

# The Beaver

The Newspaper of the LSE SU

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Vintage videos for free:  
The Teenage Mutant  
Ninja Turtles!  
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should thank their  
lucky stars  
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Jobs from McKinsey's, Citigroup, Deutsche Bank and others inside!

## LSE packed to the brim

Aison McConnell

**E**VEN THE newest students at the LSE this year have noticed a difference that many upperclassmen are complaining about: overcrowding.

This comes as no surprise in the week in which Gen Sec Tuuli Kousa told the UGM that the LSE took in 430 students more than the school originally anticipated.

The result? Queues for library books, computers and student services pop up all over campus at any given time. Classrooms and lecture theatres are full to the brim, with students crammed into small rooms that often lack a sufficient number of desks. About 30 percent of this year's student body was not even offered housing.

In an induction meeting for new students, Dean of Undergraduate Students Mark Hoffman indicated that the LSE is packed from a numerical standpoint. Almost every academic department is overdrawn, he said, and additionally, there are approximately 40 extra General Course students attending the LSE this year.

One particular campus location has been the scene of queues galore. The Lionel Robbins Library, which opened last year, has faced an influx of students attempting to obtain course resources, and, apparently, hasn't been able to keep up. A common task like looking up a book on the library computer system or checking it out with staff has become a lengthy process.

"The system is really slow," said Philipp Nielsen, an undergraduate student. "When I was trying to find a book on the computer, the server was loading the page at a half a percent at a time. Then, when 22 percent was complete, it

started moving at a quarter of a percent at a time!"

Delays like this, which add a large amount of waiting time to everyday processes, have apparently caused frustration among students. "After [the server] reached 30 percent, I gave up," he said. "Trying to search for a book on the library service...you basically can't do it."

The LSE servers proved insufficient in the first weeks of the school year, as students struggled to access the LSEforYOU database. "I'm pretty sure that LSEforYOU is not for me," one anonymous student said. "It never works!"

According to one student, other inconveniences stem from the construction in Clare Market and by the library. Several bike racks used to line the pavement there, but were removed when the area was blocked off for work. Consequently, many a biker spends extra time searching for a home for their wheels before class.

Even the physical campus space seems overcrowded at peak times, when a large number of students try to change location between lectures. "You can't leave Clement House after classes," Nielsen said. "I waited five or six minutes - no one could get out of the Hong Kong Theatre until a professor intervened."

Nevertheless, Gen Sec Kousa remained optimistic: "The school is doing their best to stick to the 15:1 class-ratio for undergrads they committed to in the past." Let's hope practice follows theory on this one.

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A traffic jams on Houghton Street: are these to be regular sights?

## Imperial gets NUS benefits for free

Elanor Barham

**S**TUDENTS OF Imperial College could flagrantly flout NUS regulations due to a 'cock up' by their Union Card Sponsors. 75 per cent of Imperial's student body decided not to pay the NUS membership fee in a referendum last year, but are still able to take advantage of the numerous offers available to the rest of us mere paying members. Sponsorship of ICU's membership cards has formerly been undertaken by the

likes of STA Travel and High Street banks, whose motivation is an advertisement for their organisation printed onto the reverse side of the card. However, this year, due to a lack of interest from these quarters, it was left to Endsleigh Insurance to carry the can.

The coveted NUS logo has been inadvertently incorporated into the design of the reverse side of the ICU membership cards by the insurance company, which is owned in part by the NUS. It appears that when designing the cards, Endsleigh Insurance failed

to take on board the fact that Imperial had failed to pay the affiliation fee. Despite a few lone voices bemoaning the fact that the presence of the logo 'pollutes' the erroneous cards, ICU have decided to issue them anyway; the murmurs of dissent lost in the general amusement at the fortuitous mistake. The logos are, of course, not real and do not make Imperial's students members of the NUS. It just means that they can walk into their nearest branch of HMV or Topshop and claim

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# Imperial freeriding on the NUS

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the ten per cent discount off all their purchases.

However, whilst this may seem to be just a bit of harmless fun, it raises a more important issue. The National Union of Students is an organisation through which members can gather together to resolve the problems that are faced by students in this coun-

try. One of the reasons why it is controversial among unions is that membership is very costly and the benefits are dubious. In general, as with any union, the more members do not sign up, the weaker it gets. This can be summarised in the saying 'United we stand, divided we fall'. Imperial's decision to abstain from this solidarity undermines the Union's strength through numbers -

and all that for the sake of a few extra pounds each year. In this respect, it becomes even more striking that those students who voted against paying the NUS membership fee are now doubly profiting: saving the subscription money for the NUS and getting the benefits associated with it. That this happens at our expense is fairly self evident.<sup>4</sup>

So far, the only ICU figures

to take a stance against this, and refuse to accept the new cards, are Sen Ganesh and Mustafa Arif, who also refused to get membership cards last year. Mr Ganesh declined to elucidate the reason for his decision, but Mr Arif gleefully explained that the mistake had 'reinforced his intention to get a University of London Union membership card instead.' ULU cards do not have the

NUS logo incorporated into their design since not all of the institutions which make up the University of London are members of the NUS. Last year's ICU Executive voted to replace ICU membership cards with joint ICU/ULU cards. This change is scheduled to come into force for the 2003/2004 academic year.

## Soros, the US and the IMF

Patrick Murdoch

IN WHAT turned out to be more of a discussion than a debate, George Soros, an LSE graduate, was deeply critical. In front of a vast audience in the packed Peacock Theatre, Soros attacked the IMF (International Monetary Fund), the United States, and the structure of current global markets. "The problem is an inadequate supply of capital to the developing world;" a new motor to propel economic growth is needed, Soros argued.

Soros, who has made fortunes in investment funds, attacked the system that made him one of the wealthiest men on the planet. He argued that if today's international institutions "cannot sustain a country like Brazil, that has done all the right things, globalization will break down." Referring to Argentina, he later added, "The IMF has lost its way; there needs to be a change."

The position maintained by Soros on Tuesday afternoon echoed the stance taken by Joseph Stiglitz. In 'Globalization and Its Discontents,' Stiglitz argues that the IMF has implemented economic policies resulting in the breakdown of emerging markets all over the world. Contrary to the policies promoted by the Washington Consensus, both Soros and Stiglitz argue that, in some cases, poor countries need to increase protectionist measures. This line of reasoning ties into a broader range of recent attacks directed against

the IMF and WTO (World Trade Organization). An increasing number of economist and global players such as Soros are beginning to voice their concern that major international institutions have mismanaged liberalization and that many developing countries are consequently now worse off than they were before.

However, Soros insisted on the evolution of international institutions, opposing the view of popular anti-globalization rhetoric which argues for their elimination altogether. "The big mistake [of the anti-globalization movement] is to blame international institutions," Soros maintained. He went on to argue that the anti-globalization attack should be directed against various government's failures in developing civil societies.

One of the major problems faced by today's markets is an "inadequate supply of capital to the developing world," Soros claimed. He said that if a new solution was not soon reached,

"we are in serious trouble." When pressed by LSE Director Anthony Giddens to offer some solutions, Soros began by stating the need to open discount windows for periphery countries with large national debt. A key

these circumstances, the burden of debt becomes dramatically larger for countries like Argentina. Soros stressed the point that reforms promoted directly by the IMF, and indirectly by the Federal Reserve, have failed to resolve the issue of deflation. Additionally, he argued that the emphasis on implementing reforms in developing countries based on export growth has damaged the potential for impoverished areas to develop self-sustained economies. Consequently, Soros firmly stated the need for stimulation of domestic, rather than export based growth.

As the discussion progressed, Soros and Giddens focused on Europe and the United States. Here, Soros criticized the ECB (European Central Bank) as an institution incapable of looking forward. "The ECB looks backwards because of institutional constraints," he said. Unlike the more progressive Federal Reserve Bank in the United States, Soros mentioned that "the mission of the ECB is not to maintain growth, but to fight inflation."

Soros ended the debate by attacking the United States' increasingly unilateral stance. Referring to the current regime as "cowboys," he argued that the United States was abusing its power and influence insofar as it "wants to reinforce its dominance before reinforcing [international] institutions." He said that George W. Bush's general abandonment of international organizations demonstrated a significant moral deficiency.

On the Iraq issue, Soros was not convinced that war is inevitable. He said that the return of weapon inspectors under Iraq's acceptance of UN Security Council resolutions could provide a viable peaceful alternative. The debate became controversial when Soros compared the current political and economic environment of the United States to that of Nazi Germany in the early 1930s. He used the comparison to illustrate how in both cases military spending in preparation for war allowed for increased fiscal stimulus. Soros did mention, though, that it would be dangerous to push comparisons of this sort any further.

Overall, Soros' emphasis on the need for serious reform came at a pressing moment. In the face of a creeping world economy and increased criticism directed against international institutions, one can only hope that his call for change will not ring hollow.



He sees it all clearly now

reform, he claimed, would be to "make credit available at reasonable rates."

Both Giddens and Soros saw massive deflation as one of the imminent threats facing much of the developing world. Under

## Why eating chocolate makes you happy

CHOCOLATE IS one of the UK's favourite treats. Yet, due to the current system of trading, cocoa farmers are some of the poorest people in the world - it can cost more to grow the beans than they can be sold for.

But there is an alternative. The Day Chocolate Company, which is partly owned by cocoa farmers, promotes fair trade and is launching a nationwide fair trade campaign calling for students to vote for change by buying chocolate and choosing fair trade!

Day produces delicious Divine fairly traded milk and dark chocolate and Dubble, the fair trade crispy crunch chocolate bar with added Comic Relief. The bars are aiming to challenge the traditional UK chocolate market and to take fairly traded chocolate into the mainstream. The bars have teamed up with NUS shops and are asking students all over the UK to help.

Simply by choosing Divine and Dubble Fairtrade Marked chocolate bars students can make a difference and send a clear message to companies backing an alternative way of trading.

To find out more information about fair trade, Dubble and Divine check out [www.divinechocolate.com](http://www.divinechocolate.com) and [www.dubble.co.uk](http://www.dubble.co.uk). In the meantime get munching!



Win one of these beauties!

And to win one out of five absolutely free goody-bags just answer this question:

What is the biological explanation for why eating chocolate makes you happy?

Write your answer to [thebeaver@lse.ac.uk](mailto:thebeaver@lse.ac.uk)





## Houghton Street's Masters' views on the increased number of LSE Students



"It depends on the time of day - the library before 10 is fine. It is just a matter of figuring out good times to get to a computer"

Hami Ueno



"I haven't been in that much and I haven't noticed it being a problem"

Sarah Harrison



"Walking around the school it is noticeable - getting from one lecture to another can be difficult. I'm not in halls but I heard it is crowded."

Katie Fish



"It's fairly crowded but hasn't really been a problem."

Espen Leknes

# A - Levels: what a mess

Ion Martea

**W**HILE FRESHERS settle into LSE, some of their former school peers bustle about trying to find a job rather than going to their third choice university.

Access to higher level universities was denied to many students because the conditions of offer were not met. Nothing new so far, that happens every year. However, as the A-level marking scandal this summer highlights, this year seems different.

Instead of blaming the respective students, the examination boards are being pressed for answers in what

Some Edexcel History remarks came in the first week of October, and the university deadline for accepting any students is the end of September. Even if the grade is changed, the student cannot do anything else but wait another year, and this means finding a job in no time, preparing for extra expenses and so on.

Should many results suddenly improve, universities face questions about admission next year: Who will get a certain place? The remarked student from last year or a candidate from the 2003 A-levels?

However, caution rules. Despite the potential for



The problems were NOT at this end.

appears to be the culmination of past ignorance.

As usual the exam boards were caught shorthanded by the 'unexpected' demand. The shortage of teachers to mark A-level papers meant that the available staff had to face big piles of exam scripts that had to be marked in a short period of time. Students with awful writing or those with an original style were the ones to lose out, getting the least of examiner's attention. Some ended up with the lowest they had ever got.

That it cannot all be down to the nice marking of class teachers shows the comparison with modules already taken before the final exam. It is rather surprising when a pupil getting As in all the modules gets a U in the most important paper. The student is forced to drop his first choice of university, or takes an unexpected gap year. And then comes the re-mark and the U-paper is suddenly and A! The student is lucky - if the remark was conducted in due course.

remarks this summer, the picture is unlikely to change completely - the boards simply do not tend to reveal their 'dark side'. As little changes as possible are made to final grades. In consequence, many students miss a higher grade by a small margin of around 0.5% after the remark. This is usually the end of the story since appeals are a headache.

Similarly affecting the performance of students is the regulation that a certain percentage of students should get a certain grade. During the marking of OCR math papers many good scripts were downgraded significantly in order for the figures to match the plans.

The issue that needs to be addressed is whether some blame rests with school teacher who raise students expectations. However, more importantly, the exam boards have to act as their image is at stake. Further negligence will only give rise to speculation. After all a remark brings more money to the exam board!

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Union Jack

**S**TOP CHILDREN! It was recess chez UGM this week, and at times Jack thought he had come back to the wrong learning institution after the holidays. The UGM was a travesty of all things democratic, and Jack will eat his bowler hat if that disinterested fresher ever comes back. As usual, C&S were nowhere to be seen as the Constitution was brutally violated, and school bully Tom 'Fudge' Packer made the first of indubitably many appearances - how much better it been the reverse.

The shambles began with the election for Chair, competence for the job and the ability to manage the UGM seemingly secondary to the possession of mammaries. Although a Chair who has actually read the constitution would make a refreshing change, the balcony boys' choice, Sam Nicklin, got the thankless job.

The UGM temporarily got back to basics as Head Prefect Akela made her inaugural speech and said... well, Jack can't remember, but it was probably something worthy and important.

During the proceedings, Jack had to stifle a smirk as some mad lass claiming to be on the Academic Bored hijacked the UGM, much to the chagrin of the Exec and Sabbs. His smirk turned to a full blown titter as she proceeded to speak passionately about what everyone must accept as the biggest problem facing students: the urgent lack of coat pegs in the school as winter approaches.

