

Gene - **Bart**, Centre PagesNight At The Roxbury - **Bart**, Page 10

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Valentine's Day Mice-acre in Cafe

Carter Johnson

The discovery of rampant vermin in the Vegetarian Cafe has cast new questions around its supposedly 'voluntary' closure last month. It was acknowledged that vermin were at 'above expected levels' in the restaurant since last November - a month before its closure.

The exposure of mice and possibly rats leave grave doubts about the level of hygiene sustained by the cafe while it functioned. Despite the increase in rodent activity last November, Stephanie Black, from Environment and Health Services, confirmed that pest-control activity was not increased until January.

'You must appreciate that one will always get rodents,' claimed Black, 'this problem has been difficult to resolve but we've increased work since January. The situation has been dealt with.'

As reported in *The Beaver*, the Vegetarian Cafe underwent an inspection by Westminster Council during Christmas Vacation and was subsequently not re-opened. SU exec. maintain the closure was voluntary and only partly affected by Westminster Council's 'recommendations for upgrades in equipment'.

Despite these persistent claims, The SU continues to refuse *The Beaver* access to Westminster Council's letter which outlines their findings. The letter is still deemed 'confidential'.

'Yes, it was closed for health and safety reasons,' admitted Yuan Potts, Treasurer of the SU, 'but we were not forced to close by Westminster - this was our decision and involved many issues including a chronic lack of investment in the past.' Potts added



Veggie Cafe in happier times

Picture: Beaver Library

that he had heard rumours of rats and mice.

There has been a major campaign to cut costs in the debt-plagued cafe, particularly over the past four years, and this has hastened the cafe's demise.

Students have been expressing their horror as the rodent problem becomes known. Most are concerned about what conditions they were eating under last term.

'I think it's disgusting,' said Magnus Thorkildsen, MSc. Comparative Politics, 'we were eating there all that time and clearly they must have known there were mice and God knows what else hiding in that kitchen!'

The restaurant has been warned repeatedly by Westminster Council

that its equipment was in need of an upgrade due to new Food and Hygiene Regulations. No changes were forced by the Council because the cafe dealt only with 'low risk' foods (no meat) and was therefore given more leeway despite the irregularities. Last term's inspection however left no room for compromise.

Management maintains that the Council's letter was only one of three major factors in considering the closure. The other two included a refrigeration system that contravened new EU environmental laws and a stove set which had completely ceased to function.

The rodents have continued to proliferate since November and the problem now affects the whole

downstairs quad and possibly more. 'We've seen mice in here for the last two months at least,' said an exasperated Jim Carder, Manager of the STA office in the quad, 'they began coming from the kitchen and we understood the problem came from old food they used to store there.'

Carder remarked that mice originally came from the cafe manager's office - situated directly between the STA and the cafe - but now come from 'every door and hole around'. The former cafe manager who worked in that office, Hersh Baker, left his post two months ago for unspecified reasons.

'In all fairness we have seen a fair bit of effort lately,' stated Carder, 'people have been putting traps and

sealing holes.' Pest-control is organised through Health and Environment Services and they contract to an outside firm. Stephanie Black insists that, 'the situation is now under control and hopefully it'll be sorted.'

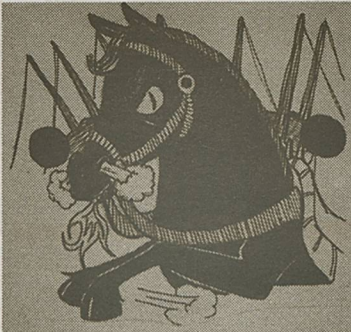
The SU excuse the recent rise of 'vermin sightings' by students due to the pest-control work itself and not an increase in the actual rodents themselves. They claim the Cafe is a 'place full of dying mice' leading them to wander uncharacteristically and act irrationally throughout the Cafe.

Not all students are pleased with the school's decision to eradicate the rodents by death. Some would have preferred a re-location solution. 'They don't have to kill them - this is a vegetarian cafe after all,' said Shane McKenzie, MSc. Government Department, 'and besides, they're just so cute.'

Jasper Ward, Ents Sabbatical, whose office is based in the ill fated cafe commented that mice in the building "if there were no mice it could have meant that there were rats as they would have eaten the mice."

Once the rodent issue is solved, the next dilemma for the SU is what should be done with the empty space left by the cafe. SU exec. are currently planning a 'consultation process' titled 'Union 2000' to find new ideas.

'We'll be talking directly to the students,' said Potts, 'There have been problems with the cafe for a number of years; we've now got a great opportunity to build a service students' really.' Potts added that there will be meetings held at LSE and each of the student halls in the coming week.



Horseman

Horseman is growing amused at the distinct lack of Pre-Millennial-Tension exhibited by the media recently. My hunt for scare-mongering has reaped practically nothing. Admittedly my search didn't extend much further than reading Sid the Sexist in Viz. Anyhow, my cynical eye has decided that everybody is adopting Y2K blindness, hiding under a pile of words and pointless stories hoping it will all go away. The only solution to this is the following statement:-

"You are all going to die, you will be nuked by stray nuclear weapon, your computer will evolve into hyper intelligent Transformer and will interfere with you with it's 'Hard' Disk, ferrets will rampage across the nation in the search for food and Spice Girl's singles and the survivors will only be able to pick up Channel 5 on their TV."

But hey, you'll be far to pissed to notice - if you can afford it. With predicted bar staff wages equal to the GDP of small African nations, drink prices will grow exponentially, such that the only way you could afford your traditional pint would be by ram-raiding Dixon's and making-off with 2 or 3 tons of the latest Japanese Hi-Fi equipment - all of which is, of course, set to break as soon as the warranty expires. The Horseman's favourite Tipple, Peach Schnapps with just a dash of cocaine, will undoubtedly weigh in at approximately £200 a go so it looks like I'm gonna have to re-mortgage the wife again (The bint's getting on a bit but she should be good for a couple of grand poned off).

In the meantime, Horseman's plots for religious dominance are reaping great rewards. A massive £7.50 came flooding in (not to mention 2 length of fibreglass and a doberman-poodle cross) and so now Horseman and his disciple, Jack Michaelson, are set to go amongst the people and increase my religion's popularity. The basic tenants are very simple and precise to avoid any wags evolving them into rip-off cults.

Firstly, the disparaging of Horseman is to become a capital offense, punishable by being slapped repeatedly by a dried stoat. Horseman's laws are of primary importance and shall be held in the hearts and minds of the masses for as long as humans roam this earth.

Admittedly, Horseman has yet to come up with any policies, but the thrust is there. Overall control must be mine....

In the meantime, whilst the funds continue to roll in, I'm off to try and bring the world that one step closer to apocalypse, I'm going to get onto the US electoral roll and vote Republican!

In my absence, Machiavelli takes over for the next few weeks. Good old boy, our Macca, but I'm not quite sure if he's fiendish enough to assume my mantle that easily....

Mental Ward wants students crushed for longer

Shailini Ghelani

Jasper Ward, SU Ents officer, has confirmed that the Students Union is investigating the feasibility of extending 'CRUSH' opening hours.

'CRUSH,' the LSE's weekly student night currently stays open on Friday nights till 1am with a bar extension and subsidy. The issue of 'CRUSH' opening hours came up after a UGM proposal to extend them, Ward responded to this proposal by revealing that he had already started research into the possibility of this for the near future.

Ward told *The Beaver*, in the first instance the SU would have to inform Charing Cross Police about the new opening plans who would do random checks on Friday nights to confirm that the activities at the LSE were above board. As the issue stands, Charing Cross Police have approved the changes.

A greater hurdle than the Police and the local council, however is the governing body of the LSE, who in the past have pulled the plug on Rock nights on Saturdays which lasted till 2am, claiming that the SU had failed to inform them properly of its intentions. Ward is exercising caution with these new plans, informing *The Beaver* that he is keeping the school up to date with all new developments to prevent hang ups later, but also adding "LSE people are dull."



Everyone's gone to Kings...

Picture: Laure Trebosco

Gethin Roberts, SU General Manager commented "There are two steps in trying to extend the opening hours for 'CRUSH,' the first is a change in the public entertainments license and the second is a change in the liquor license." He continued "We are already in the 28 day notice period of the public entertainments license which we should have by the end of February, but as for the liquor licence, regardless of whether we get this or not, whether it is implemented depends on the school."

When asked if he was concerned that 'CRUSH' was losing students to Kings, Ward responded "losing students to Kings is a fact of life. Without proper investment in our venue we just cannot compete."

Ward added that with a proper venue "we could stomp Kings all over the park."

Ward also responded to complaints about the closure of the Quad on recent Friday nights commenting "This time of year the quad is really cold and unwelcoming,

especially with not having a bar - concequently there's no real incentive to go down there."

He continued "It costs loads in security staff, DJ's and other attractions, such as the Rodeo Bulls. When we opened the quad this time last year ents was losing £500 per week keeping the quad open only for a tiny crowd to go down there."

If the plans go ahead, in the near future students will be able to get smashed for longer - wherever they decide to spend their Friday nights.

Library - where the doors never close?

Sarah Hartwell

It was suggested at last weeks UGM that the Library should be open 24 hours a day. But how likely is it that this will happen, and if it did would anybody use a 24 hour service?

The Library currently opens for 90 hours a week during term time, with full services available during these hours.

According to Deputy Librarian, Maureen Wade, the library has extended its opening hours in recent years in line with requests from SU

Representatives. She pointed out that last year late opening was accompanied by security services only, but this year users have access to borrowing and other services throughout Library opening hours.

