

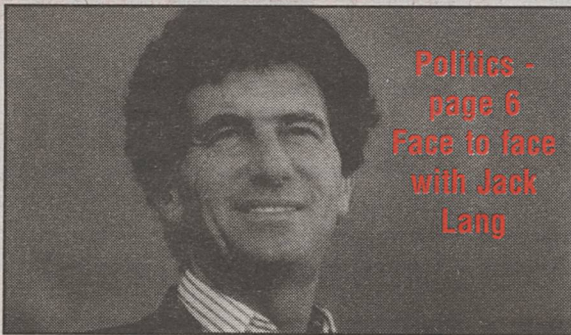
# The Beaver

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

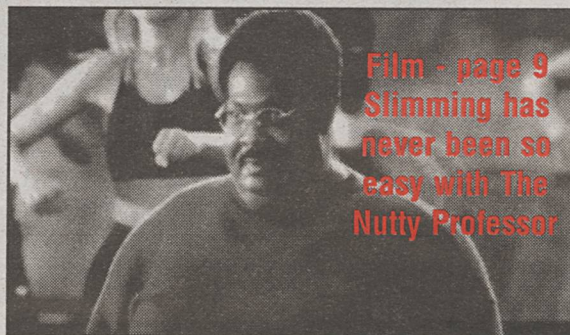
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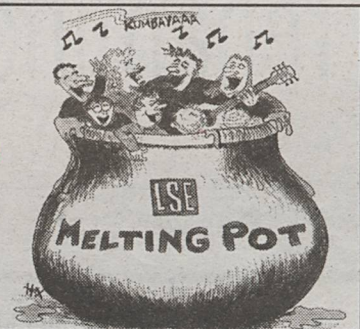


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Face to face  
with Jack  
Lang



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Slimming has  
never been so  
easy with The  
Nutty Professor

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Why are we  
all here? We  
have the  
answers



## Top-Up Fee time bomb ticking

Will the LSE become the domain of the privileged few?

### Dhara Ranasinghe

The proposal this summer by the Vice-Chancellors of Britain's 115 Universities to introduce a scheme, by which students would have to repay about one third of their degree costs, has once again fuelled the debate on the future funding of higher education, as well as causing widespread alarm among the student body.

Under the proposal, based on the Australian model, students would be expected to borrow £2,400, plus £4,475 for their living expenses and then pay a further 3% surcharge of gross salary on their national insurance contributions after graduation. Faced with increasing Government cut-backs, 'top-up fees' is now the most favoured option and is certainly supported by the LSE Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals.

The implications of top-up fees are widespread and opponents argue that it would deter students from poorer families. Dan Crowe, General Secretary of the SU, remarked that it would be the beginning of the privatisation of the education system and more fundamentally would mean that, "the ability to pay replaces merit". This view was further reiterated by NUS president, Douglas Trainer, who commented that, "students will be sickened by the idea of paying extra fees".

Against this, however, there is the argument that top-up fees would be 'fairer' to the tax payer, with the cost of the current system amounting to about £1.7 billion. It is further estimated that around a quarter to a third of postgraduate students already pay top-up fees. Speaking to *The Beaver*, the Acting-Director of the LSE, Leslie Hannah, said that it is "a very difficult debate" and



High flyers or high payers

Photo: Library

one which will be considered by the Academic Board this term.

Nevertheless, the Vice-Chancellor's decision has provoked a strong reaction,

with a Students' Union campaign meeting planned for next week, to be followed by a demonstration in November against top-up fees.

## GREEK SPEAKS

This year's Founders' Day Lecture was delivered by George Papandreou

### Liz Chong

"Politics as Education", was the title selected for this year's Founders' Day Lecture by LSE alumnus and Greek Education Minister, George Papandreou.

Greece's learning experience in the concept of democracy over the past 22 years since the downfall of her fascist government was a mainstay of Mr Papandreou's speech, alongside a reference to the problems faced by his party upon the recent death of its founder Andreas Papandreou (Mr Papandreou's father). With hindsight, however, Mr Papandreou was also referring to his own experience gained within the arena of politics.

Importantly, Mr Papandreou observed that the nature of democracy "is a whole culture of symbols, meanings, understandings, trust and common identifications with basic underlying values which allow for the more crude parliamentary democracy to work." With clear references to Greece's gradual development of democratic government, he spoke of the significance of "education as politics".

Cynical students would have found his vision of the relationship between the politician and the citizen inspiring: the citizen as an activist and the politician as the holder of responsibility, consistently relinquishing it to the citizen, ultimately resulting in "a deepening of democratic participation, an empowerment of the citizen and extension of the democratisation process...".

Evidently, this concept should not be merely confined to Greek government, but may provide some much needed inspiration for thinking politicians.

# The cement never sets at the LSE

## Royalty renaming

Beaver Staff

The Royalty Theatre is now known as the Peacock Theatre after a renaming ceremony, last Monday. The LSE's largest lecture hall was renamed in honour of Michael Peacock, a Governor of the School and major financial donor. His gift of £450,000 has enabled the LSE to purchase the theatre, which it leased last year. It will continue to be a venue for professional dramatic productions.

Michael Peacock, chairman of Unique Broadcasting Company, hopes that the theatre will give a greater sense of identity to the LSE.

The Chair of the Court of Governors, Sir Peter Parker, who attended the ceremony, considers the Peacock Theatre "a marvellous name". He outlined the building's history (the original theatre was closed in 1959, after which it was demolished) and described the performances that have taken place there, ranging from "grand opera to pantomime and from musical comedy to variety performances". With such a background, LSE lectures should blend right in.

He said the acquisition was part of the LSE strategic plan, by adding one thousand seats and described it as "one more remarkable jewel in the crown of the LSE". He jokingly commented, "the cement never sets in this place".

## Pepé proves popular as new café finally opens its doors

Mark Baltovic

Wednesday saw the delayed opening of Café Pepé on the third floor of Clement House, but despite minimal fanfare, students rushed to sample LSE's newest catering site.

"We tried to do something different from our other sites, as the intention was to complement, and not compete with, existing catering facilities," explains Liz Thomas, from Central Catering. Café Pepé's decor and atmosphere is quieter than the recently refurbished Brunch Bowl and the fresher design concept and medium-sized seating area results in a more pleasant eating experience.

Café Pepé's biggest selling point is its different range of foods, "to cater for different student tastes". Two notable lines are the toasted Paninis (like Italian

baguettes) and Cranks' vegetarian sandwiches which sold rapidly in the opening days. Alternatively, try the Bloomers (thick and filling sandwiches).

The cafe also boasts a new line of desserts (and this writer really suggests you try the chocolate squares) which, like the Paninis, are made in and delivered from France. The order of the day here is essentially hot and cold savoury snacks, like sandwiches and quiche; no cooking is done on the premises. Such different selections do mean slightly higher prices, although quality and quantity is hoped to sway those concerns. Caffeine addicts and chocoholics fear not, the drinks are the same (and the prices too) here.

Café Pepé's removed position makes it a quieter place to visit than other LSE sites. Opening hours are 10:30 - 4:30, Mondays to Fridays, but may change according to demand.

## Bankside blunders

Who would want to live in a hall like this?

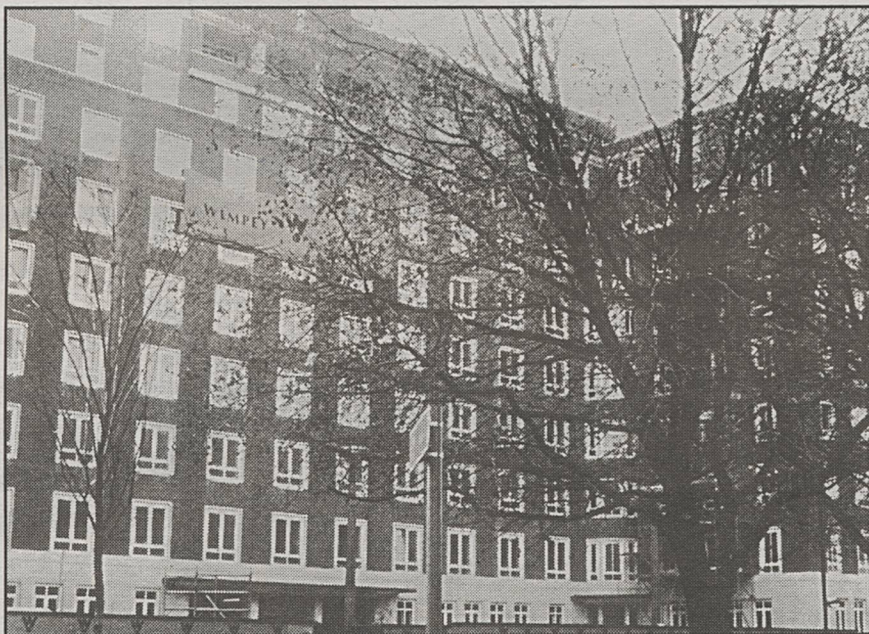
Beaver Staff

The recent opening of LSE's much-touted Bankside residence has been plagued by problems similar to those experienced by its sister residence High Holborn. Coincidentally, non-resident students are lacking in sympathy for the 619 occupants of the largest and most high-tech residence in Europe.

Complaints have wrongly emerged concerning Bankside's status as the most expensive of LSE's residences: in fact, students at High Holborn are paying more. According to a student, fellow residents at Bankside were surprised to find their rooms dirty on moving in, despite expectations of a brand new building.

The fitness centre at Bankside has not opened as of yet, due to its current use by workmen as a storage room. Problems have also emerged with a complicated new heating system in the rooms, operated by pushing pressure pads on the wall. Promises concerning the provision of a computer room have been reneged upon. Apparently due to funding problems, computers will only be available next year. This particular situation should be familiar to last year's residents of High Holborn.

After being let out over the summer as a hotel, it is becoming increasingly clear that once again LSE students have not been given priority over the financial standing of the School. The manager on duty explained to *The Beaver* that the last guest moved out the morning students were due to arrive making preparations a little rushed.



Bankside experiencing growing pains

# A cynical monarchist

Dev Cropper and Karl Menger

The LSE may be leading a trend in relegating the monarchy into obscurity, says Dr David Starkey, outspoken LSE academic and "media don". Starkey, described as the only academic to have appeared in the Sunday Times colour supplement dressed in a gown on a Harley Davidson, was speaking at the Peacock Theatre last Monday.

Dr Starkey's short talk on the history of the British monarchy was littered with illustrations of the good PR of successive monarchs and their advisors. Describing himself as a "cynical monarchist", he told the audience that the facade of Buckingham Palace is three-inches thick and literally tacked on.

He attributes the survival of the institution of the monarchy in this age to the ability of the monarchy to constantly re-invent itself and its image as theatrical, synthetic entertainment for the people.

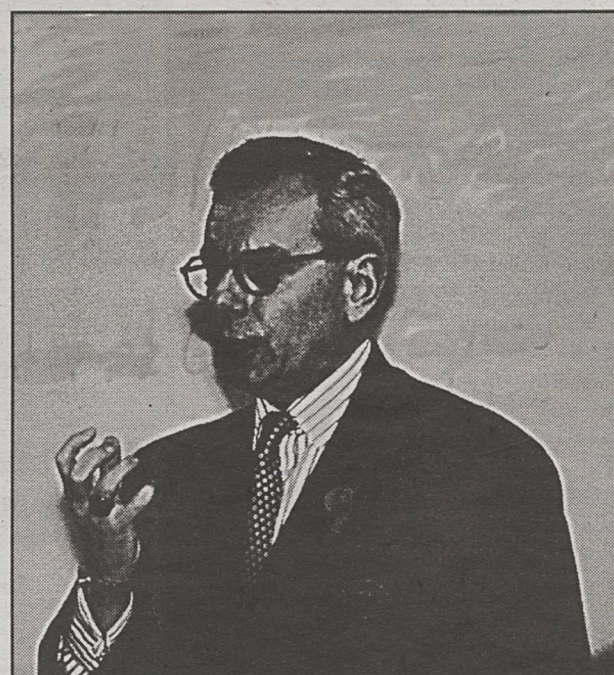
The message of a happy family is the reason why the monarchy thrived and weddings could be presented as love marriages. Starkey marks the end of the monarchy with the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, in other words, using the idea of the family in an age when that concept is no longer applicable.