However, Miss Arianna's arguments failed to take into account the following universal rules: a) if it's too cold most people stay in bed and b) no rich foreign student is going to want to leave their Prada jacket where some kid who has already spent their grant on alcohol is going to get their filthy mitts on it. Yet this was not enough; she attempted to undermine UGM democracy further by trying to hold an unauthorised, on the spot coat-peg vote. By the time she had finished, Jack was gurgling with laughter as the microphone was wrested off her in front of the indignant hacks.

More bother then ensued as some artsy American got up to fervently complain that the Union handbook mentions women were being paid less than men. The Sabbs gathered together all of a flutter to defend their sense of humour, and went yah boo sucks as Tall Paul maintained he hadn't written the words and knew nothing about the handbook. In TP's case, Jack doubts that the claim would apply anyway, and wonders what all the fuss was about.

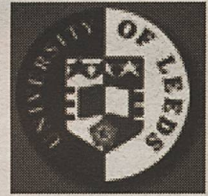
The first motion of the week, suggesting a lollipop lady for Kingsway, fell flat. Poster Girl scurried back to her seat in shame as the motion was defeated, in spite of the Chair's attempts to rig the vote, by those who thought primary schools more deserving of women in uniform. The balcony brats had pooled their collective brain cell to come up with a second motion, resolving to refer to our illustrious Bellendi as the Pleasurer from this day forward. The motion passed overwhelmingly, lavatorial humour apparently being the forte of the floor.

Jack's off to play on the swings now, and will blow raspberries at anyone who tries to wipe his nose for him.



# The Beaver's weekly round up of student news

with Lyle Jackson and Armin Schulz



First years at Leeds were left looking even stupider than usual after signing up for a club offering exclusive steak lunches for less than a fiver. The cost? One of you fine ten pound notes please. 24 hours later, members received an e-mail entitled 'Ronald's Steak House', with a set of directions to two of Mr. McDonalds best Leeds eating establishments. Only a select few turned up to the event and rumours that some of the sports science students even asked for a membership for their mates are still under investigation.

## THE UNIVERSITY of York

The University of York found itself to be the target of a most shocking act of sabotage. The condoms dished out for free during Fresher's Week had allegedly been pin-pricked. To save the world from drowning in the York-offspring, officials from the SU were under great pressure this week to ensure that the condoms were alright. In most tiresome test sessions they checked every one of the freebies and found that luckily, all was fine. 98% of them could be turned into great air-balloons. Which speaks for itself.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK

Warwick students live tough lives. Not only do they have to go to *that* university, but they also have nowhere to live. Students were kept in the dark about their accomodation until term started and then found out they had to sleep in far-away conference centres and the like. This seems somewhat surprising, given the fact that the university had in most cases at least a month to sort things out. The Beaver wonders: maybe Warwick wants to make its courses more interesting - not only can you get a decent polytechnical education there, you also do it under strained conditions. Survivor goes Warwick. Oh dear.

## UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

Students at the University of Cambridge seem overly busy this week. In fact they seem to be groaning under the immense workload, they can't even follow their favourite past-times anymore. How bad things really are can be seen in the fact that Cambridge SU ran a classified this week where someone was even willing to sell his beloved garden streamer. Shocking.



Nottingham's massive intake of freshers yet again provides mildly amusing news, as those lucky enough to have joined the cocktail society can confirm. Members of the 'CokSoc', newly allowed to roam the big wide world by themselves are invited to drink from a large a selection of cocktails. That's one cocktail. From a wheelie bin. Prepared using buckets. A week before, they were dining from the silver service of mummy and daddy's estate and all of a sudden they are getting lashed on a concoction probably strong enough to hospitalise them if they had been given more than a 200ml beaker. The best though was yet to come. Three people fell ill after the event, and one legendary individual (male) attempted to 'wrestle' his new housemate (female) to the ground, before slipping on spilt cocktail and smashing two front teeth out on the edge of the bin. Beckhamesque accuracy swiftly followed by his first trip to the Student Medical Centre.



# Nolan's Fringe

HE'S GOT A POWERFUL WEAPON, HE CHARGES A MILLION A SHOT

**H**IYA! HOPE you're second week of this term has been as good as mine. In fact if you've had half as much fun as I've had, then I've had twice as much fun as you\*.

This week I have taken on board the editor Iain "Greg Dyke" Bundred's advice of "cut the crap" and come up with a more streamlined fringe.

So this week I bring you part one in an occasional series of guides to various societies that make up our student union. And I start with one of the most vibrant and popular societies at LSE, Swing Ting.

Swing Ting parties are the lifeblood of LSE, where the rudeboys go shake their asses to R&B and Garage. Yet to fully enjoy these special events you must know what to say. Swing Ting has its own secret vocabulary and you need to be able to master it to gain official acceptance in

this society. Not surprisingly very few words are spoken at these events, as most people are too busy getting their groove on. So just four words are needed to rise to the higher echelons of the Swing Ting social strata, and these are 'Chief', 'Seen', 'Tings' and 'Innit'.

'Chief' is the word for someone who through his own actions has rendered himself notorious. E.g. 'That guy pulled a girl. She was twice the size of him. Chief!' If you are called a chief at a swing ting party consider it the highest possible accolade.

'Seen' is the word that is used as an affirmation of something good. E.g. 'Cookies Cream tonight! Seeeeen'. You must also try to say the word in as high-pitched a voice as possible. Indeed after defeating Mike Tyson, Lennox 'Pugilist Specialist' Lewis emitted such a high-

pitched 'seeeeen' that cats were seen dropping dead in places as far away from Memphis as Rochdale.

'Tings' is the word used to describe the act of a man and a woman together. E.g. 'Where's Justin? He's getting tings'. For extra brownie points use the word 'bare' before 'tings' to give it extra emphasis.

'Innit' is the word used at the end of every sentence in a Swing Ting party. It's like a rude boy full stop. E.g. 'I'm going for a walk innit'.

So with these words you are now in possession of the keys to the door of Swing Ting Greatness. Other things you might want to bear in mind are to shout 'oooooooooh' when a song starts. This is a sign that the song has gained particular favour with yourself.

As for dancing, don't attempt it unless

you can move like Nelly. Just stand on the periphery and look disinterested, nodding your head in time to the music. Though the speed of some Garage tunes may cause you to experience an enormous amount of motion sickness through your furious head movements. And don't be surprised if your attempts to pull a cool facial expression are misinterpreted as invitation to violence. Particular if the person you are staring at is called Ricky Dhaliwal or Zameer Mitha.

So there you have it. Now nothing can stand in the way of you becoming an official Don Johnson of the underground bar.

Until next time my babies, or should I say 'In a bit you chiefs'.

\*Apologies for the appalling joke.

## LSE Society - Classifieds

### Central Asian Day of Culture

Tuesday 22/10/02, 7-9 PM, Gulbenkian Room, International Student House, 229 Great Portland Street, Regent Park, London, W1W 5PN. Nearest Tube: Great Portland Street.

Organized by The LSESU Kazakhstan Society in association with International Student House.

We'll enjoy traditional food, music and dancing as well as learning more about this fascinating area of the world.

Please contact Adil on A.Shakirov@lse.ac.uk for further information.

### LSE Stop the War Coalition

are organising to occupy the School as part of a national day of action against war on Iraq. Following on from the 450,000 strong anti-war march in London two weekends ago, which organisers claim was the biggest political demonstration in British history, activists throughout the country will be taking part non-violent direct action. The Stop the War Coalition has called for workplaces to be stopped, roads to be blocked, and students to occupy their colleges in what they hope will be an overwhelming show of opposition to an attack.

Over 50 LSE students attended the campaign meeting last Thursday, and, following a heated discussion, voted to hold a "teach-in" at the school. This was a tactic first used in US colleges during the Vietnam war, where students would halt normal classes and lectures in order to debate issues concerning the American intervention. The campaign on the campuses grew to play a critical role in creating a mass anti-Vietnam movement in the US. LSE Stop the War Coalition hope that such an action here will promote a debate on any likely Iraq war, and stress that the teach-in will be as inclusive as possible.

Tom Whittaker, present at the meeting, said that, "We want anybody concerned - whether they're for or against the war - to turn up on the 31st. We're saying that the question of war is so important that we're going to stop normal university activities to talk about it and voice our concerns." Naomi Klein, currently delivering a series of lectures at LSE, has voiced her support, and the organisers hope to attract other high-profile speakers. The Stop the War Coalition has a motion against an attack on Iraq in this week's Union General Meeting, and is asking all those who oppose any such war to attend and show their support. In addition, a showing of the anti-war film, Not In My Name, will be held in the Hong Kong Theatre on Tuesday 22 October at 6pm.

### UK's first Black and Ethnic Minority Careers Fair

aims at increasing recruitment into legal profession Global Graduates stages the UK's first ever 'Diversity in Law' Careers Fair, sponsored by Lex Magazine, on

Wednesday 23rd October 2002 at The Royal Horticultural Halls, 80 Vincent Square, London SW1P 2PE

from 11.00am - 4.00pm.

The Careers Fair has been organised with the aim of increasing the recruitment of talented ethnic minorities into the legal profession and will be attended by representatives from the UK's top 100 law firms. All Black and ethnic minority students and recent graduates seeking to establish a career in Law are welcome.

For further information about the Fair please contact Rokhsana Fiaz or Noor Yafai at Media Strategy on 0207 234 0011 or 07930 444253.

## JIMMY'S FRESHERS DIARY

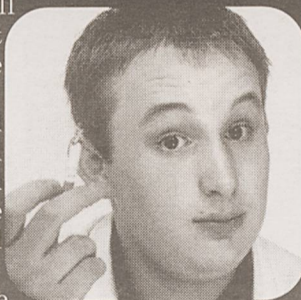
**N**OW THEN! Just when we all thought Freshers couldn't get any messier, last week proved the definition of a party.

Monday night's Chuckle Club had them rolling in the aisles in the packed Quad. Rob Deering was fantastic - and it's not unusual for comedy at LSE to be this good (as the Footlights crew will show this Monday).

Tuesday was a bingo bonanza in the Tuns with prizes aplenty for the STA Quiz. Rex shared the mike on what was the first of his many taxing trivia tests. This is a regular and not one to be missed for anyone who thinks they know their arse from their elbow.

But £250 and a set of mixed grills wasn't all Tuesday had to offer. Oh no! The postgrad party went really well too. And then came Swim at Aquarium.

Possibly the wildest of all the Freshers parties, Swim saw right cheeky goings-on in Aquarium's swimming pool and saw the Baker embark on a 36 hour bender. Oh dear.



Wednesday was supposed to be a night off, but sure enough Pop Idle and the legendary AU Cocktails took their toll on all who made it to the Tuns. A debauched visit to Limelight followed and soon enough all anyone could say was BAH!

Then to add to drinker's problems came the Hall's nights on Thursday, which saw some right messy encounters, or so the Baker hears.

Friday's Skooool Disco Crush was fantastic. Yet again all three rooms were packed for a great night.

Thanks to everyone who made that special effort to dress up and much love to all those cheeky minxs who took the naughty school girl/boy look to a new level. You know who you are!



Skooool Disco was such a success we're gonna run it once every month - so all those who bought an outfit for last week can use them once again, with everyone who dresses up getting something special every month. Sassy.

Now how do we top that? Well kiddies, sadly the Freshers Fortnight is almost over, but we've still got time for one more major blowout.

Tuesday sees our last event: the massive Pleasure at Propaganda. A short stagger away from Tottenham Court Road tube, Propaganda's a boozers paradise and the Baker promises to put in another sterling performance propped up against the bar.

This night comes with a special health warning though: watch out for the super-tramp on Tuesday, it's his 21st and its bound to be messy.

Oh dear, the japes will go on! Bah!



**Jimmy Baker**  
Entertainments Officer



## Editorial Comment

### No room at the inn

IT HAS long been evident that the 'cosy' LSE campus is bereft of the necessary space and facilities to handle a major increase in the annual influx of new students.

That's why news this week that more than four hundred students have arrived at university with the administration unprepared for them is so worrying.

Laying aside the very real failure on the part of the LSE to have budgeted for these students, there is a great danger in trying to cram them in an already over-subscribed university.

To put that number into perspective, 430 students made up roughly 6% of the school's intake in the last academic session and (if brought together into one room) would only safely fit in either the Quad or the Peacock Theatre out of all the LSE's meeting rooms. Put simply, that's a huge number of people.

More worrying still are rumours that when the final numbers for this year's intake is announced it will see LSE's stu-

dent population top the 8,000 mark for the first time in its history.

These rumours are as yet unconfirmed, but the unplanned acceptance of these 430 students has already taken place and does not bode well for our packed campus.

Tuuli Kousa, our Gen Sec, seems suitably happy that the school's heart is in the right place on this one.

And who are we to doubt either the administration or our own fearless leader.

Besides, as more flock to LSE, *TheBeaver* gets more and more readers - so we can't complain.

However, we as a student body must urge caution at every stage when facing expansion.

We are at a truly world-class institution, with some truly world-class facilities. But the more we allow ourselves to become awash with students without expanding both the site and those resources, the less a world-class establishment we become.

### A-levels: will the problems ever be solved?

AMONG FIRST-year undergraduates, most will have avoided the mess that has evolved over the summer.

But this does not make anyone at LSE immune to it. Some, in fact, might have hoped for higher things and now be wallowing at LSE after being refused from others. But still more will have friends or family facing a year of uncertainty as dodgy final grades scuppered their university preferences.

Yet, as so many LSE students will also be aware, this problem will not go away. The farce of this year will not go away (and certainly not with a spate of

government dismissals). And the problem of pressurised examiners slipping up will not go away.

Human error is a constant. Granted, this year the perennial problem has exploded due to what appears to be a manipulation of results. But year-on-year, students are turned away from high-standards universities such as our own because of mis-gradings.

What surely is needed is either more time for - or far less reliance on - the summer exams' markings.