In a recent Library committee meeting the SU Gen Sec, Narius Aga, stated that the SU felt that Library opening hours were satisfactory and that they would not press for any further extension of opening hours until after the planned refurbishment. Aga stated that he maintained this position but was

given a mandate at the UGM to find out what the student body's opinion on the matter is.

He said that he felt that the "student body opinion was divided" but that he would investigate further and that there would be a full open meeting.

When *The Beaver* asked student opinion a mixed reaction was received, a significant number of people said that they would definitely take full advantage of 24 hour opening. Student Karin Wedig showed enthusiasm for the proposal saying that she would use the library

between midnight and six as "this is when I normally study."

When questioned about the feasibility of 24 hour opening of the Library, Wade stated that it was dependent both on whether there was a genuine demand for such changes and also on whether LSE was prepared to financially support the project.

Wade was confident that if there was a genuine demand and financial support for such a scheme, it would go ahead.

New Card set to be Queuebuster

Tom Livingstone

Neverending queues at Registration are set to be a thing of the past with the introduction of a new campus card. The card will replace the current LSE ID and the Library card.

Academic Registrar George Kiloh told The Beaver that there were major advantages to introducing the new credit-card style ID. 'The card will mean an end to queues. If continuing students come to the Undergraduate Office now to have their photos taken, we can offer them a trouble-free registration. If they don't sort it out now, they'll have a terrible time.'

Students are currently being required to have their photographs taken, in order that the new cards will be ready for issue at registration in October. This means an end to multiple trips to the photo booth at the start of the year.

The new card will allow students to be registered in double-quick time - in future this could mean a simple swipe through a machine - and to use the Library. 'It'll function in just the same way as the old cards, but it's less likely to be lost - that's a tangible advantage,' according to Assistant



New card eliminates queues

Picture: Beaver Library

Registrar David Ashton. 'It'll be much better than the existing mess,' concludes Kiloh.

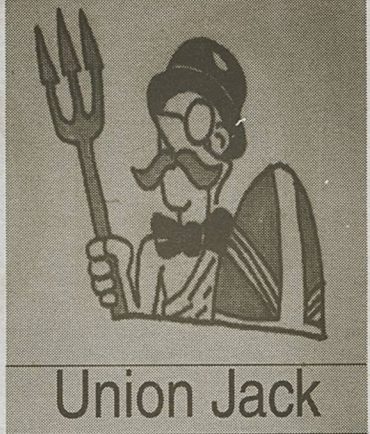
It seems that there are no plans as such to develop the card into a campus access card, which would be swiped in order to enter buildings - a path followed by some FE colleges in London. Kiloh pointed out that 'we

have a lot of public lectures, visitors and so on - it's not in the culture of the place to turn it into a prison.'

The Students' Union has also given its backing to the scheme. 'We've always had complaints about queues at registration,' said Education and Welfare Officer Maria Neophytou, 'so this is definitely a

good thing. The card has the potential to be used for a number of things - we'll have to monitor closely what happens from now on.'

Trouble free registration is now up to students - they should get along to the Undergraduate Office as soon as possible, or face an October queueing on the Aldwych.



Union Jack

Like a dope addled snowboarder at the Winter Olympics the UGM seems to be plummeting downhill with very little sense of direction. It still has its highlights, like Wignall reading out details of a SWSS meeting (his face puckered up as though he was being forced to kiss Tony Benn's unrinsed ringpiece) but nobody is there to appreciate them. Not even the Balcony Boys could be bothered to drag their bedraggled and beer sodden arse moustaches away from the Tuns, and without the air of intimidation and menace that they provide the horrors of unchecked democracy held sway. Jack thinks that an urgent recruitment drive is required. Possibly Cow Girl could dress up in a leotard, or a poster campaign ("The UGM: It's not as much fun as a penile enema, but it lasts longer") Maybe not.

The long awaited Constitutional Amendments finally began to arrive, but like a Spielberg film they scarcely justified the hype.

It's a great idea to fine tune the system, but this one seems to be in need of a violent kick in the gonads. Still, Christine Bayliss took the platform, keen to put the bored back into the Academic Board. Jack has a sneaking suspicion that these proposals will just give more air time to potential sabbatical candidates to shout about their hard work on the East Building Urinal Committee. Too much exposure can be a bad thing (ask George Michael.)

Narius was searching for nominations for honorary degrees. Jack has a few suggestions:

- 1) Richard Bacon - for services to the Colombian export industry
- 2) Sam Parhampie - for proving the link between competence and hair, (and reviving the fortunes of the humble pasty.)
- 3) Union Jack - for fuck's sake, just give me one. A third in Sociology would be just dandy.

Yuan launched Union 2000, a campaign to drag the SU into the new millennium, by refusing to say when his public meetings will be. Maria heralded a Union triumph in the form of internet access for halls, allowing inebriated freshers to look at the Wendy Whoppers homepage into the small hours.

Racism: a good thing or a bad thing? The UGM wasn't quite sure. Possibly the integrity of the motion was undermined by the proponent, a Labour Student who apparently frequents Conservative Future events in the hope of finding a more irritating politician than herself. The Aga was burning with ire at the suggestion that the S.U. hadn't already opposed racism with the same vigour as it countered top up fees. All the same, the defeat of a motion against racism seemed a bit strange, especially in a week when the Balcony Boys had stayed at home. Next week the UGM votes in favour of the compulsory vivisection of whales. Till then...

Disabled students finally get advisor

Neelam Verjee

The position of Advisor to Students with Disabilities, one that has stood vacant for a substantial duration of time, has recently been filled. Dr. Sheila Newman is the new appointee to this post.

The role involves advising on aspects of policy affecting students with disabilities and on ways of assessing and overcoming any problems encountered through disability. The position of the DSA, created four years ago, was intended to be a link between students and staff in an attempt to increase communication and tackle related issues.

An Advisory Group has also been created. It will include representatives from specific areas of

the school and four nominees from the Students' Union. Additionally, there will be a member of staff from Services, the Library, IT and the Health Service, who will be specifically allocated to disability-related issues in their area.

The LSE administration has long since been criticised for its inadequate infrastructure and support system concerning disabled students. Its minimalist approach to providing facilities essential for the well-being and success of disabled students, is a sore point for many, among them Maria Neophytou, Education and Welfare Officer at LSE. 'They're not actively encouraging disabled attendance because of problems they would face if a large number of students with special needs attended.'

Among the problems faced by the

disabled student population, aside from a lack of support from the administration, include wheelchair access at only at a basic level; long queues for lifts and facilities which are shared by maintenance staff, thus resulting in late or unattended lectures. There is restricted access to buildings, and after 6:30pm, the only wheelchair accessible building is the library.

The administration has in the past been accused of acting solely on a reactionary basis in pursuing improvements in order to avoid external criticism and government funding reductions. Dr. Newman is very aware of the criticisms directed at the administration's passive policy. When quizzed as to what she intends to do about it, replied, 'I think its very important for us to be more pro-active (towards disabled students)

and I know the school haven't always been very good at that, but I hope this will improve.' She was however; unsure as to exactly how this was to be accomplished. 'I only started ten days ago and am in the process of working through my ideas.'

Neophytou, however, is sceptical. 'Too little too late' was her succinct verdict. 'Everyone here rejects disabled students. A part-time advisor has taken the position. Nobody holding an academic post wanted the job. There is going to be no difference. They say they will be more pro-active, but to be more pro-active requires more facilities and to have more facilities, more disabled students are needed. It's a circular argument.'

Dr. Newman can be contacted through the Dean's Office, telephone (0171) 955 7849.

Cloning me Cloning you

In the wake of a survey on public perceptions of human cloning, Carly Lake surveys people's hopes and fears

For the last fifty years followers of bioethics have been fascinated by the potential for animal and human cloning. Scientific interest in genetic research has a much longer history, but for the most part public understanding of genetic research remains scant.

In 1866, Austrian botanist Gregor Mendel proposed theories on the basic laws of heredity. He was soon followed by one of Darwin's relatives, Francis Galton, who introduced the word Eugenics into the English language. Nineteen hundred and ten is the year in which

human cloning and genetic engineering (The Boys from Brazil, Blade Runner, Frankenstein and Jurassic Park to name but a few) the public remains largely unsure about what cloning actually means. What is cloning? What is involved in the process of cloning? What are the factors that influence the public's and an individual's opinions of it?

On December 4, 1998, The Wellcome Trust, a charity that funds medical research, released the findings of unique social research into the issue of Public Perspectives on Human Cloning. The qualitative research was conducted by NOP and Research Business International with the intent to explore the public's "attitudes and opinions" to human cloning.

A cross-section of British society was taken along with six chosen specific groups - lesbians, women in their late 30s and early 40s without children, women with fertility problems, pregnant women, women who had lost a young child and grandparents. Research was carried out over ten focus groups and four paired in-depth seminars with the opposite-sex. The total number involved rested at 79 adults in 3 English cities and at two other locations in the South-East.

Findings in The Wellcome Trust Report suggest that the public remain largely undereducated about the process of cloning. For example the fact that cloning can take place without the introduction of a sperm cell to the female embryo is one that 'shocks' and 'surprises' according to the report. 'Effectively men are not needed for the process of reproduction with cloning. Not surprisingly perhaps the research also found that when questioned on this particular issue women's responses were 'often tinged with humour' about the security of a man's biological use during the reproduction process. In contrast their male counterparts were reported to have 'reservations about discussing in any detail the potential redundancy of men.'