Although clearly focusing on amusing his audience, Dr Starkey also sought to justify the existence of the monarchy as a way of "managing democracy". In fact, Sydney Webb, one of the founders of the LSE, saw the monarchy as a separate form of

management from the state.

Thus, the future of the monarchy and the LSE are both uncertain. The direction of the future is not clear, and as Starkey puts it, "politics is not just about noble things, there is much room for cynical manipulation."

The ultimate impression his talk left, however, was of an institution that has been desperately clinging to the coat-tails of public opinion for at least a hundred years.



# Fees and funding panel discussion

**Anne Rahming**

Top-up fees - those extras that have British students everywhere trembling - were not the central theme of Tuesday evening's discussion in the Peacock Theatre. The colloquium on "Paying for Higher Education", attended by only a handful, did suggest that top-up fees should only be implemented if accompanied by a "fair and equitable" loan scheme but failed to acknowledge whether the LSE administration agreed with this position.

The low turn-out did not, however, deter the four panel members, Dr Nick Barr of the LSE; Tory MP George Walden, a former Education Minister; Lee Findell, NUS Vice President of Education; and Sam Parham, LSESU Education and Welfare Sabbatical, from putting forward a few radical proposals on restructuring the British student loan system in a more student-friendly manner, as well as how best to deal with the larger problems of funding and diminishing academic standards which British universities face.

In 1963 only 5% of British students continued their education beyond the GCSE level, according to Dr Barr. Today, he estimates 30% of the graduating student body in England benefits from higher education. For this reason, coupled with increases in spending in every sector of the welfare state, Barr asserted that any 'LSE Scheme' must focus on collecting funds from the private sector. Barr argued forcefully for the implementation of income-contingent repayments rather than the current government-funded loan scheme which sets time limits and percentages based upon the quantity borrowed, rather than the salary earned. He pointed out that heavy debt loads and heavy repayment premiums have the effect

of both dissuading students from studying and, for those who do get degrees, promoting the rate of default, which only exacerbates the financial concerns of government and universities further.

The 'LSE Scheme' would, Barr argues, promote access to higher education and restore quality. It would also contain tax-payer costs and liberate government funds for other priorities. Finally, the 'LSE Scheme' would 'liberate' private funds since the key to its success would be that loan repayment was secured and market interest rates would be used. Dr Barr concluded that a new loan scheme was necessary if England is to cope with the dramatic increases in students without compromising standards, nor impoverishing the very students the country needs most.

Conservative MP, George Walden, supported Barr but assured the audience that Tuesday's debate would never take place in Parliament since both parties have vested interests in not discussing the issue. Walden made it clear that "there will be no more money for higher education" from any British government - Labour or Tory - and that to expect funding from such a



corner would be to overestimate the will for change within political circles.

In underlining the importance of alternative sources of funding and the need for a sincere evaluation of the academic standards of today's university system, Walden concluded that, despite Parliament's priorities, "there is no other economic option for Britain...than to be extremely well-educated".

Both of the student representatives were largely in agreement with their co-panelists. Lee Findell emphasised the growing need for professors who teach rather than spending more and more of

their time on research. Sam Parham highlighted the fact that student hardship is in one of its darkest hours. He pointed the finger squarely at the Conservative Party who, Walden admitted, ignored the indicators and warnings of academics and the general population. Walden did not come to the defence of his party. Instead, he shrugged his shoulders, chuckled knowingly and acknowledged that, yes, "that's the way the system works".

The discussion was then opened to the floor. One student suggested that perhaps 30% enrolment was too high and that qualifications were being inflated. Another student, representing the "Campaign for Free Education", argued that any form of loan was wrong. John Barnes, a professor of Government here at LSE, responded that, while the idea of entirely free education sounded attractive it would, in fact, lead to the poor subsidising the rich.

He suggested other measures which could reduce the quantity of students enrolling in higher education and the way in which they pay for it. One measure would be to open up vocational and continuing education programmes to loans as well. Another measure would be to give bursaries to students whose parents had never earned a degree. Such measures would have the effect of positively changing those who have and those who have not.

In the end, the "colloquium" was a rather civilised affair with very few moments of objection. All four panellists and the chairperson agreed that solutions were there but that political will was lacking. Barr expressed some trepidation that only those concepts which were politically attractive would be implemented in the near future and that half-hearted measures could lead to even greater problems.

## Tuns takes tons

**Andrew Yule and Chris Roe**

"The complaints stopped at around 8pm", claimed our very own Chris Cooper, SU Entertainments sabbatical when quizzed about whether people minded paying £2 to get into Friday's "Evening of Dance".

Presumably that is because the vast majority arrived ridiculously early at the Three Tuns. This would also go some way to explaining the impressive takings at London's cheapest pub, a record-breaking sum after various additions and deductions which only a pure maths student could possibly comprehend.

However, it would be unforgivably unfair to give all the credit to the bar staff, particularly in view of the equally record-breaking queues for a drink. The monumental plugging campaign by the Ents committee ensured that 1400 thirsty students knew where to strut their funky stuff on this night of economic triumph for the LSE.

## What's your stake?

**Kathryn Bieneman**

Professor John Kay spoke on his theory of Social Market Economy, which is based on a close relationship between "economic theory and moral philosophy",

last Thursday in the Old Theatre.

Kay said he was speaking to those, "unattracted to greed" and to those who understand "what is valuable in society is what is derived in relationships with other people".

Kay argued that "property rights are

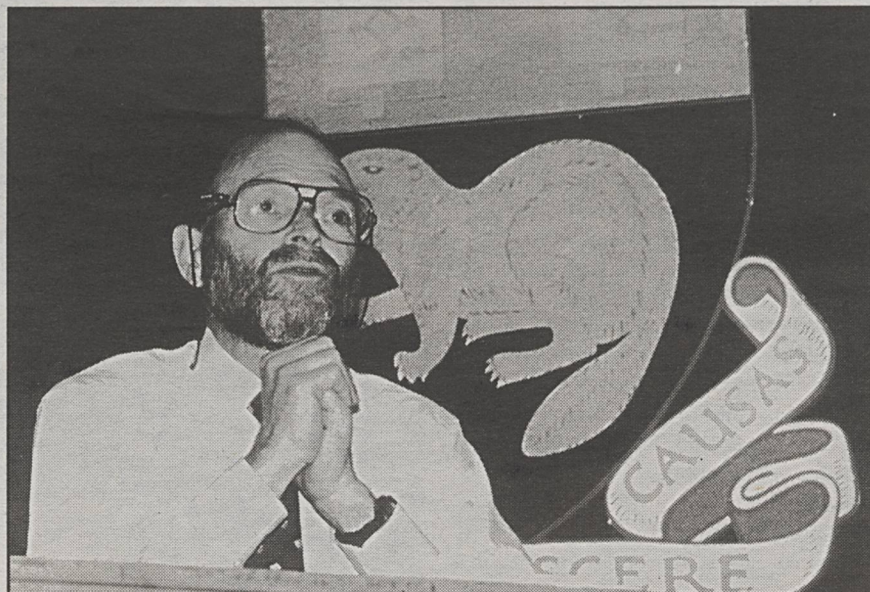
social and legal artefacts not defined by nature."

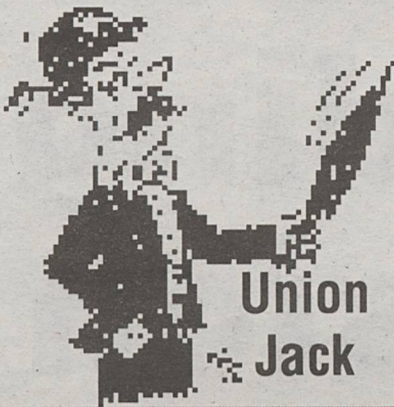
Drawing laughter from the full auditorium, he explained why property rights are "unclear or invented" by giving the example of a man buying a beer in a pub. The man buys a glass of beer and is the owner of the beer but not of the glass. In addition, the man is allowed to sit at the table as long as he consumes the alcohol but did not actually rent space there. The conventions surrounding this transaction is not the sort of transaction that applies to trading apples for pears, he argued.

In addition, he said that the "market is embedded in social contexts and can only operate effectively in relation to conventions...of society."

In addition, Kay said the difference between societies explained the wealth of countries and not the different distribution of resources.

Kay is director of the Oxford School of Marketing and has recently published a book entitled 'The Business of Economics'. Kay was important in developing the Institute of Fiscal Studies and London Economics.





What a lark, what a plunge. Back at the beginning of yet another academic year, with a new load of fresh faced students ready to sample the delights of the infamous LSE UGM. But alas, it delighted not me. The Tories were spineless, the paper-throwing was half hearted, and the mud slinging wasn't nearly bitchy enough. Jack is seriously worried that the UGM is in danger of becoming, shock, gasp, creditable.

Jack was appalled to see so many politically motivated motions and not nearly enough about putting Spam Harem on a diet. Tut, tut.

The first shock of the meeting was that Bullshit Mahal stood for the position of chair. Jack, being the political tactician that she is, had expected Bullshit to keep a low profile this year, and thus, by pissing less people off, be in the best position to launch his third assault on Gen Secdom. Luckily, Jack was not planning on a career as a political analyst. Bullshit started the year as everyone means it to carry on, by losing in the first count.

Jack was amused and the amusement was to continue in the shape and new hair colour of Tom Shit. Luckily, Shit's ginger fruitiness looks set to lighten the tone of the otherwise potentially banal UGMs.

Jack settled down for the first reports of the new Sabbaticals. The mildly radical Gen (very) Sexy kicked off telling the assembled throng that he had managed to get a sign put on his door, what a clever boy. Jack wondered if he might be able to put up a couple of shelves for her as she could certainly do with a man around the house. Jack didn't miss Spam Harem (who does?) but was delighted to know that he was being kitted out in a new wardrobe. Dazzling Hairdo claimed that he had done some work over the summer although Jack was not entirely convinced. Piss Pooper entertained, although Jack's feminist sympathies were appalled by his gratuitous boasting about his pulling prowess. Jack suspects this is because it happens so rarely. The usual Sab ratio is that two will be good and two will be shit. Jack is unable to find more that one that fit the former description.

After this initial mildly entertaining charade we, the grateful audience of the UGM, were bombarded with a veritable feast of motions. But boring, boring, boring. Jack had to resort to filing her nails and reapplying her lipstick as they were all about dull old politics. There weren't even any catty Tories around to make it interesting apparently having opted for a trip to the seaside to shag some Tory MPs (allegedly).

Yes, there was definitely something missing from the UGM. And suddenly it dawned on Jack, yes, that's what she was missing, not the welfare waistcoat, not Kate Tampon's cleavage, no, it was the Balcony Boys, alas all have disappeared off to their highly paid jobs in the city that their rich Daddies got for them. Jack sighed and wiped a tear from her eye, time to reapply the mascara...

# An appeal for unity

## Time to get TUF!

### General Secretary, Dan Crowe, highlights dangers of division in the student union movement

Today the student union movement stands on the edge of an abyss. The story you are about to hear is one of ambition, betrayal and ridiculous acronyms. It brings into play the very purpose of Education, who benefits from it, and ultimately who pays for it. The following is a short, potted and potty of the current situation.

Earlier this year the leadership of the National Union of Students (NUS) succeeded in changing its policy on higher education funding, scrapping its long-standing commitment to full grants for all and adopted a "realistic" position which advocated long term income-contingent loans for maintenance (MIL). Payment for the cost of living whilst at University shifted from the general taxpayer, students' parents and the Student Loans Company to the individual student. All very fine and dandy, but just when you thought it was safe to extend your overdraft the valiantly vanquished opposition decided that they weren't so vanquished after all. Organising under the "Campaign for Free Education" (CFE) they decided to continue campaigning for, well, free education. What they want is a return to the 1979 level of grants, a demand estimated to cost more than £11 billion.

