

First Published May 5, 1949
The Newspaper of the LSEU
Houghton Street,
London, WC2A 2AE
Phone: 0171-955-6705
Executive Editor: Daniel Lewis
E-mail: d.lewis@lse.ac.uk
Website: <http://www.thebeaver.org>

TheBeaver

FAREWELL TO ARMS

Tom Livingstone

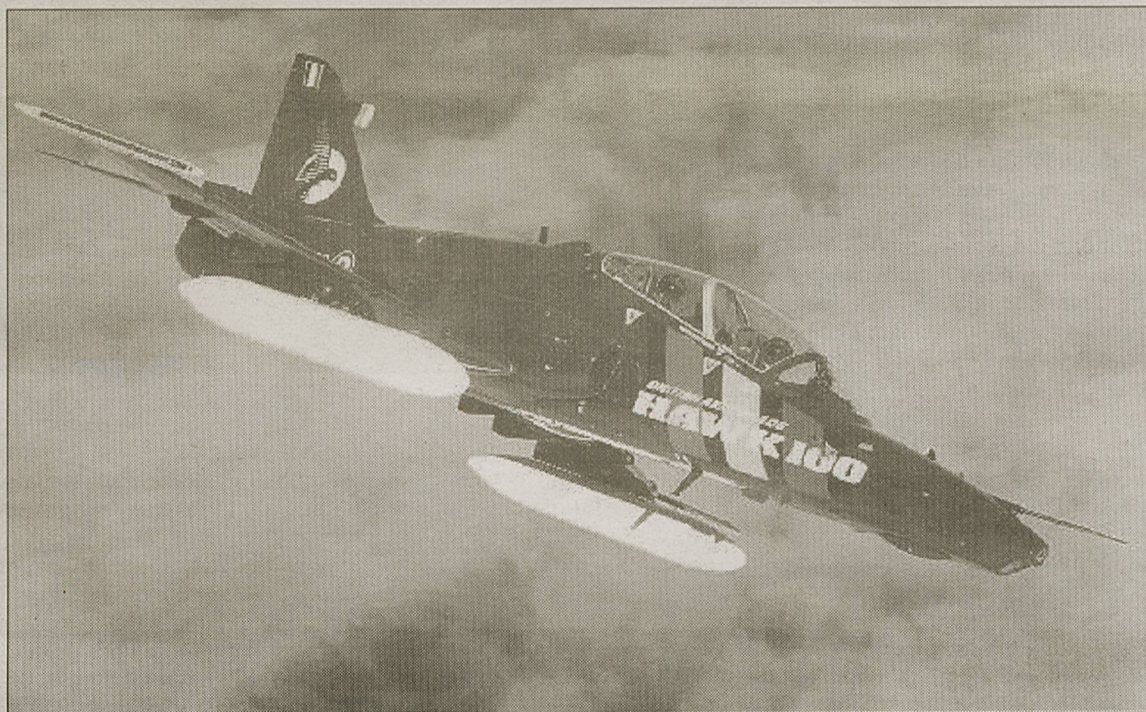
As the government faces increasing criticism over its 'ethical foreign policy,' the LSE Students' Union has finally adopted a more ethical line over the way it conducts its financial affairs. In response to attacks over the holding of shares in companies such as BAe and GEC, Treasurer John Frewin has taken the step of selling off some of the more controversial investments.

The SU has shifted its share portfolio from NatWest Markets to NatWest Stockbroking, facilitating a re-think of Union equity policy. Gone are the shares in British Aerospace and Rio Tinto, with a sale of shares in Marconi, GEC's arms manufacturing wing, occurring as a result of that companies takeover by BAe. The sales raised around £9000, funds now held as cash.

BAe in particular has been mired in controversy over recent years, not least over its sale of Hawk Jets to the regime in Indonesia. Rio Tinto has attracted wide ranging criticism over its exploitation of Third World mineral resources, and its less than liberal attitude to employment rights.

'Ethics is now definitely a priority when we look at the way we invest money,' Frewin told *The Beaver*. 'Obviously reaching a definition of 'ethical' is difficult; I've been using the criteria of environmental impact and weapons manufacture so far, but this is open to change by the finance committee.'

This stance, part of Frewin's election manifesto, marks a departure from previous policies which seemed to value financial



No more Union cash will be invested in BAe Hawk jets like this one

gain above ethical consideration. The former managers of the portfolio commented in their last annual report 'such (ethical) funds offer low income and higher risk...a compromise should be made...in order not to disadvantage the funds.'

Despite the criticism levelled at Frewin's predecessor, Yuan Potts, over the slow progress on the investment issue, Frewin was keen to point out that Potts' final act as Treasurer was to sign the papers to set the whole process in motion.

A forthcoming meeting of the SU Finance Committee will discuss the future investment policy of the Union. It is hoped that a more coherent line will eventually evolve, to make future stock market decisions more straightforward.

Frewin reveals that disposing of the entire share portfolio - worth in the region of £250,000 - is an option under consideration, although the chances of this happening appear slim. The sale and reinvestment of individual shares, on the other hand, should be made considerably easier in future by the shift to different portfolio managers.

Another idea being considered is to sell some shares in overseas group funds, whose activities are always difficult to monitor.

Ethical investment has proved a minefield in the recent past - Sabbatical Officers act as trustees for Union funds, and are obliged (by Charity Law) to manage funds in a businesslike way, an argument used by previous Treasurers to maintain holdings in

companies such as BAe. This is a slightly murky issue, with some confusion in certain circles as to whether this obliges unions to maximise their holdings.

'The question is, do you invest money in companies that supply people like BAe,' says Frewin. 'People may consider that unethical, but that would prevent backing companies that actually supply Students' Unions.'

According to the Ethical Investment Research Service, avoiding investment in any company that had any dealings with weapons manufacturers (including food supply to the army or raw material to BAe) would close off 43.3% of the stock market to investors.

Continued on page two

INSIDE

News

Unions cosy up; Building work nears completion; LSE universally challenged. PAGES 2-3

Features

The Australian Republic?; Your chance to make a mint with Random Walk PAGES 4-5

Union

Meet the Fabulous Foursome running our Union. PAGE 10

Sports

A look forward to the season; win Beckham doll; Netball girl poll PAGES 22-24

Far Flung

News that comes alive outside the M25 PAGE 21

Bart

in the centre pages

Music

Brum-tastic Ocean Colour Scene; Blues Explosion and many more.

Clubbing

Can Leicester Square really be home, sweet home?

Lifestyle

Tips for life on the Houghton Street beat.

Film

American Pie; Election

TV

We have seen the future. But is it worth staying around for?

Literary

Is the latest cult re-release all it's cracked up to be?

Opera

Orfeo and Der Freischutz at the ENO

Plus

- what's coming up in Freshers' Week.



Union Jack

Clocks go back, tum tee tum, it's that time of year of again. Jack loves the smell of freshers in the morning (apart from those weird East Europeans with hairy armpits) - all that fresh faced innocence, little suspecting that Jack's poisoned pencil (ho ho) is poised ready to puncture their whole inflated purpose.

However, it is the old guard that occupies Jack's mind at the moment. Matt 'Marilyn Hanson' Brough is no longer with us, to the relief of his many admirers amongst the balcony boys. The blond one's insatiable desire for any available beaver led to inevitable exam failure; Brough is now off to test the notoriously violent and intolerant chaps in Glasgow. Lets hope he doesn't ask anyone for a Glasgow kiss.

Talking of bodily fluid, Jack hears that Jaime 'Mr Magoo' Ashworth has had Cupid's arrow firmly rammed up his behind. Jacking in a Masters at the LSE the *constitutionmeister* is currently shackled up in Poland (yes) with the lass of his dreams. Whether he returns to the UGM in new stud-muffin mode remains to be seen.

By comparison, the antics of the new sabb team seem tame and dull. The Lord of Darkness himself has been busy splashing union funds on lip balm (though not on a new wardrobe, it seems) and lovely nice new letterheads. He seems to be picking up where Nariuzz dozed off. Someone's obviously taught him well.

Frewin and Little (Posh and Beks?) are short of sordid goss as yet, as is Jasper clone Hatton. Makes you yearn for Potts and Parpnichamper.

Dastardly Dick Wignall and tally-ho Hartley now find themselves in charge of the LSE branch of CFUK (Conservative Future UK). Whether the UGM answers to Portillo and Widdecome actually get down to any CFUKING or stick to the standard Hack masturbation remains to be seen.

GI Jo Swinson is set to parachute into every place where more than two students are gathered, ready to talk at us at length as to why those little rucksacks are just soooo cute and how she'd make a great Gen. Sec. really she would, and she's been on telly you know, does my bum look big in this etc etc. Hopefully her voice will become so high pitched this year that only mongerels in the Outer Hebrides will be able to hear her scream. It's going to be a fun-filled year.

NUS MARCH GETS TUC BACKING

News Team

The NUS' National March for Education, scheduled for November 25th, has gained the support of the AUT and NATFHE Lecturers' Unions. The National March has been backed by 98% of Students' Unions, with the LSESU giving its backing pending approval by the UGM. The route of the march is set to pass within yards of Houghton Street, on its way from Mallet Street (ULU) to Kennington Park.

The announcement marks a further drawing together of student and academic leaders. 'In recent years we have had common cause,' explained David Triesman, General Secretary of the AUT. 'Our unity is a key inspiration.'

These sentiments were echoed by NUS President Andrew Pakes, who commented 'only by campaigning together can we scrap fees, end student hardship and achieve decent pay to properly motivated college staff.' The NUS backed the AUT in its recent strike action.

Meanwhile the TUC has passed a motion supporting both students' and lecturers' demands for increased funding and a decent pay settlement. An independent review of staff pay and conditions



Down that road again...

as well as as united Trade Union support for the NUS campaign were called for in the motion.

'The National March will highlight the fact that for many students, hardship is a daily reality,' commented SU General Secretary Jonathon Black. The NUS campaign re-iterates its position that 'tuition fees are wrong in principle and in practice.' Black

was a little more cautious, pointing out that 'all types of fees, whether for undergraduate or postgraduate, home or overseas students, together with the rising cost of living, has sent the price of learning rocketing.'

'Hopefully the NUS campaign will draw attention to these points.'

Black also welcomed the involvement of the Trade Union

Picture: Beaver Library

movement, particularly in the campaign to ensure fair pay for all students, the vast majority of whom now have some form of part time employment.

Whether the March will attract the hoped-for turn out remains to be seen, but joint action between students and lecturers on education issues looks set to be the shape of things to come.

News in Brief

The LSE once again made little impression on this year's *University Challenge* - for the second year running, the school failed to reach the televised stages. The glory days of 1997-8, when the LSE got all the way to the semi-finals, now seem a distant memory.

Dark rumours abound regarding this dismal showing of one of Britain's top Universities. Unconfirmed reports tell of a final team bearing little resemblance to that selected at the trials, with a last minute Tuns search to find a member while the prelims were about to begin.

The man in charge of team

selection, a certain J.Ashworth, was unavailable for comment, last heard from heading for Poland (true). However, it seems a likely explanation for the dismal failure was the prominence of Beaver hacks on the team. 'We're just not cultured,' commented one sadly.

The School, we hear, is offering any individual the chance to have the new library named in their honour, for the paltry price of £5 million. No takers, thus far. The Bernado Duggan Social Science Library anyone?

The widely-criticised Students' Loan Company is set to miss its target of getting all Loan applications processed in time for the start of term. This will affect new students in particular. However, the LSE Finance Department is offering an instant short-term loan of £500 for those whose loans are caught up in the bureaucratic quagmire. Anyone wanting more information should contact Ed and Welfare Sabb. Beck Little in room E295.

Jon Frewin assures *The Beaver* that 3p a page will hit the Copy shop in the next two weeks. Honest.

FAREWELL TO ARMS

Continued from page one

There is likely to be opposition in some quarters to continued investment in companies with poor employment records, or banks that have been the subject of NUS campaigns, such as LloydsTSB.

Support for the abandonment of the arms trade shares came from various sources. A spokesman for the LSE Amnesty International Group welcomed the move and expressed support for the idea of abandoning the share portfolio altogether.

Other Students' Unions have set the pace in recent times on the ethical investment issue. Hull University SU dropped its 10,000 shares in BAe back in February.

BUILDING PROJECT NEARS COMPLETION

Tom Livingstone

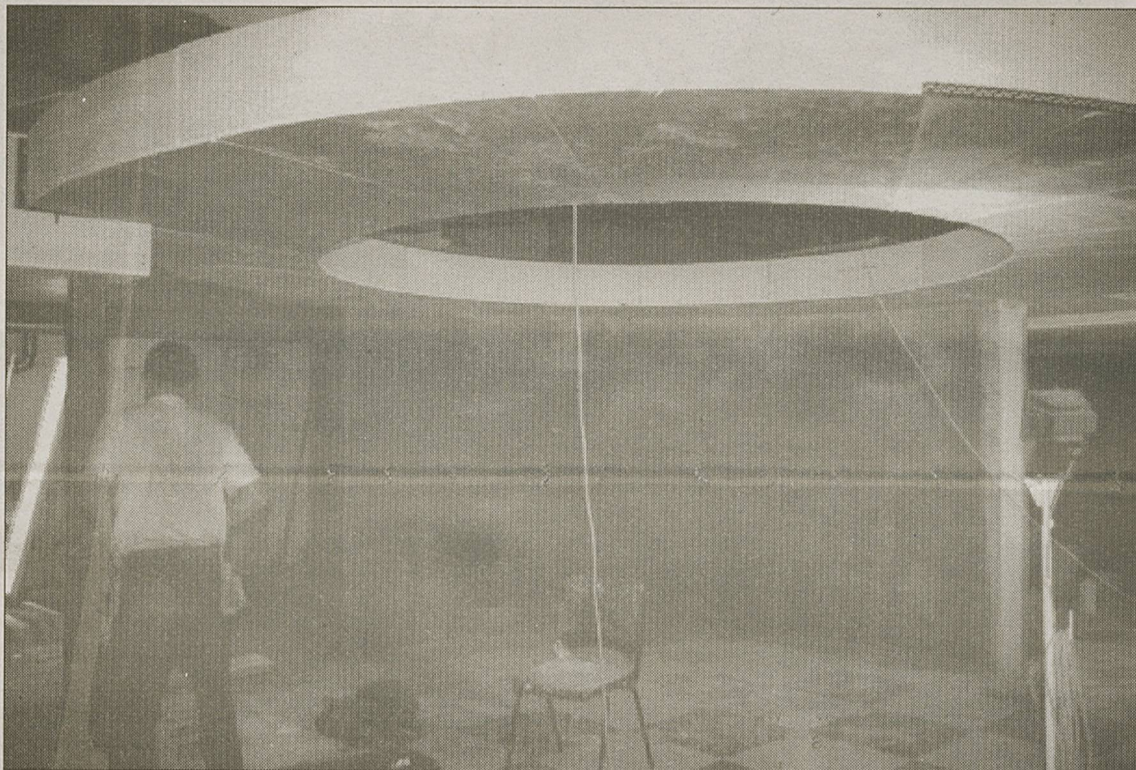
The East Building is finally undergoing the long awaited process of 'de-grottification,' with a host of new Union facilities set to rise from the rubble. However, it seems that students will have to wait a week or two longer than anticipated before getting full use from the planned Cafe, Bar and Gym.

The new Cafe and gym are set to make their debuts on October 16th, with the Bar opening its doors on the 22nd.

LSESU Treasurer John Frewin claimed to be 'absolutely gutted' that the project was not ready for Fresher's week. Nevertheless, he pointed out that 'we are trying to do an awful lot in a short space of time; it's a tremendously exciting project.'

Problems have arisen with the shortage of builders as other projects in London, such as the Millennium Dome and the Jubilee Line Extension near completion. There have also been some allegations of 'labour poaching' by rival construction firms.

However, Frewin was enthusiastic about the imminent improvement in Union facilities. The Cafe will operate in a 'Pret-a-Manger style area - but with



The giant polo mint that will become the spiral staircase in the new SU Cafe Picture: Beaver Library

significantly cheaper prices.' After years of UGM arguments, the all-vegetarian element of SU Cafes has been quietly dropped.

Every Friday and Saturday evening the area will become a Bar-cum-club venue; negotiations are still ongoing to bring a leading indie club night to the LSE on Saturdays.

The final phase of the development, scheduled for completion next May, could see the old Hackers' Bar turned into a common room, complete with Pool Table, Table football and so on.

Another idea under consideration is

to use some of the space for a Union Development Centre, aiming to provide students with 'life skills,' aimed at providing opportunities to develop teamwork skills and so on. A Union Job Shop and a Community Action Programme are further possibilities. Union sources, however, stress that this stage of the project is very much at an 'embryonic' stage.