Yet more seriously from a gender perspective, the findings of this report are interesting. It ultimately showed that despite the potential for reproduction to take place without men, all of the women interviewed expressed disfavor at the idea. There was more particular concern over the possible psychological ramifications for a child that had been reproduced through cloning. What for instance might the effects be for identity formation in a child that was born as an exact genetic replica of either its mother, father, aunt, uncle, grandparent or even somebody

'The target date for the sequencing of all human DNA is set for the year 2003.'

outside of the family? What if any, might be the effects upon a child born to two women or two men, being the exact genetic replica of one or the other? What about the probability for people who wish to replace a child that has died with a clone?

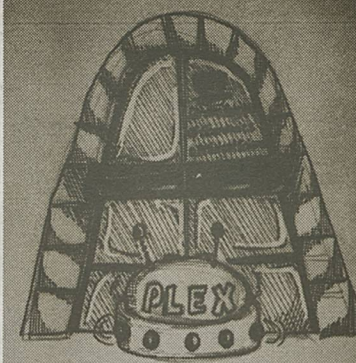
Essentially this research into public perspectives on cloning reveals that the public is much more comfortable with the idea of 'therapeutic cloning.' That is the use of cloning technology to grow replacement cells, tissues and organs. One woman interviewed saying that 'for selective parts I have no problems (skin, organs etc). Otherwise let nature be nature.' Yet even today after years of public wranglings over the subject of IVF (In Vitro Fertilization) treatment for infertile couples the public's remains divided.

There is also further concern about the socioeconomic impact of

cloning. Who will foot the bill for scientific research of this kind and what about the social costs for extending the life expectancy and population growth? There were indications also that for the most part the public does not trust a government's ability to control the process of cloning. There is fear of the 'rogue scientist' and doubtfulness over who will regulate the practice of cloning. People are aware that scientists are not really in control of shaping the direction or use of cloning as a technique. In some instances scientists even being described as 'little men in white coats, walking around in laboratories and universities somewhere,' even the sort of people 'behind a shopping trolley in Tesco's on a Sunday, are the biggest danger in the civilized world.' Science fiction movies and historical accounts of Hitler's plight to create a superior race are also what influence the public's take on what human cloning might mean for the human race.

One thing clear from the report: The public accepts that the developments in cloning are only the beginning. Since the birth of Dolly the Sheep there have been a number of breakthroughs in cloning. Just a year later in 1998 scientists at the University of Hawaii successfully cloned not just one mouse but dozens along with three generations of cloned clones. In the same year, scientists at Japan's Kinki University cloned eight calves using cells taken from an adult cow.

The pursuit of cloning methods is now an inevitable part of scientific life. What the research produced by The Wellcome Trust has revealed is that we will all have to think about cloning as a serious fact of 'life' sooner rather than later. The present target date for the Human Genome Project and the sequencing of all human DNA is set for the year 2003. Yet whether or not the public is comfortable with the idea of cloning, the subject alone provides a great and ironic twist to the evolutionary process itself.



PLEX - visitors from outer space

This week, PLEX - humble protector superior, false prophet, and orgasmic guardian to all learnbots (students to you) and related pitiful automata - turns its innocent, virgin gaze on the motley sociotraumatic extrasensory phenomena upon which one may stumble when least expected within the stale nullity of the 'Theoryland' campus, also known as Time's Wasteland.

For the purposes of this incongruous analysis, we have been briefed by our lying scum one-man intelligence network, Abu Zeir the Allegory (not to be confused with Mahmoud the Incident, our manical - yet at times surprisingly tranquil and even sensual - ninja from from the Middle East in charge of readers' correspondence and the swift termination of ensuing entanglements), although the gravity we give to Abu Zeir's promulgation has waned recently in light of his inexplicable references to Zvidnor Mustachio's shallow romantic epic *Visconte Pistachio of the Borol*.

This brings us, albeit without a smooth transition, to unexplained phenomenon number one - pigeon strike. These Satanic pests lurk gargoyles-like on the rooftops of the parasitic structures lining Houghton Street; drooling, waiting, in their collective lust for merciless butchery, for some numerical control freak from the Statistics department to emerge (LSE folklore has it that this phenomenon began with a statistics lecturer's careless comment 'the equation tells us that this is about as likely to happen as getting hit on the head by an exploding bird'). As soon as a member of said department is spotted, a single laser-guided pigeon will propel itself from its perch, a fat, feathered bombshell carrying a small but nonetheless devastating payload of explosives strapped around its abdomen, and zero in on the laser beacon with negligible precision.

More often than not, collateral damage claims several innocent bystanders, who are lightly maimed in the ensuing blast (the frazzled, smoking remains of one Bsc Necronometrics students were recently seen ricocheting off an East Building window with an ugly twang). This goes unnoticed, as usual, by the pathetic Houghton Street learnbots who are even, as we speak, smoking cigarettes, eating sandwiches, reading FT's - past and present - and dictating archetypal CVs into their mobile phones, simultaneously, reserving the use of their hands for more demanding manoeuvrings such as balancing themselves against each other.

We hope you enjoyed our first dossier in the LSE Files. You may (but don't feel obliged) to send any feedback to learnbot@hotmail.com. We advise you to mind your language though, as Mahmoud has a low tolerance for everything and violently hates all living beings.

'The public remain largely undereducated about the process of cloning'

American biologist Thomas Hurst Morgan prompted genetic exploration in fruit flies and twenty-two years later Aldous Huxley introduced a unique view of genetic engineering in his literary work 'A Brave New World.' By 1969 a group of scientist at Harvard Medical School had managed to isolate the first gene, and in 1985 genetic finger printing was used for the first time in a criminal proceeding - the most famous use of which has been more recent during the 1995 O.J. Simpson trial. Then in 1997, Ian Wilmut a leading embryologist of Scotland's Roslin Institute, created Dolly.

The birth of Dolly the sheep and the massive media attention she received first seriously introduced the concept of cloning to a world audience. The media in all its forms has certainly tried to wean the public on the idea of cloning but despite numerous films that have forced us to consider the concept of



editorial

Heere's Johnny (Apologies to Mr Nicholson, Mr King & Mr Kubrick).

In case you hadn't noticed (which, knowing the LSE, you probably haven't) it's been quite a while since I've actually bothered to write an Editorial myself. But now, after weeks of serious mental breakdown, pre-exam tutor placation and generally not being arsed, I'm back. Great, huh? OK, OK don't all cheer at once...

In my (ahem) absence, quite a lot of stuff has happened around campus. PuLSE fm has hit the airwaves across London with a reasonable amount of publicity (I'm sorry already, Maria), rats and other vermin have apparently been found in the Veggie Cafe and the school has announced plans to individually stamp each student with a barcode for ease of identification.

Hmm... OK maybe I'm being a bit cynical (not like I ever have reason to, eh?). The scheme to replace all those laminated passport photocards currently clogging your wallet like fat in Roseannes's arteries isn't a new one. Students at fellow London colleges such as Imperial deal with a similar system on a day to day basis (well, it is a Government research facility too...), and admittedly with the current hysteria about rising crime on campus no-one could accuse the school of over-reacting. However, in a time when the term technophobia has moved from geek slang to widely accepted cliché, one does have to wonder what's next. DNA identification? LSE funded geo-stationary spy-sats? Microchip wetware in your skull? It's one step away from all that crap scrawled in the Tun's Toilets. Personally I'm thinking of getting a retina scanner for the Beaver office door (Don't question me, I have my reasons...).

On a more serious note we've also received complaints about the content of our beloved Beaversports™. Now while this isn't unusual, the fact that these complaints came from senior members of school raises serious questions about the Beaver's right to free speech.

The Beaver's constitutional position renders it independent of both the Students' Union and the school in order to provide unbiased reports of news around the LSE. While offence may sometimes be caused by certain articles these complaints should be addressed in the correct way; either by a letter to the paper or by questioning me at the UGM directly.

I'd also like to take this opportunity to thank Music Editor Malte Gerhold, who resigned this week, for the time and work he's put into the paper over the past year. That and for lending me his Advanced Social Philosophy notes. The Beaver wish you luck, mate.

There'll be another hundred odd words of my ramblings next week. Unless I leave Spanky Dan in charge again.

Later Taters,

Matt Brough
Executive Editor

Global Concerns

Sir,

I am writing to express my deep disappointment and concern over the fall of B. Cox's motion to the UGM on Thursday 4 February.

The motion sought to get funding from the SU (total sum of £200) for one of the biggest events at LSE this year - the Global Week.

The event, organised by the Global Society and featuring over 20 other societies, is a week long celebration of the multicultural character of LSE. GS has a limited budget, certainly not enough for a grand Global Show scheduled for Mon the 15.

The fact that the Union (due to unreasonable opposition from the Conservatives) rejected the appeal for funding, means that the Global Show will have to be sponsored by societies taking part in it (which could be discouraging - I, as a chair of Amnesty Int., will not enter my society into a project which may not be successful since it hasn't the backing of the SU).

It is absurd that rather than supporting this great initiative, the Union chose to oppose it and this, once again, highlights the unrepresentativeness of UGMs and dominance of party politics (since both the Tories and Liberals voted against the motion)

Yours

Murad Gassanov
Chair
Amnesty

Supported by Joe Roberts (Court of Governors)

NUS Women's Conference Delegate

This conference falls before our elections in March
We will therefore hold an early women only ballot

Timetable is as follows:

Nominations open: Monday 15th February 12pm

Nominations close: Wed 17th February 5pm

Polling times: Thurs 18th February 2-4pm

Each candidate should submit a leaflet with their nomination form and the SU will print up to 100 copies sized A4 which they can distribute on Thurs 18th February from 10am - 4pm

There will be one delegate and one observer who must both be women.