For now, however, all we can hope is that the problem doesn't wreak yet more havoc next year.

### Imperial steal

News that union members of Imperial College can blag their way to NUS discounts without having stumped up the cash for those benefits will no doubt cause much distress amongst LSE students.

LSESU spends a considerable amount of money to engage in the excellent services and support that NUS offers. That Imperial

does not is their own problem, but it becomes ours when they start profiting from subscriptions they don't pay.

*TheBeaver* calls on all righteous students to launch a sustained campaign against Imperial for their sneaky actions.

Failing that, glare at the next ICU student you see in front of you in a queue at Topshop.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Thanks for your article last week highlighting some of the problems students have been experiencing with LSE for You. The good news is that the performance problem has now been fixed. As you rightly pointed out, the service was patchy the week before term began. We are sorry we did not get it absolutely right for the start of term, but no matter what preparations you do for any new system its difficult to anticipate receiving a load in excess of five times any previous high. In registration week the system received over 100,000 hits.

If we may just focus on what LSE for You has enabled us to achieve this year, even with its problems. By Friday 4th October over two-thirds of new students and virtually all continuing students had made their choices and had their timetable published. Before the dawn of LSE for You, first years

had to wait two weeks into the term before they got any sign of their timetable and the following weeks meant lots of disruption while changes and moves were made. Hopefully being able to timetable and allocate classes this much earlier will mean less disruption to new students, once class teaching begins in the next couple of weeks.

BSS staff worked into the evening and over the last weekend to improve the resilience of the system. We have learned a great deal over this last week which will enable us to improve the LSE for You experience in the future. No it wasn't a perfect start to the term, but the system is now more stable and will continue to get better over the coming weeks and months. I'd like to thank everyone again for their patience last week and for the e-mails of support that we've received commending the service.

Chris Cobb Director, Business Systems & Services

Are you angered, annoyed or even amused by *TheBeaver*?

Then write a letter to us and let us know what you - the readers - think

email: [thebeaver@lse.ac.uk](mailto:thebeaver@lse.ac.uk) with your comments

THIS WEEK the Beaver is actively promoting junk food for all our homesick student readers. As well as all those lovely chocolate goodies available on page 2, we've got 18 months worth of crisps to give you ravenous souls.

That's right: enough crisps for you all to scoff your faces until April 2004. However, not wishing to endorse obesity we've decided to share our aladdin's cave of crisps amongst our readership. So our first prize winner gets a one-year's supply and their runner-up get's six months' worth.

All you need do is email [thebeaver@lse.ac.uk](mailto:thebeaver@lse.ac.uk) with the answer to this simple question:

Which regular McCoy's-muncher is the LSE Student Union's Entertainment's Officer?

**How do we get these great deals we hear you cry? Well this one was wangled in return for promoting the rather excellent McCoy's Beer Trophy competition. Which goes a little something like this:**

Chances are with Freshers Week now behind you, your room or house may already have assumed the traditional student state and is now littered with new beer trophies in the shape of pub paraphernalia, traffic cones and other roadside spoils.

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It may take days to uncover exactly what did happen that eventful night, but as you and your mates give the night an unofficial post-mortem, you'll slowly piece it together.

How then could McCoy's resist the chance to give students across the nation

an opportunity to share their stories, raise a few laughs and sort out their winter holiday break with mates?

Launched this month the McCoy's Beer Trophy Amnesty provides a harmless, retribution-free environment for you to revel in your Freshers week moments.

All you have to do is log onto [www.beertrophyamnesty.co.uk](http://www.beertrophyamnesty.co.uk) (before 18th November) and email in your amusing exploits with photographic evidence, if available. The most amusing tale will win a great bonding weekend in either Amsterdam or Dublin. Plus weekly prizes of a year's supply of McCoy's crisps - the perfect accompaniment to a pint.

Yet another great Beaver giveaway: McCoy's Crisps



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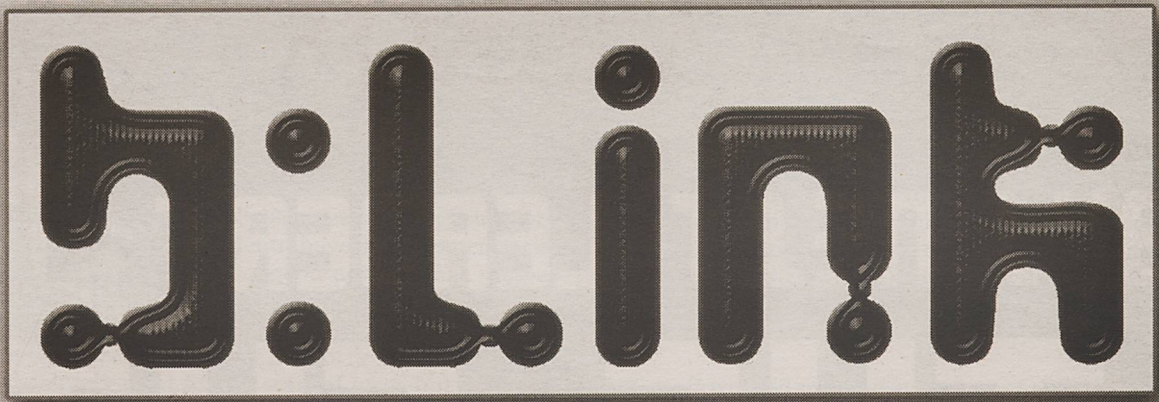
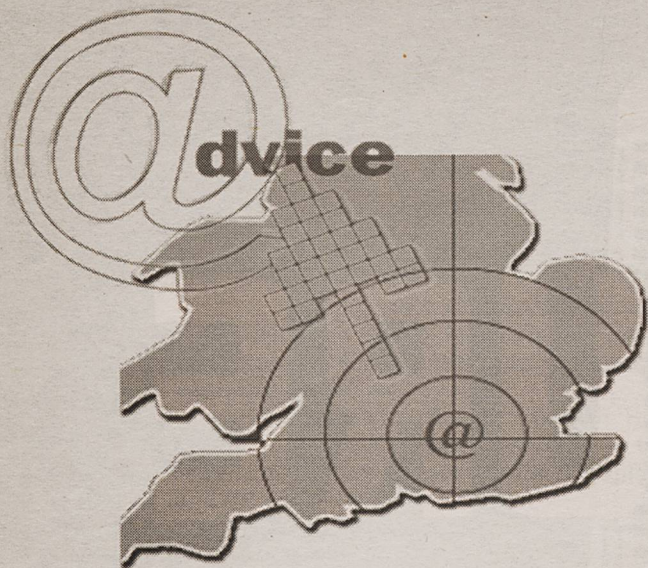
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Edited By:

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Brian Choudhary (b.choudhary@lse.ac.uk)

# The Secrets of Success: How to Succeed in Life, Career and Leadership

One goes to the altar with somebody one doesn't really like. Sooner or later this union will fall apart. Just hope it ends without any troubles. The same is with your future profession. If you have a distaste for a job you've been offered, even with a salary rising to the moon, stop and think what these goodies can turn into: insomnia, nervous tremor, itching, diarrhea..., forget about sex and gonorrhoea! The following article by Derek Small, a great expert in career and leadership issues, tells you how to avoid these symptoms. Enjoy reading it and get inspired!

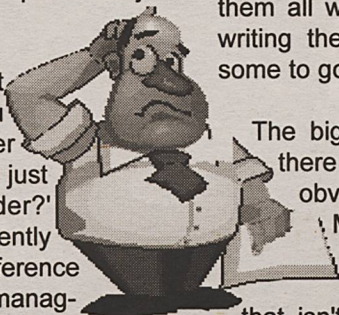
Ariana Adjani  
Investigative Features Editor

by Derek Small

A little about me first, since I know I am not famous!

I am a GOFer (see subtitle) and I work with companies and organisations in the field of personal and organizational effectiveness, particularly with an emphasis on leadership. I also have had the pleasure of working with parts of the student body known as AIESEC for the last few years. It was while at one of their conferences I was invited to write this article. I recognise that a lot of the stuff written about leadership is pretty dry and boring, so I'll do my best to keep this free of management speak and jargon.

Typical questions I get asked are, 'Can you learn to be a better leader?' and 'Aren't you just born to be a leader?' Probably the most frequently asked is 'What's the difference between a leader and a manager?' These kinds of issues are typical of the dilemmas facing the people



who run organisations - from the smallest to the largest. I have been on a voyage of discovery for the last thirty years, and, guess what? The answers are simple! This leadership stuff (as opposed to management) is nearly all common sense. It applies to most things in life. However, I've also found that, while most people know what common sense is, they just don't do it! A good friend of mine refers to this phenomenon as the uncommon practice of practicing common sense.

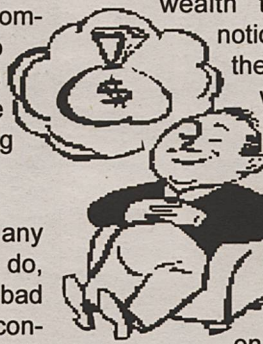
So what does this mean? Well, do any of you have any bad habits? If you do, you've just proved the point. If it's a bad habit, then it makes no sense to continue it! Pretty mind boggling stuff, hey? I don't think so! However, you'd be amazed how many people I share this with and are amazed to discover it! I just wish I'd discovered it all a lot earlier - but maybe even that's not true - if I had, I probably wouldn't be doing what I do now and having the fun I'm having, travelling the world and sharing it with people.

So what are these secrets that everybody should know? Well, I'll not share them all with you, since I'm currently writing the book! However, here are some to go on with.

The biggest secret of all is this - there are no secrets! It's all so obvious if you think about it. Most people succeed because they work at being a success. Unfortunately that isn't a terribly fashionable attitude, since it runs directly against the

## A Plea from a Geriatric Old Fart! Be What You Can Be! Achieve Something Special!

ethos that the media peddle. Just look at the people who thought that they deserved to be a pop idol - without having either the natural talent or having worked to develop the skills. Sure, the last couple of finalists will do O.K. for a while, but the real profit will be made by the guy with the high slung trousers and a few folks who already have so much wealth that they won't really



notice the difference when the royalties roll in! If you wish to succeed, you'll probably do better if you work at it! The odds of a major win on in the National Lottery are something like 14,000,000 to 1. In other words, don't count on it!

Another great one is this - if you want to be successful, figure out what success means for you! So many people get on the treadmill of success as judged by others. Education looks like this, career looks like this, trappings of success look like this! Whose dream do you want to live? Most people who are truly happy are that way because they know what they want, who they want to be, and what their life is about. They are then strong enough to make their own road! To thine own self be true!

Here's one I like, but, before you just do what I do, you need to understand that I am happily married, and have been so for the last thirty years ( I told you I'm old!). Life is generally better if you share it with other people. Marriage happens to be the way I prefer, but look back to the previous paragraph if you don't like my particular way. The more people you

get on with, the more you can influence. Getting on with people means that you extend your networks, and you can influence more people. The most successful people seem to have bigger networks. Quite apart from the success thing, it's kinda more fun!

Once you've figured yourself out, then you can move on to what difference you want to make to the world. Too many people forget the dreams and passions they have when they're young, and let the average thinkers and the daily grind trap them into mediocrity. They tend to forget the days when they wanted to change the world. You are all where you are because you have been selected as potential high achievers. Make your life make a difference, not just a career and loads of dosh. This doesn't mean don't care about money, but remember that money is only an enabler, not an end in itself. The world we live in now is as flawed as it is because of the level of thinking of the current generation of leaders, whether political or business. Don't limit your dreams to a high status career, a BMW and a nice house (or three). Perhaps a better way of saying this is - don't limit your dreams! Strive to make this world better, before we make it worse!

I have great faith in the youth of today, but you have a lot of pressure on you from society, the media, and from each other. Most leaders have succeeded through being good at figuring out life for themselves. Do the simple things well. I have used these ideas (not secrets) and a few other simple concepts to work with companies, local government and even a Youth Theatre Group. Guess what? It worked! Confidence is high! Who knows? You may even be someone special in the future. If you make it (whatever making it means) and this was helpful, let me know! Perhaps one of you reading this is the next Nelson Mandela or Adolf Hitler. Whoever you are, wherever you are going, may your Gods go with you! If you happen to be the next Hitler, please go somewhere else!



