there is not much point, especially when the price is no different than the plane.

b:art Living

This is the new section combining the best of b:art's lifestyle content, and adding some great new features. We will be covering all aspects of London life, with guides to restaurants, bars, museums and theatre. In short we aim to help you make the most out of London.

If you are interested in writing for this exciting new section please get in touch with the Living Editor, Ian Curry, on i.d.curry@lse.ac.uk. We are looking for interesting, witty and articulate writers, to experience the best of the capital.



Bubblegum



Bungee rope



BDO Stoy Hayward career



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introducing.....

london clubbing

weekendings

FRIDAY 12TH OCTOBER

Fabric Live@ Fabric, Charterhouse Street, EC1. 01273 323 055 £13/12 NUS

Far and away London's best super club. UNKLE, The Scratch Perverts, Andy C, DJ Die, Optical, Keb Darge and Ross Allen ensure it'll be ram jam inside the venue.

The Gallery @ Turnmills, 63 Clerkenwell Road, EC1. 020 7250 3409 £8/10

Oakenfold is finally back behind The Gallery's steel wheels for this long running bangin' houser. A lively, up for it crowd, not too disheartened by the 'no trainers' door policy.

Progression Sessions feat. Cookin' @ The End. 020 7419 9199 £12/10 NUS

LTJ Bukem hosts this deep d&b night, enlisting the help of the not so deep Hype and Zinc. The back room plays host to the down tempo beats of the Cookin' crew.

Escape from Samsara @ The Fridge, Stockwell Road, Brixton, SW2. 020 7326 5100

Has to be seen to be believed; psychedelic trance mayhem with the day glo massive. Bongo drums and glowing alien performers abound amongst the packed-in sweaty crowd.

S'Moove @ Ministry of Sound, Gaunt Street, SE1. 020 7378 6528 £10/12

One for the UK garage crew. Norris Windross, Mike Lloyd, Ramsey & Fen and Matt White will be in charge of the booty shakin' and champagne charged shenanigans this week.



SATURDAY OCTOBER 13TH

As One @ The End, £15/12 NUS

One of the most consistently wicked clubs in London joins up with its lil' sis the AKA bar to bring you Josh Wink and the Ovum Records crew. Highly recommended.

Carwash @ The Sound Republic, Leicester Square, W1. 020 8274 9596 £12/10

A bit of cheese never did anyone any harm. 70's dress optional.

Freedom @ Bagleys Film Studios, Kings Cross Freight Depot, N1. 020 8363 8080 £14/10

The big, dirty club with the unpretentious attitude. Hard house, trance, and garage is the order of the day with Andy Manston and Emma Feline guesting tonight.

Off Centre @ 333, 333 Old Street, EC1. 020 7684 0723 £5/10

The funk hits the fan as Off Centre returns. Storm kicks one off in the basement whilst Paul 'Trouble' Anderson and The Shoreditch Twat take control of the top rooms. We love it. And Jack loves the sofa.

Elements @ Turnmills. 020 7250 3409 £10/12

Formerly housed in the Electrowerkz in Islington, but homeless during the summer, the dirty prog houser makes a welcome return. 'It's' what it's all about'.

Neutral @ Fluid, Charterhouse Street, EC1. 020 7235 3444 free/£3 after £10

Portishead's Andy Smith is the guest this week for a session of beats, hip-hop and breaks in this bar/club type environment.

elements

SUNDAY 14TH OCTOBER

Metalheadz @ Limelight

Despite the slightly odd choice of West End venue, it works! As rinsic as ever, the junglists are on rotation every week, rounding of your weekend in style.

Vertigo @ The Cross, King's Cross Goodyards (Off York Way), N1. 07771968851 £12/10

Italian house for a dressy crowd at the revamped Cross.

Twice As Nice @ The Works, St. James Street, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey. 0207263 9199 £7/10

The legendary UK garage session relocated to the genteel surroundings of Kingston. If you fancy a bit of a trek out of town to complete your weekend, Spoony, Steve Sutherland, EZ and Omar will be there for your two-stepping pleasure.

MONDAY 15TH OCTOBER

That's How It Is @ Bar Rumba

Start your week in style; the ever eclectic Giles Peterson and Ben Wilcox host this long running belter of a party.

TUESDAY 16TH OCTOBER

Bullit @ The Dogstar, 389 Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, SW9. 020 7733 7515 Free

Decent Tuesday night clubs can be a bit thin on the ground but this hip hop weekly has been going strong for some time. Cut-up deck action coming from residents DJ Vadim and Prime Cuts amongst others.

Flirt @ Gardening Club and The Rock Garden

Early arrival is advised for this student-orientated weekly. Big crowds and booze flowing by the gallon.