**The story you are about to hear is one of ambition, betrayal and ridiculous acronyms.**

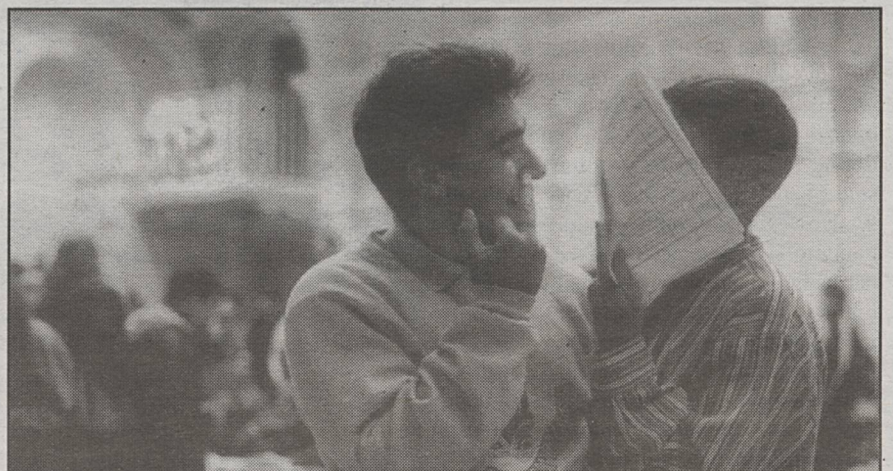
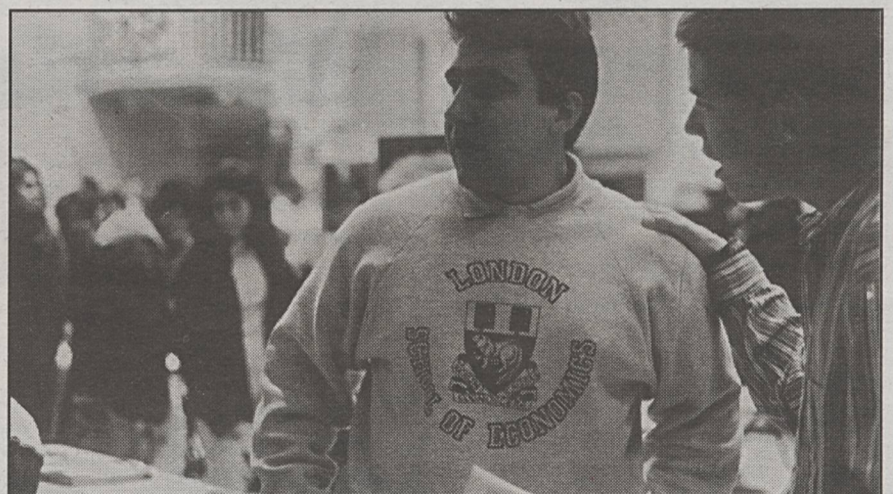
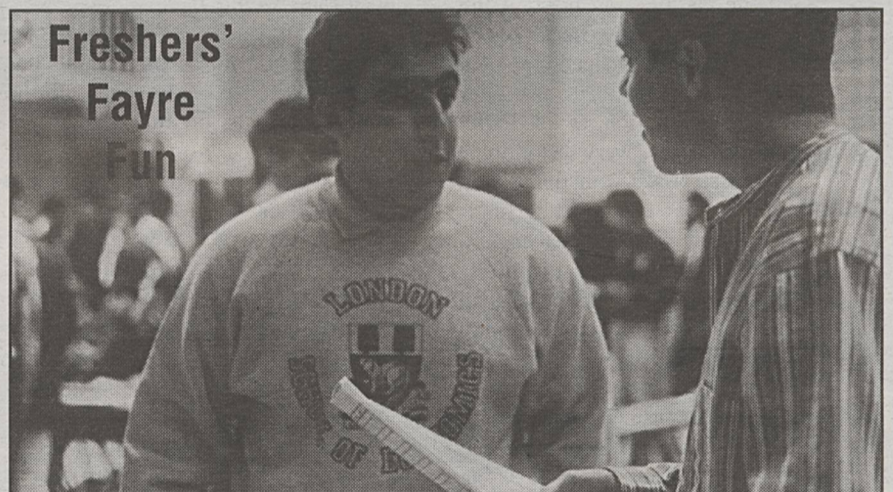
Of course we are not the policy-makers, but we should be the policy-shapers, acting as a pressure group on those in power. Unfortunately, the student movement remains hopelessly divided, riven by sectarian infighting and political posturing. The threatened introduction of Top Up Fees (TUF) could not have come at a worse time, as influential people on both sides of the campaign are not prepared to work with each other in a campaign against them.

Although the issue of TUF can radicalise and mobilise the students in a way not seen since the 60s, NUS has failed to give students an opportunity to voice their anger. Demonstrations may be

considered politically incorrect and out of fashion, but they remain an excellent tool of propaganda and a method galvanising support.

CFE have organised a national demonstration in London in November, originally to call for a return to full grants. This contravenes the NUS's recently adopted policy, and would remain unofficial and unsupported by many in the NUS. Recently CFE have appealed for unity, changing their march slogan to "Stop Tuition Fees, End Student Hardship" and asking the NUS President to speak at the march and participate in its organisation.

Unity in the Student Union movement is essential if we are to have a hope of stopping Top Up Fees. LSE is most at risk, and we cannot afford to let the infighting between the NUS and CFE overshadow the real issue. A broad based national demonstration, uniting all students in a campaign against TUF is what is needed, not slanging matches and self-promoting political clones. Our Union has had a long and proud history of independence from factions and sects, and should take its role as a unifying force within the national movement. As history has demonstrated: United we stand, divided we fall.



# The Beaver

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## Tuesday, October 15

**Catholic Society**

Lord Nolan: "Politics & Morality: doing the right thing" at 5.30pm. Venue TBA, check the posters or ask at chaplaincy (room K51)

**LSE European Society**

Annual General Meeting in A42 at 5pm

**Hayek Society**

Lord Harris of High Cross "European Union: the Fatal Conceit" 5-7pm in the Vera Anstey Room

## Wednesday, October 16

**UNICEF Society**

All non-members and members are invited to our first meeting, room to be announced. Look out for blue UNICEF posters, or contact Lynn Juerges on 0171 584 9096, department of Anthropology, sixth floor Old Building for more information

**Chinese Society**

Freshers' Lunch at China Court at 1.30pm

### Editorial

Well, what a humdinger of a week. Lectures are back with a vengeance and I have already missed one class. In my first week of term vigour I even went into the library, only once, and was shocked to find that it was relatively busy. Not full of Freshers finding their way around but full of people working. Scary thought!

Many people, particularly those from other universities, are surprised to find that my job is not a sabbatical position. There really are times when I wish that it were. I calculated last year that I spend around forty hours a week in the Beaver office and on top of this I have to study for my degree. This essentially leaves me with no life and large bags under my eyes. It has been worse this term as we have had the upheaval of a new term, a new computer and a new software system, and all this without a Managing Editor to share the load.

Obviously it is a voluntary decision and I wouldn't do it if I didn't enjoy it and I do. However, the high workload that I have sometimes means that I get very stressed, and snappy. I would like to say sorry to all the people I snapped at this week, I didn't mean it, honest.

My point is that if there were a Sabbatical Editor of *The Beaver* then this job could be done in a far more organised manner, the Editor could also produce the other SU publications. Obviously problems lie in the Beaver Editor becoming too closely linked to the Union and *The Beaver* is supposed to take an independent stance. There would also have to be qualifications about who could stand for the position. It would probably have to be done at the expense of another Sabbatical position, which would cause difficulties.

There are problems but I think that it would be beneficial to the Union and definitely to *The Beaver*.

Time for me to sign off now, well into Friday morning ...  
Nicola Hobday

## Thursday, October 17

**LSESU Crazy Club**

Proudly presents LSE's first ever pyjama party at Le Scandale. Eurostar trips to Paris for the best pyjamas and free transport for people wearing pyjamas. All drinks £1.30 all night (excluding bottled beer).

Members £5, non-members £7, more at the door

**Australian Students**

Reception for all Australian students in the Vera Anstey Room at 6.00pm

**"How to succeed in the International job hunt"**

At 6.30pm in the New Theatre. Speaker William Archer, consultant to the European Commission.

Aimed at all finalists and post graduate students seeking international management careers.

To attend, sign up ASAP in the Institute of Management, 5th floor, 20 Kingsway building.

# LSE Ents

**Wednesday Night**

Newcastle take on Europe in the Underground.  
£1 a pint from kick off to the first goal.

**Thursday Night**

Darkphase - Turkish heavy metal band play for the Imperial Cancer Fund in the Quad.  
£2 entry (£1 Ents) from 8.00.

**Friday Night**

The Three Tuns - huge bar subsidies

**Saturday Night**

The Chuckle Club. Great line up this week with Simon Bligh, Rhona Cameron and John Mann.  
Entrance £5.

And don't forget, Monday, October 28, the University of London Ball at Equinox, with Dodgy. Tickets cost £20 from the Ents Office.  
Black Tie.

## Go Faster ...

### Saturday night at The Garage

This being the second week of term, all decent students would have spent all their grants, so the Go Faster Twins swallowed their pride and looked for a cheaper, and shall we say, more earthy night out.

You very rarely have to queue and if you can stomach the frankly way-too-big-for-his-own good doorman and the banshee in the ticket booth, you've a good chance of having a rather good time.

The music is all here. Rock with Oasis. Walk pigeon-toed with Pulp. Shake your head with Alanis and simply shake with Fab Four. If you add a good helping of Underworld, Blur and Space and you still don't want to smoke some fags, play some pool and pretend you never went to school then you are either an overly glam gay boy or dead.

That said, the crowd here is way too straight. Way, way too straight. For this reason, the Go Faster Twins lovingly remember Popstarz at the Paradise Club (now at the Leisure Lounge; similar music, but far camper, with a crowd dressed to express), but the lack of the knockout CK One cloud over the dancefloor makes The Garage almost seem preferable. The venue is square and large and very black and we still get a childish pleasure from being able to get pissed on pints for less than £2 each.

The dancefloor is packed all night long, but you somehow always have room to jump around, jump up, jump up and get down, roll with it and find something for the weekend. For mon dieu! You can actually pull here. The pallid skin might put you off but anyone who can convincingly shake their thing to 'Born Slippy' has got to be worth a squirt.

The Garage is blissfully drug free, save the loser guy in the black raincoat who spends fifteen minutes mistakenly thinking that he is hiding the poppers stuck half way up his nose before going mental for five.

We recommend this to anyone looking for an unpretentious, adidas clad time and for only a fiver to get in, it's a bargaintastic, rocking night out. And not in a bad way.

**Most likely to say** (as a chat-up line): Maybeeeeeeah, you're gonna be the one who save meeeeeeah, darling.

**Least likely to say:** Danni was good before she got fat, but Kylie will always be my queen.

**DJ's:** Who cares, this is rock, man.

**Clientele:** Older, less sophisticated, wannabe starting somethings.

**Tip of the week:** You can never have enough hats, bags and shoes, belts can also be used to add a certain 'je ne sais quoi', to that tired old two-piece.

# face to face with Jack Lang

Politics Editor, **Simon Retallack**, talks to Jack Lang - former French Minister of Culture, close friend of President François Mitterrand and leading trendy of the French political class. In this special interview Lang reveals his intimate memories, good and bad, of the late President and lays into British euro-sceptics, Margaret Thatcher and globalisation.

## What is your greatest worry about the world at the present time?

Firstly, the increase in inequality in each country and between countries, and secondly, the destruction of towns, shorelines, landscapes, treasures. These two phenomena are linked to a more central phenomenon - wild, unregulated globalisation. I would say above all what Jimmy Goldsmith has highlighted - we cannot sacrifice everything to hyper-globalisation which is entirely in the hands of multinational corporations. We must safeguard local economies and cultures. It is an equilibrium which is difficult to find.

## Do you share Sir James Goldsmith's worries about free trade?

Yes. Jimmy Goldsmith is correct to say that the GATT was negotiated in a way which was far too favourable to the United States. There I think he is right.