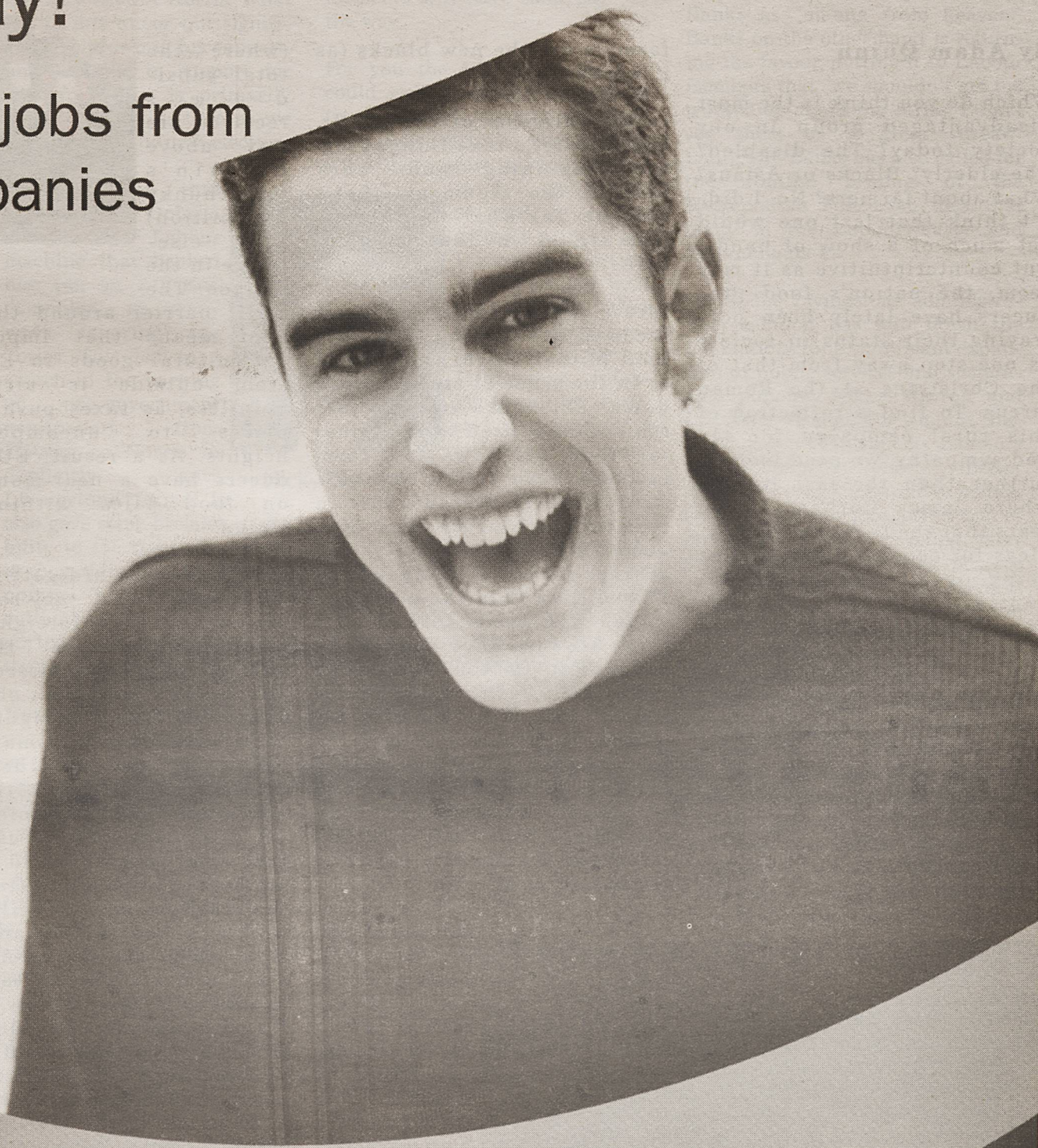
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# Down and out on the farm

By Adam Quinn

Which do you think is the most disadvantaged group in our society today? The disabled? The elderly? Blacks or Asians? What about farmers? No, I didn't think that last one would get much of a show of hands. But counterintuitive as it may seem, the nation's food producers have lately been portraying their status in society as one step away from that of the Christians at the Roman circus. To find a reflection of this rural campaign for tea and sympathy, we need look no further than the last Beaver, where James Corbett voiced fears that the farmers "worthy" pleas for economic help risked being overshadowed by pro-hunting protestors in the Countryside Alliance.

But for all of their success in getting their plight noticed (theirs must be the most high-profile example of 'invisible suffering' ever known), and in spite of eloquent musings such as Corbett's on how they have been skewered by a combination of low prices and an over-valued pound, I think I still speak for a solid majority of

farmers are the new blacks (as it were).

In the interests of being fair, however, let's take things from the beginning and work through the arguments. Let's look at: (a) what their problems are (b) why they can go to hell.

First, the problems. Farm incomes are falling. Growing food (either out of the ground or in the sense of stuffing corn down chickens' necks) just ain't what it used to be. Prices for food are low, and farm incomes have fallen (by 60% since the mid-90s and 66% in real terms since 30 years ago, according to Corbett). The average farmer is earning only £7,800 (less than the minimum wage), and more than 60,000 farm workers have been made redundant in the last three years alone. The high pound means exporting is not an option, as British prices are uncompetitive abroad. All of these grim statistics have led to poverty and depression in the countryside, with suicide rates now double city levels in the countryside.

'So how can we help?' I hear you cry, no doubt moved close to tears by this tale of despair in Britain's heartland. Well, in a way, you already are helping if you pay taxes. Every year, billions of pound of taxpayers'

money goes into direct subsidies to farmers via the EU's Common Agricultural Policy. Under the CAP, farmers subsidies are linked to production, meaning that the higher your productive activity, the more money you can claim. With your tax money, you are helping to fund not just farmers in the UK, but also in France

(where the total subsidies received are way above Britain's still-chunky £3 billion) and elsewhere in the EU too. The tariff barrier around the EU also means that importing agricultural goods to Europe from outside is virtually pointless, as taxes push their prices to uncompetitive heights. As a result, EU producers have a near-monopoly on food sales within the Union.

But if farmers are getting all this money, and they're protected from most foreign competition, how come they're still so poor and pissed off? The simplest and most obvious answer is also the right one: there are just too many of them. Farming, like other sectors, was affected by 20th century advances in technology. In the same way that it used to take fifty men to build a car and now it takes one (to turn the machine on and off), productivity per person, and per acre, on farms has been massively increased by modern production techniques. Each farmer can now produce far more than he once could have, and the bigger his farm is, the more cheaply he can produce each batch. These advances in productivity, coupled with subsidies linked to production, have meant that far more food flows out of European farms than did thirty years ago (or whenever you choose to imagine the golden age of farm incomes to have been, seeing as farmers were probably moaning in 1972 too).

The fact that there is a shed-load more food than before, means that supermarkets are in a buyer's market when it comes to stocking their shelves, and hence prices at that market are low. So farmers are poor because, to a very great extent, they are producing food no one wants, or at

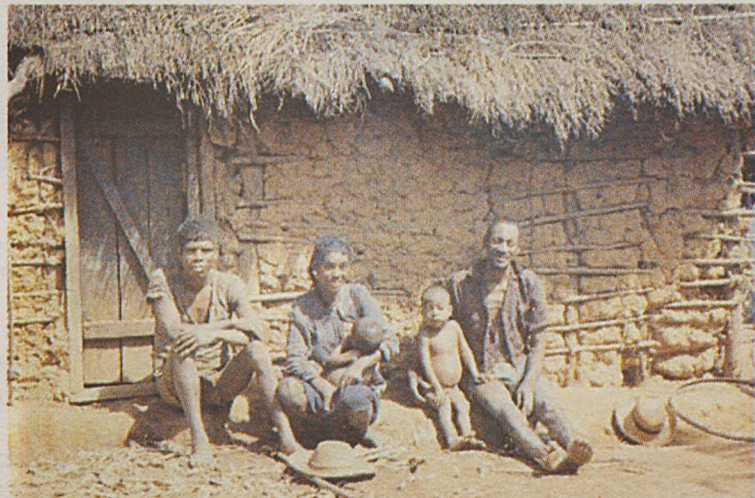


Oppressed British Farmers

least not in exchange for a living wage. The question, then, has to be: if you can't make enough money to live by farming, then shouldn't you be doing something else? Essentially, when farmers point to their falling incomes and say that something must be done to help them, their argument rests on the assumption that they should automatically have the right to continue to work as farmers, regardless of demand for their produce. The world, quite literally, owes them a living; and not just any old living, one on the farm.

Seeing as British consumers are already paying twice to keep farmers afloat - once with direct subsidy, and again when they buy food at inflated prices due to tariff protection - and farmers are still in wretched misery, surely we should simply conclude that if this deal is hurting us both so much we should call it off. We can all eat nice, cheap, imported food, and they can sell their farms (presumably worth a tidy sum) and go and get a proper job (one that pays more than the minimum wage). If miners didn't have a right to keep mining, shipbuilders didn't have a right to keep building ships, and electronics workers today don't have a right to keep their jobs at taxpayer's expense come hell or high water, then the farmers need a pretty special argument for why they deserve special treatment. Unless they can come up with one, they should give us our money back and head for the jobcentre like anyone else whose business has gone bust.

Adam Quinn is a postgraduate student at LSE.  
This is his first article for TheBeaver.



Oppressed African Farmers

the country when I say: nuts to the farmers. And to the grain, beef and butter mountains too, for that matter. The history of our society may be littered with nasty episodes of one minority or another ending up on the sharp end of public intolerance and government indifference, but it's still a bit of a stretch to imagine



**Matthew Willgress Argues That The Labour Selection For London Mayoral Candidate Matters For Ordinary Londoners Of All Political Persuasions.**



The last London mayoral election was fascinating in that it seemed to buck trends in British politics. It remains the only substantial defeat to the Blair government in any election of serious size, with the Labour leadership's anointed candidate Frank Dobson nearly slipping into fourth place. It also seemed an exception to the rule that many have now accepted across the political spectrum - that people and politics associated with the Left, in this case Ken Livingstone - are not capable of winning elections. Livingstone was able to build a broad and successful coalition around essentially very 'old labour' politics - anti-privatisation and pro-trade unions. As such, the 'Financial Times' rightly recognised it as a "seismic event" that could change both the face of national politics and especially those within the Labour Party. As we approach the next election, as we shall see below, this is still playing itself out.

Something however that B:LINK readers may not know is what occurred in the last stages of that election. Polls until the last week had suggested that Livingstone would run away with victory, gaining an outright majority of first preference votes. Yet in this latter period there was a significant melt down in Livingstone's vote, leaving

him reliant on second preferences to beat the Tory Steven Norris. What led to this minor but significant meltdown in his support, and the rise in support for Steven Norris, is primarily what concerns us here as we look towards the next election.

Essentially in that time period Dobson and the 'New' Labour machine that backed him ran an anti-Ken campaign, in many ways ignoring the Tories. This led to a switch in the backing of pro-government newspapers from Dobson to Norris in explicitly anti-Livingstone terms. It also gave some broader credibility to the right-wing press in their ridiculous attempts to portray Livingstone as an extremist politician who supported anarchist rioters smashing up shops.

Meanwhile, Labour's entirely negative campaign in the capital was a disaster, leading to a failure to beat the Tories in the assembly election. One of their last newspaper advertisements, echoing the 'Sun,' suggested that Livingstone supported the anarchists who desecrated the cenotaph on Mayday - a charge Livingstone described as 'beneath contempt.' Additionally, the 'Sunday Telegraph' made a case that in the last few days some in Millbank may have decided to support Norris after a private opinion poll indicated that the gap between Norris and Livingstone had narrowed. Peter Mandelson recently referred to Norris as the "best mayor we never had" suggesting this may not be so far fetched. Inevitably this shift reflected itself in the voting for the election - some down to vote for Livingstone no longer feeling confident to vote for him, and others panicked into voting for Norris as a 'safe pair of hands.'

So why does this all matter for us? Essentially it could happen again. Only this time the Conservative might be able to win, as Ken's vote will probably suffer some inevitable drop after a term in office with very limited powers. A key part of whether this is possible will be determined by Labour's campaigning attitude in this election, determined by the current vote going on for who the Labour mayoral candi-

date should be. LSE Labour Club members will have some say by the way.

For you the London resident it could well determine a range of issues. If Labour runs an anti-Tory, pro-public services, campaign it will either inspire its supporters so



Nicky Gavron

much it can win or at least, by second preferring Livingstone, assure the Tories are kept out. On the other hand, if Labour concentrates its fire on Livingstone, refusing to call for a second preference vote for its former member - who retains much sympathy with and in the Party - the Tory will have a chance to come up the middle and win.

The two front running candidates in the race are Nicky Gavron, the current Deputy Mayor and Tony Banks, former sports minister and endorsed by the same people who last time advised Dobson so disastrously.

Gavron is standing on a clear basis - to keep the Tories out of London. She says: "it is my style to run a consensual and constructive campaign, based on the issues. The public is fed up with personality politics and smear." What's more, as Labour's Assembly leader Toby Harris has pointed out "Nicky has had enormous experience of developing policy and strategies for London's future." Clearly Gavron proposes a bloc to ensure that whether she or Livingstone wins, a progressive coalition will steer the city.

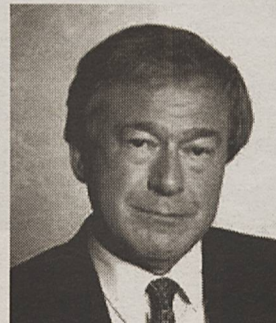
In contrast, as a candidate who is not calling for a second preference vote for Livingstone, Banks has the support of the Tory press and was given a page in the 'Evening Standard' (currently a very anti-labour movement paper) to launch his campaign. His article did not even mention the Tories, suggesting he had learnt little from Dobson's failure. Consistent with this, 'Evening Standard' columnist Simon Jenkins said that Tony Banks' candidacy was the "best

news for the Tory Party in London in years." Steve Norris described Banks as "manna from heaven." Banks on the other hand is returning the favour, putting it to Labour members that "we shouldn't get too worked up about the Tories, I don't see them as a great threat." Politically, Banks has also called for the routine arming of the Metropolitan Police, an idea that many in the Labour Party and beyond balk at.

Under the Livingstone administration, London has laid down the foundations for a significant expansion of public services and sustainable policies. Nicky Gavron and London's trade unions support this. The London Plan reflects Labour's agenda for urban renewal - better transport, more affordable homes, training and new jobs, protection of green spaces, more recycling, safer communities and tackling poverty and inequality. The next Mayoral term will be about putting the London Plan into action. Having worked to put the Plan and other policies in place, Gavron and Livingstone want to see them through to fruition.

They are also capable of working with unions, and the Bob Kiley led management that will soon take over the tube, in a 'partnership' fashion. This was shown by Livingstone's dealing with the unions to end the tube strike. Livingstone also demonstrated to Londoners that he is able to do something to improve their lives. Banks on the other hand has suggested he may sack Kiley, commonly recognised as the man who turned round New York's underground service.

This would be lost if a Tory became mayor. The Tories wanted a battle with the unions to the death over the strike negotiation, at a cost to the travelling public. If Ken's voters second preference Gavron as Labour and Labour's second preference Ken, assuring the Tories' defeat, the plan's foundations that can benefit us all will be built on. This is why Labour's choice is crucial for all of us. Labour members must decide how they will answer to Gavron's question in 'The Guardian' as to "why Tory politicians and newspapers are openly campaigning for Tony Banks to be Labour's candidate?"