Meanwhile the new gym, based on the floor above the Cafe is set to open on the 16th. A joint venture between the SU and the Athletics Union, the 'Technogym' will comprise of 26 pieces of equipment (14 pieces of Cardiovascular equipment, 10 individual resistance pieces, a dumbbell rack and a Smith machine for Freeweights. The gym will be run by a full time instructor. There will also be some casual work for students. At £80 for a year's membership (£40 for a term or £20 a month) the membership

compares favourably with that at King's or ULU. 'It's great to finally see the project coming to fruition,' Sports Administrator Sarah Breaks told *The Beaver*. 'It's going to be a great benefit to LSE students.' It will also be possible for academic staff to make use of the facility.

Students can join the gym at its own reception desk on the 16th. The gym will be open from 8 till 8, Monday to Friday, and 10 till 6 every Saturday during term time. Administrative responsibility lies with a committee made up of AU and SU

representatives.

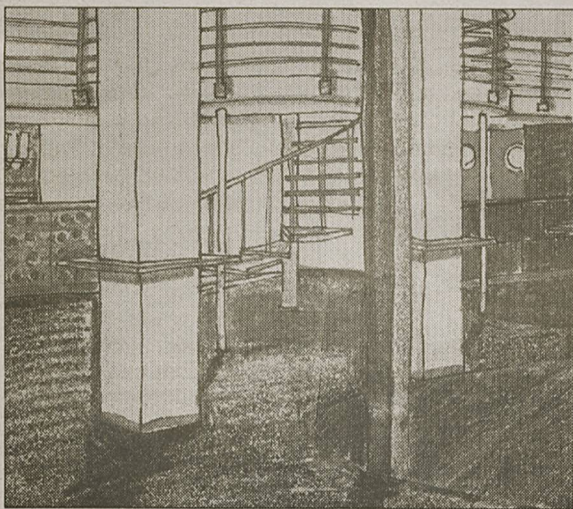
The entire rebuilding project has cost the SU in the region of £400,000, but Frewin assures students that there will be no price rises to fund the project. 'Prices at the Tuns have been frozen,' he told us. 'The entire project has been funded from cash reserves.'

The project has been welcomed by students used to the squalid atmosphere of the Quad and the memory of unidentifiable fare at the Veggie Cafe.

'It'll be such an improvement on the old rat-infested hole,' commented Kerri-Jane Hickson, a Second-year Economics student. 'The builders have been really, um, friendly too,' added her friend Bianca Jackson. 'No more Veggie Cafe food' was a sentiment expressed by many.

'They won't be able to call it Crush anymore, will they?' pointed out one Tuns regular. 'It'll have to be, er, 'spaced out' or something.'

Houghton Street's sporting fraternity were also full of praise for the refit. 'My biceps have never been my most prominent feature,' admitted Beaver Sports supremo Lee Federman 'but they soon will be, thanks to the magnificent new LSE gym.' All of which leaves everyone waiting breathlessly for the 16th.



An artist's impression of the new cafe/bar area



The audacious design isn't without its practicalities

CROWN DUELS DOWN UNDER

Just over a month before a referendum on the monarchy, **James Corbett** finds Australians baffled by the choice they face

There's a small city in Australia, which lies four hours drive south west of Sydney and six north east of Melbourne. It's a typical provincial city. It has an art gallery, a few cinemas, a theatre, and a railway station, even a small airport. It is situated on a lake and is surrounded by hills. At five o'clock each afternoon the centre empties out leaving only the hundreds of crows who populate the rooftops as the commuters make their way back out to the suburbs. It could be a provincial city any place in the world, but it's not. The city is Canberra and it is capital to one of the largest countries on earth.

Canberra exists only as a compromise. After Australia became independent of British rule at the turn of the century, the civic leaders of Melbourne and Sydney, Australia two largest cities, were unable to agree which was to become the new country's capital. Eventually they settled on Canberra, then a small country town, roughly half way between the two. It's a poor excuse for a city and few of those who live there actually come from Canberra. Most of the local population are civil servants and administrators drawn in from the rest of the country who live there for a few years and leave again as soon as they can. On the other side of Lake Burley Griffin, which dissects the city in two, lies Capitol Hill with the magnificent grass-roofed Parliament House sitting atop.

Before they leave school, every Australian school child is taken to Parliament House, shown around, taught how to vote and shepherded back out of this folly of a city. For most Australians this remains their only ever visit to their capital. In three months in Australia I met just one person who'd actually visited Canberra out of choice. 'I was just passing,' she told me, 'and I'd always wanted to do a roly-poly down the grass roof of Parliament! But when I got there the security guard wasn't too happy about it, so I went.'



The Queen is asked how many times she recommends visiting Australia

Picture: Beaver Library

'Those morons in Canberra' as the Australian government are affectionately known, have managed to botch the referendum

The fact that nobody ever actually goes to Canberra merely breeds mistrust amongst Australians. They refer to 'what goes on in Canberra' in hushed tones - the general consensus is that somebody in Canberra can't possibly know what's going on in Perth 4,000km west, or in Darwin 3,000km north. Politicians are reviled. Each one is hated equally, regardless of their political allegiance. The Prime Minister, John Howard, is lambasted on a daily basis in every newspaper.

He is utterly ineffectual, an eminent mediocrity; no-one will admit to voting for him in last year's General Election.

By law every Australian has to vote in general and state elections, but the problem is that few of them know exactly what their National Parliament does and what their respective State Legislature is responsible for. Neither the newspapers (there is only one national paper, an insipid Murdoch owned operation and the local papers aren't much better)

nor the TV news - usually a mixture of rugby league and Australian Rules Football stories - do much to untangle the web of confusion. To add to the chaos of antipodean politics, in November a referendum is being held on the question of whether Australia should become a republic.

This is seemingly a straightforward question: do you want the Queen of England as your head of state or an elected Australian President? But 'those morons in Canberra' as the government are affectionately known, have managed to botch the referendum by not deciding upon the powers of the president, how he (or she) will be elected or Australia's position as part of the Commonwealth before the vote was announced. In the ensuing confusion it now looks as if the Queen will remain head of state for a country she hasn't visited in years. This isn't because the Australian people have any special affinity for the British monarch. In general they hold an ambivalent attitude to Her Majesty, though the republican movement isn't as strong as its organisers make out.

There is, however, a growing feeling that nearly one hundred years after the Commonwealth of Australia was proclaimed the country should have its own head of state. Whether this should be purely ceremonial, elected by the people on a quadrennial basis with a wide range of powers, or elected by a minority of politicians, with undefined powers was unclear when the referendum was announced. With just six weeks to go most people are still confused. Many fear the latter and that a President Howard, or worst still, President Keating (John Howard's much hated predecessor) will emerge as head of state, elected by a clique of politicians rather than by the country at large. Even if their roles were to be purely ceremonial, for many Australians - even some of those with republican sympathies - this would be disastrous.

Australia is a country with immense potential. It is rich in raw materials, has huge, fertile agricultural expanses, is home to an expanding population, including many hardworking immigrants, and has the psychological asset of still being a relatively young country. Yet Australians are taxed heavily, there's a big unemployment problem and many live in fear that a recession lies around the corner. One can't help but conclude that much of the unrealised potential is attributable to ineffective and occasionally corrupt politicians. In turn, their position has only been gained because a confused population has to deal with a political system that is difficult to understand and who are forced by law to vote. Until the system is overhauled, Australia as a whole will remain like its capital city: a backwater, unsure of its world role and regarded as unimportant in wider matters. It is only by breaking her ties with the past that Australia can fulfil her vast potential and as her centenary approaches in 2001, fully move onto the world stage.

Random Walk™ : TheBeaver's Fantasy share game

Will you be the next George Soros?

Today, *The Beaver* launches its very own fantasy share game : Random Walk, giving every member of the LSE the opportunity to test their business acumen, become a market guru and win a bundle of cash to boot.

The premise is simple. You have a hypothetical £100 to invest in the UK stockmarket - specifically the FTSE-100. Whoever's portfolio is worth the most at the end of the 2nd term will win the value of their portfolio. There are also prizes for 2nd and 3rd place.

The rules are fairly simple. You must choose a balanced portfolio - i.e. you must choose 10 FTSE-100 stocks, investing between £5 and £25 in each. You may not invest in other financial instruments.

You are operating a buy-and-hold strategy, no trading is allowed, so make your choices wisely. You don't have to buy whole shares.

Only individuals with an LSE e-mail address, student or academic, are allowed to enter, and only one entry per address is allowed. All entries must be received before **5pm, Friday 8th of October**. 'Share Certificates' will be available for collection on Tuesday 12th of October. Initial prices will be taken as at the end of Trading on Friday 5th October. Editor's decision is final.



"Remember Charlie, Greed is good, but RandomWalk™ is better"

Share Number	Share Name	Share Number	Share Name
1	3i	51	Imperial
2	Abbey Natl	52	Invensys
3	Ald Domecq	53	Kingfishr
4	Allied Zurich	54	Land Sec
5	Allnce&Leic	55	Legal Gen
6	AMVESCAP	56	Lloyds TSB
7	Anglo Americn	57	Marks&Sp
8	Ass Br Fd	58	Misys
9	AstraZeneca	59	Nat Power
10	B Airways	60	Nat West
11	B Sky B	61	National Grid
12	BAA	62	Norwich Union
13	Barclays	63	Orange
14	Bass	64	P & O Dfd
15	BG	65	Pearson
16	Billiton	66	Power Gen
17	BkScotland	67	Prudential
18	BlueCircle	68	Railtrack
19	BOC	69	Reckitt&C
20	Boots	70	Reed Int
21	BP Amoco	71	Rentokil Initial
22	BrAmTobacco	72	Reuters
23	Brit Aero	73	Rio Tinto
24	Brit Energy	74	Rolls-R
25	Brit Steel	75	Royal Bank
26	BT	76	Royal Sun All
27	Cabl&Wire	77	Sainsbury
28	Cadbury	78	Schroders
29	CarltonCom	79	ScotSthnEnergy
30	Centrica	80	Scott&New
31	CGU	81	Scottish Power
32	COLT Telecm	82	Securicor
33	Compass Grp	83	Severn Trent
34	D Mail A	84	Shell
35	Diageo	85	SKBeecham
36	Dixon Grp	86	SLP
37	EMAP	87	SmithsInd
38	EMI	88	Stagecoach
39	Energis	89	StanChart
40	GEC	90	Sth African Brw
41	GKN	91	Telewest
42	GlaxoWellcm	92	Tesco
43	Granaga	93	Thames
44	GUS	94	Unilever
45	Halifax	95	United Utilities
46	Hanson	96	UtdNewsMed
47	Hays	97	Vodafone AirTch
48	Hilton	98	Whitbread
49	HSBC	99	Woolwich
50	ICI	100	WPP Grp

Random Walk™ Application Form

Investors Name

Portfolio Name

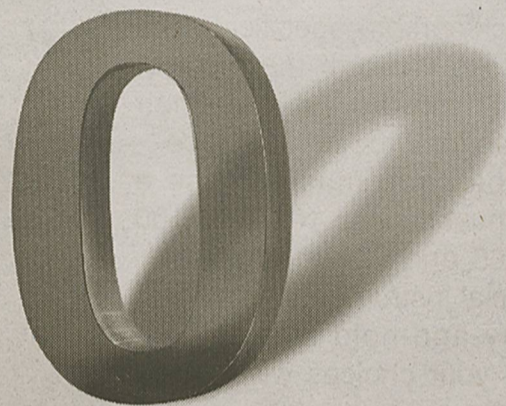
E-mail Address

Share Number	Share Name	Amount Invested
1		£
2		£
3		£
4		£
5		£
6		£
7		£
8		£
9		£
10		£

Bring your **Random Walk™** application to C023 in the Clare Market Building before 5pm, Friday 8th October.

GOLDMAN SACHS INTERNATIONAL

**The zero.
There's nothing to it.
Or so you thought.**



**Thursday, 7 October 1999
Firmwide Graduate
Recruitment Presentation**

**6:30pm Caxton Suite,
The Merchant Centre
New Street Square,
EC4A**

**Attendance is through
registration at your
careers service
Places are limited**

From simple measurements and balancing accounts to binary code and financial markets, the world is forever indebted to its humble brilliance. Just imagine trying to solve a simple mathematical equation without the zero.

It is this type of creative thinking that we appreciate at Goldman Sachs. But creativity isn't merely coming up with a new idea. It is the dedication to bringing a thorough and fresh approach to all of our clients' rapidly developing financial needs.

As a leading investment banking and securities firm, we use our knowledge and experience to advise and help our clients to meet their strategic objectives, which ultimately influences major change throughout the world.

At Goldman Sachs, more than 16,500 employees, working in 41 offices in 23 countries, share a desire to not only meet exemplary standards, but to set new ones every day. It's been our hallmark for more than 130 years.

Please consider this an open invitation for open minds and visit our Web site at: www.gs.com.

**Goldman
Sachs**

**Minds. Wide Open.sm
www.gs.com**

Hello, and welcome back. After a long summer off the Beaver machine is slowly cranking itself back into production. Our skeleton staff has been working day and night to bring you the new look (if slightly familiar looking) Beaver. Many thanks go to those who made it to London early to get this rag out on the stands.

As we head into Autumn, LSE is itself moving into a season of change. The Quad's refurbishment is set for completion and a new hall can now be found in Great Dover Street, both projects helping drag the LSE into the new century kicking and screaming.

But the changes aren't only structural. We have a brand new team of Sabbaticals, who assure me they have been working very hard to make the first few weeks an easing introduction for new students. Freshers Fayre is scheduled for today and tomorrow and Freshers Fortnight is set to drag way into the month.

With the new team, the ethical investment financial motion has finally seen the light of day. Opinion is mixed over this subject. Many view this as the way to go, taking the opportunity to use our clout (as it is) to demonstrate our views on companies we see as taking too many liberties in their business activities.

However, others, perhaps further to the right, do advocate, somewhat more quietly, that we should be trying to optimise our money, keeping the interest of the SU closest to our heart. Of course, where this taken to it's logical conclusion Alan Hatton would be selling Crack at Crush, whilst Jon Frewin would be pimping out the more alluring members of the Executive. Clearly a compromise has to be reached.

The problem is that, whilst the UGM has mandated a movement towards ethical investment, the UGM doesn't have the opportunity (nor I suspect the interest) to evaluate each company on its merits. Whilst it might be opposed to the supply of weaponry to 3rd world dictators, how does it stand on perceived infringement of employment law? This is a tightrope that the Finance Committee will have to walk.

I'm very tempted to dismiss this policy, muttering words questioning our ability to make a difference, but if you can't be idealistic in your student days then when can you be? The idea at the heart of an ethical investment policy is an honourable one, however it is my fear that the impracticalities of the scheme may render it ineffective.

Enjoy the Issue,

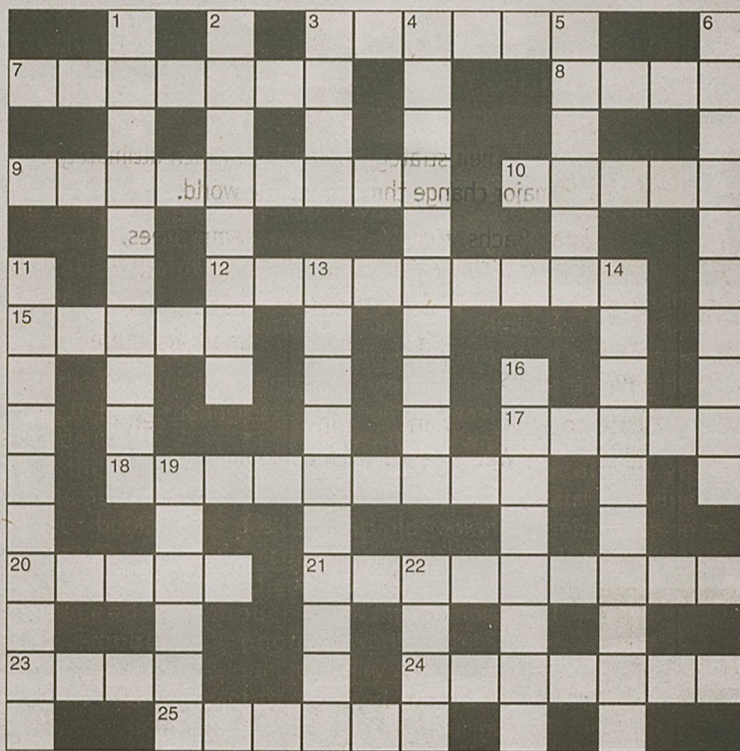
Daniel Lewis
Executive Editor

OK, This is where we normally have the letters, but no-one's written to us as yet so we're running a caption competition. What exactly is being said between Prof. Giddens and this eager student?

Best entry to reach us by this Thursday wins a pint or cash equivalent (from the Tuns, not from home.)