## Where do you stand on further European integration?

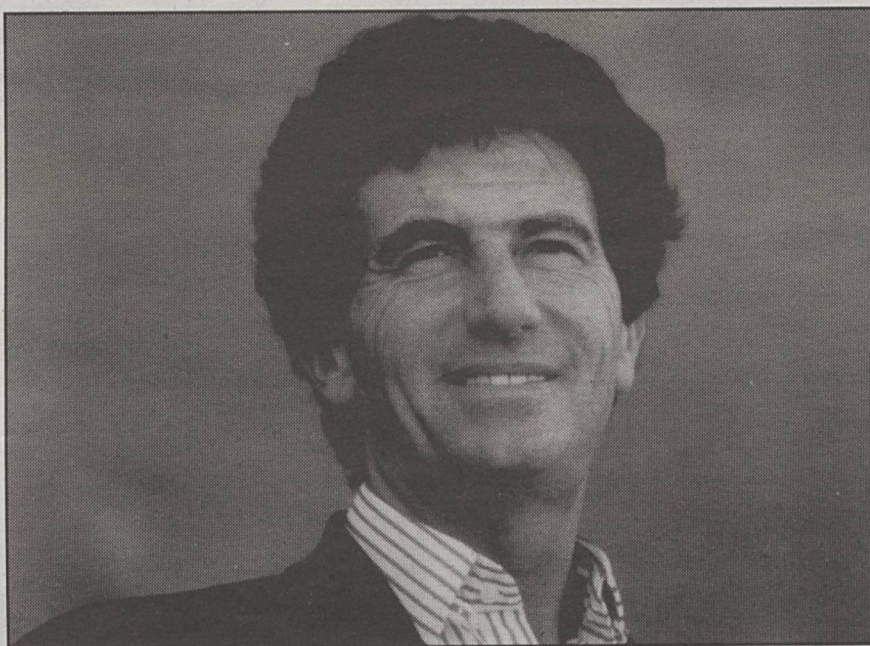
I am in favour of the construction of Europe, on condition that it is a Europe which is voluntary, organised...

## A country called Europe?

A country? No, because one has to take account of human and historical reality. The nation state today constitutes the reality of the European continent. In the French Socialist Party we say that we are in favour of the future creation of what we have called a federation of nation states. It might appear a little contradictory but it expresses the duality of Europe - on the one hand a big family, and on the other the preservation of the nation state.

## What is your reaction to the growing apprehension among the British people and its government towards further European integration?

I think that it is a temporary illness, an illness of youth, of growth in the construction of Europe. There is also, of course, among certain politicians and newspapers in France, Britain and elsewhere, a demagogic tendency. It is so easy to provoke anxiety by pointing to a



Jack Lang - *The next Socialist President of France?*

far-off enemy. It's very easy. In France too there are anti-European demagogues who make believe that it is Europe which is responsible for unemployment, while we know very well that Europe has brought more wealth, more development and more resources than it has created difficulties.

Take the case of mad cow disease. British euro-sceptics should all the same be grateful that Europe, in solidarity with the *guilty* governments of Mrs Thatcher in particular, has brought two or three billion ecus each year over five years. This means that other European contributors will have to pay for the grave faults committed by Mrs Thatcher and certain others in positions of responsibility, who preferred the short-term politics of instant profit, by feeding animals with their own species' remains...

Imagine if Europe did not exist today, in what situation would Great Britain find itself? There would be the embargo in any case, and there wouldn't be any European aid to allow Great Britain to overcome this difficulty.

There has therefore been a genuine phenomenon of solidarity while the billions in question could have been put to better use financing common investments; infrastructure projects such as the rail link between the English exit of the Channel Tunnel and London; for positive things, not to repair errors.

## How do you remember François Mitterrand?

[Silence]. For me, as a man who is irreplaceable, as someone with whom over twenty years of my life I exchanged ideas, debated, talked, reflected... So today I feel a terrible absence. When a strong personality for whom you have a lot of affection and fondness disappears, suddenly, your life structures itself differently.

## What sort of a man was he in private?

Often a very pleasant man because he had a sort of taste for life and for the sensuality of life. He loved to explore towns, landscapes, to share a meal with friends; he had a passion for living. He was also a man with whom conversation was always fascinating, and often stupefying. [Little laugh]. I remember that I was often very surprised by his immense knowledge. Once we were in England and we were talking about Shakespeare, which he liked a lot - he liked above all the tragedies, as is the case with me he hated the comedies, I don't understand them, I find them very annoying. We were talking about Richard II, Richard III, and he started to tell us a whole story, a version, an interpretation of the dynasty of Richard III which was entirely different from that peddled by

Shakespeare, which he had discovered himself in two books which he had read a very long time before, fascinating by-the-way. You know, he knew the history of France like the back of his hand. But I discovered over the years that he also knew the history of Great Britain, the history of Germany... His knowledge was stupefying.

## What about his reputation for being cold, cynical and machiavellian?

In politics it isn't recommended to be naive. If he hadn't been somewhat of a tactician he would never have become President of the Republic. But he was someone, in reality, who was fairly shy, which could make him appear cold. He would turn in on himself because of his shyness. The oyster would open up if he found himself in an atmosphere of trust. And then sometimes he would close up again because he didn't feel in harmony. He was a man who very often, in private, was full of kindness and thoughtfulness, and with the public as well you know. Okay, he didn't have an easy character, no not easy. But he always possessed great serenity, especially in difficult circumstances - I have seen him in very painful circumstances keep his calm and serenity. But, it is true that sometimes he could be difficult.

## Would you recommend a career in politics? Are party machinations worth it...?

It's not the most exciting thing. Some people enjoy it.

## What about you?

No. But politics interests me because it is an occasion for the confrontation of ideas and hence a source, perhaps, of progress of thought. Politics is also interesting when it gives one the possibility to accede to a public function, thanks to which one can try to improve things and change them.

## Will you stand in the next Presidential elections?

I missed my chance a year ago. But if the opportunity presents itself I hope to seize it better than last time - but only if the opportunity presents itself!

*Born in 1939, a lawyer by trade, Jack Lang has been one of the most influential figures in French politics and culture since the early Eighties. He has been responsible for the remarkable feat of very nearly doubling the annual state budget for culture soon after taking office and transforming the profile of French culture across the board. One of the few ministers in the Western World to have held office for the best part of ten years, a recent poll has revealed that many Frenchmen believe he is still their Minister of Culture! His influence, however, has extended far beyond the realm of the arts. For over twenty years he has been a close friend and advisor to François Mitterrand and is still a leading figure in the French Socialist Party.*

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# Sharing and caring

Desperately seeking a single room?  
Rachel Jiang gives tips on how to survive

If you sharing a room this year, then I would like to ask you a few simple questions.

A: *What would you do if, after a hard day's work, you return back to your room, and find your roommate in bed with Mr/Ms X?*

B: *What would you do if you woke up to find your roommate sleepwalking?*

C: *What would your reaction be if your roommate borrowed your clothes, ate your yoghurts, etc?*

If your initial reaction involves various forms of violence, then perhaps you should realise things are not exactly that easy.

I do not want to scare you; having a room-mate can turn out to be a wonderful thing, but it can bring you a fair share of problems. For those who have single rooms this year count yourselves fortunate, as with spiralling rents, room sharing has become the norm for many students.

Whilst there are no easy ways of escaping from a year's inevitable struggle against want of peace, space

and privacy, there ways of coping and dealing with room-mate problems - aside from buying ear plugs and eye pads.

Confront the problems at an early stage by talking it through with your roommate is the most obvious, and often the most effective way to solve the problem. It is often helpful to set out a list of rules which both parties can agree and keep to at this early stage. For instance problems related to smoking/drinking habits, and invitation of over-night guests-particularly of the opposite sex variety, can easily be resolved right at the beginning.

Sharing a room can be tough. There will inevitably be frictions, but in 9 cases out of 10 you will end up being best of friends. Most room mates end up living together when they move out of halls. It really can be a sharing experience!

If it does go horribly wrong then you could just move out. However, the trauma of sharing a home - kitchen, bathroom, etc - can be far worse.

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# Jude

## Nadezda Kinsky sees another Victorian remake

Michael Winterbottom's adaptation of Thomas Hardy's novel manages to maintain the its main ideas and message without getting caught up in period drama - a refreshing change from other recent adaptations. The cinematography is excellent and takes on board much of the novel's main imagery, using weather and the landscape to convey a sense of tragedy. Despite this constant shadow, some harrowing scenes come as a shock to the viewer, thanks to excellent contrasts and quick scene changes. The movie thus avoids becoming a dull and predictable series of events.

The screenplay by Hossein Amini stays quite close to the novel. This doesn't, however, mean a boring account of "what happens", especially since Christopher Eccleston as Jude, and particularly Kate Winslet as Sue, give the movie a great individual touch. By

sometimes being a bit too focused on his depressive nature, Eccleston's Jude lacks depth at some points of the film, but this is balanced out very well by the women surrounding him. Kate Winslet is great as Sue, who she plays as quite a modern character, a stark contrast to the given historical setting. In portraying their new ideal relationship, so at odds with the world around them, Winslet at times appears to be carrying the burden of portraying both her own character's and Jude's share in their relationship alone, while Eccleston wallows in the tragic nature of his character.

The film is well worth going to see, even if you don't know (or don't care about) the novel or Thomas Hardy - it conveys the novel's criticism of society and the class divide, but is in itself a great yet harrowing film full of directorial and acting talent.



# The Nutty Professor

As remakes of Jerry Lewis films go, this has got to be one of the best. To be frank I don't actually remember any other Jerry Lewis remakes, but any film with as many great fart and fat jokes gets my vote. This film acts as a much needed jump start to Eddie Murphy's decaying film career. Any one who saw Vampire in Brooklyn (all five of us) knows that Murphy's career was in a terminal condition, but The Nutty Professor revives it in a burst of wind and blubber.

The plot, such as it is, concerns the clumsy, loveable lump of lard Professor Sherman Klump (and no, he doesn't lecture at the LSE). Clumsy, absent minded and fat he is performing a valuable in depth study into obesity in hamsters (I was watching out for Freddy Starr). Prompted by stirrings from long dormant lust glands, caused by the arrival of a new and totally gorgeous graduate student, he tries the formula on himself.

Cue a mildly clichéd Jekyll and Hyde story, with the super fit Buddy Love (Eddy witout his sack of fat) as the evil (and incredibly over-sexed) Hyde-type character trying to steal poor little Sherman's life and love.

The highlights of the movie are the dinner with the family scenes, in which Eddy plays every role, and the comdy club scenes with the rudest comedian ever. Also watch out for the scene in which a four hundred foot high, forty thousand pound Sherman Klump lets a juicy one rip.

Overall this was a pretty predictable movie, with a typically excruciating Hollywood sugary sweet ending. Still, there were some incredible farts.

Anit Roy-Choudhury watches the latest slimming video



# Dragonheart



## Virginie Gatin watches a Jurassic Park for the dark ages

Dragonheart is set in the tenth century, and depicts the friendship between a disillusioned and valiant knight, Bowen (Dennis Quaid) and the last surviving dragon (Sean Connery) as they unite to help the peasants free the kingdom of its tyrannical king, in a Robin Hood meets Braveheart-type movie.

What is most disappointing about the film is that its enormous potential is left unexploited. The cast is good - Dennis Quaid is very convincing as the surly knight, Sean Connery is as magnificent as ever as the voice of the dragon, and the supporting cast offers some promising talent. The special effects are incomparable, they make Jurassic Park look like an old B-Movie. The reality achieved with the dragon is simply awesome. Where the film fails miserably is with the screenplay. There are some funny moments

but simply not enough; there are some battles, but they don't have the conviction and power Braveheart had, and altogether the film really lacks the driving force given by an original story. Too many movies have been released in the past few years similar to the this one and it seems the screenplay writers relied too much on the originality of the dragon to make the audience forget the platitude of the story: Good fights Evil and.....(wait for it folks) (is the agony too much?) wins!

Dragonheart is an action packed adventure with a good cast and amazing special effects but disappointingly lacking the originality of script it required to make it a success. It is an entertaining film and worth seeing on the sole basis of its visual effects, but not as good as it could have been and definitely not the best film out at the moment.

# Brothers in Trouble

This tragi-comedy directed by Udayan Prasad and inspired by Ab-dullah Hussein's novel Return Journey, tells the story of Amir (played well by Palvah Mahotra), an Indian who arrives in Britain in the 1960s as an illegal immigrant. Confused, with very little money and knowledge of the Western ways he is taken to a Northern house containing seventeen other Asian men, all illegals. In this little community a white young pregnant woman is introduced, Mary, (Angeline Ball from The Commitments). This moves the men into unknown territory, jealousy overcomes the appeals

for traditional Muslim brotherhood and this leads to the ultimate murder of the eldest and most respected house leader Shah (Om Puri - The Jewel in the Crown). This film illustrates how difficult it is to adjust to a new society where you have no rights. It draws attention not only to the plight of immigrants in the 60s but also in the 90s where they are effectively forced to accept low paid wages and exploitation in order to remain in the so called 'land of opportunities'. This film will help our understanding of how Britain came to be the multi-cultural society it is today.