LSESU Jewish Society presents

The Right Honourable
Derek Fatchett, MP
Minister of State for Foreign and Commonwealth affairs

the first in a series of lectures
"To remember the past - to trust the future"
(Abba Kovner)

Thursday 18th February
12pm prompt
Room H216

The LSE Conservative Association Invites You To Their

Annual Dinner

Guest Speaker:
ANNE WIDDECOMBE MP

Monday 1st March

The East India Club

Tickets on sale in Houghton Street

Acupuncture at St Philips Health Service

Susan Jackson BA(Econ.) LicAc MBAC

There is now an acupuncture clinic being held weekly every Tuesday at St Philips Health Service, for both staff and students. Acupuncture can be helpful for many conditions such as anxiety, asthma, back pain, high blood pressure, migraines, insomnia, menstrual problems, depression and gastrointestinal problems such as irritable bowel syndrome.

Sue Jackson, the acupuncturist, is a graduate in politics and sociology (Manchester University), has a Licentiate in Acupuncture from the College of Integrated Chinese Medicine in Reading and recently undertook a further period of clinical training in Hangzhou, China. As well as working privately, she also works within the NHS as part of the pain clinic at Whittington Hospital.

Usually a course of treatments is needed, with the first consultation lasting around 1 hours, with subsequent treatments lasting 45 minutes.

There is a reduced rate for students of £36 for the first consultation, £24 for subsequent treatments (full rate is £40 / £28 for staff). Please contact the Health Service reception on ex. 7016 for appointments, or contact Sue via the reception if you wish to discuss whether acupuncture might be appropriate for you, or email her at enquiries@shenmen.freereserve.co.uk. There are also leaflets available at the reception which give further information about acupuncture treatment.



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

Fight against racism

One of the contributions to the Global Festival is an Anti-Racism campaign. Action, assertion and awareness will move forward an objective which has been given emphasis by the Government and has provoked debate over Britain's future direction as a multi-cultural society.

The new year will bring with it a new campaign commencing on the 15th of February. Petitions, pamphlets, stalls, UGM motions, ethnic society liason and speakers, all to encourage the School to create policy which will combat institutional racism.

LSE, one of the few places where integration should not be a problem, still lacks sufficient representation for minorities. Maria Neophytou (Education and Welfare Officer) commented: 'Although I think that

the LSE has a good record of acceptance with it being such an international institution, the nature of the Exec needs to change and it needs to decide which group needs representation'.

The fight to stop overt and institutional racism has been of upmost importance to the Government over the last year and a half. It has demonstrated commitment to establishing a decent society and tackling the evils of racism that are encountered by ethnic minorities, including students. The most obvious example, being that of the Stephen Lawrence Inquiry. Important, however, has been the Crime and Disorder Act which introduces new offences to racially aggravated assaults. There has been a move to appoint minorities to judicial

and senior legal positions, the establishment of the Race Relations forum and more ethnic recruitment in the armed forces.

However, this week sees the release of the Commission for Racial Equality report which highlights the natures of racist attacks, in particular on white people which is on the increase. It coincides with findings published by the Institute for Public Policy which urges the Government to exhibit a national strategy of multiculturalism to bring the public closer together. As minorities are still being under-represented in both local and central Government, there is a growing concern about the segmentation of society.

'The Government has started to punish racism, however, it is up to people like us to wipe out the culture

of racism both on campus and in the wider community. One way in which we can help is to lobby the School and make sure minorities get real representation within SU', commented Brendan Cox, Chairman of LSE Labour. We hope the campaign will secure, not only new powers to ensure that universities are free of racism, with students being free from fear of attacks; but also a built-in awareness making equality second nature.

GHIZALA AZMAT
(Anti-Racism Officer for LSE Labour Club)

CAMPUS CARD

This notice is for all undergraduates planning to continue into their second and third years in 1999/2000.

We have redesigned and combined the old registration and Library card.

The benefits are:

you will have a single card instead of two

you will not have to renew it completely each year - just update it - so registration will be quicker

it will be robust, like a credit card - easier to store and use

you will not have to pay for your own photographs

It means that we need to photograph you. We don't want to interrupt revision and exams, so we have set aside weeks 5, 6 and 7 of this term for this purpose:

Please come to the Undergraduate Office, Room H310, between 10.00 and 17.00, according to the first letter of your family name, in order to be photographed, as follows:

A Tuesday 9 February
B Wednesday 10 February
C Thursday 11 February
D Friday 12 February
E Monday 15 February
F Tuesday 9 February
G Monday 15 February
H Tuesday 16 February
I Tuesday 16 February
J Friday 12 February
K Wednesday 17 February
L Thursday 18 February
M Monday 19 February
N Monday 22 February

O Friday 12 February
P Tuesday 23 February
Q Wednesday 10 February
R Friday 26 February
S Thursday, 25,
& Friday 26 February
T Wednesday 24 February
U Monday 25 February
V Tuesday 23 February
W Monday 22 February
X Wednesday 10 February
Y Wednesday 24 February
Z Tuesday 16 February

We shall give a book token of £25 to each of ten continuing undergraduate students who attend the photographic sessions before the end of week 7 of the Lent Term. The winners will be randomly selected.

KCL Vs LSESU Underground Dance Music Society Present trouble

a mixed selection of deep house, electro house, techno/hardcore, drum'n'bass, jungle. DJ's include: Dan the Man, Lightning, Devious B, Sharkie & MC Banerjee

Thursday 18th February, 10:00pm>3:00am,

£3 on the door

COMEDY, 8:00PM, £4 ADV, £5 DOOR SEE THE COMEDY, STAY FOR THE CLUB

the macadam building surrey st, WC2. Tickets available from the box office

Gen Sec's Column

This week will witness the launch of Union 2000 - a massive consultation exercise to ascertain student opinion on a wide variety of issues. We will be going around various halls and have one in the LSE and dates and times will be up on posters and leaflets. This Union takes the direction you want it to so your ideas, thoughts and contribution will be welcome. Progress and the future of campaigns on tuition fees, both home and overseas, the library, IT services and halls of residence are some of the issues we will discuss as also the improvement of the Advice Centre and all our commercial services, particularly ideas for a new cafe.

Speaking of the Cafe, the rumour mill being fed by certain quarters continues unabated, fuelled no doubt by sensationalist exaggerations and at times downright concoctions. Let me make this abundantly clear for the tenth time, the cafe was shut down for commercial reasons only i.e. the cost we would have had to bear to bring a service upto necessary environmental guidelines equipment-wise and had nothing to do with the mice which have been sighted since it was shut. Not a single complaint of mice was recorded till the day it was closed if it was indeed shut down due to mice waltzing around, there would have been a legal requirement on us to display a notice to that effect. Firstly the reason at the moment is that the cafe is continuously used by students and rubbish piled up without the staff to clear it as there is no service operating. Secondly, control of pests is not our responsibility, it is the School's (as is maintenance and provision of heat and electricity). Thirdly, and more importantly in this argument, the problem is not limited to the Cafe or even the East Building, there is major infestation problem in both the Old Building and Kings Chambers as well, one factor being the construction work in St. Catherine's House. The School's Environmental Services Dept. is tackling the problem and the Students' Union is working closely with the School's contractors, but the point of emphasis here is that we cannot take any independent action.

Another factor that is adding fuel to the fire is that the letter from Westminster Council has been withheld. Contained within the letter were staffing implications, action for which was duly taken, but which shall remain confidential, simply because that's how it has always remained due to our constitutional responsibility. The Administration and Staffing Committee (the four sabbaticals plus General Manager) decisions and all correspondence on staffing matters have to this day been guaranteed confidentiality according to the Students' Union's constitution. If students want to try and change the constitution, they are welcome to do so, but we cannot violate our responsibility.

At the end of the day, we genuinely felt that spending an amount in excess of £117,000 would not be prudent given the level of satisfaction the cafe in its past state provided and such an amount would be better contributed in starting a whole new service altogether, a service which reflects the student demands. The introduction of meat was one of the contentious issues in the past and our refrigeration equipment was simply not capable of that. That is something which can be seriously looked into now. In fact whether we want cooked meals served is in itself a question because there have been suggestions put forward for various other ideas ranging from the in-vogue coffee bars and chippies to a Japanese style noodle bar. A motion was passed by the UGM to mandate the sabbaticals to report on the possibility of a sports bar and we shall be doing that shortly, but at the end of the day, we shall have what you, the majority want. So make sure you play your part in that all-important decision by letting us know.