BeaverWord



Across

- 3 So Intelligence Agency is almost civil? (6)
7 Tidy and revive knowledge? (5,2)
8 Support point of assistant (4)
9 An assorted claret's passed down the family? (9)
10 The unconscious turned me French - what a phrase! (5)
12 Knowing nothing without a light? (2,3,4)
15 Girl, back before one, produces name (5)
17 Cloth hat on father? Sounds like a letter! (5)

- 18 Seedy chap unsure about annual event (6,3)
20 Odin's son named, initially, in prickly plant (5)
21 Endorsed deception of company by Editor (9)
23 Insect and I are opposed (4)
24 Drink has ruined the loan! (7)
25 One very anxiously subsided (6)

Down

- 1 Forms of mica found in Russian capital (10)
2 The pains, perhaps, of creeping the boards (8)
3 Goad projection? (4)

- 4 Calm if top stays cold? (4-6)
5 Fat for the Queen kept here (6)
6 Shake valeric rum, hiding worms (10)
11 Imaginary opponent is a grainy bloke? (3,2,5)
13 Ditch garment meant for the rain (6,4)
14 Remember a mental fort (4,2,4)
16 The sun, the moon and the stars are this (8)
19 The Bard's Venetian creation sounds like a car! (6)
22 Require no Dutch, then 500 (4)

NOTES

Your Advert
Here - Call
0171-955-6705

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Daniel Lewis

DEPUTY EDITOR
Tomos Livingstone

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR
Laura Trebosc

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Ian Wise

Section 1

NEWS EDITOR
Shailini Ghelani

POLITICAL EDITOR
James Corbett

ECONOMIC EDITOR
Andreas von Paleske

INTERNATIONAL EDITORS
Hiroko Tabuchi
Ee Loong Toh

SPORTS EDITORS
Matt Sutton
Lee Federman

Section 2 - BART

LITERARY EDITOR
Anna Yacoub

FILM EDITOR
Matt Berry

THEATRE EDITOR
James Savage

MUSIC EDITORS
Jo Serieux

CLUBBING EDITOR
James Cooper

FINE ARTS EDITOR
Jan Sagan

Collective

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

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

TheBeaver can be contacted by phone or fax on 0171 955 6705.

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

Freshers' Fortnight

TheBeaver guide to Freshers' Fortnight, brought to you by Ents. supremo Alan 'Let me Ent(ertain) You' Hatton

Welcome to you all, be you here for the first, second, third or twelfth (eh, Bernardo) time. I trust that you have all had relaxing summers. Of course, you know that that was purely the calm before the storm that is LSE Students' Union Freshers' Fortnight. Renowned the world over, the forthcoming multitude of events offer the perfect tonic to the tail off of summer. Hopefully you didn't miss out on The Beginning at THE END, a perfect way in which to commence this veritable festival of fun.

So, what have you got to look forward to in the next few weeks then?... Well where shall I start, Tonight (Thursday 30 September) sees the hilarious SIMON DAY, of FAST SHOW fame, grace the OLD THEATRE in a show not to be missed - an extravaganza that blends live comedy with video trickery - great!

CRUSH returns to Fridays but with a 2am license to thrill, this week we welcome Feet First to the Quad, with a live band slot performed by the fantastic MYST - fresh from the Reading Festival. LSESUENTS have scored a major coup by bringing Don the Don from Doncaster (Little Devils) to the Underground.

Next Friday will feature STEP BY STEP - a STEPS tribute band, offering pop perfection and summer anthems, which I am sure will please you fans of cheese.

Saturday 2 October, 9pm - 2am - FUNK A FRESHER... need I say more? Well, yes, we have Charlie Angel and The Disco Kid (Carwash) getting groovy in the Quad, and the funky DJ Kowalski lifting the roof of the Tuns. There is also the outrageously funny Chuckle Club in the Underground (doors 7.45)

Week two kicks off with Blind Date in the Old Theatre (8pm). Our very own (and very special) Cilla will be keeping the contestants on their toes as they search for their perfect match.

Tuesday night is Quiz Nite in the Tuns. Free to enter and first prize worth £100, you may be arriving at LSE with more A-Levels than fingers, but do you have what it takes to earn yourself a space in the annals of Tuesday Nite history?

Wednesday is my night off, but there should be some debauched hall parties for those of you who just can't stop. Probably see you there!

The highlight of week two has to be pLeaSurE @ Turnmills. LSESUENTS in conjunction with The Gallery - London's best Friday club night, present this wicked night, with music to suit all tastes. In the main room we have Chris & James (The Gallery) and Tarun (Milk'n'2 Sugars), supplying the fuel for you to dance till 4am. We also have Da Swing Mob to raise the temperature in the second room. Don't miss it!

As I mentioned earlier, CRUSH in week two features STEP BY STEP, and on Saturday there is the ever funny Chuckle Club in the Tuns.

Then... TUESDAY 19 OCTOBER 1999 - The Only Official LSE Tequila Party @ cafe de Paris. This much imitated, never bettered night is the jewel in the Freshers' Fortnight crown. London's classiest venue welcomes us as we ensure that the party never stops. Look out for more info on this hugely exciting event in the next few weeks.

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS:-

- 21 October - The Auteurs
- 5 November - Beat the Goalie with Neville Southall
- 26 November - Henry Rollins

Plus, watch out for the Launch of the new Venue later this term as well as a First Term Ball by Christmas. There will be society/cultural events along the way too. What more do you want???

Friday 1 October

CRUSH

(IS BACK!)
with
FEET FIRST

The return of crush sees us welcome FEET FIRST, London's top indie/alternative night to the quad - featuring a live set from MYST fresh from the Reading festival. Don the Don from Doncaster (Little Devils) plays cheesy classics in the Underground.

Entry: £2.50 (£1.50 with ENTS Card)

Saturday 2 October

Funk a Fresher

(OH BEHAVES)

Get Groovy in the Quad with Charlie Angel and The Disco Kid (Carwash) and shagadelic with DJ Kowalski in the Underground. The mix of fresh & funky tunes will satisfy even the coolest of cats.

DRESS TO IMPRESS - PRIZES FOR SWINGIEST

Entry: £4 (£3 with ENTS Card)

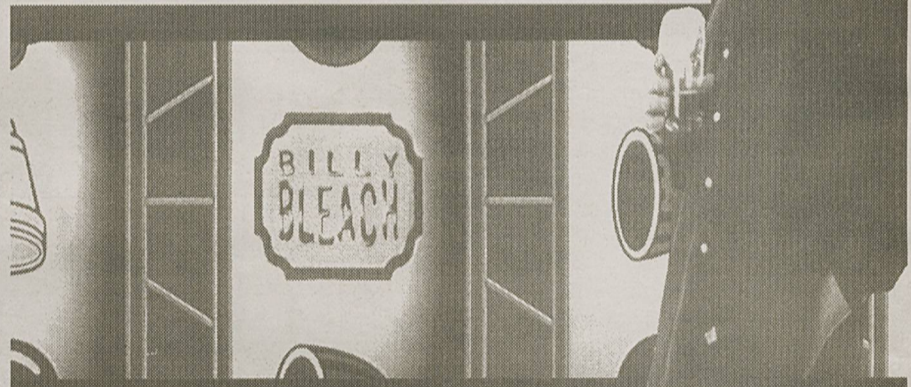
Both FREE with a GOLD CARD

AVALON PROMOTIONS LTD presents
Academy Award Nominee for Shakespeare in Love - **BEST MAN IN A BOAT**

SIMON DAY

FROM
THE FAST SHOW

"Character comedy of the highest order" -
The Sunday Times



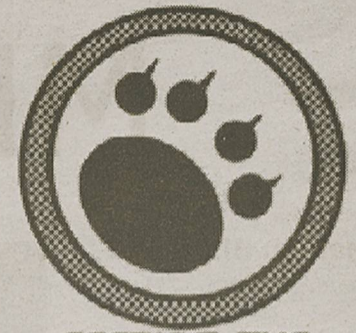
"The Fast Show's greatest asset" - *The Times*

**Appearing in the Old Theatre
8pm Thursday
30th September
For one night only
Entry - £7 (£6 with Ents Card, Free with Gold Card)**

**Also featuring
TOMMY COCKLES &
DAVE ANGEL**

Freshers Fortnight

LSESUENTS



FEEDING THE
PARTY ANIMALS

entertainments listings

WEEK ONE
WEEK TWO

Tue 28 Sept
Wed 29 Sept

Thu 30 Sept
Fri 1 Oct
Sat 2 Oct

Splash! Freshers' Welcome Party
Cocktails/Karaoke in the Tuns
THE BEGINNING @ THE END
SIMON DAY - Old Theatre (8pm)
CRUSH is back! with Feet First
Funk-a-Fresher (Quad & Tuns);
Chuckle Club in the
Underground

Mon 4 Oct

Tue 5 Oct
Wed 6 Oct
Thu 7 Oct

Fri 8 Oct
Sat 9 Oct

Blind Date in the Old Theatre
(8pm)

Quiz Nite, first prize worth £100
HALLS

Bar Footsie^u₁₀ in the Tuns and then
onto PLEASURE @ TURNMILLS

CRUSH - featuring Step by Step
Chuckle Club in the Tuns

And then...

Tue 19 Oct

THE ONLY OFFICIAL LSE
TEQUILA PARTY AT CAFÉ DE
PARIS

All events are subject to change - but it's never happened before!

* Events that are not free with the Gold Card - the Chuckle Club

ALL FREE with a GOLD CARD*

MEET THE SABBS

Jonathan Black General Secretary

The Students' Union is here to make sure that your time at LSE is as good as can be - from your welfare and education to sports and entertainments.

As General Secretary it is my job to co-ordinate what the Union does and to make sure it does what you want it to do.

Central to this is representing you and conducting campaigns. This role is more important than ever now almost all of you are paying fees of some sort. You are now a consumer and with that comes rights.

Given LSE's cost and reputation, you should rightly expect the best from your course. Often you will get this, unfortunately in many cases you won't. This is why my main campaign this year is demanding a better Academic Experience. From teaching quality and class sizes to September exams, and from life skills to mentoring, we want you to get the very best. But your help is needed! Please take a couple of minutes to fill in the special student survey when it is launched later this term. We want to make things better - but to do that we need you to tell us what's wrong!

It will be one of our largest campaigns and consultation plans ever, guaranteeing you get the best value for money from LSE.

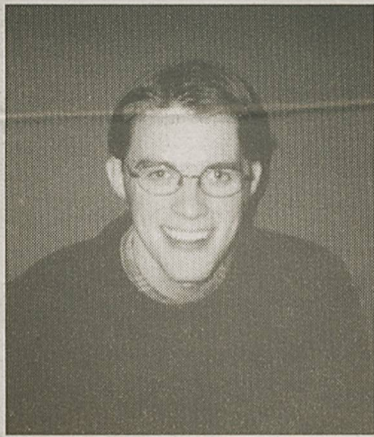
Beyond that, I'm working on plans for a Student Development Centre as part of the next phase of The Union Project. I will be continuing our campaign in halls for more affordable rents and for a better deal from the cowboys that are Studentline. Plus, for example, vigilance will also be maintained in opposing fee hikes and monitoring the library redevelopment.

All of our plans fall under our Union 2000 drive to modernise the Union, so we can meet the challenges of the next millennium and build an LSE for everyone.

Key to building that LSE for everyone is making sure you can have your say. The best time for this is at the UGM (every Thursday at 1pm in the Old Theatre), where any student can help decide what the Union should be doing. No other student anywhere in Britain has that privilege. I'm also setting up a special task-force this month to find new ways of making the Union more welcoming and more accessible to more students.

Finally, all that is left to say is that I am elected by and accountable to you. If there is something you want me to do or simply want some support, then that is what I am here for. Get in touch with me on 7147 or email me at SU.GenSec@lse.ac.uk. I will try to personally help you, or if I can't I will put you in contact with somebody who can.

Have a great year and make the most of LSE. It'll be over before you know it.



No, they're not the Partridge family's little known cousins from Surbiton, these people were actually elected by us, the LSE Student population. Sorry.

Seriously though, as they explain here, the fantastic four are committed to helping you out in any way they can. And they get paid, so don't feel bad about having a go at them either



Becky Little Education and Welfare

Well hello there. Have you nearly settled in? How many freebies did you manage to nab at Freshers Fair? Are you having a good time? I don't want to take up too much of your time, so I will be brief.

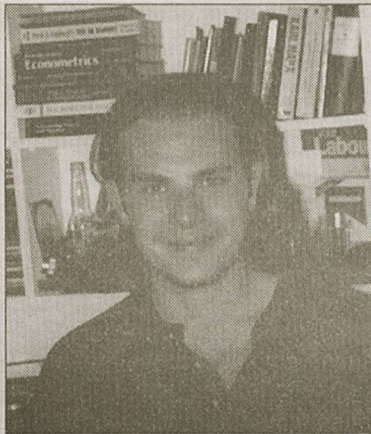
Remember...overseas students... you are now eligible to work for money. Previously, many international students who were non-EU nationals have been prohibited from working in the UK. You can, now, work up to 20 hours per week during term time. This is fantastic news for all the overseas students who suffer from financial hardship. For more information, there are leaflets in the Advice Centre (on the 2nd floor of the East Building), or visit this website: www.open.gov.uk/dfee/ols

Some of you may have seen the results of a survey conducted last year on students' attitudes towards sexual health. Many students are having unprotected sex leading to a high rate of unplanned pregnancies, and seriously putting themselves at risk of contracting a Sexually Transmitted Infection (STI). The message is clear: Get a condom on your willy.

To make access to our rubber friends that little bit easier, you can pick up free ones from outside my office (E295). Alternatively, Alan is giving out condoms at Funk a Fresher on Saturday 2nd October...Enjoy.

Keep your eyes open for the SCA stall at Freshers Fair. For the first time ever LSE SU has a Student Community Action Group. So far, we have set up contacts with Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, the Prison Visiting Association, and the Fair Share Group run by Crisis that distributes food and clothing to the homeless in London. If any one is interested in helping to launch this new student society, or in working with one of these projects, but missed Freshers Fair then go to Union Reception.

Finally...the Students' Union is launching a series of campaigns entitled "Know Your Rights". Students are constantly being ripped off, by their landlord, employer, or by their educational establishment. To find out more about your academic rights, there is a brief guide in the Student Handbook. It is imperative to inform either your Departmental Tutor or myself, of any complaint you might have regarding your studies. Whether you think you are receiving crap teaching quality, rubbish accommodation, or having money problems, it is far better to tell someone about it rather than wait until it all gets on top of you, have stuffed up your exams, and generally had a miserable time. I have a drop-in session every day from 10 am until 12 noon.



Jon Frewin Treasurer

Welcome back old hands, and hello new ones. LSE is a very strange place to be over the holidays as there are so few people about. It's going to be great to see the place as it should be again, with its much loved chaos and vibrancy!

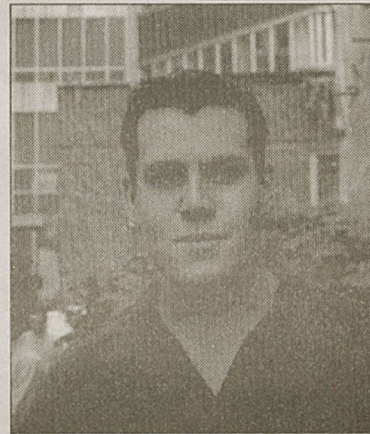
As I hope you won't have failed to notice, it's been a very exciting Summer of developments here in the Union. Subject unfortunately to a bit of a delay, in a couple of weeks we will have a brilliant new 25-piece gym, a new coffee bar, and a drinks bar for the weekend. In time for the first Friday, you will find a tremendous new evening venue, now with really good lighting and sound for better plays in tafkatq (the area formerly known as the quad).

Freshers' Fair this year should be as fun as always, we are promised better freebies than ever before by a new company handling the student welcome pack, and there are enough free copies of *Time Out* that almost all students can have one! It really cheers me to report that compared to last year, there are twenty more societies. They really do make up the lifeblood of our Union, and I strongly urge anyone to really check out what's on offer. From Mexican through Political, Dramatic or Wine Tasting to the Legalisation of Cannabis, there really is a society for everyone!

Within a few weeks, we should have set up a new computer printing facility. This will mean you can print in the copy shop for 3p a page. We are in the process of selling the most controversial shares in the portfolio, pending a full Finance Committee review of policy. In another new development for the Students' Union, over the coming months I plan to arrange a careers fair for the Lent term.

In addition to all the Treasurer stuff, I'll also be making sure that PuLSE radio carries on where Maria Neophytou, last year's Station Manager left off. I strongly urge anyone with an interest in radio, or just looking for a lot of fun, to come and sign up at Freshers' Fair so that we have another good month-long FM broadcast again in February.

I don't want to go on forever, so will finish by saying that if there's anything that you feel could be improved about our services, the Union is always on the lookout for good ideas. Feel free to email me on su.treasurer@lse.ac.uk, or call the office on 7147, please come and say hello when you see me around. Have a great year!



Alan Hatton Entertainments Officer

It has been a great few months for us Sabbs, getting to know each other and the way in which LSE works (the practice differs markedly from the theory), but it has always been this week that I have been looking forward to most. For this is the time when the talking stops and the action happens, our best laid plans have to seamlessly convert into successful, cost-effective realities.