Tony Banks






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## GILLESUBAGHS writes

Many have argued that popular music trends are closely associated with the social and political currents of the day. "Oh the times they are-a changing" as the man says. I'm not even going to go into the 60's as that's just too easy, but the birth of punk and new wave occurred around the time of Thatcher and the winter of discontent, while grunge and Nirvana stormed the scene with the first gulf war and early 90's recession. Hence what about now in this post 9/11 world?

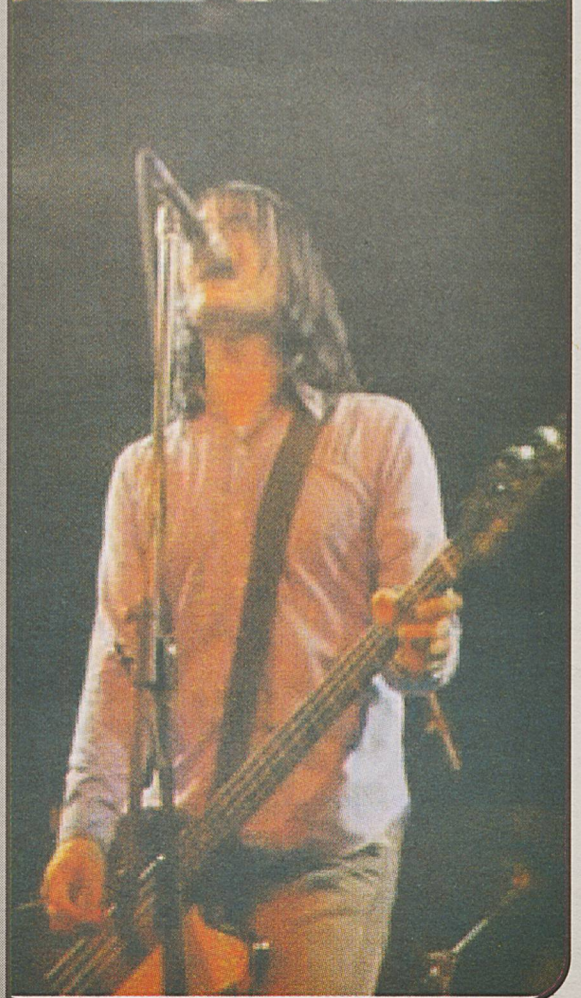
Paradigm shift is the only phrase which springs to mind, and that Rock 'N' Roll is back in a big way should come as no surprise, complex times call for complex music. When war and economic melt-down, political stagnation and the rest loom their ugly heads, Steps suddenly doesn't seem quite as relevant anymore (nor the half from Steps doing whatever it is they do now). Even Britney Spears has suddenly gone all biker-slut-rock-chick-chic for her new video. Once Britney's done it you know something's going on.

These days it's easy to whine about the Strokes, over hyped, nothing original etc. But the thing about the Strokes that makes them so fucking cool (which they are, just take Flava flave's advice and don't believe the hype to fully appreciate 'em) is the fact they took rock back. Like Punk before when the Ramones gave rock a swift kick in the ass by taking it back to its roots of fast boppy tunes with silly lyrics and a sound you can dance your ass off to, and laid a death blow to so pretentious prog rock bloatedness. The Strokes took rock back away from the big studio bands, and away from all this electronic experimentation. Rock returned to its true home: the garage. Suddenly rock became something anyone could do. You don't need to go to art school you don't need to know anything about synthesizers and sound samples, these days. All you need now is a guitar, a drum, and a bit of soul, energy and the desire to RAWK OUT.

In the wake of the Strokes a real musical renaissance in rock is now taking place, bands like the Datsuns, The Von Bondies, the D4, the Vines, The White Stripes, etc. You can ignore it all ya want and instead listen to cheese at Crush. However, here's the bit where you dear humble reader come in. Just like General Patton tells his troops in the beginning of the eponymous film. "Years from now your Grandchildren will ask you what you did during this great war. Do you wanna tell em you were busy shovelling pig shit in some farm town in Mississippi. No of course not you're gonna tell em you fought the bastards and did everything you could." The same goes for the current rock scene, you might be able to tell people about the mind blowing gigs you saw, the up and coming talents, the acts before they became stadium rock superstars (which some of these acts I guarantee will do), or are you gonna look you kids in the eye when they ask you if you saw anything good during your student days in London with such a musical milestone occurring around you, and tell them, no I saw nothing I was too busy dancing to Bryan Adams' Summer of '69 at crush for the millionth time.

The real reason however, in my own biased opinion of why this renaissance is ignored at your own peril ladies and gents is because it's just so bloody good. For those who have little experience in these sorts of things, the true beauty of this scene is exactly what famous rock guru Lester Bangs wrote about in that it's the barrier between audience and musician that is being broken down. These rock acts aren't so much a spectacle but an experience where it's you who truly makes it what it is. It's the orgasmic release of a live show that makes it so superb. Its not about coolness or even technical merit ( eg. Eric Clapton is not a rock star anymore, he's a pretentious toss pot) no its about just that one moment that one gig where for an hour or two, all the bullshit doesn't matter. Ex-lovers, current lovers, finances, essay deadlines, career options, housing, fashion, even personal health none of it matters. Because for that one evening, moment or even song, you rise above it and learn what real living, emotional and messy as it is, is like. It goes beyond escapism it's the chance to really let your self shout and jump and scream like an idiot while loving every second of it.

On a final note keep this mind all you budding rock followers and gig demons, how you dance doesn't matter one bit. In fact the more you look like an idiot the better. And true rockers are not leather clad bikers who'll kick your ass as soon as they'd knick your wallet. The real soul of rock and roll is an endlessly egalitarian one where live and let live is the true spirit. So get out there, go to the quad on Thursday nights ( Jimmy you are a god for getting that sorted) search the NME, check the online listings, get some tickets, lace up those doc martens, get a few pints and ROCK-'N'ROLL BABY ROCK-'N'ROLL.



Above: The Ramones

Below: The Datsuns



## singles

**NELLY FEAT. KELLY ROWLAND**  
**DILEMMA**

Elephant man seems to have got into a bit of a tricky situation: "I met this chick..she's got the hots for me....but ohh no no, she got a man and a son though" he whines. Better stay away then eh Nelly? "I've never been the type to break up a happy home but...." he continues. Damn. Seems this girls just too special for that. This is self indulgent, insipid, over-produced R&B in its element. Stay far away.

★★★★★  
NEILGARRETT

**THE BANDITS - "THE WARNING"**

Sounding like it should be the background music to a car chase in one of those Channel 5 midweek movies, usually called something like "Night Killer", this single is just about as appealing. A Scouse band whose name was inspired by ex-Liverpool star Peter Beardsley, listening to this record will be almost as difficult a job as getting the aforementioned footballer a modelling contract. And anyway, you were only waiting for "Sex and Shopping" to come on.

★★★★★  
PAULMCALEAVEY

**THE CORAL**  
**DREAMING OF YOU**

Craig Nicholls take note. THIS is the sound of madness. James Skelley doesn't have to spazz it up for the teenyboppers to get a laugh. The Coral might look like a bunch of soap dodging car thieves, but they've got a way with a tune. A Freddie and the Dreamers for the 21st century.

★★★★★  
CLAIREWILLIAMS

**MOBY**  
**IN THIS WORLD**

"Lordy don't leave me all by myself," reminds oneself of Moby's successful 'Natural Blues' single. Is this typical Moby? Like many of this whale's creations, superbly harmonic, with the eclectic mix of pop and gospel blues. But is this combination starting to get outdated? Many differing opinions on this issue. I would say Moby can do better.

★★★★★  
JOHNWU

**THE VINES**  
**OUTTATHAWAY**

This is Craig Nicholls half-arsed attempt at tourettes culture; but its hardly an act of aesthetic terrorism. This limp wristed Bleach-era-Nirvana-rip-off is sure to make indie pop princesses weak at the knees, but didn't we use to have a name for sad Australian grunge throwbacks?....Silverchair. NEXT!

★★★★★  
CLAIREWILLIAMS

**FEEDER**  
**COME BACK AROUND**

Who listens to this lot? Obviously their producers and assorted mixers don't. Answers on a back of a postcard to self-indulgent@crap.com. Bland, inoffensive and frighteningly dull, this pseudo rock trio will anathesize a whole generation if allowed. Is there any way they can be stopped from coming back around AGAIN?

1/5  
NAZIARAHIM

## Single of the Week



**JJ72**  
**FORMULAE**

After a successful tour of America, playing to small but enthusiastic crowds (including Elijah Wood of Lord of the Rings fame), the children of Dublin's bohemia, JJ72, are back. "Formulae" sees the helium voiced Mark Greaney's lyrics become greatly more outrospective and uplifting - "Things go wrong when I trust them, In my naive way I love them," he bleats on the opening lines. As someone is bound to tell you, "I thought it was a girl singing when I heard it," but let not the shrill vocals detract from what is a highly promising taster for the forthcoming "I To Sky" album. When Bono gives up music to become a full time world media whore (inevitable, surely) perhaps the title of kings of euphoric, soul saving rock and roll will stay within the Irish musical family.

★★★★★  
PAULMCALEAVEY

Classic summer pop filtered through a gritty urban skyline. **Winterlong's** songs are shot through with a sense of yearning -although whether this is for love, money or sunlight remains a mystery. They capture the moment you hear a tune on the radio that makes you smile and drift away into the past. At the close the front man politely enquires whether we have had a good evening. Erol, the pleasure was all ours.

Close your eyes and you could be at Glastonbury. Early evening. Small tent. No rain or mud just a hazy summer night. The lead singer in his shiny shirt looks like he should be auditioning for the new Queen Musical. In fact, despite their serious sound bites, this is band whose melting pot of horns, electronics and geetars is more akin to the sound of the funfair than the 21st century rock 'n' roll to which they aspire.

You can sense their frustration. Why paint the most beautiful picture in the world if no one will ever see it? **Silverman** should be headlining the Royal Festival Hall on the basis of tonight's performance and they know it. Haunting melodies and vocals -the sound of innocence resigned to sadness. Their fragile compositions spiral into walls of sound from which there is no escape... Some secrets should be uncovered.

**THE FUTURE: CARROSSELL # 3**

Another week. Another 3 excellent bands to checkout:

**BIG SUR**

After touring extensively with The Electric Soft Parade, The Crescent, Elbow and Ed Harcourt amongst others Big Sur will be playing a special one off show in central London -at Carrossell- to celebrate the release of their highly anticipated debut album. With a Radio1 Record of the Week already in the bag, along with rave reviews of their forthcoming Lp, it seems nothing can stop them entering your consciousness. Sometimes you can see a wave before it hits you.

[www.bigsur.co.uk](http://www.bigsur.co.uk)

**IST**

From Derby. Quite good. Quite mad.

[www.istianity.co.uk](http://www.istianity.co.uk)

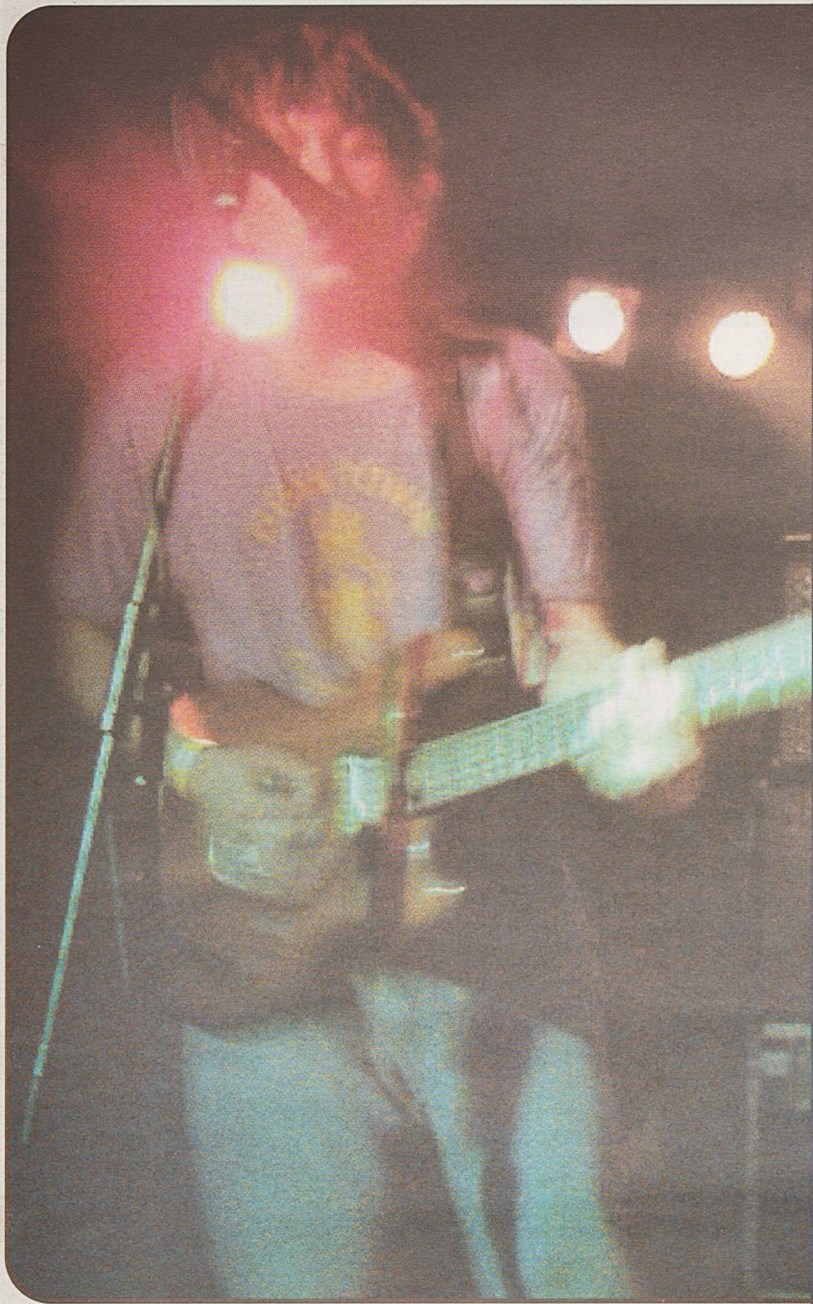
**ROOKIE**

From London. On first. Come early.