Melanie Hussey

# Courage Under Fire

David Balfour battles with the first of many Desert Storm flicks

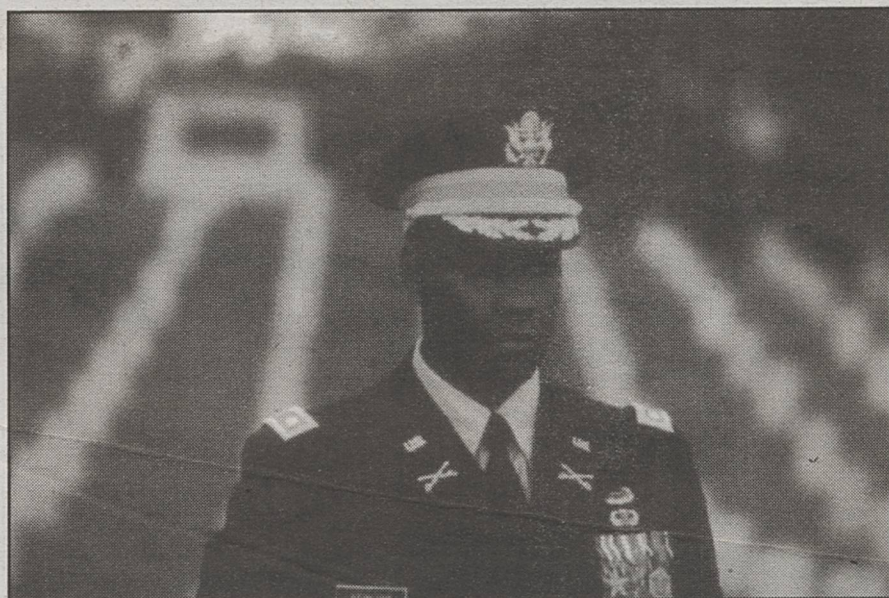
The purpose of this and all reviews is to help you the readers decide whether or not to go and waste your money on the luxuries of the capitalist society. Unless of course you're just a sad git who reads *The Beaver* cover to cover while waiting for your class on Gender and International Economic Relations. The luxury on which this article centres is the film *Courage Under Fire*. Starring Meg Ryan and Denzel Washington, with Lou Diamond Phillips as the main co-star, its themes are morality, duty, and the difficulty of coming to terms with ones own mistakes. The movie takes place during and in the year after the Gulf War of 1991.

If you enjoy war movies, then you might want to see this film simply because it's the only war movie out at the moment because it definitely wouldn't be for the action scenes. These are rare and sandwiched between lots of tedious dialogue. When the shoot 'em up scenes do arrive the fighting just does not create any tension in the audience. The rest of the film also suffers from a similar lack of tension and this can be put down to the dull performances of the two leads.

Casting Meg Ryan as the butch captain of a rescue helicopter squad was a big mistake. First, Meg Ryan is not, and never has been butch. Second, she

could not captain a pre-pubescent girls netball team. Objectively, a woman commanding a helicopter crew is not unbelievable, but Ryan makes it so. It is also amazing that Ryan's character becomes an officer without having a single ounce of definable muscle on her sleek step-aerobicized body. The characters talk about her butchness but Ryan acts neither as commanding nor as 'butch' as the role requires. Not even a fake mid-Texan gravel accent covers up her inadequacies.

As for Denzel Washington, he uses his tried and tested leading man personage who is forced to come to terms with a mammoth problem. He did it well in *Mississippi Massala* and in *Mo Beter Blues*, but those scripts carried much greater emotional depth. Here, Washington acts with limited conviction, doing nothing more than going through the motions. For him this role was just another day at the office. But it can't all be blamed on the actors, it is also a seriously drab script. The only people who will probably want to see this film are war movie buffs or mega fans of Meg Ryan and/or Denzel Washington. Overall the film is too wordy to be a war flick, the plot too weak to be psychological drama and the acting less than entertaining.



## Alberto Giacometti 1901-1966

David Bakstein, our resident exhibitionist, reviews a lesser known master of the twentieth century

Alberto Giacometti, considered besides Picasso and Dali the third great master of this century, is mainly known as a sculptor. However, it may come as a surprise, even to connoisseurs, that a great part of his work consists of canvases and drawings.

Starting off as a teenager in a small Swiss mountain village, his self-portraits and those of his family members appear to be reasonably exact respecting proportions. So exact indeed that, inspired by Picasso and Dali after having moved to Paris (city of Expressionism), he starts exploring Cubism and Surrealism. His sculptures look like the three-dimensional version of Picasso's and Braque's paintings. Sex and violence, a reflection of his social life, are his driving motives. His violated sculptures of women resemble insects; a first sign of blurring the proportions of the human body and soul.

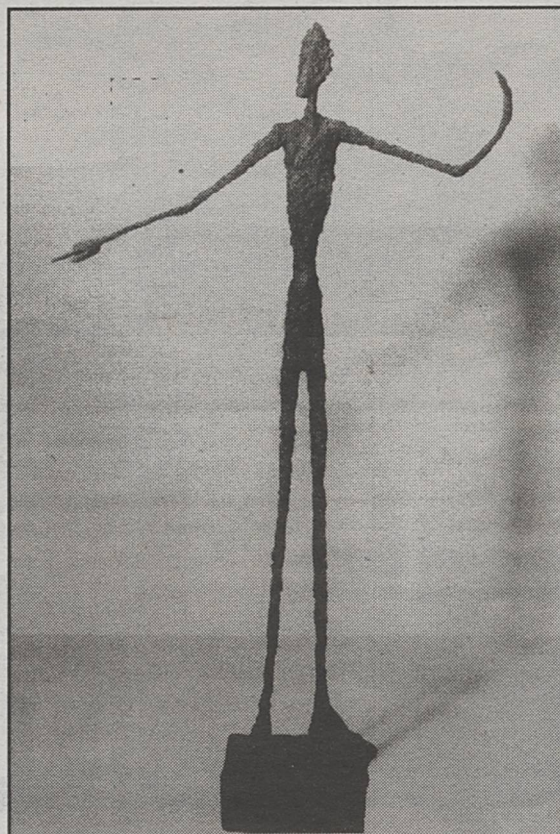
After this period, his main inspirations become the World War with its associated suffering and the question of existence, as posed by his contemporary Jean-Paul Sartre. The result are his most famous unique sculptures; lean and mean but nonetheless fragile, they resemble faceless aliens from space. Starting off with a few inches tall they grow larger than life over the years. Little by little his pictures, drawings and busts of friends, take on the same

shape. Everything becomes out of focus: the lines on his pictures and drawings so thin that they seem to fade away; his busts so narrow as if squeezed horizontally. But that, more and more, becomes that consequence of the artist's no-depth reception.

All in all an exhibition definitely worthwhile seeing and a great start to the Academy's series continuing with Picasso and Braque in a couple of months time.

Continues until 1.1.1997, The Royal Academy of Arts.

Admission concs £3.75



## Etcetera Theatre

Nik Morandi compares two monologues. Does that make it a dialogue?

For those of you who missed the debut performance of the *Troubled Man* at the Etcetera Theatre in Camden on the July 10, you now have the chance to redeem yourself. The *Troubled Man* returns for two nights at the Man in the Moon theatre Chelsea on October 14 and the 21.

Jake (played by Dazz Dean) is a musician struggling to get there, and the day his girl walks out taking their daughter, the one person he loves more than his music, he is forced to reflect on where he went wrong and how he might yet put it right. He confides in his friend Jack Daniels (don't we all) as he takes us through the problems he has to endure while trying to sort his troubles out.

His setbacks, which are mainly due to his misgivings, are whimsically, even humorously treated with an electrifying aura of suspense as we are forced to reflect upon the everyday troubles that we all have to endure at some stage of our adult life. The performance will take you on that emotional journey through the memories and apprehensions most of us believe to have successfully suppressed as we are eased and cajoled from self-complacency to a rather more critical analysis of our own, similar failings. The set has been left to a minimum, and the lack of fancy decor contributes to the harshness of Jake's own self-examination and comes as a welcome change to the customary lavishness of West End productions.

Also coming up at the Etcetera Theatre is the double bill of 'Double Disclosure' by John Cargill Thompson, kicking off with 'Borrowed Plumes' (directed and acted by Andrew Stanson). This, as well as the second play, 'Everything in the Garden' which follows, is inspired by the story of a certain William Henry Ireland who almost succeeded, in the obviously rather naive mid-nineteenth century English society, in passing off one of his own plays as that of the great Shakes himself. Presumably he imagined that an identical forename was the only credential required. He almost presumed correctly since he had the whole of London society under his thumb before his deception was eventually discovered. Andrew Stanson, playing Ireland giving his version of events, is compelling and persuasive in his interpretation of the great trickster, glorifying and sensationalising his achievements so charmingly that we cannot help but be taken in by his docile yet convincing manner.

The second play, 'Everything in the Garden', develops the story from the side of Fanny Kemble (played by Nabila Khashoggi). Unfortunately she lacks Stanson's self-possession and radiant confidence, resulting in a slightly raw and less-refined, although nonetheless enjoyable rendition of a young actress who contemplates her escape from poverty and the tedium of marital domesticity through life on the stage.

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An application form is also available via our Internet Home Page: <http://www.sbil.co.uk>

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**Salomon Brothers**

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# This Week's Albums

## Moby meets Mustafa

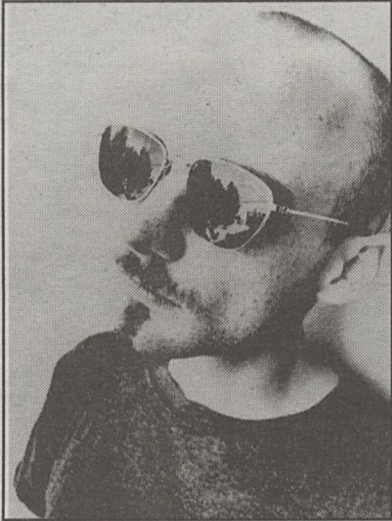
Artist: Moby  
Album: Animal Rights

Sitting in the jury stand I glance across at the accused. He's confident and relaxed, the lights glint off his shaven skull. He catches my eye and smiles. It is the smile of a free man.

He is Moby. His crime? Making a ROCK record and betraying dance music. Even the defence have questioned his motives and sanity. Surely in this day and age no one would move from dance music to guitar rock. We know Moby is a maverick, an eco terrorist, Christian, non drug using, vegan. He was techno's first star. I know I've always respected him and loved his music. Oh those classic uplifting dance tracks like 'Move', 'Go', 'Hymn' and 'Feeling so real'. That manic diverse debut album. Those essays and rants. That Joy division cover. Those mad live shows. That honesty. That passion. Bless him ...

Aha time for the defence. "Moby no longer feels the desire to make dance records. He no longer finds the same spirit in dance that he did five years ago. He finds himself attracted to the Smashing pumpkins, Pantera and the power of rock. He is drawing on his roots as a punk and his experience in guitar bands such as Flipper and Ultra vivid scene. He is staying true to himself and releasing music he hopes others will enjoy." There was a few nervous laughs around the courtroom. The light glints in Moby's alert eyes.

The prosecution uses the new album as it's sole piece of evidence. They mention it draws the guitar use on the previous album to full shocking conclusion. "You need only to listen to 'Come on babe' with its garage style



production and shrieking guitar to notice a clear attempt to rip off early Soundgarden. Moby attempts hardcore on 'Someone to love'. Yes it may be tense and rigid but his roars seem to leave him hoarse. The man cannot cope! 'You' is more punky and dated and not very good because of it. Of course the worst

offender is probably 'My love will never die' which is, ladies and gentlemen, Pantera without the muscle. Also 'Soft' attempts to invoke the style and power of Henry Rollins and fails.

In short the album is plagued by weak songs and vocals. There is a clear attempt to cover this up with OTT noise and power. The man is clearly guilty, you have all the

evidence you need."