As the centre spread shows, I have tried to create a balanced Freshers' Fortnight. Hopefully the freshers will find it to be a fun introduction to London, and more particularly, LSE; those of you returning will see it as the perfect opportunity to introduce yourselves to the freshers (need I say more? Freshers, you have been warned!) I am looking forward to Simon Day in the Old Theatre, and Neville Southall saving Mandie's penalty at Beat the Goalie.

Indeed, the redevelopment of the Union is one of the most exciting elements of this year in office. This summer we have invested almost 400 grand in upgrading the East Building; providing a new gym, cafe/coffee shop (not quite in the Dutch mould) and most importantly, a spanking new venue and bar. It is all very exciting, but it does mean that we have to make it pay off. So, we have to pack the bar, buy stationery from the shop and snacks from the cafe, before going to the gym to work it all off. Easy really.

The format for the year in terms of Entertainments will build upon the successes of last year. CRUSH, our flagship Friday night is returning, bigger and better than ever. Tuesday night is Quiz Nite - so get reading those esoteric fact books, and hot up on Everton FC trivia. Wednesday will often see the appearance of Cocktails and Karaoke - an explosive combination to say the least. I also want to see Saturdays to become a regular feature of LSE entertainment, with events similar to Funk-a-Fresher to complement the ever funny Chuckle Club.

More than ever we are looking to cater events and theme nights around societies or interest groups. I am also organise Rag events and the Global Festival next term it would be good to make these high profile (you never know, during Rag week we may even raise some money for charity this year.)


Well, let's see how it goes, I hope you all enjoy your first few weeks.

May the force be with you...

With a NatWest
student
account you're never far
from your
money.

NatWest has more branches on or near campus. And what's more, you'll also have access to a total of over 21,000 cash machines nationwide.

For more details of our Student Account, ring 08456051605 and speak to Jane Johnson, our Student Banking Manager/Student Adviser at Aldwych Branch, Connaught House, 65 Aldwych, London WC2B 4EJ

 **NatWest**
More than just a bank

beaver \Bea"ver\, n. [OE. bever, AS. beofer, befer; also as an adj., brown, the animal being probably named from its colour.]

1. (Zo["o]l.) An amphibious rodent, of the genus *Castor*. It is remarkable for its ingenuity in construction, valued for its fur, and for the material called castor, obtained from two small bags in the groin of the animal.

2. The fur of the beaver.

3. A hat, formerly made of the fur of the beaver, but now usually of silk.

4. Beaver cloth, a heavy felted woolen cloth, used chiefly for making overcoats.

5. vulg. Female genitalia

6. The Newspaper of the London School of Economics Students' Union.

You know which is the most important. Us, not the Castor oil from the Beaver's nads. So if you want to get involved, to write news stories, sports reports or to get your hands on the vast piles of freebies we're currently sitting on (and write reviews, please), come along to A86 on Monday October the 4th, at 6 pm, or come down to C023 (just below the Tuns) and say hello.

Be there or be building a dam or something.



Imagine a career with no limits...

Salomon Smith Barney, a leader in the global investment banking and securities industry, was formed in November 1997 as a result of the merger between Salomon Brothers and Smith Barney. As a subsidiary of Citigroup, Salomon Smith Barney is part of the largest financial services organisation in the world.

A career at Salomon Smith Barney will stretch your imagination. This challenge draws Graduates and MBAs from all over the world, men and women of different nationalities and cultures who have the intellect and determination to succeed.

There are no limits to a career at Salomon Smith Barney.

We have opportunities in the following areas:

- Corporate Finance
- Capital Markets
- Sales and Trading
- Equity Research
- Information Technology
- Global Operations

Interested in a challenging Career?

To find out more about opportunities at Salomon Smith Barney, come along and meet us at our presentation on 12 October. Alternatively, for our recruitment brochure please call 0171 721 2450

Application deadline 19 November 1999

For more details please visit our website:
www.salomonsmithbarney.com/europe/careers

Presentation: Tuesday 12 October, 5.00pm
at Salomon Smith Barney, Victoria Plaza,
111 Buckingham Palace Road, London, SW1W 0SB

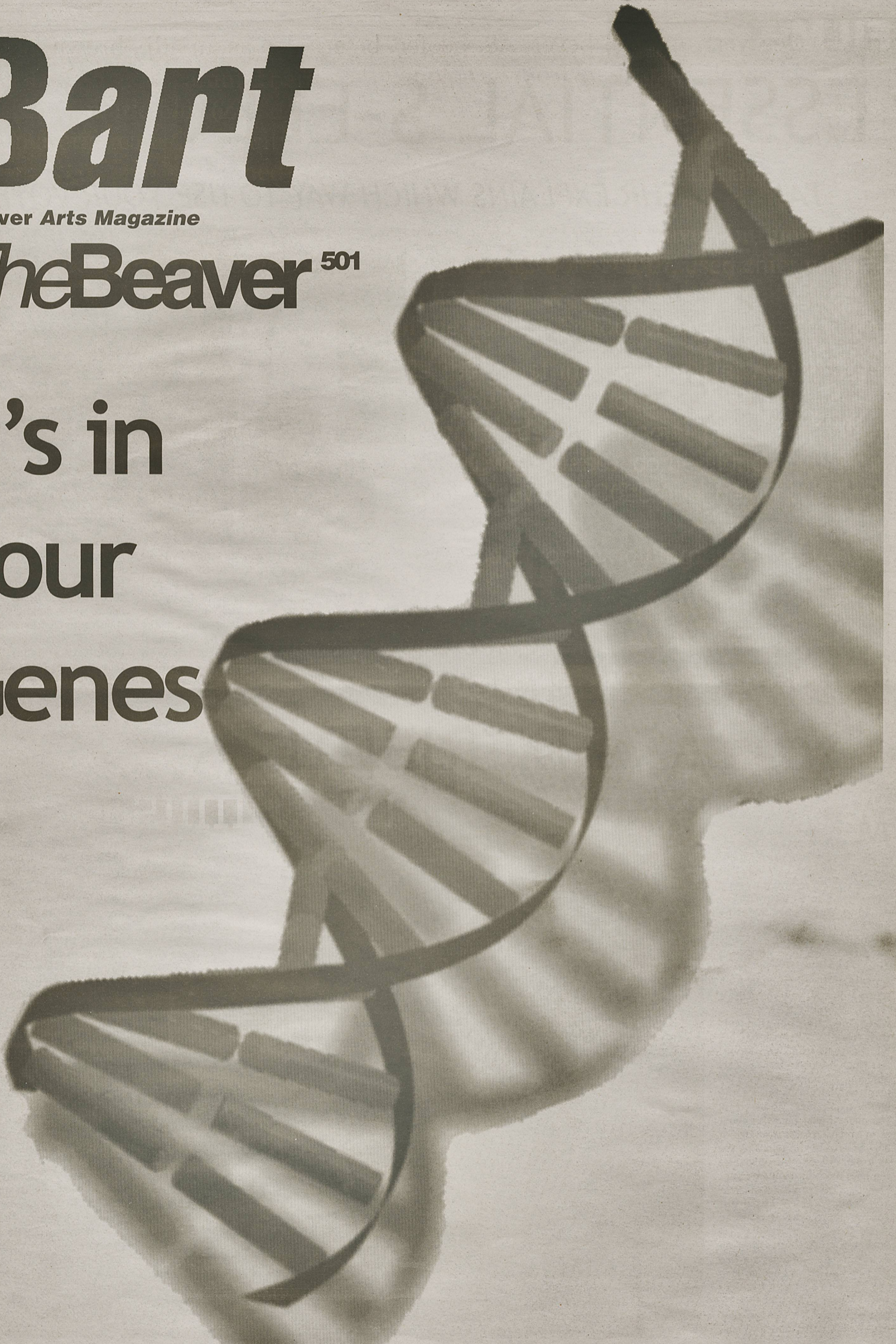
SALOMON SMITH BARNEY
A member of citigroup

Bart

Beaver Arts Magazine

TheBeaver 501

**It's in
your
Genes**



ESSENTIAL S-ELECTION

TAMMY BEHR EXPLAINS WHICH WAY TO USE YOUR VOTE

As the summer vacation comes to a rather soggy end, there seems to be no ending to the film industry's high school love-in. And that's great news because high school movies tend to be fun little flicks which don't require big budgets; they put bums on seats and those butts belong to the youth market whose loyalty to cinema must somehow be maintained. But when much of the crop has

aimed thus far to present a sugarcandy love fest with drop dead gorgeous actors plucked from the sets of Dawson's Creek and Party of Five, Election begs to differ. Nobody's suggesting that the time's come for Clueless meets Nil By Mouth with a fitting soundtrack by Asbestos Heart, but Election is certainly a refreshing alternative. Matthew Broderick stars as super popular teacher, Jim McAllister, whose job it is to co-ordinate the

annual student body election. Troubled by the unsurprising emergence of lone presidential hopeful Tracey Flick (Reese Witherspoon), the school's biggest overachiever, he takes the restoration of democracy into his own hands. But above his admirable egalitarian mission, McAllister is driven by an intense personal problem with Flick; he bears a deep resentment for the part she played in an affair with his colleague that led to divorce and redundancy. His search for an appropriate rival candidate leads him to convince nice guy jock Paul Metzler (Chris Klein) that the presidency would be the perfect vocation for an injured sportsman. As the contest heats up Paul's lesbian sister, Tammy (Jessica Campbell) enters the race on an 'I don't care' platform, to get back at her brother who is going out with her former girlfriend. It's a very bitchy game, steeped in Machivellian behaviour from all three camps, and made extra pleasing in its excellent use of stereotypes. It's interesting to see Ferris



Back-Door Shenanigans and Electoral fraud...at least it'll never happen here at LSE

As he grew up, Broderick became embittered that he couldn't have as many days off as he liked.



Bueller back in school, albeit having graduated to the staff room and Broderick does a great job, partly because he really still hasn't grown up. Reese Witherspoon seems to relish the chance of playing the anal retentive Flick as much as Drew Barrymore's Josie Grossie in Never Been Kissed - it's always much more fun playing the bad

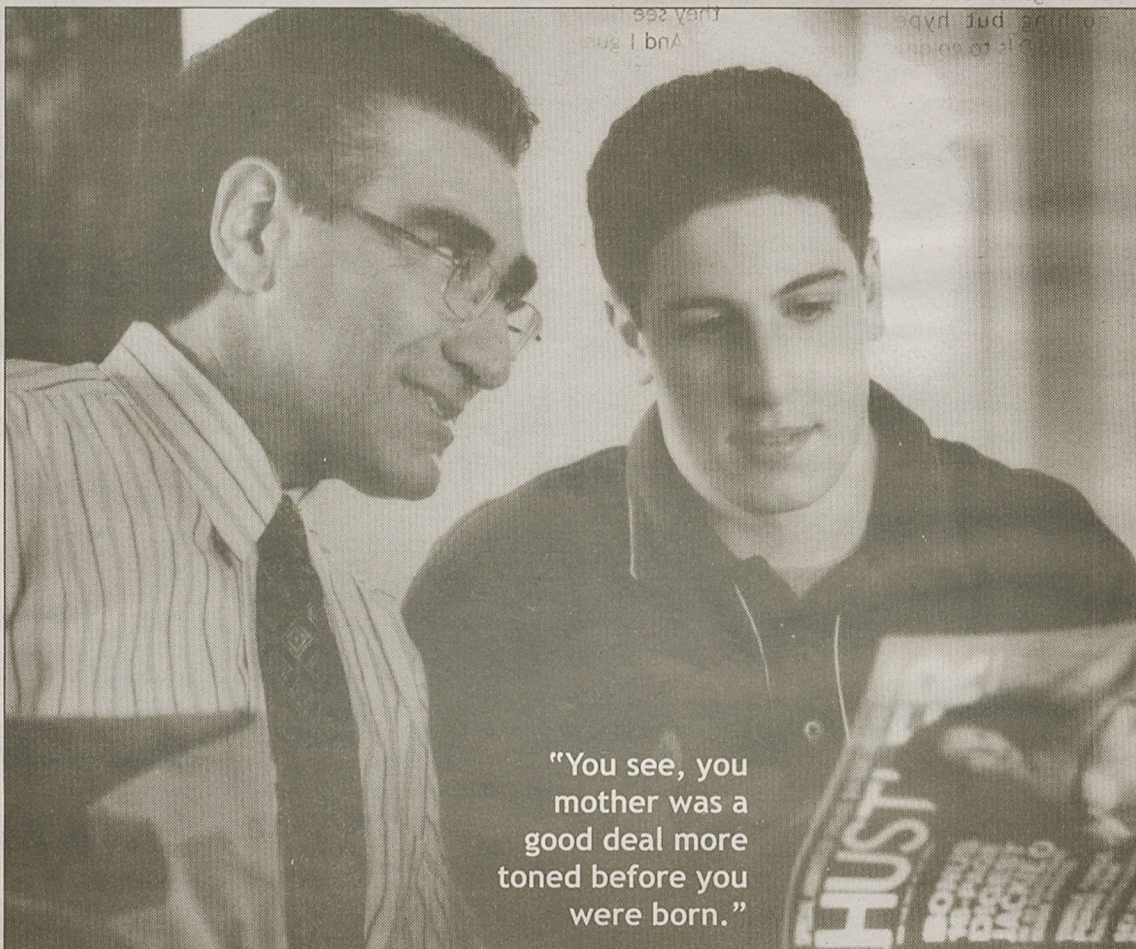
guys. And then there's Chris Klein, a newcomer from Nebraska, making a very successful debut. He's certainly one to watch and he's made a big splash with Election and American Pie's near simultaneous releases. Definitely a higher level high school movie, Election stands out with its superior script and non prom orientated format.

AS AMERICAN AS...

Mmmm. That apple pie does look delicious - worth a screw I'd say. What? What's your issue, man? There's nothing wrong with that - wake up! We're in the nineties and you can screw anything now as long as you're wearing protection. Throw away your prejudices. You will certainly need to if you plan on seeing American Pie. This is a fantastically debauched high school comedy that you musn't let your parents see.

When they find out that ruff stuff freak-boy Sherman has got his rocks off, Jim, Oz, Kevin, and Finch decide to form a pact, pledging to make sure they all lose their virginity before the end of high school. An easy task you might think, but with about as much combined knowledge of how to attract the opposite sex as a pair of soiled underpants, the boys have an uphill struggle. They're a pretty decent quartet and each has a different approach to the challenge ahead.

Poor Jim (Jason Biggs) has an excruciatingly embarrassing Dad (Eugene Lewis) who has no idea about how to deal with the birds and the bees issue, thinking it's best explained through the good pages of Hustler and Playboy.



"You see, you mother was a good deal more toned before you were born."

The tension between the two is hilarious and it hurts to watch Jim's Dad open his prying chops. Then there's Oz (Chris Klein) nice

guy jock (deja vu?). Desperate to get in touch with his sensitive side he joins the school jazz chorus where he is lucky enough to make

the oh so sweet acquaintance of Heather (Mena "American Beauty" Suvari). But the jock thing gets in the way and things

get touchy. Kevin, the most secure of the four, already has a gorgeous girlfriend, Vicky (Tara Reid), but they've been taking it easy and haven't got around to getting down to the business, as yet.

And then there's Finch, the eccentric junior gentleman who's happiest sitting on the loo with a hip flask of single malt. He's been paying Jessica, the sexually experienced coolie, to spread rumours about various personal measurements, which gets the female student body in a jizzy tizz.

As required, the plot produces top notch goods and more. The schoolwide webcam coverage of Eastern European Nadia stripping off in Jim's bedroom and arousing herself over his mags is classic, as is Jim's humiliation at stripping over the net to all his stunned mates and their equally entertained pets. There are some fab allusions, including a superb homage to The Graduate in the form of Finch and Stiffler's Mom as a latter day Mrs Robinson, and the one-liners are just tops. Getting your rocks off at the movies has never been so much fun.

MATT BERRY

home IS WHERE THE HYPE IS

An Indie Kid goes through the keyhole into London's latest Superclub



It's Saturday, 12 O'clock. The queue for home, a 7-storey clubber's Mecca, meandering around the block and half the way back to Leicester Square. 100's of clubbers line walls stretching back to Chinatown. There is no doubt this place is huge.

As (or should that be if?) you finally reach the front of the queue you are confronted by a blonde, camp little fellow, keen to greet you. Do not be lured into a false sense of security. This man is eyeing your demeanour, posing neo-Socratic questions inquiring into your views on music, the club and the DJ's set to make the night. Speak a false word at your peril, for it'll be "will you please step out of the queue sir". This isn't a temporary argument, you're doomed to the last tube home my son.

However, the question is, who are the lucky ones? Those who have the £15 (yes, £15, 1-5 pounds) burning a hole in the pocket, or those, having negotiated the queue and doomed to have to part with the case. To be honest it is really hard to tell.

It is often said about sex that better than the act, better than the memory, is the anticipation. What of these cold souls who

finally gain ingress to this clubbing paradise? Well to my mind they will be disappointed. home is a pile of wank.