**Go to Carrossell. Demand another Transmission. Dream.**

Elliot xo





**MIKEBURN visits Gotham! & the new NY Post-Punks**

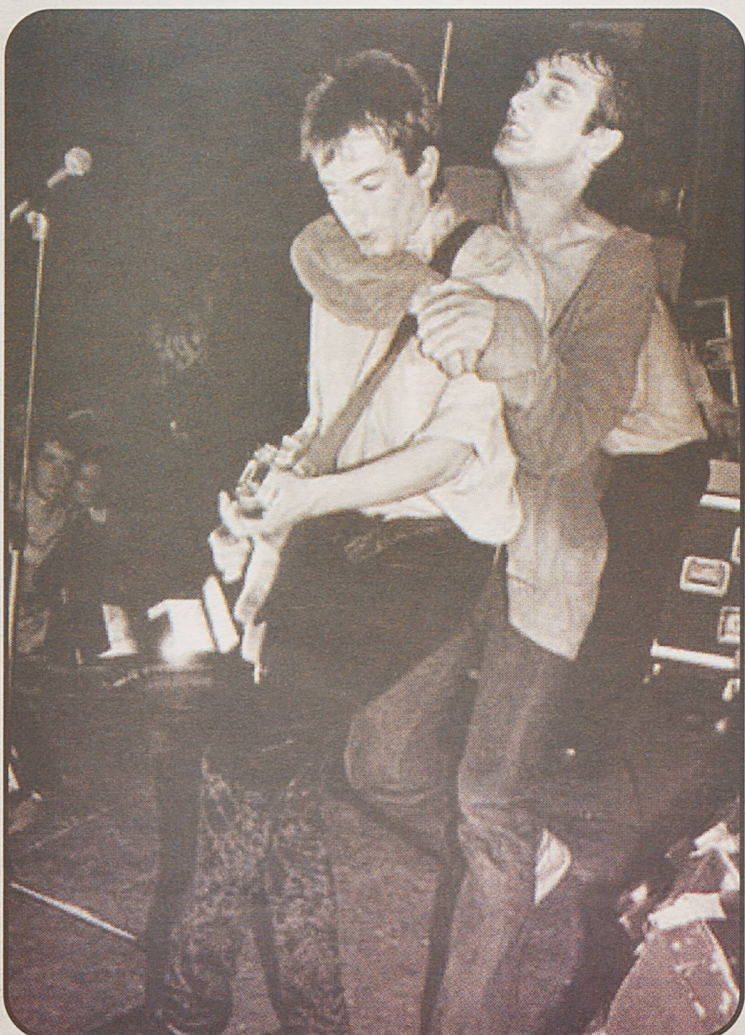
As rock bands start to remember a well fashioned groove is as import as a well placed power chord there is a flurry of post punk rivalists. Of which, Radio 4 are one. Bands like A Certain Ratio, Gang of Four and PiL encapsulated a certain era and represented a certain angst which was a product of the time, todays crop, however, seem to lack any coherent politics; the element which was so important in the original post punk scene.

Deconstructing the structure, however, there are many similarites. A driving bass groove, simplistic, almost mechanical drumming and treble heavy guitar stabbing. The vocal often shrill and lyrically delivering some sort of instruction. Radio 4 have comfortably managed to replicate this to a high level of proficiency.

Dance To The Underground is to Radio 4 what To Hell With Poverty was to Gang of Four. Simply anthemic with a fat groove. Radio 4, however, suffer from the curse of over production, everything sounds so polished and crisp. This record deserves something which sounds a little more raw.

Gotham! is a high energy album and the rival of the post punk scene is certainly an antidote to last year's New York / Garage domination. If you like Rock music you can dance to and Dance music you can rock to Radio 4 is for you.

With the current post postpunk scene being the current 'thing' with the key representatives: The Rapture, The Liars, LCD Soundsystem and Radio 4 all getting extensive play in clubs and on radio, one can only think this is a good thing. But before getting down to the new crew listen to the original and best bands which spawned Radio 4 et al. Crank ESG to 10 and dance to the underground.



**Above: Radio 4, Left: Gang of Four, Right: ESG**







**VARIOS**  
**TWISTED NERVE ZOO**

Given the often wilfully shambolic nature of Twisted Nerve's output, it is perhaps to be expected that this, a compilation of efforts from most of the artists on their books, would not be a conventional affair. Rather than releasing a formulaic 'Best of', which like all of its ilk would suffer from being too disjointed to be deemed a 'proper' album, 'Zoo' sees all its contributors penning songs obeying the 'theme' of animals.

The result, although good in parts, too often takes the form of a rather half-arsed in-joke. While the idea of composing a track consisting solely of drum beats and ape noises (Ape Shit) may have seemed hilarious to Andy Votel and his mates at the time, the humour does not transfer well to the finished record. Equally unfunny is Badly Drawn Boy's effort (Push Me / Pull Me) in which we find the criminally inept line 'easy peasy lemon / squeezezy cheesy peas'.

Unsurprisingly, the album's highlights occur only when its contributors stop trying to sound like the Goodies. Dave Tyack's offering, I Love Being a Turtle (The Turtle Said) emulates the knack of the likes of Mogwai of taking an incredibly simple yet beautiful riff and building the song around its repetition. The difference, however, is that while Mogwai invariably use this to build towards a climactic finale, such a sense of direction is lacking here. As with many of the better tracks (Horses, Va Moose!, Birds of Canada), it is let down by not seeming to go anywhere.

The mediocre outcome is thus perhaps less than surprising. As everyone knows, zoos are crap. Alton Towers is much better. (6)

DANIELGROTE



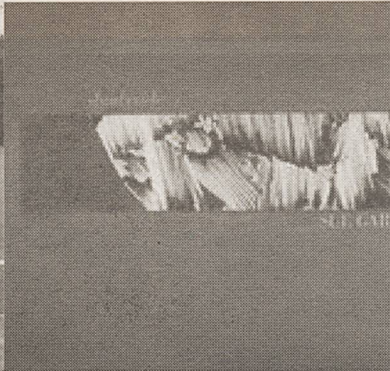
**JORDAN FIELDS**  
**PRESENTS MOMENTS IN DUB**

Dubbed up and chilled offering from Jordan Fields on MoWax. This record of house niceness harps back to the early days. It seems like an anarchonism in toady's dance music climate, but then, what doesn't.

With tracks like London '88 and Chicago '84 one cannot help but think the retroism is deliberate. This record is the sound of a Soho bar. Indeed Soho Loungin' could easily be heard pumping from the speakers of Amber, \_\_\_insert Soho bar of choice\_\_\_ or the Alphabet Bar.

This record is well produced, and for what it is, it is accomplished and sophisticated. Where exactly this music is likely to do anything other than simply provide background for conversations of little substance and massive swanking and ostentation, is unbeknown to me. Perhaps as a post club come down record but that market is already flooded. Still nothing to complain about (7)

MIKEBURN



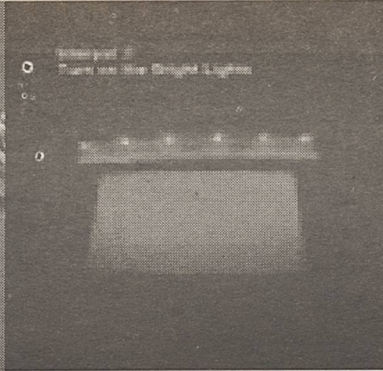
**SUE GARNER**  
**SHADYSIDE**

From the stables of Thrill Jockey comes Sue Garner. Smokey, country tinged post rockness. Acoustic guitars are accompanied by haunting atmospherics including tape loops, clarinets and accordians which add immense depth to this record. The standout track Day Out is a grooved and flavoursome exercise in near perfect song writing.

Sue Garner's voice is understated a near whisper. Somewhere between Hope Sandoval and Marianne Faithfull. There is a gentleness which runs through this record even on the rockier Handful of Grapes. A subtlety which is preserved by Garner throughout, a trait so many of today's artists lack.

This is yet another record from Thrill Jockey which highlights its importance as one of the most significant independent labels in music today. And Sue Garner as one of the most important female singer/songwriters. (8)

MIKEBURN



**INTERPOL**  
**TURN ON THE BRIGHT LIGHTS**

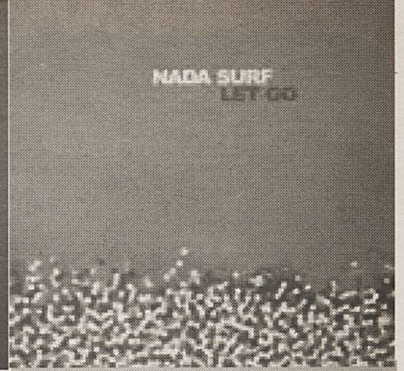
New York is in danger of becoming too much of a dominant force in the music scene and the city seems to be promoting a belief to the kids that NY=Cool and that all music from the city is excellent. Where obviously not everything from New York is the bomb, rather worryingly (I don't know) there is a vast amount of amazing music coming from the Big NY.

Amongst the latest offerings the city has spawned are Interpol. A band so well polished and stylized they almost turn the stage into a catwalk. But is it all substance and no content or is it no substance and no content?

Interpol's sound is unnervingly anglophile. A bleakness which infested many British bands of the 80's is prominent. Joy Division and the Smiths to name but two. In fact Say Hello to the Angles could be Ian Curtis fronting the Smiths.

Interpol have produced a stunning album which makes me wish I was from New York instead of Newcastle. Its massive sweeping sound engulfs and engages the listener. Don't buy into the New York hauteur but the music instead. (8)

MIKEBURN



**NADA SURF**  
**LET GO**

Listening to Nada Surf's third album Let Go is akin to tucking into the ubiquitous American-style hamburger and fries meal deal: wholly satisfying only in times of dire hunger or urgent need for a five-minute refuelling. Even then, the guarantee is that within half an hour of eating said meal, all traces of satisfaction will have vanished, to be replaced with an uneasy sense of returning hunger and an aftertaste of Styrofoam.

Much like a hamburger and fries meal deal, Nada Surf are a band best consumed in ones' youth, later to be replaced with a more sophisticated choice of aural nourishment. While the group's debut 1996 album High/Low fitted in perfectly with the teenage dreams of a million suburban kids, growing more adventurous in the wake of Britpop and looking for well-crafted slices of guitar rock to soundtrack their lives, 2002's Let Go rehashes the same formula within a completely different cultural landscape.

Those same kids are now finding their kicks in the electroclash scene, leaving Nada Surf to peddle their polished grunge rock to ...well, who? Although they have frequently been compared to Weezer, their particular line in smug 20-something irony relates more to Semisonic. Admittedly, tracks such as The way you wear your head still contain that instant catchy college sound that brings to mind hazy summer days spent with friends, or the latest teen movie in which the guy gets the gal only after much soul-searching and grappling with 'issues'. However, nostalgia and catch-all sentiment are not enough to sustain an album's worth of material. Nada Surf's lettuce is looking pretty limp these days. (5)

VICPECKETT



# First job?

CAREER'S QUIZ

1. Do you want to have an impact?

- (a) I want to see results from my work
- (b) I would like to, but achieving anything is hard
- (c) As long as I have a job, I don't mind what I do

2. Do you want an exciting job?

- (a) I want to work for a variety of interesting businesses
- (b) I want to work on lots of difficult things
- (c) I like a cosy routine

3. Do you want a springboard for your career?

- (a) I want to work in a meritocracy with the best training
- (b) I want a fixed career and tenure-based promotions
- (c) I'm happy being the bottom of the pile

4. Do you care about who you work with?

- (a) I want to work with smart, dynamic people
- (b) I prefer to work alone
- (c) People are incidental to my career

**MOSTLY (a)s:**  
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## TERANCELLI: Won't be getting any crude tattoos

**Director:** Rob Cohen  
**Starring:** Vin Diesel, Asia Argento, Samuel L. Jackson  
**Running Time:** 124 mins  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Release Date:** 17/10/2002

Triple X stars Vin Diesel (Fast and the Furious) as Xander Cage, Samuel L. Jackson (Star Wars) and Asia Argento as the heroin chic Yelena. It's directed by Robert Cohen who also directed Vin in The Fast and the Furious.

Xander Cage is an Extreme Sports star who rallies behind the idealistic goals of the underground neo-cyber age. The first time we see Xander he's stealing a car from an evil Republican Senator whose sole goal in life is to make everyone as miserable as he is. Xander videotapes them trashing the car for other computer junkies to digest. But rather than taking a baseball bat to the wing mirror or keying the door they drive it off a bridge. Needless to say he's caught and Xander is forced to participate in an elaborate plot to work for the NSA as an undercover agent. (Yes this really is the plot of the film)

The film tries so hard to be a franchise that it even has the nerve of killing off the opposition. An opening scene features a British agent in his dinner jacket getting his ass whooped to the music of Ramstein. Subtly doesn't exist in this film. The

stunts are over the top and not that particularly thrilling except perhaps the final scene.

Why does Samuel L Jackson appear in shite like this? Deep Blue Sea is beneath a man of this talent and so is this dross. There is a rather amusing American Q who's a bit geeky and nerdy but likes to blow things up. He's good comedic relief to a rather bland and unexciting action movie. It might have been tolerable if the totty in the film was attractive but unfortunately I'm not into the druggy look. Its looks like they got Asia hooked on heroin and told her not to bathe for a few weeks.

Vin Diesel must really think he's the shit if he thinks he can carry a film. Huge muscles and a gravelly voice aren't going to do it. His performance in Saving Private Ryan was good simply because the part asked him to be big and dumb which is what he is. The man even has the nerve to criticise the acting of others: "their performances were awful" I wouldn't have tempted fate if I was him.