The defence vainly tried to save the day. It offered the excellent, passionate and memorable 'That's when I reach for my revolver'. This was shouted down as it was originally a song by the Mission of Burma. Even the haunting instrumental bits on the album cut little ice with my fellow jurors.

Lying on my bed that night I remembered the look on Moby's face when the guilty verdict was given. It was not the look of a repentant man. Instead there was the face of a free and happy man. It was the face of a man that rocks. Looking in his eyes I knew this thing was far from over. Moby has been true to himself and he will suffer for that. Sadly we must also live with the crime that is his new album. It will take a lot to redeem himself but lets hope he tries. Everyone deserves a second chance. I pray Moby uses his wisely. Good luck guilty one, you're going to need it! Alan Mustafa

## Monkey Nuts

Artist: Jon Carter (Monkey Mafia)  
Album: Live at the Social Vol. 2

"It's a mother fucking rep thang, you got a set of nuts, you'd better let the mother fuckers hang."

Sample spotters and interpolation identifiers will appreciate 'Live at the Social' which is an old school party jam of the same ilk as Doug E Fresh's recent 'Where's the party at?'

Turn it up "loud as funk, you would swear Redman was inside the trunk".

Jon Carter (Monkey Mafia) has packaged together elements of rap, ragga, and dancehall, cleanly mixed, without boundaries.

"New York, New York, big city of dreams, but everything in New York ain't always what it seems."

Highlights include the utilisation of a Special Ed freestyle and the classic break from Krs-One's 'The Bridge is Over'.

"This ain't no top of the head, but it's still a freestyle, for those that don't know the real meaning."

Unfortunately as the album

progresses the domination of the dancehall element becomes stronger.

"If what you say is true the Shaolin and the Wu-tang could be dangerous."

A further downer is the hectic young lady after track thirteen who seems to be a touch distressed after touching a member of her favourite group. "I take my funk and my religion serious."

Verdict: Nefarious Man, nefarious.

Notice of liability: The observant may have recognised certain quotes through out this piece. They have no connection with the album reviewed or *The Beaver*. They are just bollocks, like the CDs Tom distributes. If you want CDs from your preferred musicians, buy them, you tight mother fuckers.

"Tonight's the nite baby, so suck up on these."

It's gone, I have misplaced it, "Mushrooms got my mind".

Special thanks to Beatwax for the Original Rizlas. Next time send king skins, Camberwell Carrots be draining me.

Ruthless Rich

[I would like to disassociate myself from this article - Exec Ed]

## Hairy Lemons

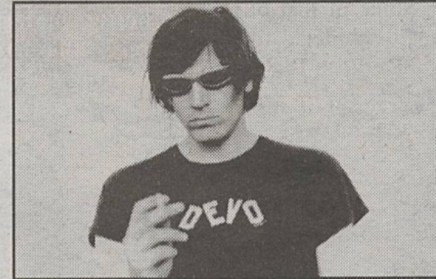
Artist: The Lemonheads  
Album: Car Button Cloth

Evan Dando, he's the lead singer of The Lemonheads, and he's got hair. Evan

Dando's hair is, however, not your ordinary everyday type of hair, no indeed; Evan Dando's hair has strange magical properties. Let me chronicle a brief diary of Evan's hair. A

few years ago The Lemonheads released their first album; "It's A Shame About Ray" Evan had long hair and all the girls loved him, and longed to entwine themselves in his beautiful brown locks, and as an added bonus the album was a blinder. Time passed and a second Lemonheads album; "Come On Feel The Lemonheads" came along, Evan's hair was even longer, the girls loved him even more, and the music was hot enough to singe your eyebrows off. The Lemonheads, it seemed, were here to stay.

Then, however came a dark period for our citrus craniumed friends. An evil magic pixie came to Evan's log cabin in the woods one dark and stormy night, holding in his hand a pair of diamond encrusted magic hair cutting scissors, and used his piercing red evil eyes to hypnotise our helpless hero into cutting his hair very, very short. The effect was immediate, suddenly Evan became very uncool, no one fancied him anymore, and the music



press decided he was a cloth eared twat. Evan was reduced to stumbling from festival to festival performing dodgy solo tracks, the rest of the band having decided that it would be cooler to hang around at Clapham Junction with an anorak, notebook, and thermos rather than being seen dead on stage with Evan who did after all have very very short hair.

But don't despair rock kids, for the tale has a happy ending, as you

probably all know (since you're at LSE) hair does grow, and Evan's hair has grown long again just in time for the Lemonheads' latest Album "Car Button Cloth". True to form Evan's magic hair has brought him roaring back with an album full of tunes wicked enough to make your hair curl. The majority of tracks are the catchy rock-pop that The Lemonheads have always done so well, you'll be singing along before you know it, although be careful with the track "Hospital" which has the chorus; "There's a disease going round the hospital" singing this particular lyric in public might get you arrested for contaminating hospital water supplies with meningitis. So, basically if you like The Lemonheads, or if you just fancy a good album for your collection, buy the new album it's ace, and just remember; "All hairdressers are in the employment of the government. Hair are your ariels, they pick up messages from the cosmos and transmit them directly to your brain. This is the reason bald headed men are uptight." Tom Stone

## Music for Dummies

Artist: Crash Test Dummies  
Album: A Worm's Life

Well what can I say about a band whose most famous song, Mmm Mmm Mmm Mmm, could be interpreted as either a severe bout of dysentery or an expression of pleasure. Anyway, putting on my objective earphones I listened to the latest offering from Canada's finest, after Pamela Anderson of course (NOT).

The music itself is well humable, the annoying little riffs, which stick in your mind, such as the one 'I am a Dog', and the amazing (or overblown), string arrangements for 'My Own Sun Rise', which considering its subject matter seems altogether wasted, but more on that later. The album's real strength, or weakness, if you prefer

are the lyrics. If you thought that their last album was quirky, this album is simply a continuation with an unsurprisingly high dose of Americana or Canadiana (?). If it's Bruce Springsteen that you are looking for, you won't get it as the outsiders and oddballs in these songs include a gruesome little boy, who is obsessed with pulling his teeth out in 'He liked to feel it', and a rather surreal take on being a worm in a 'Worm's Life',

where the aforementioned worm ends up being a tequila worm who gets gulped down. Their novel approach to music continues with their song 'My Enemies' which manages to combine vengeful hate with furry bunnies and bathing suits as he tries to imagine his enemies.

If it's protest songs or songs for the underdog that you're looking for, you really won't find it, although 'All of This Ugly' does make reference to the fact that garbage men deal with dead bodies and

that these bodies make up the green hills that we walk on, so much for the environmental cause.

Special reference has to be made to their song, 'My own Sunrise', which is the closest they get to a love song, or in this case a lust song. This song in their own words is 'probably the first pop ballad about early morning erections' (Apart from *Morning*

*Glory* of course! - Music Ed), and there is enough innuendo here to even make Julian Clary blush.

All in all a very surreal and down to earth album(?), no longer a novelty after their last album and in danger of turning into a musical version of 'Northern (over) Exposure'. Great if you like something wildly different, but otherwise, artfully and surreally put it in the bin!

Anita



# Single minded

**Artist: The Fun Lovin' Criminals**  
**Single: The fun lovin' criminal**

On receiving the first promotional CD from FLC, six months ago I was expecting a diverse and original set of Hip-Hop tracks from their portfolio.

Their third single "The Fun Lovin' Criminal" due out November 4 is a Hoe down (Whose line is it anyway? Not fellatio) of the same genre of their mildly successful summer single "Scooby snacks".

"Stick 'em up punk, it's the Fun Lovin' Criminal.": Fine line. Some of that ol' Gangsta-ass shit. No. File under d for disappointed.

**Ruthless Rich**

**Artist: Collapsed Lung**  
**Single: Board Game**

Do you have a well endowed sound system? (This does not include midi systems or portables.)

Do you wish to terminate all future communications with your spoon of a neighbour?

Introducing 400Hz bass, courtesy of the remix of Collapsed Lung's "Board Game" which will positively disturb even the best structured accommodation.

The single mix is a bubbly ditty complemented with plenty of well executed turntable abuse, however lyric content is sparse.

An English clone of former Arrested Development lead vocalist Speech undertakes the delivery on a sound cisatlantic Hip Hop production.

**Ruthless Rich**

**Artist: Opera-8**  
**Single: Da Barber (Of Seville)**

Oh God, this is unbelievable. Behind the spoof Oasis cover is something far worse than the shite by the eyebrowed ones. Here in the awful tradition of toytown techno and poor pop rave is Opera-8. They 'innovatively' mix opera vocals with dated hard techno. Not funny, clever or listenable. Perfect only for children and idiots. If you like Technohead, the Smurfs or that Los del Rio song then you should get this. You should then put it in the bin, the rest of us should not be exposed to this crap!

**Artist: Vent 414**  
**Album: Vent 414**

Miles "Idiot" Hunt is back with his uninspiringly titled new band and album. It's 1996 and that means it's time to jump on the trip-hop-drum 'n' bass-techno-easy-listening bandwagon, mate, and re-invent yourself *a la* Everything But the Girl. From sad, forgotten indie no-hopers to "Larging it in Ibiza part twelve" compilation stars in one effortless step.

But hang on a minute, apart from the laughable stab at sounding a bit techno this album is pure, unadulterated rock, produced by Steve Albini, the man responsible for transforming Nirvana's clean "Nevermind" sound into the more harsh, grainy "In Utero", the end product is a major departure from Mr Hunt's previous efforts. The band are tight, they don't sound like the Wonderstuff and they've got a crap name. What more do you want?

But to my ears Vent 414 are decidedly second rate. Sugar without the melodies, Sonic Youth without that biting, destructive edginess. It's an album of reasonably well executed post-grunge noise but there's nothing here that hasn't been done before. That's it really, just another shelf filler for Our Price. File under "mostly harmless".

**Tim Hadland**

## Cast away

**Artist: Cast**  
**Single: Flying**

I am resigned to the feeling that Cast is the band most likely to produce the next great teen anthem, but *Flying*, their new single, isn't it. Despite record company claims of a "more dynamic approach" to song writing (unless they mean the charming echo effect) *Flying* is essentially more of the same but not as good. The single does have the odd fleeting catchy moment, but none of the melodic strength of the better material on *All Change*, the band's debut album. You will never hear a bar full of people singing this song.

However, singer/songwriter John Power has an admirable talent for packing more idioms per minute than you would think possible, so his career isn't over yet. And he is still as insistently, unrelentingly upbeat as ever, a trait which must eventually provoke widespread suspicion and animosity.

*Flying* is backed up by two more new tracks: the unremarkable *Between the Eyes*, and the jangly *For so Long*, the requisite mostly acoustic number. The disc is rounded off by a live version of *Walkway*, originally on *All Change*, which is a suprisingly good live track, and a reminder that the band can do better than *Flying*. You could judge all this for yourself during the band's UK autumn tour, but it's sold out, so never mind.

Be warned that my impressions may be coloured by some of the band's unfortunate live habits, including Power's insistence on yelling out "Nice one!" after each song, and the fact that they can't be bothered to do encores, which - in Toronto - is considered



## Geneva Confidence

**Artist: Geneva**  
**Single: No One Speaks**

The band's press release stated "Calling Geneva a rock band is like labelling Pablo Escobar a drug dealer." This lofty statement really promises too much, because a rock band is exactly what they are. Not like the current wank that pollutes the airwaves (Cast, Ocean Colour Scene and the like) They have an aching style all their own, but a five piece guitar band is never really going to cause a musical revolution again.

The lead singer Andrew Montgomery has vocal mannerisms not entirely dissimilar from Morrissey's, but with a voice Morrissey would gladly give his right arm and silly quiff for. The word "angelic" would do this vocalist no justice. Here he sings a cynical anthem warning against the shallowness of relationships, "No one gets something for nothing. No one is something for nothing." Budding Romeos take note.

Guitarists Steven Dora and Stuart Evans alternatively nimbly picking and slashing their way through the piece with aplomb. The rhythm section are equally competent, but are clearly not the creative force behind this band on this evidence.