This may seem harsh, but lets look at the evidence. Firstly, how about it's excellent new structure. Well, there's no denying it's magnitude. Seven or so floors containing 3, a restaurant, cyber cafe etc. Well, how about a map? This huge labyrinth construct of concrete and dull metal makes you feel as welcome as an Orangeman in the Vatican.

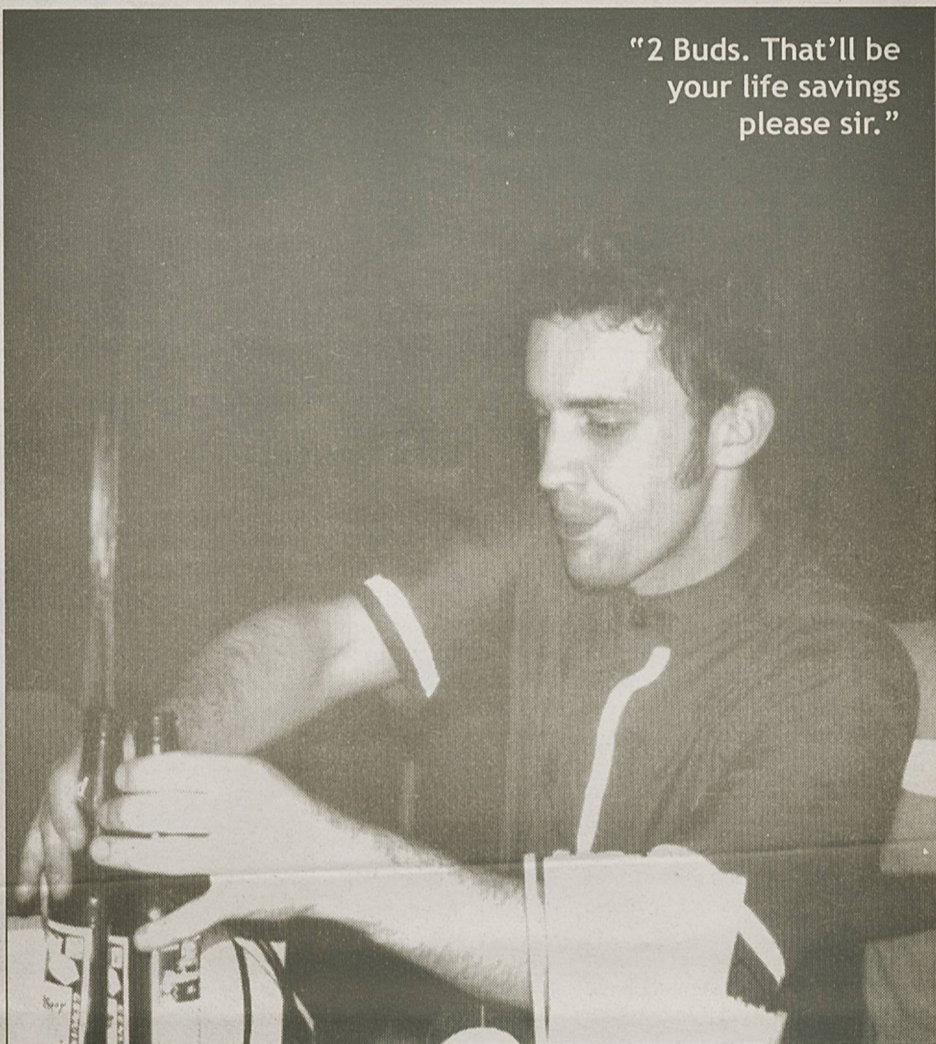
The toilets were a complete piss take. Get this, you have to go through a kind of tunnel to get to the cubicles, whilst to your left, people are invited to piss against an opaque glass wall that forms the other side of the tunnel, as if they were pissing on you! This appears to be symbolic of the management's attitude to the throngs of clubbers who have nothing but hype and a few named DJs to go on.

Service at the bar was swift. I assume this was because not many people were too keen to spend £3.50 on a solitary bottle of Budweiser. The cloakroom however is a different story. The queue seemed to parallel the column of people outside, with people taking up to 30 minutes to dispense with their coats.

Anyway, how about the music? Well, once I finally got onto the main dance floor (at some times you have to queue for that too, flanked by none too friendly bouncers) I was greeted by the music of the boy Oakenfold (not that he's getting any younger). I use music in the loosest sense. His entire set seemed to be constructed by a dilution of percussive beat, a wandering bass with some synth crap on the top. Not a 'tune' in sight.

However, despite my objections, it's clear that Oakenfold had one hell of an impact on the packed floor. That may well have been due to the vast array of pusher plying their trade through the club, and the rather lax door policy. home seems to make no attempt, that I can see, to keep drugs out. The reader is free to interpret this as they see fit.

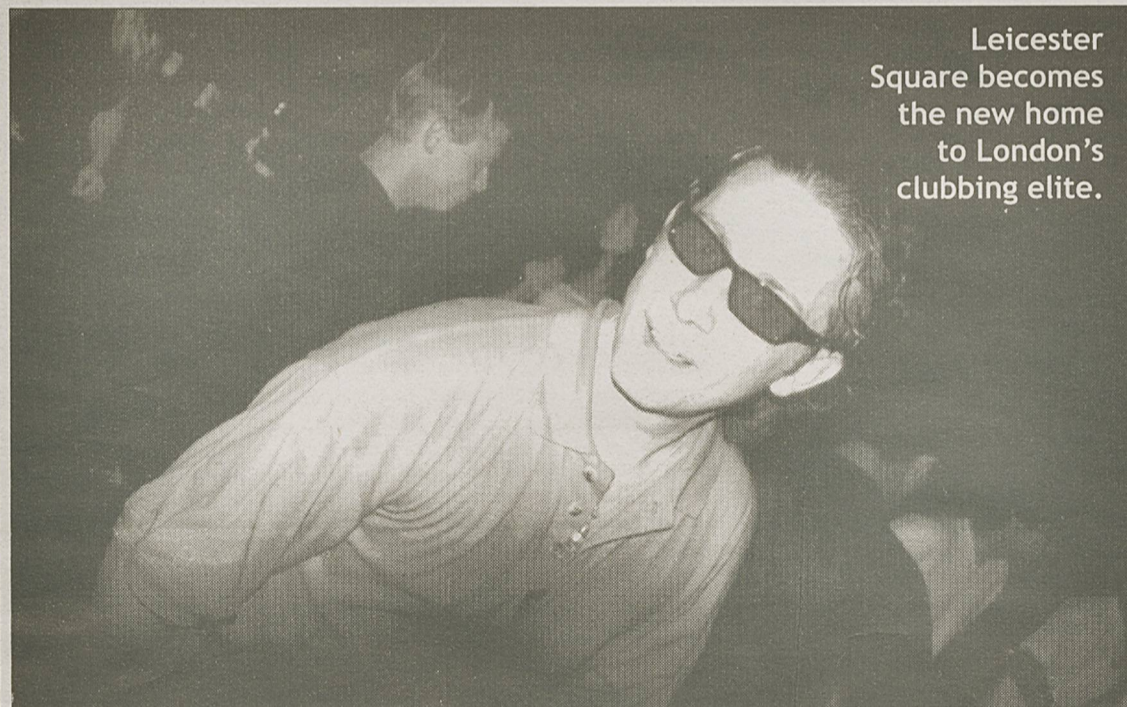
And I guess that is the general conclusion. The reputation of Oakenfold *et al* precede them, and many will appreciate the chance to catch him in London for the first time in many a clubber's memory. But be warned, know what to expect. As I see it, home is like Stonehenge, it's just a big hunk of rock, but you really ought to see it once. DL



"2 Buds. That'll be your life savings please sir."



Leicester Square becomes the new home to London's clubbing elite.



"I hate London. The main problem is the people ... that's why I don't like playing London, people don't join in, they don't dance, they don't talk to you. Up North it's different, people know what its about up there, and it's not so heavily drugs orientated, I much prefer playing out of London, and if I don t like playing somewhere I won't. I'm lucky enough to be able to do that."

home resident DJ Paul Oakenfold speaking to Tom Stone in *TheBeaver* issue 427, October 1995.

MODERN LIFE IS RUBBISH

Laura Taborn finds herself subjected to the latest offering from Birmingham's 'finest'.

Ocean Colour Scene
One from the Modern

If there was a prize for the most annoying single, there is little doubt that this summer's would go to Brummie crooners Ocean Colour Scene, for their hideous, naive, nerve-grating Profit in Peace. It's nastiness seems to have gone unnoticed by anyone in radio, and hence it has been the bane of many summer car journeys. Their poignant message - war is a bad thing (really?). Anyway, since this is the first song of their new album, it takes a lot of guts to even put it on the stereo. None of the other songs quite reach this pinnacle of irritation, but that's not saying a lot really.

Unlike Mosely Shoals none of the tracks really seem to have much individuality. I've listened to this album quite a bit over the last week or so, and I can honestly say I would be hard pressed to distinguish one song from another, (or from the offerings of other britpop clones) in a music equivalent of the Pepsi challenge. The second song on the album - So Low - my bet for the next single - stands out only because they repeat the irritating chorus a million times (or may be it just seems like a million): "We laugh and we drink, and try to teach ourselves

not to think" - yes, okay, when it comes to lyrical brilliance, somewhere else must have got Birmingham's share.

Jane She Got Excavated is okay, it is the kind of song that would be played at the end of a bittersweet film, while the hero wins the marathon, or the lame little girl takes her first steps. Admittedly a little trite, but quite a pretty song anyway.

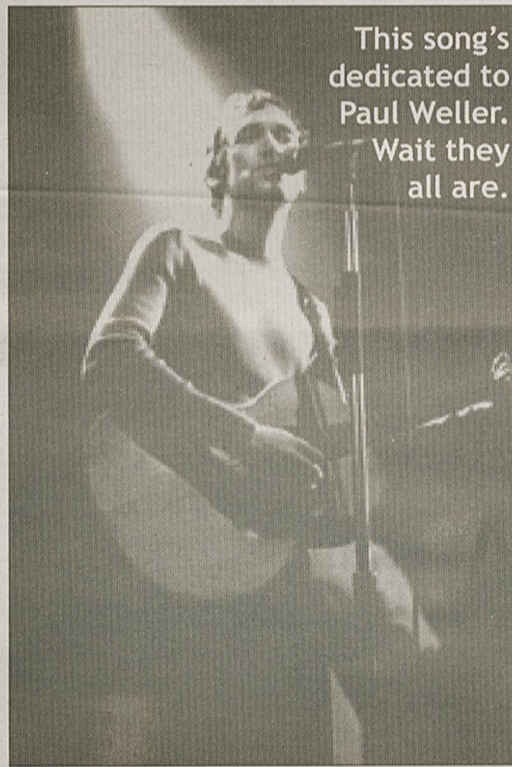
I would love to stun you with a detailed analysis of the other songs on this album, but its not possible, they're all just white noise to me I'm afraid. I will admit that some of the music in this album is catchy - there are a few beautiful intros, its just that the majority of the lyrics and the rest of the music draw your attention away from this.

I do not want to be responsible for mass boredom, (sorry to disillusion you freshers - but we have enough of that at L.S.E. already), or far flung irritation (ditto) so I won't suggest you buy this album, however, if you fail to head my

well meant advice, I could be pushed to say it is passably suitable for a rainy Sunday morning, armed with materials to provide distraction.

☆☆☆☆☆

P.S. I realise that I have used the words 'annoying' and 'irritating' far too many times in this review, but if you listen to this album, you'll understand why.



This song's dedicated to Paul Weller. Wait they all are.

Stereolab

Cobra and Phases Group play Voltage in the Milky night

More Marxism-fuelled electro-experimentation from the French popsters. Wilfully ignoring any influences dated later than 1968, the 'labs continue to plough a lone furrow; with the charts full of sex, drugs and drive-bys, Latetia Sadier singing of the downfall of capitalism is a breath of fresh air.

Having said that, this album is a little more subdued than previous offerings (a result of depression at messers Blair and Jospin's willingness to play along with the perpetuation of the system? Or maybe they were just bored). It could even be called - whisper it - a bit formulaic. "You're ageing" signs Sadier on 'Fuses' (capitalist system, not her gran), but it's not a patch on 1993's 'Wow and Flutter' ('it's not eternal/oh yes it will go).

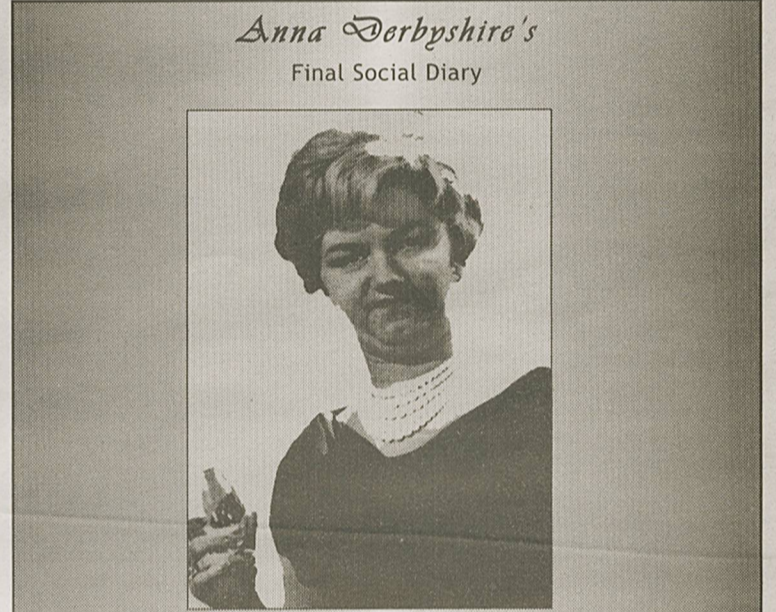
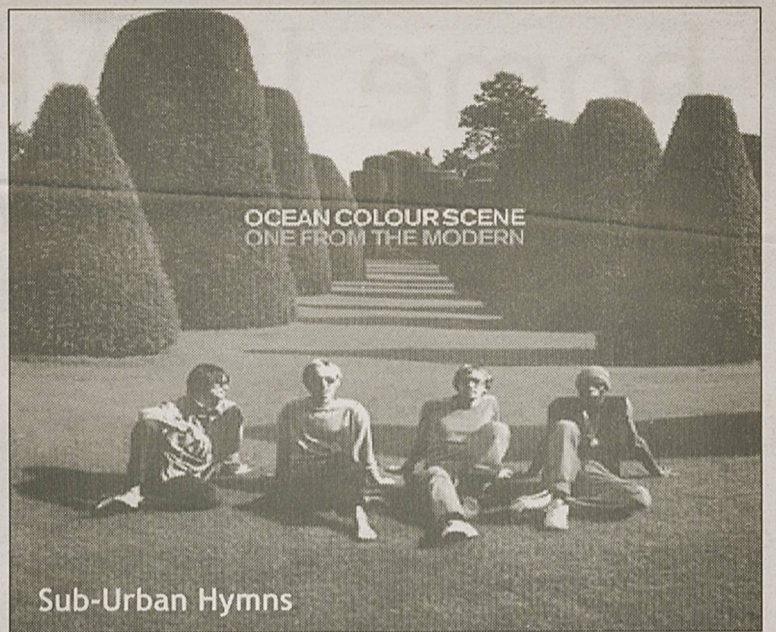
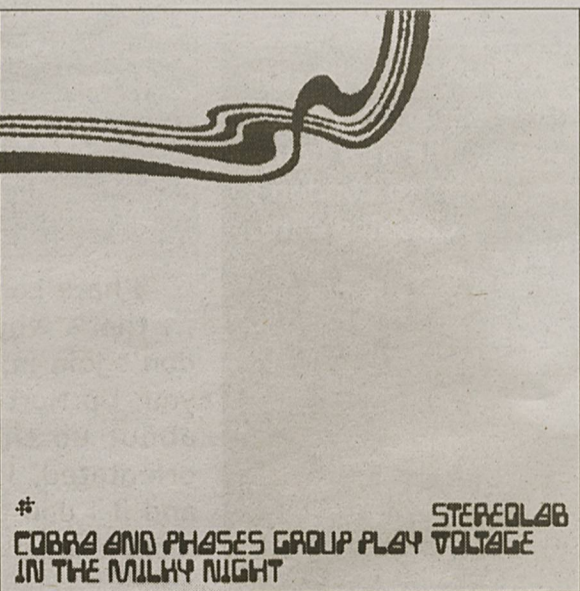
With the likes of Air making bleeps and twiddles million sellers, it's easy to find Gane's tunes a little too conventional, but perhaps that's just a reflection of the difficulty of originality in a postmodern world. And you don't here stuff like that from Steps.

Still, I love Stereolab dearly, and hope that this is just a minor little hiccup. Buy some of their earlier recordings - if pop music really

was about changing things, Stereolab would be number one forever.

TL

☆☆☆☆☆



What am I still doing here? Lord knows: I have made it into the heady world of major label A&R and yet the lure of the Beaver office still has an unsettling hold over me. Lord, I've got a pension plan and everything, but still I am drawn by the promise of a coupe of rubbish High Llamas singles. Why, I ask?