There are some absolutely atrocious lines in this film. Many of them by Xander but the best ones from the bad guy Yorgi played by Marton Csokas. Vin doesn't have the poetic delivery of Arnold nor his on screen charisma, and that's saying a lot. Where on earth did they find these people? Apparently Vin is asking for 20 million for the next film. Fox are better off spending the money on booze and women. If I were to sum up this film in one sentence it would be Robert Cohen and Vin Diesel masturbating on screen. See it if you like action flicks and if you think "Xtreme-Sports" are really cool but you're too chicken shit to do any.

★☆☆☆

**Director:** Mike Leigh  
**Starring:** Timothy Spall, Lesley Manville  
**Running Time:** 128 mins  
**Certificate:** 18  
**Release Date:** 18/10/2002

They say it's grim up North. The reality is that London also has more than its fair share of grim patches. Mike Leigh's new film portrays a gloomy picture of life on a London council estate in his latest film, "All or Nothing". If you've seen Leigh's marvellous film "Secrets and Lies" then you might also like this, which yet again focuses on the lives of the British working class. His extremely realistic depiction of working class life in the UK, particularly London, is quite disheartening. One thing Leigh does well in his films is to give us a real insight into everyday life, capturing all its mundaneness without spoiling it with brashy filming styles. Leigh provokes us into realising how bad life is for a large proportion of the UK's population.

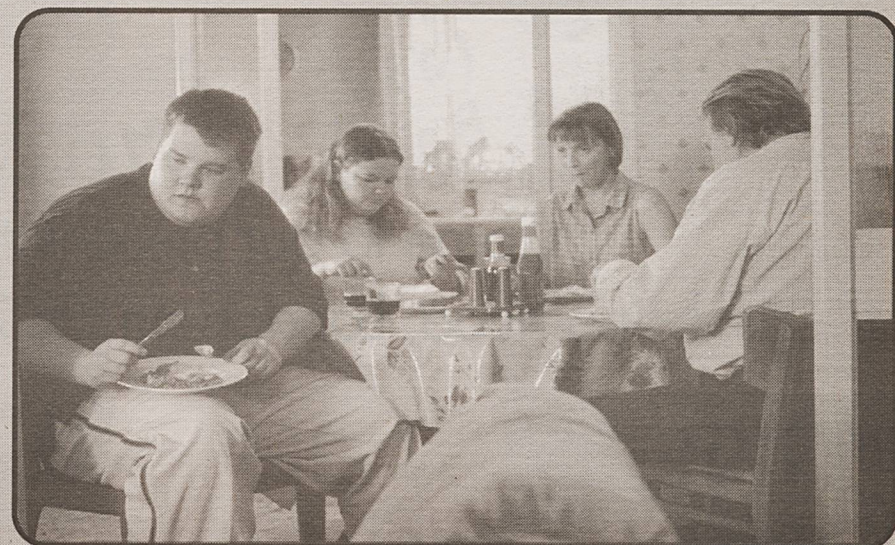
The story concentrates on Phil and Penny, played miserably but excellently by Timothy Spall and Lesley Manville. They are common-law man and wife; Phil is a minicab driver and Penny works at the checkout at Safeway's. One small problem, although Mike Leigh is a brilliant director, is that nothing much happens in the film. Phil and Penny's children, Rachel and Rory (played by Alison Garland and James Corden - you'll recognise him if you avidly watched C4's "Teachers" like me) are grossly overweight teenagers and Rory is particularly insulting to his mother who is dismayed with his offensiveness and the fact that he is unem

ployed. Rory suffers a heart attack and is rushed to hospital, and when Penny and Phil return home after being in the hospital with Rory, Phil asks Penny whether she loves him.

The state of their relationship troubles Phil throughout the film, and on his cab journeys around London he ponders it. Phil is a simple, kind and philosophical man (you won't catch him reading Plato, he's more of the "fate and fortune" type of philosopher) and this is reflected in the scene where Penny and Phil contemplate their weary relationship. Alongside this there are various sub-plots but nothing really substantial; there's the estate tart, with her fabulous legs, sinister motives and drunken mum; Sid the 60 year old cleaner, Rachel's admirer at the OAP home where she also works as a cleaner; and best of all, Donna and Jason and their rocky relationship - she's a complete slapper and he's a violent geezer who uses the kind of bad language that not even a hardened Tuns drinker would use, and Donna has the best lines of the film with her screechy voice and catty remarks. All in all it's an interesting tale for Leigh, but slow moving at times and only really for fans of true British modern drama.

★☆☆☆

## ELEANORKEECH: prefers to have it all





# Classic Film Review

## Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958): Laura Wheeler just loves Paul Newman

I've been in love with Paul Newman from the age of 12 when I first saw "The Hustler". Possibly the most beautiful man ever to be born, he is the personification of charm, masculinity and vulnerability. I just adore him. He earned his first Oscar nomination for this adaptation of Tennessee Williams' 1955 play, and Elizabeth Taylor won her second Oscar.

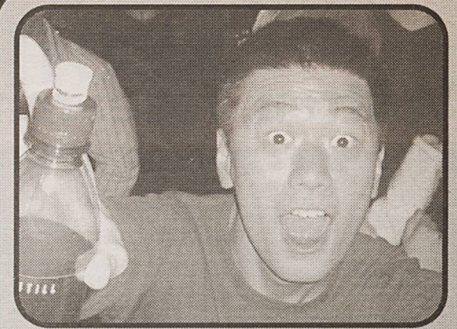
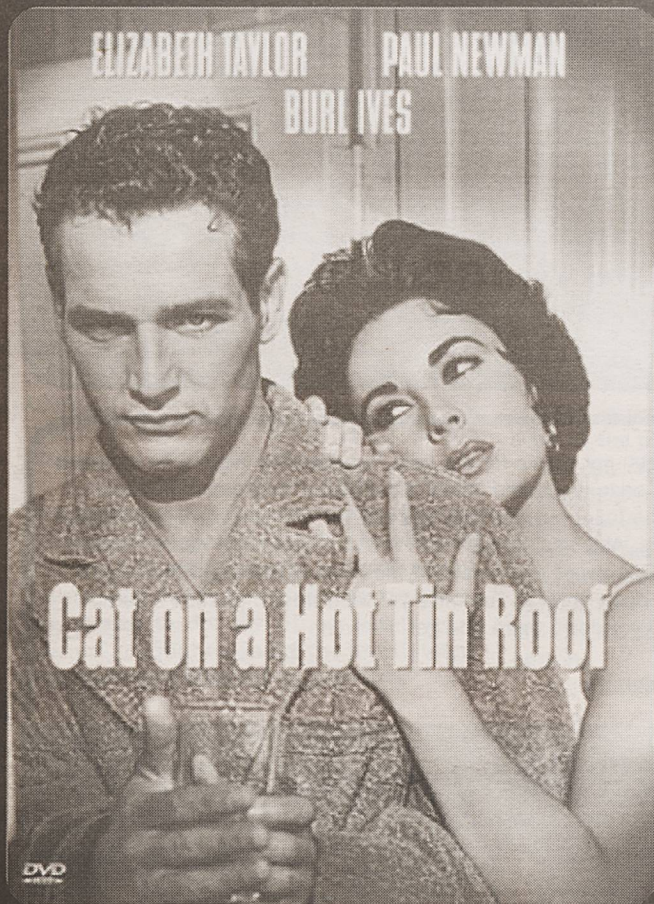
Brick (Newman) is a fallen, alcoholic football hero who drinks to forget his former glory. He despises everyone and everything, with all the bitterness and helplessness of a tortured man. Most despicable of all is his beautiful wife Maggie (Taylor), who he blames for the sorry state of his life. He treats her with utter contempt, but her love is absolute. Maggie battles to reclaim her husband's affection. Like "a cat on a hot tin roof", she will win the battle by just staying there.

The film follows the events of Big Daddy's birthday, and the fragmented family have uncharacteristically gathered for the occasion. Brick broke his ankle the night before and he refuses to leave his room, leaving Maggie to deal with the bitchy, screeching sister-in-law Mae and her wimpy husband Gooper (Brick's older brother), as well as their bratty tribe of kids.

Big Daddy's health scare induces Gooper and Mae to make sure of their inheritance by organising festivities to celebrate their love of Big Daddy and Big Mama, serving to demonstrate their superiority to the childless Brick and Maggie. Big Daddy, concerned about Brick, his apathetic favourite son, demands to know why he drinks and why he wipes away his wife's kisses. They discover a mutual hatred of mendacity, of dirty truth as well as lies, and hypocrisy.

The father-son relationship is complex and raw, as are all the relationships. You can easily tell this is a (very good) adaptation from the theatre. There is no action to speak of, just the conversations, arguments and revelations of a torn family over a 24 hour period. A lot has been made of the fact that Williams was not happy with the removal of Brick's homosexuality. The 1950s film industry was heavily censored, but it's still pretty obvious what the undertones are, so it's not too much of a big deal.

This film is blistering, passionate, unforgiving and devastating. And it's been around for 44 years! Long may it reign.



## Mr T's Column

It has come to my attention that the standard of English in my column thus far has been of a poor standard. My only defence is that I have been at LSE for far too long and the lack of any rigorous reading and intelligent conversation has dulled my wits.

This week has been very busy. I am now the proud owner of the entire third series of The West Wing thanks in no small part to the good people in the IT department who keep the ludicrously fast internet connections working. My collection includes a rather rushed and poor September 11th special edition episode. Someone should have slapped Aron Sorking with a wet fish before allowing him to release it. Tacky is too unkind a word to describe it but is sufficiently adequate. It would have been better to leave the matter alone until something more intelligent and thoughtful could be written.

Intelligent television drama is not the only thing I have been downloading. I managed to get a copy of Not Another Teen Movie and Spy Kids. The former being exactly what I expected and the latter I have yet to see. Here's hoping that my final year at university won't end up like my first two years, a sequence of events punctuated by moments of lucidity and sobriety.

Talking about my final year many of you like I will be manically applying for jobs soon. I'm tempted by the life of a certain Patrick Bateman. Murders and Executions is a lucrative business. Reading porn and watching game shows whilst booking my eight thirty reservation at Darcias sounds like a sweet deal. Apparently they have great sea urchins es viche. Failing that I can quit school, join the army and then go into business for myself. It's a growth market apparently...

There is always the insurance sector to consider. Of course I could end up forming a club of underground boxers who take it upon themselves to free the population from the pursuit of materialistic wealth, leading to mayhem and anarchy whilst I enjoy the delights of a certain borderline manic-depressive whose one drink and pill away from suicide.

All these, however, are just pipe dreams. It is clear to me which career would satisfy my scientific curiosity and political ambition. Find something you want to do and do it well, for me it's Rushmore.

"It's the pressure, I can't take the pressure. Like the time I killed that hooker"

# Competition Time!!!

Did your childhood consist of watching the Teenage Mutant Hero Turtles (or "Ninja Turtles", depending on whether you're American or British) and then replicating the fight scenes with your siblings? Do you love to eat pizza (without anchovies of course)? Were you cool but crude? Or were you Michelangelo, the party dude?



Well have we got a cowabunga treat for you. Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment is releasing Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II & III on DVD (or VHS) for the mere price of £19.99 from the 21st October (probably less than that with your trusty student discount). Or you can take your chances by entering our competition! We here at the Beaver have been busting some ass ninja-style to get hold of this fine Turtle merchandise for your pleasure: we have two copies of it on DVD. And all you have to do is answer the simple question: *What was Shredder's boss called?*

Email your answers to:  
[beaverfilm@yahoo.com](mailto:beaverfilm@yahoo.com)  
by 22nd October.

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## Written, researched and ragged on by MYMATELAURA



I am holding my boyfriend down. And not in a good way. He wants to glass an INXS-meets-electro-with-a-frontman-with-a-serious-short-man-syndrome "band". His excuse for wanting to kill him is that he is a cunt. He is. But I don't want to ruin my date with WIT. It is meant to be. I wanna be in WIT.

I wanna be on that stage, wearing a white and gold Marilyn-esque dress, cleavage down to here, skirt up the top of my legs, spiky heels pushing my booty out. I wanna be wearing brick-red lipstick, hair flicked out to the max, pouting like there's no tomorrow. I wanna learn those synchronised dance routines like a kid watching S-Club. I wanna, I wanna, I wanna. My mother always told me I Want Never Gets. Fuck it.

I wanna dance. I wanna move my body and wink at boys like the three girls in front of me. I wanna mime like I'm on TOTP like they do. I wanna be sexy. Hang on, I already am. OK. I wanna make the audience feel like I do. Like I wanna grab my boyfriend and jump his bones whilst feeling the perfect pop bounce around me. I wanna pretend that I'm playing the guitar, just cos it looks fucking great, not because it sounds good. I wanna be wanted by everyone in the room. I wanna be part of this wonderful singalong show, where you know the songs but you've never heard them before. I wanna be their best friends. I wanna dance round their bedrooms while we get ready to go out and argue over which shade of electric blue eyeshadow to wear.

I am standing in the queue for the toilets. The posh spice of the band (all pouts and pointing) is waiting behind me. She tuts loudly. She can't be bothered to wait. She reaches underneath her dress and deftly removes her knickers, folds them up and walks out. I love her. I want her.

"I, I, I...want, want, want...you," sing WIT in their Lolita voices. "If you want, want, want...me, me, me...too." I do. And I'll do whatever. Whatever It Takes.

### OUR GUIDE TO ALL THE ESSENTIAL NIGHTS IN THE BIG CITY.

#### Movement at The End, West Central Street

First this week is a smash up breakbeat style from those rather fine people at the the End in conjunction with the ever-popular Movement posse. Expect all kinds of crazy shapes being thrown on the dancefloor and with a line up including such d&b luminaries as Marky and Patife, Bryan Gee, J,Majik, Bad Company, Randall, Ruffstuff and Tonic you just know things are going to get pretty twisted. We all know how good the End is but for those of you new to town and in need of some full on filthy beats to blow away those week long fresher hangovers, get yourself down there (It's a relatively short stumble from the Tuns) and shake your thing.