Cheers,

Narius Aga
General Secretary LSESU

Bart

Beaver Arts Magazine

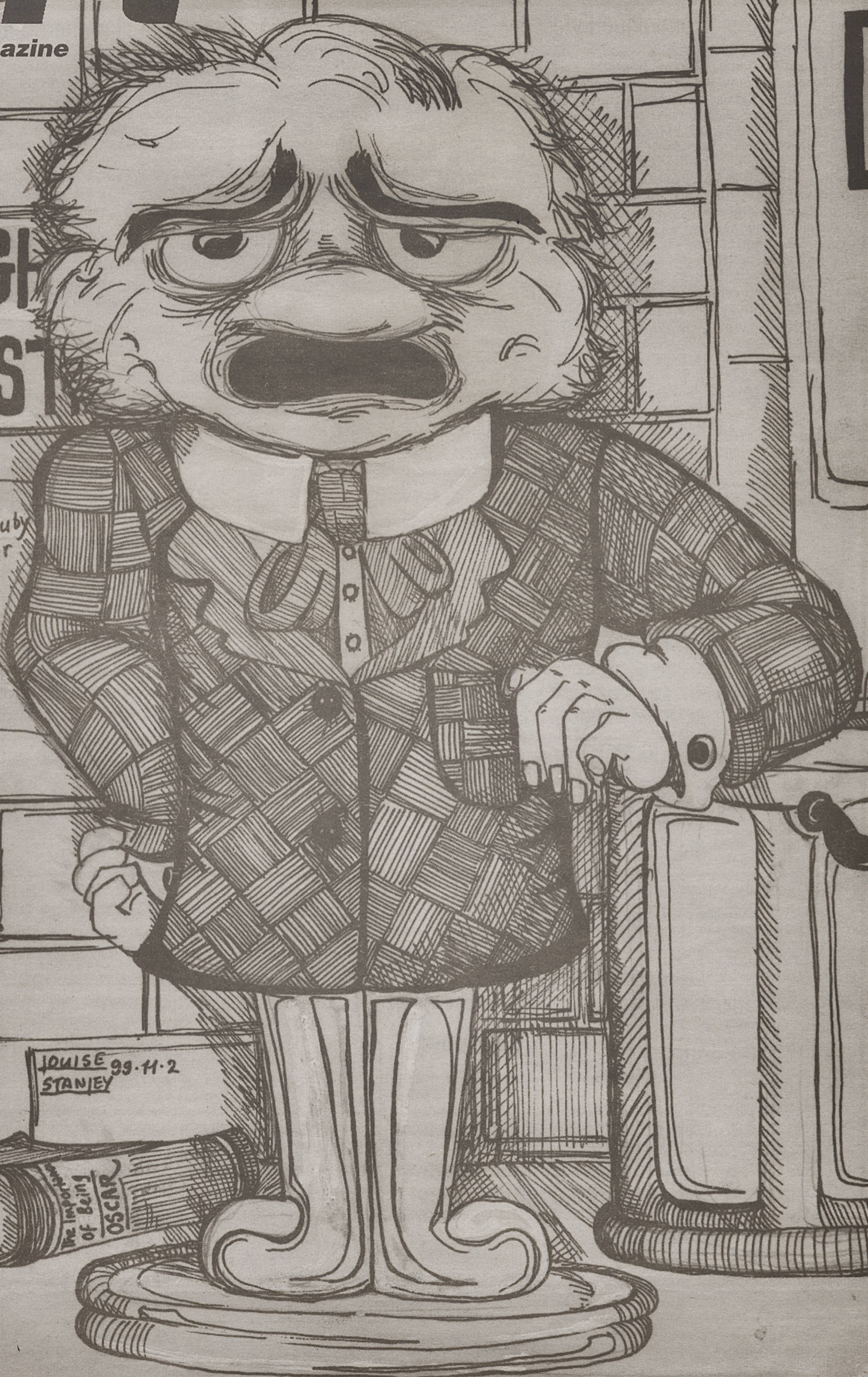
The Oscar Issue

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The Impending
of Being
OSCAR



That Old Black Magic

Dominique Fyfe sees an eloquent and moving Othello in Hammersmith

Othello - a passionate tale of love, honour, jealousy and murder. This classic is portrayed at the Riverside Studios within the epoch of the 1900s adding to its tragic romantic air that is so common to Shakespearean tales. Although I have never read the play I have seen the movie which was in itself critically acclaimed, but seeing this particular enactment of the story enabled me to truly appreciate the 'melodrama' with its twists and turns and intensity of emotion.

Riverside Studios is a unique venue, unlike your characteristic West End theatre (like the Apollo just around the corner which houses the unfortunate Dr. Dolittle farce with Philip Schofield), it embodies a feeling of youth and sincere artistry. Each theatre within the studios is small, thus fashioning an atmosphere conducive to an intimacy between the actor and the audience and essentially creating a more 'user friendly' Shakespeare which is often not just hard to swallow but challenging to digest.

Richard Benn's portrayal of Othello was superb. Othello had eloquence and conversely burning anger in all the appropriate places, shedding light on the very human qualities of Shakespeare's characters. Desdemona (Rebecca Long) was petite, gentle, and had

the skin of a porcelian doll, which contrasted so beautifully with that of her dark-skinned lover. Their relationship on stage was fluid and pure, and was, to my

imagination, exactly as it should be between Othello and Desdemona, which makes you despise Iago all the more once the bond between them is broken.

Iago, played by Tom



Weatherhead, was also brilliant. Perfectly sarcastic, he was convincing in his portrayal of the evil man, sly as a snake. On the other hand I cannot say the same about his

impetuous personality, which lit up the stage whenever she was on, but also fiery red hair that complemented her character well. On the whole the cast was very cohesive, illustrating with skill the complexity of the relationships involved and the contrasting chaotic mesh of character pathos.

One thing to be said in criticism of this performance is that it was not kind on the gluteus maximus. Despite the great entertainment there comes a time when perhaps a second interval is needed. Patience is a virtue that I usually possess in abundance, but this this can wear a bit thin after three hours, even in a Shakespeare play. This minor complaint apart, however, Othello is thoroughly enjoyable. One last thing - if you are looking for the well hidden Riverside Studios, ask the locals - they know best

counterpart, Roderigo (Darren Lee), whose mere presence on the stage irritated me no end. I don't ever remember Roderigo being so annoying, like an itch you cannot reach.

Credit must be given to Giovanna Philips, who played Emilia. She not only had an

Othello is continuing until 21 February at the Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, Hammersmith W6.

Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays.

Tickets £6 concessions

Box office: 0181 237 1111

Tube Hammersmith (District, Picadilly and Hammersmith and City Lines)

A Wilde Experience

James Savage sees some vintage Wilde in a West London pub theatre

Oscar Wilde seems to be someone who will never go out of fashion. Despite the fact that he wrote about and satirised a society long since disappeared, he is still funny, and will probably remain so. It is something more than the fact that he has become a gay icon that keeps him in the public gaze, although this has undoubtedly helped his modern streetcred. No, the reason that Oscar Wilde is still performed is that he is funny; observant of human manners and their idiosyncracies.

This latest production of a Wilde classic goes to show just how much in demand he is. For this is not an original Wilde play, rather this is adapted by Ronald Selwyn Phillips from one of his short stories.

The story is, in true Wilde style, set around an upper class household, with its matrons, its cads and its bounders. The story centres around Lord Arthur, a rather daft but eligible young bachelor. He is persuaded by his

aunt, Lady Windemere, to have his palm read by Podgers, her clairvoyant. Podgers tells him that he is destined to murder someone close to him.

This, he reasons, must mean that he will kill his beautiful fiancée.

From this point on, Lord Arthur sets out to avoid killing his girlfriend. The only way he can do this, he reasons, is to kill someone close to him other than his girlfriend. There are therefore a number of candidates, including Lady Windemere herself or her hypochondriac cousin, Lady Beauchamp. He attempts, unsuccessfully, to kill both of these old

dears, as he sees it as the only way to save his fiancée. Unfortunately, he's such a useless bumbler that he cannot manage

to kill either of them.

In the background to all this is the malevolent Pogers, camp and creepy, always pushing the action



forward, and taking Lord Arthur along a course that he is too gullible to shun.

A definitely positive aspect of the

experience is the intimacy that you get at Baron's Court. What you see here feels so much less manufactured than anything you might see in the West End. It is raw, you feel a part of it, and it demands a lot of the actors. Every facial tick is scrutinised at close quarters, you sit almost as close to the actors as you do to the person sitting next to you in the audience, it really is a rare experience.

The two who really stand out in this regard are Lady Windemere and Podgers. Lady Windemere is a study in hauteur: bossy, overbearing, the nightmare aunt - the one that you really want Lord Arthur to kill. Podgers is striking for his creepiness, fawning and his obvious conniving.

Lord Arthur is credibly played as daft and altogether too trusting. The fact that he has a European accent is slightly off-putting at first - I mean, this is Oscar Wilde we're talking about - but he plays the part with such conviction that you soon learn to ignore the

accent and concentrate on the finer things that his portrayal has to offer.

There is also a lot to be said for going to the theatre in a pub. You can take your pint in with you and eat in the pub before you go in. Your entire evening's entertainment is all there in one place, and the character of this place is completely addictive.

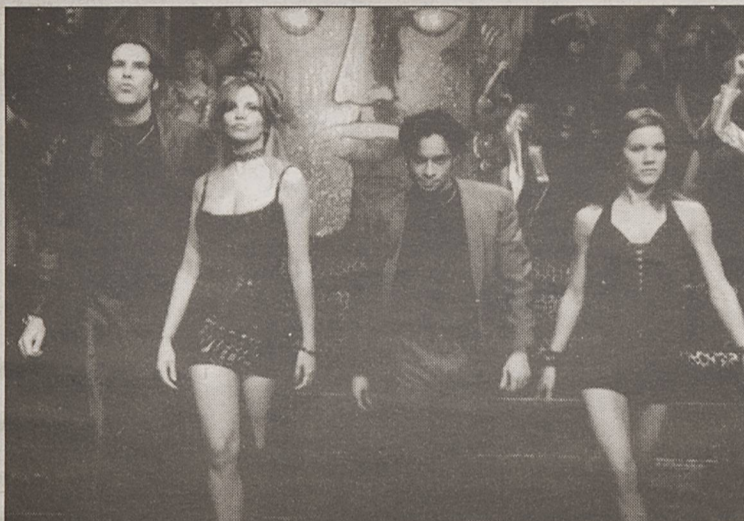
The overall result is a play that crackles with humour and suspense, a real treat of an evening. The acting, the script and the slick production all go towards making the experience a classic one, which surprises without being in any way avant-garde, and sets out to entertain in vintage Wilde style.