How long it has been since I last shared my shallow and materialistic social activities with you? Oh, too long my little darlings. But this summer has been quiet, to tell you the truth, the days filled with gainful employment, the evenings with the wine-soaked musings of well-bred twenty-somethings reclining smugly in deepest Islington. There have been a couple of outings, though: the fabulous Diablo, as ever, reeked of sheer fabulousness like the fabulous soon-to-be-the-new-Roxy-Music kind of people they are. They'll be playing in various glitter-emblazoned toilets around London this autumn, so keep yer mince pies peeled and you too can pretend that this was what it was like with Ziggy Stardust.

Blur played a show comprising entirely of B-sides a few weeks ago at the Electric Ballroom to celebrate ten years as Blur (the months when they were known, rather unfortunately, as Seymour have long been forgotten. If you missed the blurX exhibition at the Lux Cinema in Hoxton then... well, tough shit, really, cos it was a good 'un. Oh, how well I remember the days of Damon's pudding-bowl haircut. And those superb Clarks desert boots: yes!

There were several stifled yet smug sniggers around the music world as David Bowie's new album, released on the internet weeks before its retail release, was quieter than a gagged dormouse when the computerised sound fucked up. Red cheeks for Dame David, but you've got to give the guy some credit: he never turned into Cliff Richard, churning the same old bobbins out year after year. Dave (he said I could call him that) has more imagination, is more active and takes more artistic risks than the majority of musicians a generation younger than him. From his superb website and server to his art and literary criticism, his painting, his patronage of the best of British '90s music - Tricky, Talvin Singh et al - he puts us young 'uns to shame: Noel Gallagher sounds like his nagging dad. I admit, his new single 'Thursday's Child' is utter dross, but at least he makes the effort - I've just seen Lolly on TOTP, and my heart (and intellect) wept. Give me the buspass crew anyday.

I suspect this may be my very last social diary. I now have a responsible job (notice I refrained from saying respectable), regardless of the unwavering frivolity of my overdraft, and I just haven't got the time for these student capers any more. So later, alligators: I'll miss ya.

Anna
xxx

JS' BLUES BLOW-OUT

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion
Acme - Plus

So you want to know whether you should buy the new Blues Explosion album? Well, before I tell you that you're going to have to ask yourself a few questions first...

Like; Have I heard the Blues Explosion before? Did I like them? Have I heard one of their albums? Do I understand that this album will most likely be more of the same (i.e. "ka-chunk, ka-chunk, ka-chunk...buh-looooooze explosion! thank you very much.")? Will my life be incomplete without it?

If you answered "Yes" to all those questions then of course you should buy it.

If you answered "No" to any you are a pussy and probably like Stereophonics.

You see, the music Messers Spencer, Bauer and Simins purvey, is very much an acquired taste. The Blues aren't about subtlety. They aren't about love happiness, sadness or any of those other lame emotions. The Blues Explosion are about blood, sweat and sex. They are rock and roll with man-size balls. They should make you want a gelled quiff and swagger like John Wayne. And if you can't accept that then you'd best stay clear.

If you care about the details though, Plus is a "collection of remixes and unreleased tracks from the original Acme sessions." In other words; it's a B-Sides album. Admittedly, with any other band this would mean "avoid like a cross between herpes and the Ebola virus," but this is the mutha-fuckin' JSBX we're talking about here and Acme-Plus is 19 tracks of kick-ass rock and roll, bastardised hip-hop and pure unfettered funk. With guest appearances by



such luminaries as Moby, Dan the Automator, Money Mark and David Holmes this is head and shoulders above other albums of its ilk. From the string backed "Bacon" to the smooth stylings of "Right Place, Wrong Time" Acme-Plus finds the Explosion at their best, doing what they know and doing it well.

If you want an album that exudes sex from every orifice buy this and buy it now. If you want to play it safe though I hear the new Travis album's OK. Why not try that? I'll stick with this.

MB

★★★★☆

ARAB JOCKSTRAP

Arab Strap
Elephant Shoe

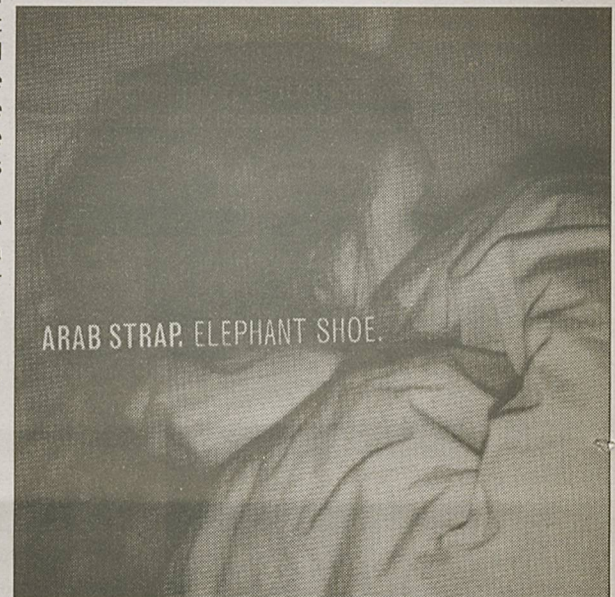
Oh God, no not Arab Strap. Not eleven tracks of someone talking about hangovers and the DSS over a repetitious bass hook. Nooo, give me something jolly or meaningful please. Still, better give it a chance.

Track one - bloke talks over an annoying bass hook. Hmmm, strangely infectious. Track two - OK, now I hate them again. The singer wants to be Stuart Staples (nowhere close), and both the 'sticks- and even Belle and Sebastian can capture urban angst in a more interesting and beautiful way.

And lyrics, arrghhhh - 'If you learn to drive/ I can use the train and the bus/ when you're mobile, we'll go/ take my toys and your cat with us.' I mean, I ask you. Not even Lloyd Cole wrote nonsense like that. Give me the Manics any day.

That Irvine Welsh has a lot to answer for. TL

★★★★☆



SPECTRUM TEENAGE RIOT

Quannum
Spectrum

OK, before we start, a quick reality check for the viewers at home. My name is Matt Bro only because people can't pronounce "Brough" properly. I'm white, middle-class and not nearly as smart as I'd like to think. I didn't have a hard childhood, didn't run with a crew, never packed a nine and the closest I've been to a hood is when I zipped my c agoul up too far. For all intents and purposes I know fuck all about hip-hop and am in no position to decide what is, or is not, "the real shit." Da Roach should be writing this and I should be fucking off home to organise my Oasis singles.

Yeah... well, fuck you. Spectrum is not just the best rap album released so far this year, it's the best record so far, period.

Featuring DJ Shadow's first work since last year's Unkle project, and with a similar collaborative style, Spectrum reunites the Mo Wax favourite with his fellow artists from the now defunct Solesides label. However, unlike Psyence Fiction,

Spectrum finds Shadow and his co-conspirators free of pervasive A&R influences and left to excel at what they do best; kicking out some phat tunes.

Of course, considering Shadow's involvement, the turntable side of things are more than up to scratch (New Editor should insert sardonic comment here) but the most striking aspect

of the album is the sheer lyrical brilliance exhibited by Gift of Gab Lyrics Born, Lateef et al. From the outset, wherein the Quannum MC's take on Jurassic 5 in a game of "Concentration," to the darkly omninous stylings of "Storm Front," the density and intelligence of rhyme simply

defies logic. Sometimes it comes at a rate that puts even Busta Rhymes to shame. Sometimes it displays a perscapacity that'll have you reaching for a thesaurus. Sometimes... sometimes it just goes the full 10 yards, leaving the listener in stunned bewilderment; the technical excellence fusing with the flow of music to create a soundscape that has to be heard to be believed. Even the prerequisite change-o-pace funk

number, "I changed my Mind," breaks the mediocre mould and maintains the album's already high standards.

However the highlight of the album (apart from Jan-Sagan-alike Mack B-Dog's links) has to be the finalé, "Bombonyall," a bass driven challenge to all competitors, who can either "keep up with the mouths of the Czars" or get "stoled all relentlessly with two by fours." Take that mutha-fuckers, indeed.

Without overstatement it must be said that Spectrum is truly spectacular. You will not hear a better hip hop record this year. So you've got a choice; keep buying Puff Daddy's mumbly egocentric Public-Enemy-covering commercially compromised records... or buy this, and see if some underground talent can make it big for a change.

I know what I choose. Base.

MB

★★★★★



- ★★★★★ The Simpsons
- ★★★★☆ Earthworm Jim
- ★★★☆☆ Futurama
- ★★☆☆☆ Beavis and Buttthead
- ★☆☆☆☆ Thundercats

BACK TO THE FUTURAMA

Hard to believe maybe, but the adventures of a neurotic, shoplifting robot, a 1025 year old pizza delivery boy and a one-eyed alien are currently being followed in the USA by 19 million Americans. You may conclude from this that the Jerry Springer show has gone one step too far this time but in fact it is actually the new cartoon series from animation guru, Matt Groening. The show, which hit British TV screens last week, is hailed by many Americans to be better than the Simpsons and South Park. If this is to be the case perhaps we should take some time out to discover 'Futurama'.

To set the scene we need to fast forward a couple of months to New Years Eve 1999 where we meet a pizza delivery boy, Fry. Fry, down on the world and recently dumped, makes a delivery to a cryogenics office and accidentally falls into a freezer. Shoot forward 1000 years and we see Fry thawing out in New New York City (the original was destroyed in an alien invasion many years earlier) where Head Museums are a tourist attraction and Suicide Booths (classily named Stop and Drop) adorn every corner. Fry contemplates this new world with Leela, a smart, beautiful, one eyed alien and Bender, a robot with a bad attitude and a drinking problem.

In a recent interview with AOL, Matt Groening classed the show as being based on a 'gaggle of losers and misfits who fumble through space and time'. A description which once again makes it sound eerily close to a derivative of the Jerry Springer show!

With Benders first words, 'bite my shiny metal ass', setting the moral tone of the show, Futurama seems to be a mix of Bart Simpson meeting the guys from South Park who together steal the gadgets off The Jetsons! Mix this with Matt Groenings genius and the success of Futurama seems guaranteed.

Futurama can be found on Sky One at 8pm, Tuesdays. The Guardian will be giving out free copies of an exclusive Futurama poster along with a copy of 'The Guide', it's weekly listings magazine outside the Clare Market building on Thursday 7th October.

Following straight on from Futurama on Tuesdays on Sky One is Family Guy. Attempting to steal the Simpson's dysfunctional thunder, the family is comprised of the traditional 2.4 children with a twist. Not only do we have a matricidal, hyper-intelligent baby, but also a talking dog, chief advisor to the

Family Guy, dad Peter.

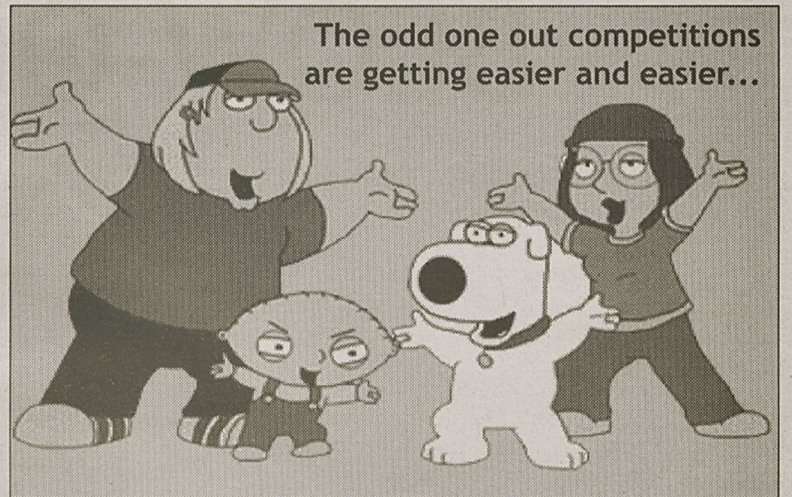
Similar to Homer Simpson in many ways, the first episode sees Peter get utterly drunk playing 'drink the beer' - "What do I win?" "Another beer!" - finding himself unemployed and committing Welfare fraud.

All of this is playing out in an outlandish TV realm, and rushes away from reality whenever it sees fit. This is often hilarious - like when Peter takes a job as a sneezeguard, pointing a gun at a potential sneezer - but sometimes jarring - the moat built around the house is simply too far over the top.

Totally irreverent, poking fun at a plethora of religions and interest groups on a highly regular basis, Family Guy is more ballsy than The Simpsons without the

excessive swearing found in the slowly grating South Park. Packed with a clutch of laugh out loud one-liners, I instantly enjoyed this show and didn't find myself forced to get into it (unlike with

Futurama). Of the latest crop of US animation, this is the stand out, being unfortunately eclipsed by Matt Groening, Matt Stone et al. Check it out, you'll love it.



LIFESTYLE

TheBeaver GUIDE TO BEING A WANKER

For many students at the LSE the process of becoming a wanker is a long and arduous, taking, in some cases, up to a full month to complete. In this busy modern age students simply don't have this long to assimilate into wanker culture. It's to this end that the Beaver has produced this cut out and keep guide. Follow these helpful pointers and you'll be winding people up in Houghton Street in no time.

Attempt to earn cachet within artistic circles by continually talking about a screenplay you are writing without giving away any details of plot, style or characterization.

Despite having no real reason to be there, stand outside the doors of the Old Building doing your best to block the ingress of other students.

Stand on the left of escalators. Ask questions during lectures.

Place your books on a desk in the library with no real intention to do any work there, then proceed to conduct a noisy mobile phone conversation within earshot of people who actually want to do some work; or better still-

Get a group of you mates to monopolise a whole area of the library, earnestly reading the FT and talking about the latest Econ B homework, knowing within your heart and soul that it is only a twisted form of grade grabbing peer pressure that's keeping you there, missing all the richness University life has to offer.

Try to get onto the train first, not allowing other passengers to get off.

Take a job with a society, thus padding your Goldman Sachs bound CV, with no intention of fulfilling the role.

Play no role in the union, yet whine hysterically at the UGM when TheBeaver comes out one day late.

Occupy four seats in the Brunch Bowl at peak times by spreading your copy of Katz and Rosen and all your Micro notes on the table, 'revising' for exams that are five months away.

Walk up and down Houghton street talking loudly on your mobile phone whilst wearing a stupid looking baseball cap in a vain attempt to look like the Eurotrash you so desperately want to impress.

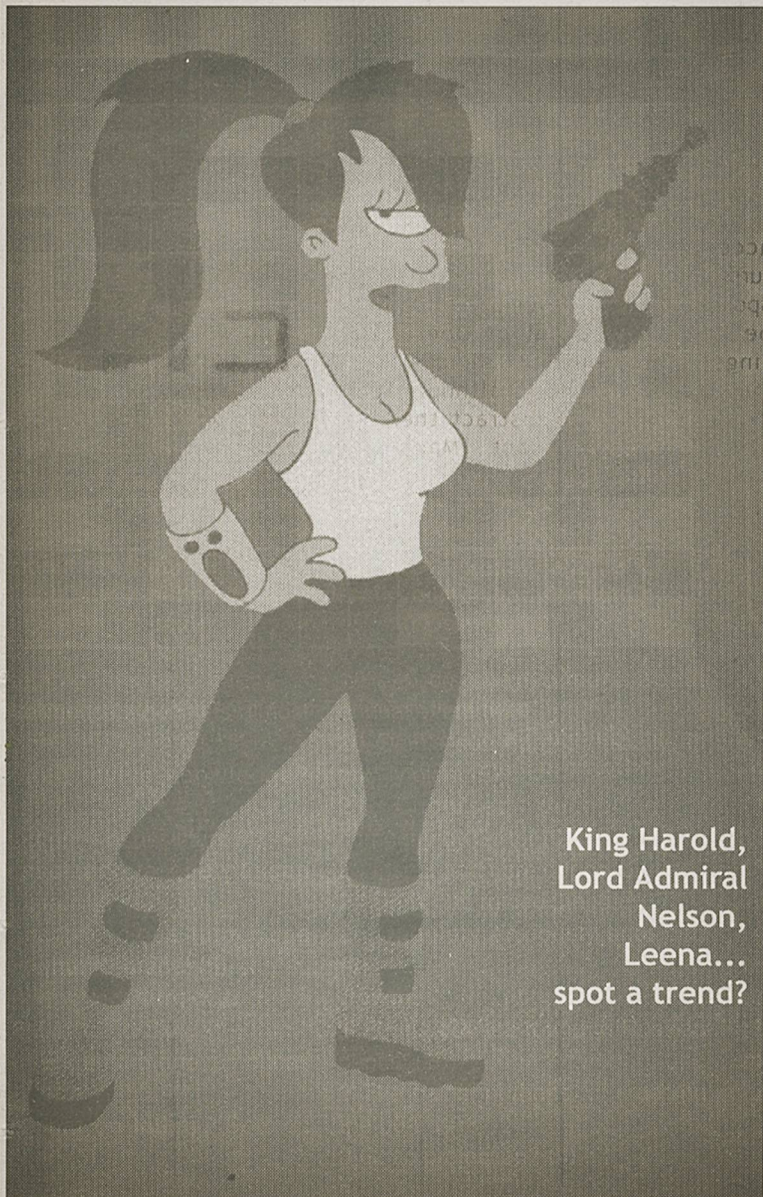
Work for PuLSE.