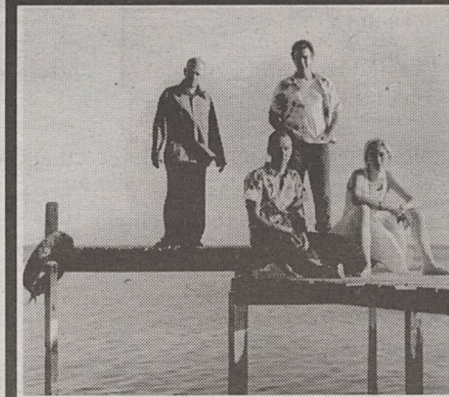
If there is any justice this band should go far, make plenty of money and a Disney soundtrack. Whether this will transpire is another thing, as one of the songs lyrics states



## Kleenex at The Ready

**Artist: Frente**  
**Single: What's come over me?**

Frente's new single "What's come over me?" was released on Monday 30th September through Mushroom records. Is it by chance that they are opening for Alanis Morissette on her current U.S. tour? Strong similarities with Alanis's own "You oughta know" surface in this highly ambitious single. Just as Alanis managed to transpose her feelings of a torn relationship onto her music, likewise Frente achieved a poignant and forceful song. The almost despairing voice, bittersweet and emotional, creates an unsettling atmosphere. Despite its rebellious nature there is a nostalgic undertone which captures the sobriety of the music. The prominent sound of the drums develops to a crescendo highlighting Frente's search for an answer. This fresh approach could place



Frente in the league of the likes of Tracy Bouham, Garbage and P.J. Harvey.

**Camila Bon and Maria Kyriacou**

**Artist: Octopus**  
**Single: Saved**

Riding the current killerwave of Britpop and all its descendants Octopus from Scotland try their best to fight for glory among Oasis, Cast or Dodgy - a struggle nearly impossible to win. Thus it's not surprising that their latest release "Saved" from their album "From A to B" does not really change the Britpop hierarchy. Yet it's a nice try. A few strings here, a few psychedelic guitars there, this mid-tempo ballad makes up for a first step. And though it lacks the intelligence of Blur or roughness of Oasis it's worth listening to. Seems as if they've saved so far!MG

**Artist: Audioweb**  
**Single: Sleeper**

An eclectic mix of solid beats, funky rhythms, indie guitar and yet another Stevie Wonder sound-a-like. Audioweb are a bit werful, strong vocals add to Sleepers rather dismal but defiant message. Chorus would go down well in pub sing-alongs but the ragga sections will test the average pissed student. Finally, the usually dire b-side and remixes are actually pretty reasonable. No mammoth seller but a neat little set that stands out from the crowd. Audioweb can be caught at LA2 on November 9th. **Jonathan Cooper**

**Artist: The Slingbacks**  
**Single: All pop, no star**

"This business is fucked!" With the most astonishing discovery the Slingbacks, formerly known as Ms 45, throw in anew single of glam-slam rock. Released as a 2 CD set and coloured 7" (packed with several unreleased tracks) and taken from their forthcoming album of the same title, "All pop, no star" comes along as an angry song of stomping rhythms and noisy guitars. What a pity that it's neither really angry nor quite rocking. Though catchy in the beginning the somewhat pointless melody becomes boring after a while and one never gets rid of the feeling that it's all been done before. Sorry, but this time it's not really only the business that's fucked! **Malte Gerhold**

**Artist: Everything but the girl**  
**Single: Single**

The miraculous reincarnation of EBTTG, both regarding success and physical state of band member Ben Watt, came out in 1995 after Todd Terry took charge of "Missing", a single previously released on the "Amplified Heart" album. Since then the former have said farewell to their long-year concept of melodic pop that brought them only occasional slots on MTV, henceforth resorting to the up-tempo beat dance remixes of their songs. Todd Terry on the other hand had people like George Micheal knocking on his door, asking for his services. The new single follows the traditions of "Missing" and "Wrong" even though it is more down-tempo in its radio edit. The single's Photek remixes; a copy of Todd Terry, who is perhaps affordable now; bring back the familiar up-tempo drum and bass beats.

Tracey Thorn's lyrics carry on with her melancholic desperation that is being translated into her singing. It is a continuation of the broken relationship Leitmotiv expressed in a single word title: Missing-Wrong-Single. Another song for their brokenhearted target population who will miss it like the desert miss the rain once this current trend will become obsolete. **D. Bakstein**

# Postgradualism

## Master of his Universe, Simon Green can't keep up

Let's face it. I am Jimmy no mates. The many years spent constructively employed in the sustainable logging / top-flight financial services / burger frying industry no longer count for anything. People treat me with disdain and contempt. Yes ladies and gentlemen, not only am I once more a student - I have entered the demi-monde that is postgraduate life.

Too young to have fought for our country, to old to have missed Blur's first foray into the pop charts, graduate students find themselves in a strange state of limbo. I still want to drink vast quantities of beer but my body can no longer keep up. I long to be trendy but find that my retro-chic is simply M&S cheap. Can't dance, won't dance, indeed incapable of dancing without the aid of a zimmer frame or a large quantity of amphetamines. In short the years have not been kind. I thought living in hall again would be a tolerable, perhaps even nostalgic experience, but believe me it's much harder second time around. At least as a fresh-faced youth I could remember which A-levels I'd taken. This time I was completely bugged when asked about my UCCA number by the kid with halitosis who latched himself onto me during the Christian Union walkabout.

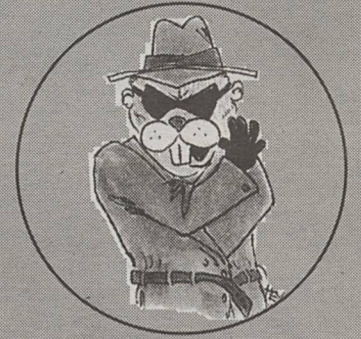
Why then do postgraduates put themselves through such an emotionally, financially and above all socially draining experience? The thirst for intellectual stimulation is only part of it. The lure of undergraduate flesh is often as strong - if not stronger - than the desire to master the

dilemmas of world politics. If the truth be known, eighteen year old women flock to be in my company. Or rather they should. How can they resist the experience and sagacity born of years of student life? Or the hard won ability to pontificate and patronise? A friend, who was a graduate student while I was doing my first degree, never wanted for female company. Women in various states of Thunderbird-fuelled distress were forever beating a trail to his door. It was only later that he admitted what we had assumed was a non-stop shag fest was instead an exercise in mass-counselling. Apparently there was something in his calm, collected manner that reminded his visitors of their fathers / big brothers / favourite uncles. Meanwhile they continued to sleep with unsuitable men ten years his junior. Great. It's all ahead of me.

So next time you see a postgraduate lurking alone by the bar or in the recesses of the laundry, spare a thought for me and my kind. Locked in our rooms prisoners of our reading lists, smacked to the gills on Pro-Plus, we may well be a sorry sight. But go ahead and smirk you spotty little first years. Just wait until you've spent six-months as a supermarket management trainee. That MSc in International Kite Flying never looked so good.

*Simon Green is currently trying to pull Freshers with his maturity and his Masters enrollment certificate*

## Busy Beaver



Bonjour mes petits bundles de fluff, le busy Beaver a rentré pour discuter les new mingers.

Despite attempted stifling of Busy Beaver, your little furry friend has been forced out of early retirement in order to report on certain stunning revelations in the annual fuck-a-fresher fest.

With Dazzling Hairdo high in the bookies' predictions and Gen Sex coming a not too distant second, the bets were placed and the race was on. Shockingly an old nag, who should have been put out for glue long ago, Piss Pooper, amazingly struck out ahead in a long overdue attempt to make the stud farm in his familiar stables of Rosebery. Dazzling Hairdo tried desperately to catch up the next night but complained of that turf conditions spoiled his performance. Not to be out done and yet finding the Fresher fillies a little too old. Gen Sex found himself a young mare from a training college in Southampton, Minger Singer. She performed in the Quad, shaking her mane, Gen Sex responded in the Tuns in full view of the cheering crowd.

Unfortunately for all those punters who had money on the outsider Spam Harem, he has as yet failed to find his way past the starting gates. On-lookers are not sure if he is just not sure which direction to go or whether he has just fallen asleep.

After the initial upset it is hard to know which way the race is going to go, it seems as though so many unlikelies are proving themselves in this prestigious annual event even Large Paraplegic is in with a chance. Busy Beaver continues to act as the all seeing eye at the LSE and so he bids you, not goodbye, but adieu. *En conclusion, Le LSE has gone mad. Even Le balding Pooper a pulled. Pourquoi, nous vous demandons. C'est vraiment une miracle. As mon ami Eric Cantona would have said: "quand les Fresher mingers follow Le dodgy odeur du Pooper, C'est par consequence de son salaire de 12,000. Mais il n'a pas beaucoup de hair, et il est un lecherous get. Il ne va pas laster."*

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# Why have I come here?

Pai-Ling Yin asks the question that we all want answered

"Where are you from? What are you studying? What are you going to do with that?" Strangely enough, not a single person has asked me "Why did you come here?" Either people really don't care, or they assume they already know the answer. Rather than shatter my self-esteem completely, let's assume there are some people out there who just assume they already know the answer.

Okay, okay, I admit it: I'm American. Obvious assumption #1 why I am here: "Those Yanks are poking around for something different from their essentially large island on the other side of the world and swooping down on London where they can speak English without insulting the natives. Not that such a consideration ever stopped them before." Yeah, it's cool not to have the language barrier. But I, in particular, have placed myself in a minority-within-a-minority position. I'm a Chinese-American in Britain. Am I just a masochist for being marginalized? Maybe, but that's another story....

Assumption #2: C'mon, y'all, admit it. Despite problems at this school (to which no institution is immune), the questions of Lowering Standards of Education, and the fact that some classes STILL have not had their times posted by the week they are to start (personal gripe), LSE is damn prestigious. I've enjoyed dropping the name to friends and relatives, and even those that have never heard of it figure they should have heard of it, since it sounds significant, at least, the word London is recognizable, and they are impressed! So yes, I came here for the name, too. I think that's a reason we should all be able to relish about being here at LSE. (You can even just refer to it by the initials, and people know what you mean! Not like SOAS, where you have to spell it out, such that the name has actually become "SOAS, the School of Oriental and African Affairs and Purveyor of Hapless Regionalists".)

There exists a unique and primary reason I am here: LSE is the only diverse community in the world, both by nationality and profession. I wanted to experience that community.

Bold claim, but I think it is true. Sure, there are plenty of international cities and international students exist at every school, but the atmosphere is nowhere as intensely international as it is here. In other places, it is easy enough to socialize exclusively with those of your own nationality. It would be easier to fail a year at LSE than avoid accumulating international friends, and if you indeed succeed, please donate your organs to science since you have no pulse, and your scholarship to me. By being at LSE, we get a glimpse of life in the future. One day, all communities will be as international as ours. I will no longer be a minority-within-a-minority oddball, since everyone will have different backgrounds and we'll just be humans participating in our community. Kumbaya... let me not wax too utopian. I'll always be an oddball. But the international interaction at LSE is the best I've seen yet. (Then again, I'm American, and Epcot Center in DisneyWorld seemed pretty international

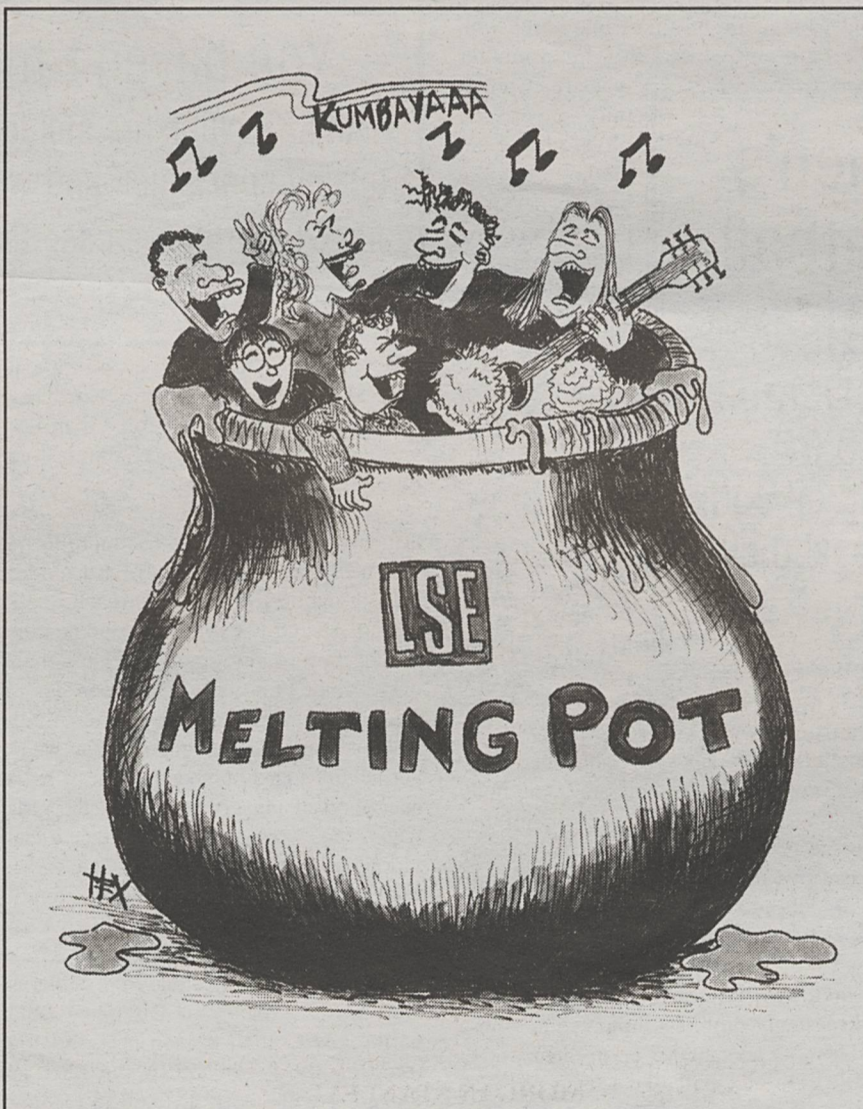
to me, but let me dream.)