Lord Arthur Savile's Crime is continuing until March 7 at Baron's Court Theatre, in The Curtain's Up pub, 28 Comeragh Road, London W14. Tube: Baron's Court. Box Office: 0181 932 4747

A NIGHT AT THE ROXBURY

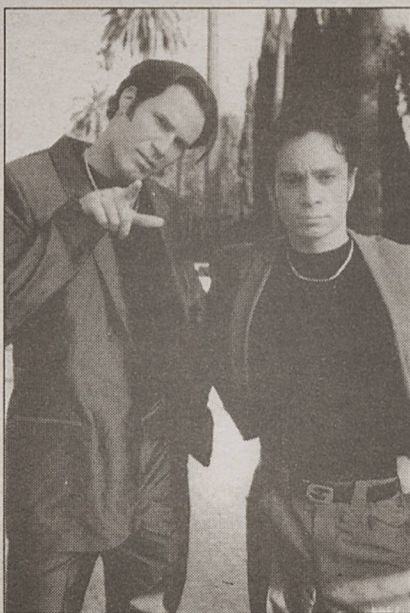
You saw the likes of *Wayne's World*, *Coneheads* and *Kids In The Hall*, all feature films built upon winning comedy sketches from US TV show *Saturday Night Live*. Now it's time to meet Steve and Doug Butabi, the Roxbury Guys.

nightclub - club on the outside, street scene on the inside. They get pulled by some hot totty and lose their virginity. It's the night of their life and their living it up! Sunrise. Freefall. Oh shit! Whatever that was the night before is no longer and once again



Steve and Doug, created and brought to life by Will Ferrell and Chris Kattan, are brothers brought up in the luxuriant Beverley Hills made infamous by Alicia Silverstone in *Clueless*. The sons of a silk plant store owner dad, and a collagen-pumped, annual chin-job mum, Steve and Doug live life in the fast lane or at least they think they do. They're intense clubbers, sparing no effort on either 'dick-in-the-corner' dancing or on wild 80's skin-tight spandex. They're obnoxious, sleazy, dance-floor butchers but you fall in love with their camp capers.

For the Butabi boys the ultimate dream is to get into The Roxbury, one of LA's top night spots, a star-studded hangout with a Studio 54-like door policy. For weeks they desperately harass the bouncers to no avail. Then one night they have the fortune of being involved in a car accident with Richard Greico, a Roxbury regular. In fear of the threat of litigation Greico cuts a deal with the guys where he'll get them into The Roxbury. Once there, Steve and Doug schmooze with the owner, Mr Zadir, who loves their idea to create a revolutionary inside-out



they slide into clubbing oblivion. It's such a shock that things get really bad and the boys 'break up', Doug going into solitary confinement in the deluxe garden guesthouse and Steve finally contemplating the future with the girl he was always supposed to marry.

Frankly, I doubt *A Night At The Roxbury* will get bums on seats. The marketing campaign's been very thin and it's not a fantastic recommendation. But it is fun, especially in the initial stages. It's a typical Amy Heckerling production, packed full of unabashed materialism and colour. Ferrel and Kattan play their roles with comedy skill but I doubt we'll see much more of them on the movie front which is a shame as they're really decent people.

The soundtrack is an absolute raver - early nineties dance tracks with a positively cheddary smell - and one thing this film does offer is a good in-your-seat bop. Using Haddaway's *What Is Love* as the theme tune you'll rip up the red veolur sears. If you've got a free Tuesday night, a bit of cash to get rid of, and time to kill go and get entertained.

Matt Berry

Jackie's Pillory

Emily Watson and Rachel Griffiths are nominated for Oscars. But Hannah Bryce wonders if they really can be condenders

Elgar's cello concerto is one of the most beautiful pieces of music written and Jacqueline du Pré was one of the few musicians who could do it credit. Sadly Hilary and Jackie is unable to do the same. It is a disappointing film which seems to bypass the musician's infinite talent and concentrates instead on her poorly portrayed personal life. The cast is generally good, let down by an underdeveloped script.

Hilary and Jackie tells the story of the Du Pré sisters from their childhood to Jacqueline's death by multiple schlorosis. It concentrates on the sisters' relationship, which went from devotion to a cold civility and the turbulence which caused this change. Particular emphasis was placed upon Jackie's affair with Kiffer, Hilary's husband, one which had been consented to by all. This predictably caused tensions between them and ruined the intimacy shared by the sisters. But it is cunningly shown that their love for each other is never lost - how very original. The portrayal of each sister shows a marked contrast in their characters; Jackie, on the one hand, is presented as



incessantly selfish and immature as opposed to Hilary's composed demeanour. By the end of the film

you can't help but think Jacqueline is nothing but an excellent cellist with a behavioural problem and Hilary - well Hilary seems to border on perfection.

There are some positive elements of the film - Emily Watson's acting. Despite what she had to work with, Watson proves an excellent actress. Her mastery of the cello was convincing, what little we saw of it, and her portrayal of Jackie with M.S. was superb if a little heart-wrenching. Rachel Griffiths as Hilary was mediocre but that might have only been because she reminded me a bit of Jennifer Saunders, which kind of distracted me. The rest of the cast were very average apart from the children who were outstandingly crap. The story from each sisters perspective was clever and the beach scenes were appealing.

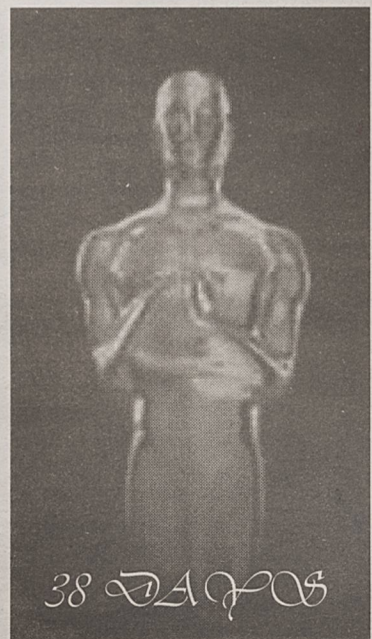
All in all, if you want to see a fitting tribute to a great musician, don't go, but if you want to see a bitter sister get her warped revenge then this is for you. *Hilary and Jackie* is not the film it should have been.

And They're Off



Last Tuesday, at exactly 5:38am Pacific Time, Kevin Spacey and the director of the venerated Academy of Arts and Sciences entered a packed room at the above stated institution, confronting the eager ears of the global hype machine, its inquiring mind spiked heavily on caffeine and God knows what other malicious substances. The event was the Oscar nominations announcement and the bizarre timing was a result of a massive worldwide marketing ploy; US citizens would wake up with the nominations ringing in their ears, setting the conversation agendas for millions that day. The rest of the Western world was just

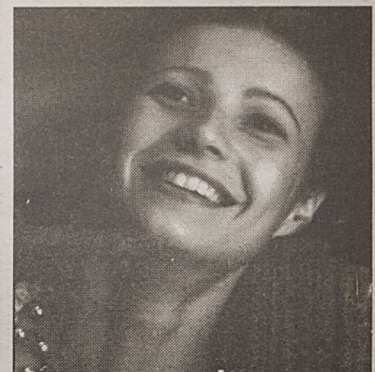
finishing lunch and in the East the evening news now had a major news story. Worth the wake up call? Definatly.



And here are some of the key nominations: Best Actor - Roberto Benigni (*Life Is Beautiful*), Tom Hanks (*Saving Private Ryan*), Ian

McKellen (*Gods and Monsters*), Nick Nolte (*Affliction*) Edward Norton (*American History X*). Best Actress - Cate Blanchett (*Elizabeth*), Fernanda Montenegro (*Central Station*), Gwyneth Paltrow (*Skakespeare in Love*), Meryl Streep (*One True Thing*), Emily Watson (*Hilary and Jackie*).

Other nominations go to Billy Bob Thornton (*A Simple Plan*/Supporting Actor); Kathy Bates, Brenda Blethyn and Judy Dench wage war for the Best Supporting Actress Oscar; Best Director looks set to be a Stephen Spielberg (*Saving Private Ryan*) Terence Malik (*The Thin Red Line*) battlefield. MB.