Try to be Ali G, say 'aye' a lot and call your desperate band of mates your posse.

Dump your boyfriend of 2 years for some bloke you shack up with at Freshers' Fortnight.

Check your Hotmail account in C120 on computers prohibiting e-mail, whilst students who actually want to do some work rather than send aimless messages to people they see every day anyway stand fuming, feeling their will to live slowly sapping.

Snort Cocaine. Not only will this act as a catalyst in your transformation to becoming a wanker, it will also put you in contact with other wankers from who you can learn.



King Harold,
Lord Admiral
Nelson,
Leena...
spot a trend?



Is it 'cos
me a twat?

GREEK TRAGEDY, ENGLISH JOY

The ENO's new season begins, and fails to disappoint

Orfeo

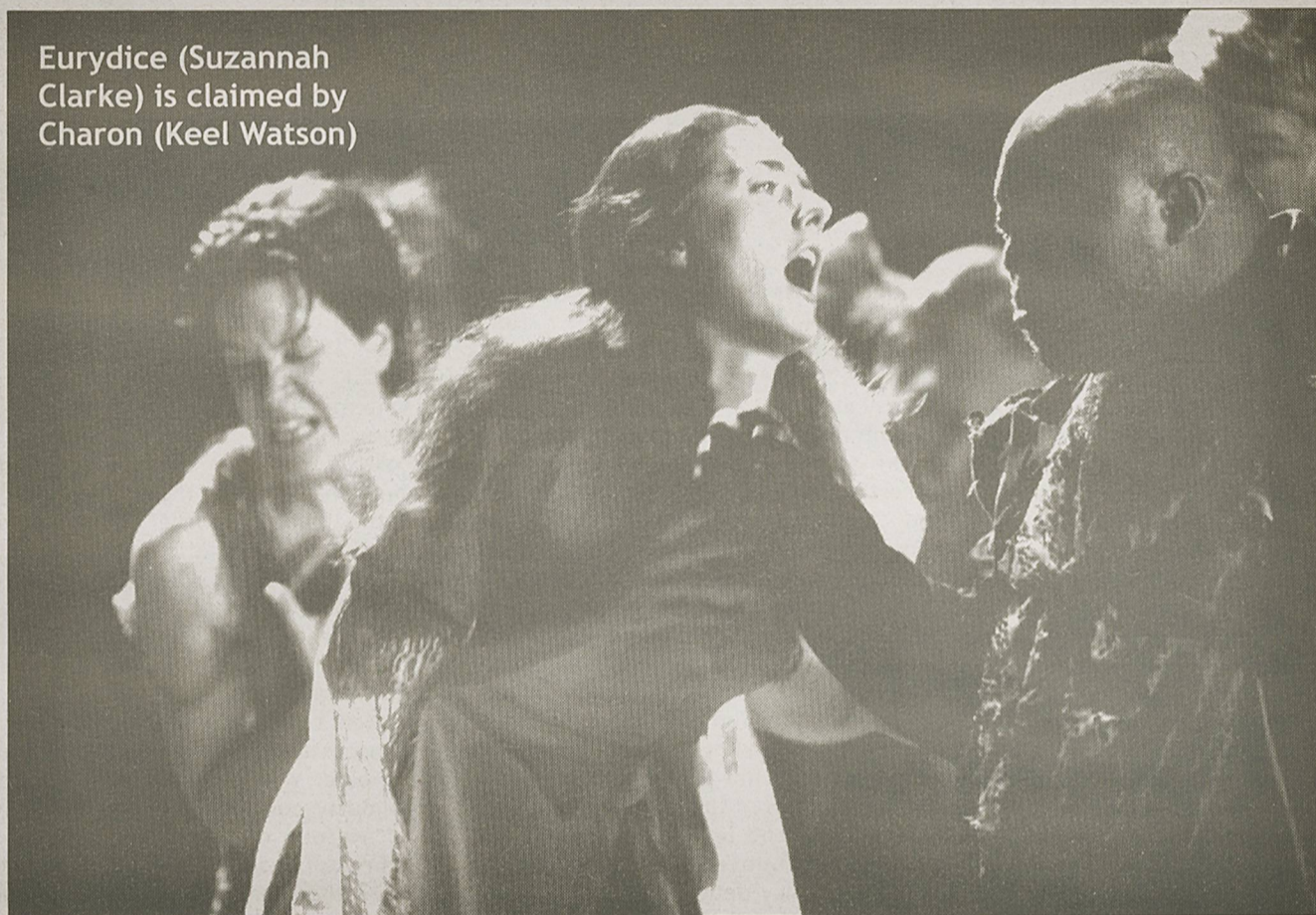
For those of us who didn't go to Eton and the like, Monteverdi's *Orfeo* is based on the Greek legend Orpheus. The story follows that on the day of her marriage, Orpheus' bride Euridice is bitten by a snake and dies. Understandably displeased by his wife's death, Orpheus decides to go to Hades (no mean feat in itself) in order to plead to Pluto for her return. A deal is struck and Orfeo may return home with his wife, as long as he ventures all the way back to Thrace without looking back at her. However on his journey he is struck by paranoia and does turn around, only to see Euridice disappear in front of him. It is a tragedy on soothed by Apollo, his father, venturing down from Mount Olympus to save him.

The ENO's production was sublime. The initial joyousness of the wedding scene is quickly dispelled when Music (Sandra Ford) returns with news of Euridice's death. This news is greeted by much use of the word 'sorrow' and a great amount of falling to and crawling on the ground. Orfeo (John Mark Ainsley), whose performance is not only sung superbly,

especially given Ainsley's debut in the role, but acted with a palpable sense of emotion. Eurydice's aura of innocence is believably conveyed by a distraught Suzannah Clarke, whilst the backing players, who play the role of villagers and shades, provide a strong and varied choral unit. Indeed, in the third act where the bulk of the cast play shades trapped for eternity by the River of Styx, the acting is gut-wrenchingly believable, each scream and wail striking an uncomfortable chord with those in the gods.

However, the stand out role has to be, for me, Keel Watson in the role of Charon. Watson, a man of great stature in many senses of the word, hits the stage with such a comfortable, near arrogant, causality that draws all

Eurydice (Suzannah Clarke) is claimed by Charon (Keel Watson)



eyes.

The set is contemporarily sparse, comprised merely of hoisted rugs and rocks in the mortal acts, and a rather unusual metal scaffold whilst in Hades. Costume is described as

'contemporary Mediterranean' and perhaps a little out of place. Even more out of place is the rather baffling amalgamation of Greek and Roman legend with Dantean Christianity, which continually juxtaposes Hades and

Hell. At least it keeps you guessing.

And thinking. This is a thought provoking opera and a shining production, well worth seeing.

DL

AIM TO ENTERTAIN

Der Freischutz

Seen by many as the first Operatic example of the German Romanticism that spawned a certain R.Wagner, Weber's *Der Freischutz* is currently being revived at the ENO. The tale centres on Max, a

hunter who needs to win a shooting competition to win the hand in marriage of his lovely lass. Sadly his form has deserted him so he has to resort to some dodgy occult shenanigans to get hold of a magic bullet. All very

dark and gothic, but, this being Opera, everything is alright IN THE END.

Full of darkness contrasted with light - the nasty Kaspar frequently appears as a Hawk, while bride-to-be Agathe is (guess, go on) a dove - the whole thing thunders along to its climax. Gidon Saks

steals the show as bitter and twisted bad guy Kaspar, although his Fred Trueman accent served to accenuate some of the more surreal moments.

Spoken dialogue never seems to be the strong point of Opera singers, and some of this cast struggle a little here, although there is plenty to distract the attention of the pedant - Max's ridiculously tight shorts, for one.

The set itself looks a little unsafe, quite frankly; raised platforms left some singers looking as if they had vertigo, and a huge half-eaten moon seemed set to crash on top of Agathe at one point. Quite why a sheet with a few houses painted on it was held up and then dropped in Act Three was unclear; a collection of fish-hooks seemed to be suspended from the ceiling (birds apparently).

Still, *Der Freischutz* is an enjoyable night out; the orchestra at the ENO is superb, and worth the trip in itself. The plot may seem preposterous, but anyone interested in German Romanticism or just the supernatural should go along - this production, if a little uncertain at times, has copious helpings of both.

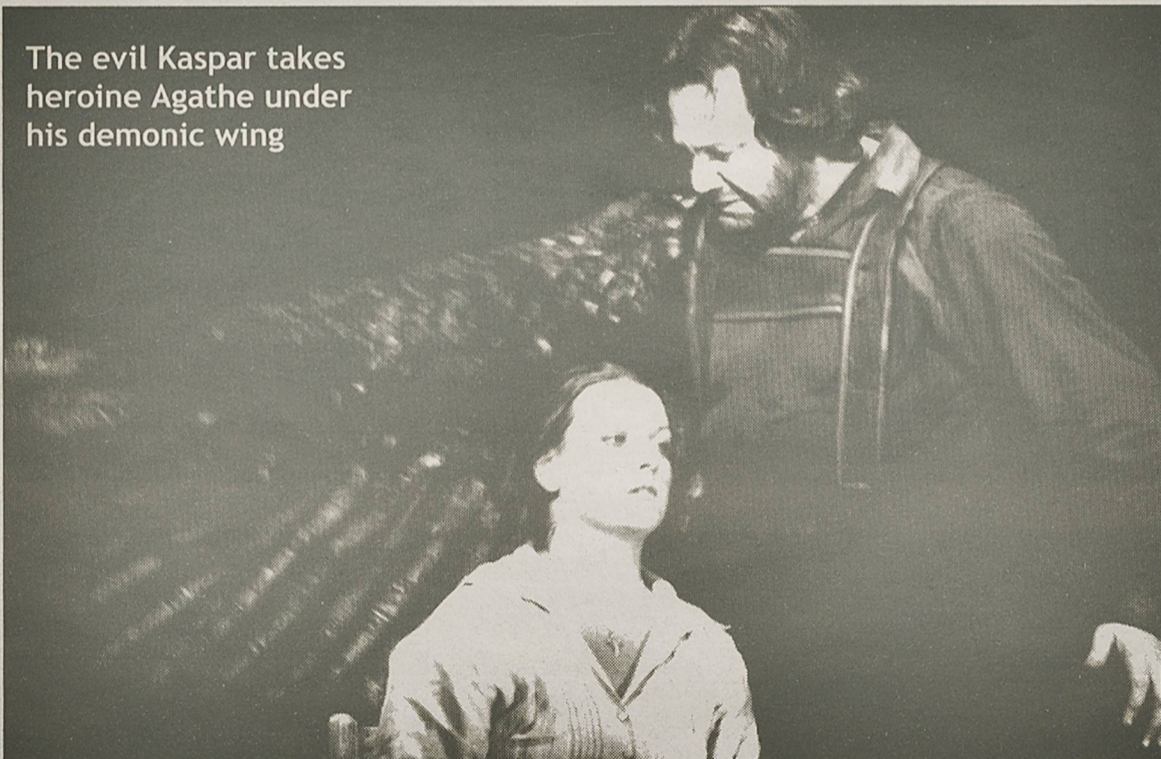


Der Freischutz and *Orfeo* run at the Collesium, St. Martin's Lane until the 15th October and 18th October respectively. Ticket start from just £5. Call the Box Office on 020-7632-8300 (24hours).

The Season continues with *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Figaro's Wedding*, *King Priam*, *La bohème*, *Peter Grimes* and *Alcina* until early December.

TL

The evil Kaspar takes heroine Agathe under his demonic wing



A NOSE FOR A STORY

John Sagan *has taken ages writing this review, so you'd better read it.*

So all-encompassing is our sense of entitlement here at the LSE that we should each of us surely feel entitled to an instructive phase of dalliance with scheduled drugs. Some of you have no doubt already made the acquaintance of the kid who's going to sell you grams at the trill of a mobile phone for seventy quid a bindle.

You do what you will, but I cannot afford a cocaine habit. I fritter my money and time away on mass market books like a wildman. A certain voyeurism is the impetus for my expensive cop-and-blow addiction, so the ice-palace of cocaine lore in print has been my playground. "Bright Lights, Big City" and its ilk; I read them all while my parents were at church, school board meetings, and the dog show, just as I was expected to.

Penguin has recently released a seminal drug memoir called "Novel With Cocaine" written under cover of pseudonym at an undetermined

time between the Soviet Revolution and its first Russian language publication in 1983 by one M. Ageyev, giving it the imprimatur of inclusion in its Penguin Twentieth Century Classics canon.

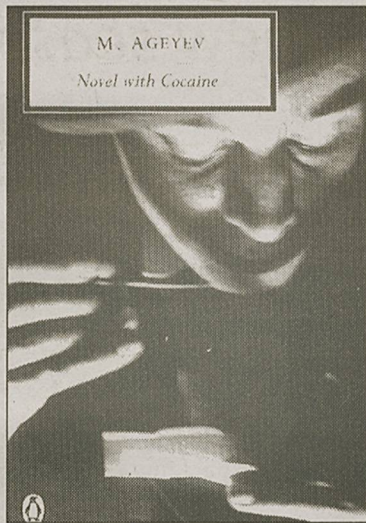
For the most part the colourful literature of cocaine actually lacks truly precise, rather than mannered and cliché-crippled, description of the physical sensations so minutely monitored and fetishized by the coke snorter. The best one I know of resides in the early pages of the 1924 Vladimir Nabokov short story "A Matter of Chance":

'Carefully calculating the jolts of the train, he poured a small mound of the powder on his thumbnail; greedily applied it to one nostril, then to another; inhaled; with a flip of his tongue licked the sparkling dust off his nail; blinked hard a couple of times from the rubbery bitterness, and left the toilet, boozy and buoyant, his head filling with icy delicious air. As he crossed the diaphragm on his way back into the diner, he

thought: how simple it would be to die right now!'

Usually it is the set and setting of the protagonist's self medication, and not the intertwining of the metabolised neurochemicals of our hero's choice and his subjective self that is the true subject of a Drug Novel, this being most certainly the case when The Drug is one the effects of which are as typically counterposed to those of psychedelic drugs.

'Novel With Cocaine' is the tripartite direct narrative of the final year of the life of a teenage Russian named Vadim Maslennikov, which sees him through the months of his public school education leading up to his university examinations, past the barely acknowledged paroxysmic 1917 transition to the Soviet system, unsuccessfully involved with a much older woman, into the monotonously consumptive company of a group of luridly characterised coke fiends, and on at last to his rather perfunctory undignified death of willful overdose.



Ageyev's novel is intermittently fascinating and finally denies us satisfaction, in large part due to the suffocating miscreant flamboyance of its focal character. Vadim is an irascible, airy fellow, almost laughably anomic in the Dostoyevskian manner. His is the doleful intensity emotional intensity of a flatly painted icon, the baleful, shock-headed scorn of the Old World. He is the perfect proxy for the reader who thrills at the self-loathing pornographic literature of prewar privilege and heartbroken in some ways by not having been browbeaten into polymathic stuff

in the Gymnasium system Stefan Zweig writes about in 'The World Of Yesterday.'

Novels often arrive when we need them. Ageyev's observations on the occasional instance of inconvenient teenage impotence, middle aged harridan-callow youth relationships, and trying hard to love when you're possessed of a cool pose sensibility numb as the suddenly inert, bloated, suffocating anaesthetised tongue on the floor of your mouth at the commencement of a caine session's interminable post nasal drip, all unexpected truth from the waters, reached me at the aptest moment possible. I don't know how well 'Novel With Cocaine' would read in comparative isolation from its loosely apposite genre and these harrowing personal travails. Who feels it knows, though, that's for sure. Witness Ageyev-as-Vadim on the satori of imaginative procrastination:

'My penchant for sloth and reverie persuaded me that there was no point in laying out so great an expenditure of time and energy to bring external events to fruition when my happiness would be all the stronger if the events leading up to it came about rapidly and unexpectedly.'

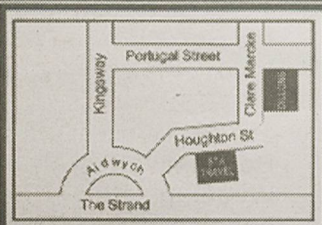
STA TRAVEL

WORLD LEADERS IN STUDENT & YOUNG INDEPENDENT TRAVEL

DISCOVER THE WORLD

FLIGHTS • INSURANCE • TRAVEL PASSES • ACCOMMODATION • OVERLAND TOURS

OVER 200 BRANCHES WORLDWIDE
LOW COST TRAVEL FOR STUDENTS AND YOUNG PEOPLE



STA Travel, London School of Economics,
East Building, Houghton St, London WC2.