#### Roach at Turnmills, 63B Clerkenwell Road, EC1 26th October

For those who don't know, Roach is the showcase night for Dj Tom Stephan, New Yorks latest and hottest import. Following in the footsteps of Tenaglia, Vasquez et al, Stephan is one more in a long line of US Dj's who weld American soul and groove sensibilities on

top of jacking 3'am house beats- not music for the faint hearted. The night also happens to be the launch for Stephans eagerly-awaited debut artist album so expect industry types to be taking an age in the toilet but don't let this put you off, just soak any flat surface to really annoy the fuckers. Aply assisted by Ted Patterson (nyc) and Kenny Hawkes in the main room and breaks Dj's Hyper and Dylan Rhymes this is one night that's guaranteed to go off. If you've not been down to Turnmills yet then trust me, there's something missing from your life so get down there and get involved.

#### Trafik, 40 Hoxton Square, London N1 24th October

A relatively new night (so new in fact entry is free-students) so authoritative opinions on the standard of this place are quite scarce but on the 24th, Nils Hess from Eukatech records will be spinning the very finest in tech-house for his adoring crowd. If you like your house straight up thankyou-very-much then this is the night for you. Be warned, however, this night is in Hoxton so if you encounter many mullets, don't laugh, just pity.

#### The Cross, London 9th November

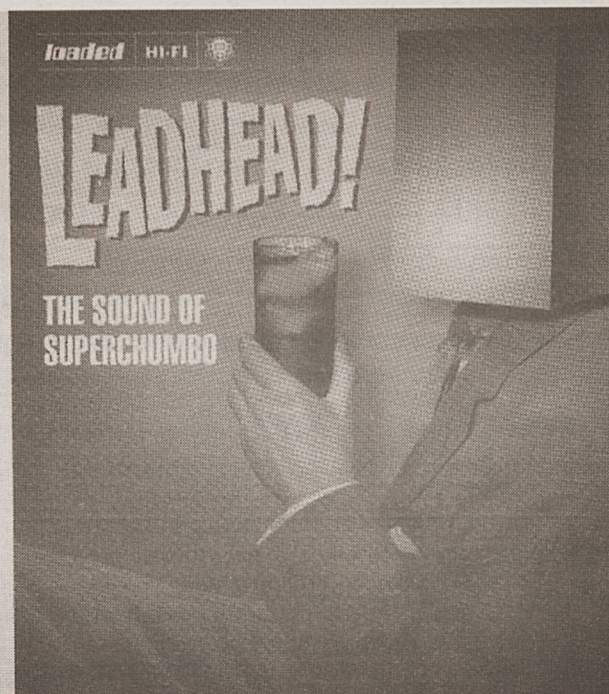
Bit of a wait this one but definitely worth it as he of Brighton Big Beat is jumping on the train upto the village to play his indefinable but definitely enjoyable selection of tracks. Fatboy Slim is making a rare London appearance and like most of his gigs tickets are expected to be in short supply so you have been given due warning! Expect to lose your money,braincells and dignity but, just as importantly, expect good times.

## Leadhead The Sound of Superchumbo

An artist mixed album by Tom Stephan featuring his Superchumbo singles, Revolution and Irresistible, plus Superchumbo remixes of Basement Jaxx, Kylie and X-Press2

Calling all DJ's...

Don't forget that this month ushers in the annual inauguration of the nations favourite Dj as voted by you, the public. So, if a particular knob twiddler really rocked your world then get your vote in and see whether him or her will be the lucky one to be crowned very best in the world. The results are due on the 31st so you should still have just time enough to make your vote count. Remember, they only play other peoples records. And get paid. Wankers.



Do you go out? Course you do, so why not write about it? Experience the heady rush of your name in print and never shell out on artificial stimulants ever again. No experience is welcome, just write your review and E-mail it to: lseclubbing@hotmail or T.O.Miskin@lse.ac.uk Also, if you want to get involved with the section in any way just drop us a line.



# Netball begins in earnest

**Trials would be carried out by independent selectors, training would take place and, as ever, muchos drinking would ensue**

## Holly "tickle me with a" Featherstone examines the new reign of Rachel Urquart

The trials commenced last Wednesday at Lincolns Inn where young and old, fit and unfit joined together to show their 'talent' to the LSE netball world. With the keen first years - who, unlike the 2nd and 3rd years had done some exercise in the last 6 months - leading the way, games began.

There was a slight problem with a lack of bibs which were believed to be somewhere on a boat with Emma Walsh. Fighting adversity the ingenious netball girls wore LSE football shirts with stickers on the front to denote positions. Looking devastatingly attractive and smelling like Dave Bains after a big Wednesday night, we began.

It certainly was a shock. I felt like I was having some kind of heart attack - like my heart was being stabbed with a knife and that my life would surely come to a premature end due to the 5 minutes running I was forced to do. My fitness levels were deemed adequate to make the fourth team. This state was induced by a spritely fresh-

er who was certainly too good at Netball for my liking.

After 2 hours of enjoyment (well physical pain and indescribable fitness hell), we crawled away from the courts and looked forward to the night ahead. We aimed to introduce the Freshers to Wednesday night in style.

Rachel had arranged the Netball welcome party (the poorer younger sister of this weeks AU Welcome party) so with the trials over, it was off to the newly adopted spiritual home of Netball: Old Orleans. Cocktails were enjoyed to celebrate new 2nd team captain, Keeley's birthday. Freshers and Old netball girls drank together and Jane Edbrooke forgot that she had actually left.

I have to admit that I didn't make Limelight (please note: it hurts me too much to call it Walkabout) but I am sure that it was done with style by the few Netball girls who made it out. It is the aura of the place, not the name.

So the sporting year has begun. AU Welcome party signals the start of something special. It is suggested that the wheel of death (TM) could make a premature entrance to allow people to do as they do best - play sport? - No, drink! With my fitness levels it is certainly the only option

Now all that is left to be answered is



Netball girl: tried out but couldn't hack the high fitness levels

will the firsts win games this year? Will the fourths continue to be as successful as last year despite losing many players? And will I manage to play a full game without

suffering some kind of coronary failure?

Oh, and will FC repeat his party trick of downing a Mixed Grill, an act that is etched on the memory of all who saw it?

# bright future

We will be running a series of events between Monday 4 and Wednesday 6 November 2002 in London for you to meet our people, learn more about McKinsey and give you some experience of the way we help clients solve complex business problems.

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**Date:** 29<sup>th</sup> October 2002

**Time:** 6.30pm

**Venue:** Deutsche Bank,  
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If you would like to attend this event either sign up in the careers centre or email your details to [marise.o-neil@db.com](mailto:marise.o-neil@db.com) by midday on 28<sup>th</sup> October. Onsite registrations are welcome, capacity allowing.

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## The Beaver Gets Deep And Low Down With The Possessor Of The Most Thankless Job In The AU

**Gareth "The Pirate" Carter examines the highs and lows of an all-Canadian hero**

**T**HERE ARE many shit jobs in this world, chicken plucker, toilet cleaner and Michael Winner's PA spring immediately to mind, but few compare to the theoretically nightmarish job of goalkeeper for the 7ths team, LSE's least bothered footballers.

The man who bares this cross? The man who grits his teeth, closes his eyes and thinks of his country? A Canadian by the name of Andrew J Schwartz.

Hailing from Toronto's ghetto underground, rude-boy Schwartz sank his perfect straight teeth into the job, and was roundly lauded as one of the myriad of successes enjoyed by the sevenths last year, the majority of them enjoyed off the pitch it must be said. Standing forlornly between the sticks at some God-forsaken hell hole out past Heathrow, one might consider this job to be amongst the most thankless of all time, but the sado-masochistic tendencies inherent in his nature allow him to relish it like a fat man to food.

Picking up the nickname of 'the Cat' along the way, young Schwartz's dexterity and swift reaction time sured up the sevenths defense which was previously as watertight as a fishing net.

Numerous appearances enrobed in the only yellow jersey worth wearing failed to translate themselves into Tuns appearances though, and rumours of him even being a Tuns virgin are quietly dogging his otherwise faultless career. When the aftershocks are flowing, Doug is motionless, and Jos is twatted, the Cat has slunk away.

However, Beaver Sports can exclusively reveal the man behind the myth, the real Andrew Jacob Jeremiah Abraham Schwartz. Last year was one of transition for the Canadian. Torn away from the manicured lifestyle of his Forest Hill home, from his beloved Didi, his girlfriend of eight years, from his caring and sharing parents Tom and Margerie, from his brother James Isaac Schwartz and sister Emily Carter-Schwartz, he faced a year of strange new experiences.

One of these was Tennants Special Brew, 'Spesh' to lovers of this super-charged inebriation machine. Red-eyed and swaying, wearing nothing but a green



Andrew's Marble Arch Mansion

poker visor and a towel, the belligerent Schwartz realised his true ambition in life: to be an alcoholic, if only for one night.

This one-pint wonder harbours deep, dark secrets behind that straight-laced momma's boy exterior. A man of obsessive cleanliness (he is said to shower three times a day, and do his laundry five times a week), the boys sexual perversions make Michael Barrymore look like a nun. 'I couldn't just kiss a girl man, I'd have to take my pants off' sums up this boys outlook on his non-footballing life.

Along with pulling his friends girlfriend last year, the Hugh Heffner of Marble Arch (for 'tis were he lives) once got picked up by a girl, driven to a forest,

given oral sex, driven home, and thanked for the memories. Relations with that particular cousin have been strained ever since, but metaphorically speaking, the song remains the same.

So, where to go this year for the keeper of goals? More of the same is the answer. Commanding the football pitch, the sevenths are always in the running with the Cat in goals. And on the lady front?

The acquisition of a seven bedroom apartment overlooking the Marble Arch and Park Lane bode well for 'come see my pad' moments, and a career-altering switch into Industrial Relations (not just full of northerners but some 'sick birds' too... apparently it's a good thing) are opening the horizons of Canada's most valuable export to Britain since Greg Ruzedski.

*Beaver Sports would like to take this opportunity to thank Andrew 'the Cat' Schwartz for allowing us to use his name in the article. Andrew can be reached at [a.j.schwartz@lse.ac.uk](mailto:a.j.schwartz@lse.ac.uk), is single, and likes long walks in the country, listening and sitting in front of the fire with a good book. Guided tours of his house are available upon request.*

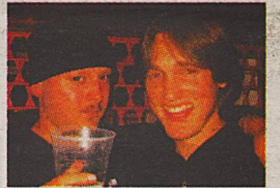


**IF YOU KNOW OF ANY AU HEROES WHO FACE SIMILAR THANKLESS TASKS WEEK AFTER WEEK, PLEASE EMAIL US WITH THEIR DEGRADING ACTIVITIES SO WE CAN EMBARRASS THEM TOO**

'Alcohol abuse has no visible effect upon the male form' theory roundly rubbished after new photographic evidence is unearthed



It's still not high enough. If you see Loz, say hello.



## LSE Talent Flaunted Unashamedly Strand Poly Put To Shame In Berrylands Catwalk

**T**HEY CAME one, they came all. The morning train sauntered off into the distance, seeking pastures new in the deep south of Surrey.

The hordes of athletes started the slow trek to the pitches. All human life was there. Easily recognizable, the demi-gods of the LSE football and rugby teams strode manfully and purposefully towards their ancestral and spiritual home at Berrylands. A foot taller than all the others, these flawless examples of sporting perfection led the way.

Behind them, the hopeful trialists, quiet nerves belied by their proud demeanor and youthful anticipation. A bevy of fair maidens brought up the rear, adding beauty to the mix of brawn and brain that encapsulates LSE's proud athletic standing. Lurking in the shadows of the station, the Strand Poly wannabes winced at the light, and leered at their idols.

The silent humiliation they felt continued unspoken, but all around felt the disparity in talent between the two. In the distance, the clubhouse awaited, brooding thoughtfully, shadowing the manicured fields, waiting for trials to begin.

It came, and it went. The wheat was sorted from the chaff, the fat men from the whippets, and the people who were there to achieve great things from those who were there to watch their mate. One rude boy, all hooded top and Wu Tang Wear drew the attention of ex-LSE not-funny man, Peter 'Fatty' Callas.

'I'm afraid he's gonna pull out a piece' Callas worried, unnecessarily as it turned out. The bracing air and lack of old ladies to mug seemed to sap the rude boy's strength, and he left quietly. Elsewhere, some guy from Neath lived up to the Welsh Valleys stereotype by kicking three types of pommegranite out of some Portuguese bloke, and Big Face Lochrie the Honey Monster had to leap in and beat them both up, thus replacing a very unnecessary 'handbags at dawn incident', with a much more appealing 'beating up the wannabes' incident.

Through it all, Dave Bains walked regally. The power of selection taking on an added potency for today, the club captain was the man to impress. Followed by high-pitched squeals of 'Mr Bains, Mr Bains, look at me! Mr Bains! He pulled my hair, Mr Bains! Look at me!', he surveyed the young upstarts and the youthful hopefuls with equal derision.

Much to Callas' obvious enjoyment, the trials unearthed a veritable wealth of 'have it!' players, players with the same regard for finesse and grace, as George Bush has for tact, guile and international law. And on that highly generalised but topical similie, we end.



*'I feared for my life, I thought the rude-boy would pull out a piece. Luckily, the sunlight frightened off the Strand Poly people, so there's one less thing to worry about'*

**Peter 'Fatty' Callas**



**HELP SAVE BEAVER SPORTS**  
**SPORTS NEWS NEEDED (WE'RE RUNNING SHORT ON PHOTOS)**

We need reporters and photographers to cover the sporting exploits of the AU's finest. From early victories to premature routs, from last minute winners to late night antics, and finally that freshers' eye on the athletic union, we want it all and we want it now...

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