Singles

Erase/Rewind is the third single to come from The Cardigans' album *Gran Turismo* and will probably be the least popular. But at least the Cardigans are maintaining their track record for intensely annoying singles beginning with the sickeningly sweet *Lovefool*. And why not? It obviously sells well among the teeny boppers. But seriously this is not that crap especially compared to *Lovefool* and could grow on you after a while, but only if you have consumed a large quantity of Barcadi and Coke and are able to ignore the cute lyrics and humming of the lead vocalist. (5) AY

The press release of Somatic's second single *Rocking Chair* says they are "a band whose lyrics display a rare level of emotional complexity". OK. I have no idea what that means and suspect its complete bullshit. But I had to hear a band capable of "emotional complexity" whatever that means. Surprisingly they're not all that bad. Their song is unique and Fleur Davies's voice has a remarkably ethereal quality though the lyrics are weird to say the least. (7) AY

Over My Head is a dark rock song from the American band Fungus. Though they sound like every other American rock band; the single is a good combination of electric guitar, drums and vocals. Full of teenage angst and bravado but if you ignore all that the single is strong yet dark; a pleasant surprise. Definitely worth looking out for this band. (9) AY

Apparently Scottish dance collective QFX have been around since 1994 (yeah, that's what they all say, mate). The original of their new single *Say You'll Be Mine* is crap and the 'happy hardcore' remix will have the white glove crew bowing their heads in shame. (2) JS

Plutonik's *Sitting On Top of the World* This is the commercial debut of Birmingham based group Plutonik and its not all that bad; a mixture of laid back, funky drum'n'bass and jazz with some nice vocals to boot, although the band's claim that they are "the most revolutionary band in the fucking business" is a big ol' pile of shite. (5) JS

Single of the Week

Love Song by Furslide is not bad for a rock/indie track. A song about the tormented soul of an infatuated lover, the desperation and depression in her voice is quite shocking. The build up is hard hitting and the main chorus will make you jump up out of your armchair and bob your head like Tupac. She sings with the disciplinarian qualities of a tough-willed dominatrix yet the sultry lyrics force you to lunge for the repeat button. Definitely a good buy if you can hack lyrical pornography. Perfect for those after Valentines blues. (9) LF

Is this as good as it gets?

Tom Livingstone's going to sleep well tonight

There's always been something about Gene - it's probably because it makes a change to have a band who have an IQ worth measuring, and to listen to songs that are actually about something, in contrast to the Britpop nonsense that was born at the same time. Yet the new album, *Revelations*, is a bit of a departure from the Smithesque social comment that we've come to expect. It's still recognisably Gene, but they actually seem to be enjoying themselves this time. There is a poignant moment when Rossiter sings "Hold on one more day little child" to his unborn daughter. Gene seem to have matured a little, but as drummer Matt James explains, 'it's a younger sounding, rather than a more matured album - the last one took 8 months to do, whereas this one only took four weeks. It's certainly much rockier and upbeat than some of the earlier stuff.'

For a band notorious for their dislike of studio conditions, not to mention famed for their failure to transfer powerful live performances into LPs, the new

approach seems to have worked well. "Moving into a studio is a complete nightmare", says James.

pseudo glorification of working class life, the fights in the pub and the lure of the city lights? Although songs like *The Looker*

"People want to work/not fester in the dirt" can't help sounding a little, well, Billy Bragg, James is quick to point out that of the 13 songs, only four are political. "One is just about drinking ('Fill Her Up'). A song like that can entice people into the record".

With an attempt to put a more diverse selection of musical styles on offer, it seems that Gene have finally learned the lessons of New Labour - widen your appeal, take a bit of this and a bit of that, and less of the politics, if you don't mind.

Thus *Revelations* does try to spring some surprises - a song about 'someone who can't get laid, and blames it on the council' anyone? This is more Mark and Lard than Morrissey. But Gene, coming to a venue near you in the next few weeks in a mammoth 26-date tour, are still, just about, Gene. They may well be happier with their new album than with anything else they've done, but for a band named after a Smiths B-side, have they lost the ability to be able to tell us anything?



Nevertheless, there is no hurried feel to the CD, "We think we should spend the time writing the songs, and put the effort in there rather than in the studio".

What of the traditional content of Gene songs -

have the *Sleep Well Tonight*-style hymn to the grotty, *Revelations* is more about Gene having fun than acting as the conscience of the nation. Although singer Martin Rossiter calls tracks like *Mayday* "a rallying cry", and lines like

The Next Big Things?

Mel Palmer witnesses Gay Dad, & Alastair Walker sees Cuba

So it was with the breathless anticipation of seeing the ever new 'Next Big Thing' that I ventured into the Talk Of London, an aptly named venue for a band who say pretty much the same thing of themselves. Would an upstart young pop band like *Gay Dad*, whilst having a '70s bent (haha), be able to rise to the challenge of a glitzy mini amphitheatre more used to the likes of vintage Shirley Bassey or a couple of 'classy' strippers?

On comes ex-journo Cliff Jones and his assorted band mates opening with the line "We're gonna be famous" - yeah right mate, we've heard that one before, just get on with the tunes. And they did. *Gay Dad*'s set is a mixed rocking bag, bits

of Mansun and T-Rex here, Supergrass and the Stones there. With the notable exception of slushy songs 'Oh Jim' and the cheesy ballad 'Jesus Christ' (both of which they managed to carry off) it's a set that got the crowd going for the full whack; an intriguing end to '98 and start to '99. MP



In a perfect world Red Snapper would have knocked the Spice Girls off Xmas number one, Skinny would be completing their sell-out world tour, and Money Mark would be knocking back offers to turn on the Christmas lights up and down the country. Well, you can dream... Cuba will be

headlining every dance tent in every festival next summer though. That has to come true. The Brixton Mass, the scene of a converted church rocking to the sounds of scratches, live drums and guitar, crazed orchestral samples, Mau from Earthling raps and a full horn section was majestic. They really impressed me (does it show?!), the fact that they were 45 minutes late on stage was a justified excess and excepting the slightly overdone. Mass was filled to the max with trendy French girls dancing about as manically as is possible. Their last single 'Havana' was out in November. In a perfect world you would have bought this record, wouldn't you? Look out for Cuba: they're hot. AW

Malte Gerhold 1998-99

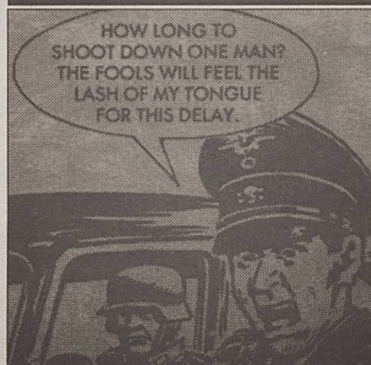
A eulogy to the best German music editor we've ever had

The sudden departure of Malte Gerhold from the Beaver last week caused a flurry of emotions throughout the staff. Dan 'Spanky' Lewis summed up the mood that had descended on the office with his heartbroken plea of "Have you heard the one about the lesbian in the Ford Granada?". Anyway... what was I talking

about again? Oh yeah. Malte's degree in Philosophy sets him in good stead to follow in the footsteps of history's greatest Germans: Kant, Wagner, Nietzsche... erm, Hitler... The Scorpions? [Shut up. Ex-Ed.]

During his time at the Beaver, Malte acquired promotional copies of albums by U2, Depeche Mode and Pearl Jam: none of

these artists are set to release anything new in the immediate future, so he thought he'd piss off while he was ahead. Malte is an active participant of the Sub-Committee For Organising Committees For Issue 500 of the Beaver Committee, and will continue to be so - as long as we don't mention the war. (AD)



Young Alien Types

Anna Derbyshire goes down the Eurodisco with Bis

Poor old Bis, eh? Their DIY ethic almost instantly ridiculed, their attachment to Grand Royale failing to impress in Britain, the rather tedious and extremely cruel concentration on Manda's weight... 'Social Dancing' sees the Teen-C troop undergoing something of a revamp, although their 'kidz are alright' ethic is unchanged: their rather more favourable bank balances are in evidence on the CD sleeve (and indeed the apparent employment of an image consultant for Manda).

Kandy-Pop style sugar-pop tunes are noticeably absent here: the nearest we get is the vacuous but strangely appealing 'Eurodisco' (goes down a treat in Popstarz... or so I've heard). 'Social Dancing' is without a doubt Bis' difficult second album: the lyrics are tinged with music industry disillusionment ("When the damage is done then you're sale or return... Been used as a trading tool / Last big thing uncool") and an air of general world-weariness. Song structure is more sophisticated but the main elements remain -

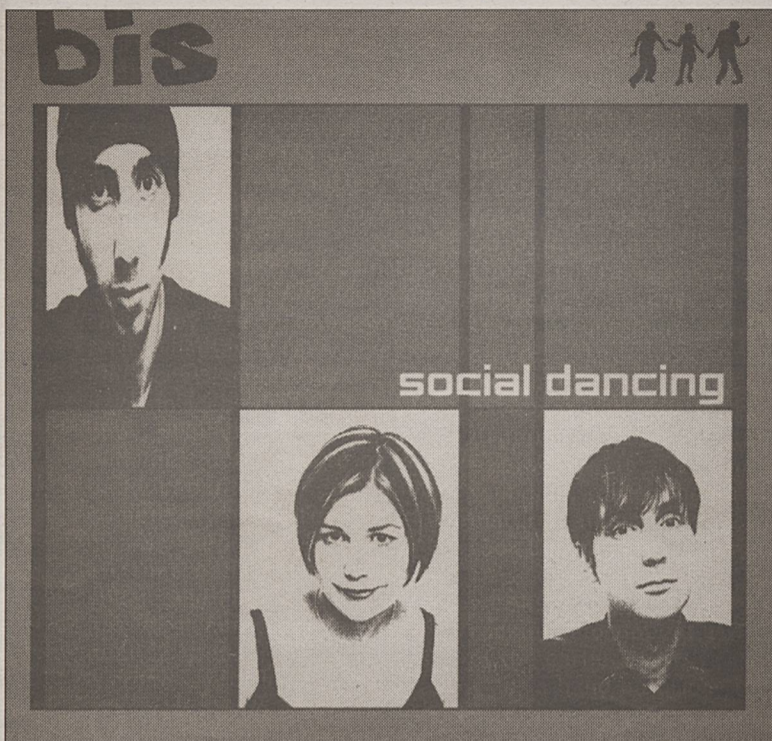
Manda's Poly Styrene-esque yelps, John Disco's hyperactive Casio beats and Sci-Fi Stephen's jerky guitars are all present and arguably correct. New single 'Action and Drama' is the most 'Bis' song on the

album, a tribute to "eighties Madonna...Club Tropicana" which, rather worryingly, ends in the line "give me Bananarama": taking it a little too far, I think. 'Theme From Tokyo' is much more sophisticated, with its

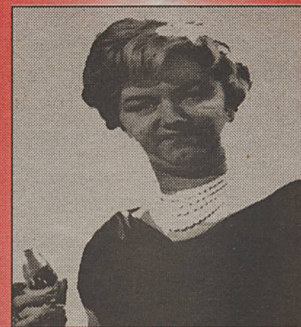
synth violins and '70s thumping guitar; however, its utter lack of a tune is illustrative of this album's main downfall. Bis seem to have lost the ability to write a melody.