WEDNESDAY 17TH OCTOBER

Space @ Bar Rumba, 36 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 020 7287 2715

The perennial funk fried house mid weeker with Luke Solomon and guests. The biggest little club in town.

Swerve @ The Velvet Room, 143 Charing Cross Road, WC2. 020 7439 4655

Fabio swerves up some more liquid funk for the junglists that can't wait; industry bods a plenty in this 'cosy' venue.

Mixmag @ Cargo, 83 Rivington Street, EC2. 020 7739 3440 £5 after 7

Agent Sumo and Tim Sheridan play party favourites - look out for a special guest (tbc)

Rodigan's Reggae @ Subterania, 12 Acklam Road, W10. 020 8960 590

The reggae don brings on the good gyrations with 70's classics to the latest Kingston dub plates. Live special guests TBC.

THURSDAY 18TH OCTOBER

Movement @ Bar Rumba, £3 b4 10, £6 after.

Prepare to sweat it out at London's premier jungle weekly. Always off the hook, you can't go wrong; DJ Hype guests this week.

Atelier @ The End, 16a West Central Street, WC1. 020 7419 9199 £5 all night

'Polysexual' house shenanigans for the curious clubber with Alan Thompson, Femi B and Luigi Rosi on rotation.

Bliss @ Sound, Swiss Centre, Leicester Sq. W1. 020 7394 9477 £5 all night.

Uk garage with a smattering of r'n'b at this weekly outing.

and the rest...

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION



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22nd October 2001
at our Stonecutter Court offices
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To sign up for the presentation or case study evening, please contact Irene Oldham or Marsha Adams on freephone 0800 323 333, or alternatively email ukgraduaterecruit@dc.com.

Both evenings will start with a drinks reception at 6PM

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Registration at Medical Centre

All new students should register with the Medical Centre as soon as possible after arrival to ensure eligibility for NHS treatment and information on all the services available. These include medical, nursing and counselling services. Private services offered at the Medical Centre are osteopathy, physiotherapy and therapeutic massage. There is also a dental service where you register when you book an appointment. There is a fee to be paid for dental services.

Please go to the St Philips Medical Centre in Building X, Sheffield Street, register. Returning students who have not yet registered, or who have changed address, should register as soon as possible. Do not wait until you are ill before registering.



To all those playing sports for LSE this year:

If you have not yet signed up as a member of the AU you MUST do so. If not, you will not be insured.

Please come to the gym between 12 and 2 any time during the next 10 days to sign your life and liver away, for the princely sum of 5 English Pounds

Telephone Fundraising



ARE YOU:

- outgoing?
- a good conversationalist?
- persistent?
- enthusiastic about the School?
- able to communicate your enthusiasm to others?



If so, why not consider working for the LSE Annual Fund as one of our student telephone fundraisers, raising around £150,000 each year to support School projects?

FLEXIBLE SHIFTS!

Shifts are Monday to Thursday from 6.30 to 9.30 p.m., and on Sundays from 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. We ask people to sign up for 2 sessions per week, with the option of working extra shifts if available.

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If you think you have what it takes to be a successful telephone fundraiser and ambassador for the School, complete and submit our online application form (www.lsealumni.org - follow links to Annual Fund) If we then think you have what it takes, we will contact you to arrange a telephone interview. For more information contact Ruth Stanley on r.e.Kelly@lse.ac.uk or on extension 6764.

Closing date for applications: Friday 12th October 2001.

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On the Wing

With Andy Moorhouse

The stage was set, the curtain raised, Greece was the word and, depending on the performance, England fans could look forward to Summer Nights south-east Asia style come next June. Better still, if we manage not to fluff our lines we get the chance to lay down our towels in the best seats before the Germans get there.

O.K., so the fat lady was muscling her way to the podium, but it's the result that matters, eh? Don't believe a word of it. If England are to foster any delusions about making a real impact in the World Cup, they would do well to remember the time they nearly slipped up against Greece.

At first glance Greece may seem like little more than a motley crew of B-list footballers with a George Clooney lookalike in goal. However, closer inspection reveals they are actually a well-drilled unit capable of absorbing pressure and swiftly hitting opponents on the counter-attack - with a George Clooney lookalike in goal.

And the visitors deservedly went in ahead at half time, courtesy of a Charisteas strike on 36 minutes that provided a rare moment of action in an otherwise scrappy first half.

Minutes after the break though, Steven Gerrard helped England regain some impetus by finally managing to do what he does best. His surging run and exquisite pass in turn set up Andy Cole to do what he does best - hit it straight at the goalkeeper from point blank range.

For all his intelligent running off the ball and ability to bring other players into the game, when he's under pressure in front of goal, Cole can't disguise the fact that he has the subtlety of a rapist - a trait that makes him a liability

at the very top level.