STA
STA TRAVEL

World leaders in student and young independent travel

LONDON, MANCHESTER, OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, BRISTOL, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, BIRMINGHAM, DURHAM, ABERDEEN, BRIGHTON, NOTTINGHAM, LOUGHBOROUGH, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, WARWICK, NEWCASTLE, CARDIFF

The Beaver saves you the hassle of trawling the student press looking for the truly worthwhile news items - not all that boring stuff about the NUS or photocopying costs, but the indecent exposure stories, the hundred words about illicit squirrel hunts or frogs in subsidised pints of lager. We do all the research, and bring you, the reader, Far Flung, acid tales from this septic isle.

SHAKING HANDS WITH THE UNEMPLOYED

A tale reaches us from darkest Loughborough. A contact writes of a student stuck at a loose end on a Tuesday afternoon deciding to indulge in a spot of, ahem, monkey spanking to while away the hours.

Events reached their logical conclusion, but our hero was jolted out of his post auto-coital euphoria by a round of applause, emanating from the small crowd that had gathered outside his window.

Yer man is no longer at the University - still too red faced presumably, or perhaps seeking employment in the financial sector.

CHICKEN RUN

Warwick University's Rugby team were so starved on the way home from a match against Strand Poly that they abducted a chicken from a service station.

One of several unexplained facets of this story is what exactly a chicken was doing wandering around a service station? Had it just popped in for Ten Benson?

The lads later took pity, and decided to simply let the bird fly around the Union bar rather than serve it up with some chips.

Numerous side-splitting jokes ensued concerning pulling birds and so forth, not to mention endless complaints from staff and students, and the inevitable avalanche of 'foul play' puns in letters to the *Warwick Boar*. Just as well it wasn't a cockerel.

The bird has since been found a good home, although whether a means can be found to hold the attention of the rigger lads long enough to prevent such things happening in future remains to be seen.

CHEAP GIT HAS COLON FIT

A student at Bristol got so excited at a supermarket three-for-the-price-of-one offer on pesto that he piled the stuff on all his food. "I had it on everything, sandwiches, you name it," said Albert Hill.

Unfortunately the lad's obsession with value for money led to fragments of nut in the pesto blocking off the entrance to Albert's appendix, causing it to rupture, leaving him in Bristol Royal Infirmary for three weeks.

Luckily he's OK now, and student hacks everywhere can while away the hours thinking of variations on 'pasta la vista baby' puns.

DIAL E FOR EXPLOSION

News reaches us from Glasgow of a mysterious new phenomenon - the exploding phone box. The city's Great Western Road recently played host to the spontaneous combustion of one of BT's finest call kiosks. Details are somewhat sketchy (although no one should link this story to the news that former *Beaver* editor Matt Brough is now resident in the self-same Scottish hotspot), but students suggested to the Glasgow press that there were far easier ways of getting money from coin boxes.

The *Glasgow Guardian* helpfully provides a picture of its reporter attempting to make a call from the box, despite the fact that his own report states that 'the phone itself was blown clear from the building.' Good to see that a university education isn't going to waste.

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

Mark Kelly, a student at Durham University, is aiming to start a Satanic society. Kelly hopes to indulge in 'sheep-shearing, row-tipping (?) and Christian-baiting, as well as outing existing Satanists in Durham.' However, Kelly needs to find 30 fellow blood-drinkers in order to get his society ratified, an uphill task even in Durham, one suspects.

An editorial in the campus paper, *Palatinate*, told students 'not to worry, if you don't react, it will go away.' Kelly sought to re-assure people by explaining that he didn't really see Satan as the son of God. Phew.

Whether we ever see such activities on Houghton Street seems unlikely, although one anonymous hack commented: 'we already have one - it's called the Hayek society.'

ANIMAL FUNNY FARM

Third year students at Queen's College Cambridge have released a CD entitled 'Badgers are Good.' The apparent aim is to raise awareness of Badger-culling, described as 'a waste of good badgers' by one of the inspirations behind the idea, Greg Unwin. Tracks include 'My Gibbon is shy' (based on 'No woman no Cry') and the more oblique 'Nose job.' 'I wrote most of them in the sixth form,' explains Unwin, 'although I've been recording mongoose sounds since I was sixteen.'

OXFORD STUDENTS MATE FOR LIFE

Madam, I was dismayed to discover the other week that I have been "dumbing down my accent" since arriving in Oxford. I frequently use the word "mate" and to be quite honest my accent may appear far from traditionally "middle class".

(Letter to the Editor of *Cherwell*, Oxford Student paper. Bet you was dahn the pub at the time an' all).

Cherwell also carries a story of mass food poisoning after students ate too many oysters while consuming alcohol. Life is a female dog, what?

STUDENT CASUAL GYM INSTRUCTORS WANTED

FOR THE BRAND NEW STUDENTS' UNION GYM

£4.83 PER HOUR

**Preferable if you hold a gym
instructors qualification**

**Please collect an application
form from SU reception**

NETBALL GIRL POLL

Since her first appearance in the Beaver, two years ago, Netball girl has aroused nothing less than hysteria from the student body. Sex symbol or the embodiment of female emancipation? Indecently exposed or quite rightly exhibited for all to marvel at her beauty? Now at Beaversports, we are asking you the reader to decide once and for all over the future of Netball girl. Should she stay or should she go? We would greatly appreciate your views on this ongoing saga. Send your Comments and quotations to d.lewis@lse.ac.uk or come down and rant personally in the Beaver office (C023). They will be published in next week's Beaver before a final decision is made.

Should we renew netball girl's contract for the new season or should we give her the sack? David, it's over to you.



Beaversports

is on the lookout for new writers. If you are a budding sports journalist, or are simply capable of bullshitting 200 words about your side's games (and its players' sordid sex lives - or lack of), then come and write for us.

The Ginger One Feders and Matt 'Two Vodka and Oranges and he's anyones' Sutton are your boys in the 'know' so come on down to C023 and seek out these sporting gurus.

CLASSIC QUOTES NO.1: OSCAR KENT (RUGBY 1STS)

"For me the rugby field represents the eternal struggle between yin and yan, protons and electrons, good and evil, and the positive and the negative. In this I am the ultimate neutron poised ready for the final battle in which only the most extreme and righteous shall prevail."

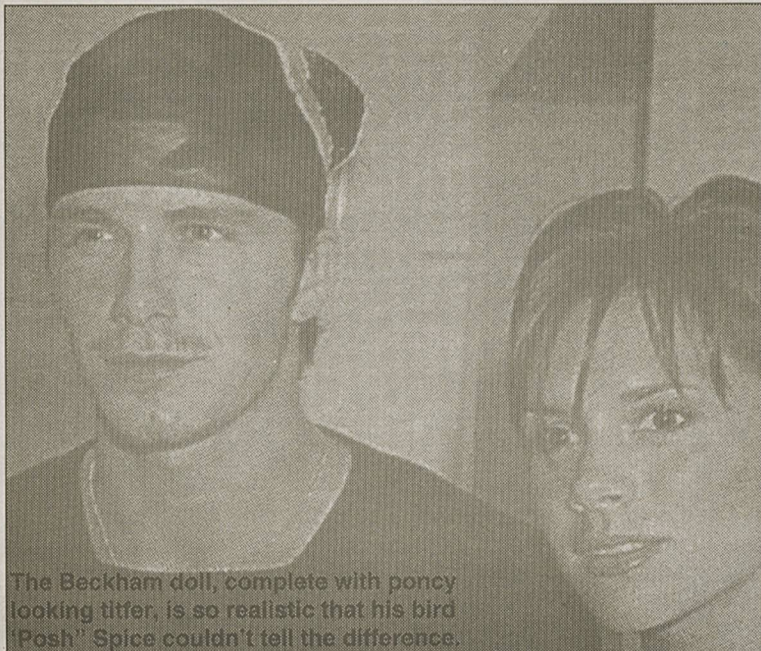
DAVID BECKHAM BLOW UP DOLL PRIZE GIVEAWAY

As part of this very special fresher's issue of the Beaver, we at Beaversports are giving away a life size, limited edition, multi-purpose David Beckham doll. Although much lighter in weight and slightly plasticity in appearance, this inflatable masterpiece possesses a remarkably lifelike personality and terrific speed and stamina. Use and abuse him at your will but here are a few tips on how to get the most out of your very own David Beckham doll:

1. Remind him of his free kick against Columbia and Manchester Utd's dramatic treble winning season. Compliment him and reassure him of his football god status. Note that this may physically arouse him. Deal with his excitement in any way you wish yet remember that sex is a game of give and take. Warning: Do not mention the word Argentina as he will cry and could possibly go ballistic.

2. Squeeze his chest and hear a rendition of David's favourite football songs including "Who's the bastard in the black?" and "the referee's a w*****." This doll has a specially extended vocabulary of 100 words so be prepared for David to sometimes use various uncharacteristic phrases.

3. Sit him in your living room and invite friends or potential girlfriends to your house. Let them marvel at his beauty and watch as



The Beckham doll, complete with pony looking tiffen, is so realistic that his bird "Posh" Spice couldn't tell the difference.

he remains ice cool amid all the attention. Be careful not to involve him too deeply in the conversation as this doll has an unusually high level of intelligence. This could expose his true identity.

4. Use him to start trouble in your local boozier and then watch as he does a runner and leaves you, Keano and Coley to pick up the pieces.

5. Sleep with him. Top to tail, back to back, it's entirely up to you. Then phone you're mates and tell them that you have just slept with David Beckham. Whether, you are heterosexual, homosexual, transexual or

pansexual, this is most definitely something to boast about.

6. Bathe him regularly. Although he may be shy and feel uncomfortable, in his heart of hearts, he realises the importance of hygiene and he likes to be kept clean and sweet smelling

To stand a chance of winning this magnificent prize, simply answer the following question and send or deliver it in person to the Beaver office:

"Who was David Beckham's best man at his recent wedding to Posh Spice?"

FEDERS ON FRESHERS



Fresher's week is possibly the most important time in the career of an undergraduate. The people you meet and the experiences you have will shape the rest of your life and make you the person you become. For this reason and for many others, the importance of first impressions cannot be understated. Don't bore the new people you encounter with the same old conversation starters like 'What are you studying?' or 'Where are you from?' This is pure crap. Try and gain their admiration from the very moment that you open your mouth. Let people know that you're not happy just being one of the crowd. Be different. Be outrageous. Show the world your individuality:

1. Be provocative: For example if someone is ugly or has bad breath, tell them. Don't worry about being true through a fear of offending someone else. Be at one with yourself. Don't be afraid to start a row with someone you have just met. They're not likely to be that hard anyway. If you have a point to make, make it and consider the consequences at a later stage. The skills of coherent and unrepentant argument are incredibly important to your university education so put them into practice through your real life experiences. Be brutally honest and if the honesty part of the equation fails to bring success, rely on the brutality.

2. Be musical: It is often a good idea to greet a new acquaintance with a rendition of your favourite contemporary chart song. Make use of pocket sized percussion instruments. If you have a friend who can use his mouth like a 'beatbox', you should exploit his services for added effectiveness. If you can rap, this is a bonus as it highlights your street credibility and proves that you have led a pretty crazy life. However if you are a newcomer to the dangerous world of rap music, don't be scared and just let the rhymes flow naturally. Remember your home is now your 'hood' and your friends are now your 'crew'.

3. Be seductive: Seduction is an art and you must master it. If you feel as if you have the basics, put them into practice immediately. Ask a member of the opposite sex the last time they washed or whether they have any plans for bathing in the near future. This shows that you are taking an interest in their personal hygiene and discreetly insinuates that you would like to sleep with them. Perhaps inquire as to their favourite colour. If they reply 'red', you should originally respond 'like a rose'. This line never fails and you are likely to have a night of passion ahead of you. However if they give a different answer, you will be screwed and at this point it is probably advisable that you get your coat or maybe start a fight with the landlord.

4. Dress to impress: Don't follow the crowd with their modern shirts and their tight jeans. Be your own person. Wear what you feel comfortable in. Hark back to those woolly jumpers that kept you warm at primary school during cold winter months. Either grow your hair or shave it. Anything in between indicates a confused and undecided personality. Make a statement. Tattoos say something special about a person. Get an anchor on your forearm or an illustration of your girlfriend on your neck and expose it for all to see. Get an ear ring, get 12, it doesn't matter. Who gives a fuck? You only live once Don't be shy. Be loud and arrogant. Piss people off. If you don't piss them off straight away, they'll do the same to you before long. Act now, think later.

Follows these little pointers and Fresher's week will be a blast.

NEW SEASON, NEW DANGER

continued from Back Page

They may have made the knock out stages of last season's cup yet captain Joel Smith is hoping for a livelier performance from his troops this term. Nick Woodruff, swing bowler extraordinaire, is looking to maintain his ratio of maidens and unleash his infamous yorker on more unsuspecting victims. Good luck lads.

Netball is back on the agenda for 1999. Last season the team proved conclusively that they have no problem scoring. Lucy Blair and Anna Foster have shown great pre-season shooting form while 7up Sam will be hoping to improve on her average points score of 28 from last season. Alex Hartley looks a good bet for BUSA player of the season while Ruth Daniels just looks good, full stop.

The Volleyball girls, perhaps the most well guarded secret of

the AU, will be back in action this autumn and will be looking for new uniforms, virile young cheerleaders and hot dog salesmen for their forthcoming matches. Following last season's poor displays, team enforcer, Marwa El Botai is ready to ring the changes. She remarked recently in another student publication that 'if they don't give me 100% then they'll be out on their ear. I don't care how pretty they are.' You go girl!

The hockey birds, ringleaders of the AU barrel riots of 1986, are also looking really fit and raring to go. Despite the loss of star keeper Rachel Rage TM Knight and Becky Little to the education and welfare sabbatical position in the SU, Vice captain Katie Pratt is confident that with some fresh talent, they could mount a serious title challenge. With players like Sarah Woolnough, Jessica 'Let me

entertain you' Crellin and new captain Kersten Greb, who can blame her. Keep it clean girls but if you can't don't worry.



7-Up Sam : Knows where to put the balls

LSE SPORTS STARS READY TO KICK ASS...



LSE Hockey: Don't expect too much

Fat Bob, Big Jez, Mandy, 7-up Sam and a host of others prepare for battle

This year LSE sports is gonna be larger than ever. We will, and I repeat, we will, make other teams our bitches and punish them in ways we see fit. Teams will realise that their journeys to the fortress we call Berrylands, have been wasted when they return week in, week out thoroughly dejected. Leading the forces this season will be AU President and rugby supremo, Rob Sellers, better known as Fat Bob. Promoting a die-hard policy of iron discipline, we can have no doubt that concentration and determination levels among our sportsmen and women will reach unprecedented highs.

The Purple Warriors of LSE rugby will make a much anticipated return to action after a summer at various US alcohol addiction clinics and much publicised spells

of community service in Hackney. Under the guidance of new captain 'Big' Jes Phillips and with the help of child prodigies such as 'Stumpy' Eliot and Biggie Hanson, all bodes well for an assault back on the BUSA leagues. Eliot said, 'if people want a piece of me, then bring it on. Nobody f***s with me.' No doubt last season's semi-final success will be followed by a champagne victory in this season's London Cup final. If Oscar 'the Gimp' Kent has anything to do with it, I'm sure there will be Chablis all round.

After last season's episodes with transvestite goalkeepers, the LSE football club looks back on track. Everyone has been asking the same question, 'will the lads be able to cover the catastrophic losses of players like Kev Sharpe, Any Goodman, Nav Pau, Matt Raftery and James Mulligan?' The answer is, 'of course they bloody will.' The strength and depth of

the LSE football ranks is quite remarkable, so out with the old and in with the new. Mandy Mandraker, new captain, will undoubtedly use some of his Essex boy charm to instil in his teams that winning feeling. Third team workhouse, 'Terminator' Nick Wogan has summed up the attitude of the camp and vowed that the boys will be back and 'up for whatever challenges may lie ahead'. Fourth team captain Matt Stoate is hoping to indoctrinate his players in the theories of the

'If people want a piece of me, then bring it on. Nobody fs with me.'***

famous Russian anarchist, Mikhail Bakunin. 'I don't believe in fate,' he said 'man makes his own destiny so either we sieze the moment and act now or we will be consigned to the dustbin of history.'

P. K. Toh, the notorious criminal mind behind the LSE badminton club, has sadly departed from the clan in order to give birth to his second child. As a result, the management of the self-proclaimed 'Bad Boys' of the LSE establishment has been left securely in the hands of the Masked Ginger Magician and his many accompises. With 'Deadly' Dennis Wright soon to be released from Strangeways and Suhail Shaikh and Flavian 'I don't want to be a playa no more' Octavian back from a Chippendale tour of the Bahamas, the nucleus of the side remains firmly intact. Devna Vora, 'Queen of the court' will again spearhead the push for success in the women's league

and is leading this season's recruitment drive.

The indoor cricket season is due to start mid october with the LSE sloggers reputedly in 'the best shape of their lives'.

Continued Page 23



Fat Bob: Father Figure