LSE also exposes us to people from different professional experiences. Among our student ranks alone are government officials from various countries, business executives, and academics (I'm loosely using that phrase to include you Freshers.) Granted, for undergrads here, these people may not be in your courses. They are, however, in your halls of residence, in the cafeterias, in the bars, and they share your professors. They are indeed accessible through some asking about. These people are invited as guest lecturers elsewhere! I know of few schools which can boast of such alumni, let alone current students, even less of the relative ease for interaction between post - and undergrads. Again, though the interaction is not completely free-flowing, it's the

best I've seen.

So for those of you who didn't really care why I came here, why didn't you stop reading a long time ago? For those of you who had your assumptions, I hope you have not only a clearer idea of why so many foreigners are here as well as why you are here. Though great assets to the school, it's more than the language and reputation that draws us here. There is an experience here of being among internationally and professionally diverse people, found nowhere else in quite the same way. Our courses will only take us so far, and we can read the books anywhere. Uniquely at LSE, we can Learn Something from the Experience.

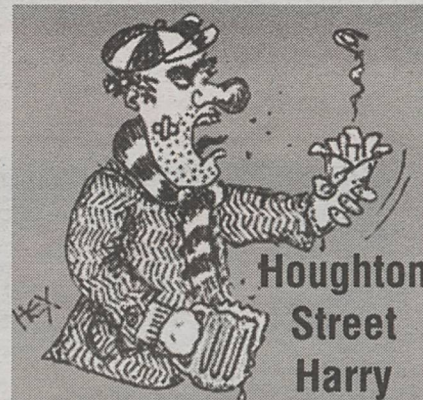
**Pai-Ling is currently Lusciously Seducing Englishmen in order to have Les Suaves Enfants.**



## Top 10 Excuses for not joining societies

- 1 "I'm, I'm ..." (walks away at great speed)
- 2 "I'm already a member." (yeah, right ...)
- 3 "I just want to, err ... see the other stalls first."
- 4 "We've got a discussion to go to." (eh?)
- 5 "Ha ha ha."
- 6 "Are you here tomorrow?" (asked at 5pm on Friday)
- 7 "I'm not so sure ... I've been to some of the meetings."
- 8 "Do you have change for a £50 note?"
- 9 "I don't join capitalist publicity machines."
- 10 "I'm Swiss."

Cleverly compiled (?) by James MacAonghus and Oliver Lewis.  
James and Oliver are currently paying off hefty credit card bills after joining 3000 societies at Freshers' Fayre.



Harry is seriously concerned about the mental health of many people at the LSE this week. Look around you, and everyone seems so angry. In the good old days, abuse and rudeness were Harry's domain, and I'm not at all happy about people stepping on my turf. And there's currently so little to be annoyed about...admittedly people reading this piece may be induced to recall a phrase containing the words pot, kettle and black, but as far as I can see this is about as good as the LSE gets.

The new crop of women in Houghton St are full of gorgeous gals and sultry stunners, as opposed to the usual intake of mad mingers and weighty wildebeast. An apology thus goes out to the whole female community at the LSE. When I said, a couple of weeks ago, that I'd "rather give birth through the end of my knob" than go out with you, I only meant (naturally) that this was one of my favourite activities, as the many new members of my "pregnancy via penis" society would no doubt testify.

It strikes me that some people are just never happy with their lot. LSE is full of groups that are wholly immersed in their own martyrdom. Asians think that they are victims of suppression, Europeans the victims of oppression, Africans the victims of repression, Latinos of aggression, while everyone else is a maths dweeb that thinks only of regression and has no time to worry about anyone else's persecutory instincts.

So Harry suggests an LSE smiling week, where we all rid ourselves of anger and grin cheesily at everyone, no matter how irritating they are. Grin at the annoying American in Wrights Bar, laugh with the yobbish Yanks in the Brunch Bowl, joke with your puerile pals from across the pond in the library. No matter how loud they are, regardless of how often they call football "soccer", no matter how frequently they wear their LSE sweatshirt, regardless of how many hours of CNN they watch, no matter how loud they whoop and cheer during Oprah, DO NOT LOSE YOUR TEMPER. Because life is sweet at the minute, and it's not their fault that Americans are so annoying- they were just brought up that way.

So let it never be said that Harry does not contribute to cultural harmony within the LSE. Because at the moment things look good and this could well be a vintage year at the LSE. For the next seven days, let our shrine to social science become a synagogue of serenity rather than a temple of tempestuousness, a home for harmony rather than an abode for angst. Lay down your weapons (...and Dictaphones...and flip flops...) and revel in our good fortune.

Let's face it, we all know that this state of Utopia can't last. Within a short period, the cute women will all elope with a variety of cheeseheads, and those that remain will pile on the pounds and leave us all thinking of what might have been. But for now enjoy it- altogether now, "Celebration...lets all celebrate and have a good time"...

Harry is currently coming down after a Prozac overdose.

## BeaverSport BeaverSport BeaverSport

# The future's bright. The future's purple, gold and black

LSE trials seek to unearth the buried treasure of Houghton Street's sporting brilliance

Expectations were high as over two thousand hopeful students arrived at Berrylands - the world renowned academy of sporting excellence - trying to show to the world that they are the next Alan 'pick that out you Polish clown' Shearer, Will 'pick that out your Highness' Carling or Jane 'ginga minga' Sixsmith. With so much talent on offer the future looks rosy for LSE sport, and indeed the various captains are left feeling very optimistic.

Football club captain Brendon McGraw's natural leadership promises to make this season one of the best in LSE's history with his vision for a more unified club of seven teams, instead of the previous independent five sides. The incomprehensible Scotsman lives for the game in the same way as William Wallace

lived for freedom. Probably his greatest performance for LSE was vomiting down the wall and stairs at Strand Poly, and this kind of commitment to the club has made him one of LSE's legends. The only cloud which darkens the horizon is the big man's ongoing knee injury, which could mean that when he does return to full fitness, he may not be able to regain his usual position down the left flank. That may not be a problem as he has been known to go down on the Wright.

Meanwhile Steve 'The Gaffer' Curtis is licking his lips at the prospect of lifting London's Premier League and Cup trophies. Admirably aided by vice-captain Matt 'Garth' Miller and newly appointed technical director of football Danny 'Yardage' Fielding, it seems likely that the First

XI will build on last year's success. In an exclusive interview with the Beaver, the pocket rocket whose feet are so light he can walk on quicksand, revealed his aspirations for the gruelling season ahead; "Defensively we're looking very sound, just as long as big Svein can get out of his commitment teaching David Seaman the rudiments of goalkeeping. In Matt Miller and Danny Fielding we have two centre halves who are on first name terms with the ball, and while Chris 'mad minger

maestro' Cooper may have the physique of an anal cleavage bearing hodcarrier, his feet remain as nimble as a ballet dancer's. As for promising first year Mandy, opposition wingers will realise that trying to find a way past him is like searching for the exit from Hampton Court Maze. I'll be patrolling the

right midfield while the irrepressible Kevin Sharpe looks set to continue his domination of opposing right-backs. The two centre midfield spots are being hotly contested by three very promising prospects: Derek Crump is conspicuously talented; Roy Husby combines aggression with sublime skill; and Andy Goodman looks like a diamond in the first-year coal-bunker of footballing hopefuls. Our potent attacking pair are headed by the increasingly prolific Filippo Venini whose ability can be summed up in three words: skill; skill and skill. DJ Chang provides the final razmatazz up front. While nine tenths of what Filippo does is fantastic, tune spinning Lyrical Gangsta Chang provides the other tenth. The squad wouldn't be complete without the contributions of popular fresher Zed and master of Masters, Tom Thorne."

Second team captain William Hague is

still reeling from the shock of losing erstwhile midfield schemer Raj 'the Prince' Paranandi who picked up a groin strain warming-up on Friday night in the Tuns, and now experiences considerable pain when he shoots. The flame-haired Christian mercenary is confident that his

new skipper Tom Jeans has overcome his debilitating drinking disability to assume control at the first XV helm. With the influential Ben Johnson injured for the start of the season, the team may struggle at first in the choppy waters of London University

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**Women's  
Basketball  
Trials**  
Tuesday, October  
15, 18.30  
ULU Basketball court  
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side will manage to last this season without a single appearance by Helen Keller. They certainly seem a superior force than last year's second team who were shit, and no two ways about it.

Teepan is still coming off a high, from last season, although this has more to do with his Mersonesque post-match activities than the ability of his friends who he's picked. He must be seriously tripping if he thinks they're any good. Perhaps their only chance of success this season lies in Teepan himself sporting the much maligned number twelve jersey (and we're not talking squad numbers). Still, if he is ever short of players he can get the girls who sleep on his floor to ply their trade, scoring on the football field.

Dan Pickering will take over the fourth team captaincy once held by such LSE legends as Scouse Gardiner and Mick Tatterstall (who ensures that Matt Miller is always firm at the back). Discipline could be the key to their season in a division traditionally dominated by the LSE, as Pickering will find it difficult to lead on the field while running the early bath.

Revelations of the hoax Princess Di video in the national press were overshadowed by Rob Bush's sensational abdication of the fifth team throne. Rumour has it the big man has quit his position of leadership to spend more time with his family. Nevertheless, the fifth team promise to be the Chelsea of the ULU league having signed Stambouli (between the sticks), Paul 'bird-man' Drew (as a continental style sweeper), Jon Parr (the midfielder whose love affair with the LSE football club looks set to carry on) and the big Bush whacker himself (poking them in), to form the backbone of a side, aided by new captain Jon Webb.

In the crazy world of Rugby Union

Rugby. However, the team spirit within the camp is higher than the Empire State Building itself, which coupled with the new talent from the trials, should see them safely back to port.

Mike Lee, this year's second team captain, has been faced with many early selection quandries. What role will last year's ever popular blue-eyed leader Tom Twat play? And how much damage can the new half-back pairing of Ben 'drunk Jeans under the table' Tallis and Keith 'sleepwalker?' Benson unleash upon the opposition? Tallis must surely be a certainty for the season as with his ability to give the Sports Editors a lift to Berrylands, his omission could cause the rugby team untold report nightmares. Our touch line reporter caught-up with Mike who had this to say, "I'm spoilt for choice in my team selections but unfortunately the one player I really needed has defected. It's hard to express my disappointment. The disappointment of being ginger I have come to terms with, but the departure of Dean Richardsesque Steve 'gringo' Birkwood to Saracens has been a heavy blow and means that we may lose out on a large portion of line-out ball".

**All noticeboards  
are in the AU  
Common Room,  
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