So, what are our options upfront the next time either Owen or Heskey are injured? At the moment, compared to his Liverpool strike partners, Robbie Fowler has a tendency to look overawed, heavy-handed and incapable of

heavy-handed and incapable of creating something out of nothing.

If Fowler can once more become the player he was 5 years ago, he must reassess his 'win or lose, we're on the booze' approach to the game. Meanwhile, veteran Teddy Sheringham and Sunderland's Kevin Phillips - a much more consistent goalscorer over recent seasons - wait patiently in the wings.

Thankfully England fans can leave such decisions to the management and amuse themselves instead with how far we might go come the big kick-off. The last three world cups have, for England, in many ways resembled awkward sexual encounters; having stumbled nervously through the early stages, we have eventually been turfed out after a glorious yet ultimately premature climax, leaving everyone concerned bemoaning a

lack of consistent penetration in the box.

This time around, is there any cause to expect a different result? The good news is that, in the absence of Holland, there are only two countries competing that we should be genuinely scared about: France remain the best all-round team in the world, whereas Argentina possess the flair to destroy anyone in the heat of Japan and South Korea.

The problem for Sven-Goran Eriksson is that having taken us from bottom to top of group 9 in a matter of months, he has now set himself early standards that he may yet struggle to reproduce over a sustained period. In other words he is at risk of suffering from Chesney Hawkes syndrome. And sorry to break it to you like this Ches, but a few years down the line, is there really anyone left who still thinks you are the one and only?

That's your lot for this week, stay tuned next week for an indepth analysis of who's hot and who's not in Japan and South Korea.



Andy Cole in a rare scoring moment

Pic: Archives

BREAKING NEWS: NO MATCHES PLAYED YET, BUT MEET MATT

For the third time in two years we have a new (temporary) sports manager at the LSE. Richard Clayton, the previous incumbent resigned in mysterious circumstances. Rumours abound as to his current whereabouts, and the flying squad are very keen to locate him. If you have any information please contact DCI Denzel Eades on 07931

568199, or alternatively superintendent Peter Callas on 07771 860637. He is considered highly volatile and is not to be approached.

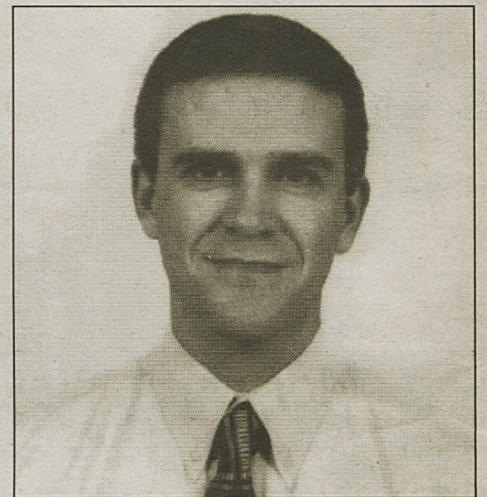
Following these mysterious events into the breach stepped Matthew Mclelland, who has the unenviable task of bring order to the Athletics Union. You may remember him as the hardcore lunatic who

used to run the gym, and enjoyed proving to all the frauds and beer-bellied fools stupid enough to enter his territory that no matter how much exercise you punished yourself with he could always do more. Bastard. Hopefully being tied to a desk will give him a middle aged spread. The exact duration of Matt's tenure as Sports Manager is slightly uncertain. Sarah Breaks, Richard Clayton's predecessor has not in fact quit the LSE. She is currently on maternity leave and theoretically expected back some time in Easter, although "baby breaks" has so far proved very difficult to be left alone.

Matt is pictured to the left, in a typically terrifying pose, while on holiday with his beautiful girlfriend in romantic Paris. Matt is very reticent about this lovely lady, however we have managed to prise out of him the fact that she is a) a ballerina, b) considerably younger than him c) "very flexible" and d) in possession

of many similar friends.

This week Beaver Sports is running an unmissable prize giveaway; to win all you have to do is guess her age to the nearest day, and you too could go to Berrylands to watch your favourite team in action.



On Holiday with Elvis?

Beaver Sports prize giveaway

Guess the age of Matt's girlfriend, to the exact day. Prizes include Beaver Sports pens and jumpers - first prize being an all expenses paid, VIP trip to watch an LSE sports team of your choice play its first game of the season.

Dear Beaver Sports:
I think that Matt's girlfriend is
days old on October 10 2001.
 YES I would like to receive more great offers from Beaver Sports

Please leave your email address and phone number, so we can contact the winners. The editors reserve the right to change the prizes, nature of the competition or winner in an entirely arbitrary manner without consultation or agreement from anybody.

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