Manda's voice lessons are apparent on songs such as 'Detour', which show Bis completely moving away from their old DIY music, but unfortunately also show a move towards rather bland pop music. Ultimately, this album is of little interest: it has a few good moments, but their take on a pop/lo-fi hybrid doesn't really work. If you want decent indie, you're not going to get it from Bis, and, to be honest, if you want decent pop, then you're a lot better off turning to eighties Madonna and Club Tropicana than you are to this.

Bis's plea of "I just want some personality / Give me action and drama / Who to look up to, who I'm supposed to be" is a tad ironic given the fact that it is only the Japanese who see them as stars. This album will do little to change attitudes in Britain. (5)



Anna Derbyshire's Social Diary



I think I'm turning into a walking tabloid. My mind is swimming with exclusive gossip about Damon 'n' Justine, about Suede, and - my God - about 911. If I get a bit short of news in a few paragraphs' time, I may be forced to divulge...

Oh go on then. 'Sources' tell me that work-shy Justine Frischmann was spotted snogging Kate Moss at a party: a bit of lipstick lesbianism, no harm in that, we've all done it, you may say. But no! Apparently Justine's girlfriend was so pissed off that they have split up. The scandal! It outrageous! OK it's actually quite dull, but by God, at least I'm trying.

Justine's ex Damon has also admitted shagging Shaznay from All Saints, although apparently he didn't want to go out with her because, despite the downstairs action, the upstairs was slightly less... how shall we say?... alert. Look, there wasn't a lot going on last week, OK?

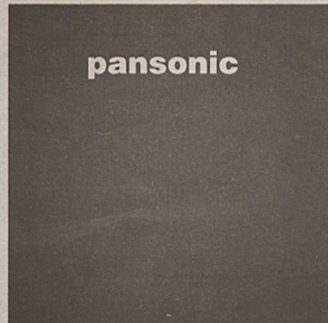
Finally heard the new Blur single, 'Tender', which is set for release on February 22nd. My word, it's a strange 'un. Country 'n' western guitar, gospel choirs, very un-Blur lyrics: I have to admit, it wasn't particularly impressive on the first listen, but it is - as Alan Titchmarsh once said - it's a grower. Their fanclub show in Oxford last week went down a storm, with Kate Moss, Marianne Faithfull and Dennis Pennis in attendance, although it has to be said that the ravages of cocaine are beginning to show on the once-beautiful Alex. Sources (them again) tell me that Blur's new album is even more off-beat than their last lo-fi effort, and will to even more to alienate their younger fans. I have to say I'm looking forward to it.

Tonight I'm off to the Barfly to see my favourite new band, the Younger Younger 28's. Fronted by the dourly sarcastic Joe Northern, the Youngers are the Human League meet Pulp meet the Reynolds Girls, with the Top Shop backing singers adding an air of true class to the whole ensemble. I'm dying to see them do a set in the Quad, and show all you miserablists how to have a good time. And talking of the LSE's increasingly impressive musical diary, it is likely - although not confirmed - that both Smog and the Henry Rollins spoken word tour may be visiting us soon: fingers crossed. All we need is for you lot to get your arses down to these gigs, so promoters see the Quad as a real option for decent bands. I'm still gunning for Marilyn Manson...

Albums

Pan Sonic

A

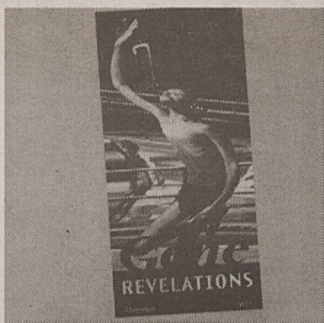


You know when you turn off the light, and you get feedback through your hi-fi? That's the first track on Pan Sonic's new LP. As are, at various points, the phone ringing, and the feedback you get when you turn the hi-fi off. As Bjork once noted, there's a certain bravery in employing sounds of the everyday and turning them into art. At its best, (Lomittain, Ahdin) ruthless minimalism produces - my word - a bona fide emotional impact. Think roots rockabilly, Emily Dickinson or - perhaps more pertinently - Trans Am's astonishing "Surrender To The Night".

That's the plus side. The second half of A sees a return to navel-gazing, and minutes of near silence punctuated by white noise is not a formula I've ever been especially fond of, while not being able to escape the fact that a fair proportion of my record collection meets that exact description. It's a fine line, you see. Trans-Am, remember, followed "Surrender..." with a concept album about car alarms. (7) NC

Gene

Revelations

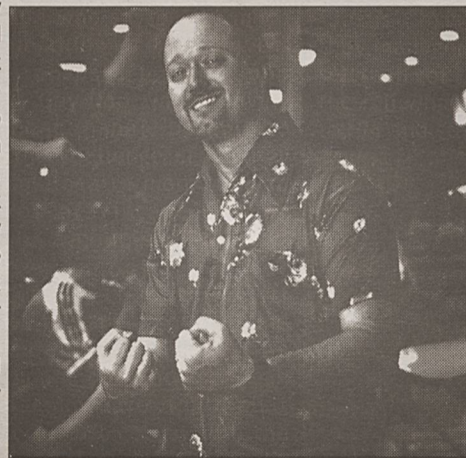


Decidedly short on revelations, unfortunately - this is Rossiter and chums on auto-pilot. There is little to get inspired about on first listen: the songs explore the usual themes of macho culture and so on, but the panache of 'Sleep Well Tonight' and the early singles seems to be missing. There are some decent tunes, but putting a track called 'As Good As It Gets' as your opener is a risky strategy. I dunno, perhaps I'm just too demanding - the album will probably grow on me after a few listens, but I want someone like Gene, who know something about aesthetics and beauty, to grab me at the first listen - if they can't do that, then Rossiter's Morrissey pretensions become more like a bad impersonation. (Hey Malte - idea for fact of the day - the B-side to 'This Charming Man' was called 'Jeanne'.) I hope Gene get it together, and I hope 'Revelations' has some surprises hidden away that'll appear after that hundredth listen. Perhaps I should be looking elsewhere for my inspiration. (6)

Tom Livingstone

Freddy Fresh

The Last True Family Man



Freddy Fresh is the man. In fact, he's the Last True Family Man. As if. It's surprising how nowadays everyone is ultimately deemed cool just by hanging out with FatBoy Slim. Norman Cook, he's really not cool. He thinks he is. What's cool about taking the same bloody sample and repeating it for mind-numbing 15 million times. Check it out now (yawn), the funk's soul brother (burp). Thanks, I KNOW, for ****'s sake. Forget it.

But Freddy Fresh, as mentioned before, is the man. So he also hangs out with The Freestylers. And they, God help me, ARE cool. So give Freddy Schmid (zet iz hiz truu neme, ju little swinehund) some credit. Considering that apart from the above mentioned even Grand Master Flash makes an appearance on the CD, one could get convinced that Freddy maybe really has a tendency to true coolness. Yet, if he IS cool and has already released more than one hundred (100) records, then how come we've never bloody heard of him before? Or is that an essential part of his

utmost coolness?

At least, Freddy's an original. Half DJ, half madman. He's dj-ed all over the world, loves analogue sound and owns loads of keyboards. He's been at Creamfields and Glastonbury. Did an Essential Mix for Pete Tong's show on Radio One. Big, big beat is the word. Only that Freddy actually is inspired. What kind of inspiration, I don't w a n n a know. But it's darn good. Even though it sounds as if the FatBoy simply put out another record, this time with shorter songs.

With one subtle difference: Freddy's having fun. Mixing all backgrounds from electronica to techno, from samba to latino, he just knows how to get your feet going. Good man. Not a single note on this record is anywhere near being suitable for the I-listen-to-Unkle-and-want-to-die kind of kid. These beats will make you happy. Whack it on, jump around on your bed like a weirdo, throw back your head and kiss coolness goodbye. That's the man's one great secret. Who the f*** needs coolness anyway. (7) MDG

"BATTLE OF THE MIXMASTERS"

Reviewed by the original badgirl
Jo Serieux

BATTLE OF THE MIXMASTERS
WEDNESDAY 3RD FEBRUARY
1999
THE UNDERGROUND

So where were you last Wednesday night? Consuming ridiculous amounts of cheap, low quality alcohol and making a total knob of yourself while screaming out the words to 'Delilah' in the Tuns? Or, alternatively, were you deep underground to witness the LSE raving massive coming out of their closets in full force at this year's first Underground Dance Music Society 'Battle of the Mixmasters'? The aim of the night being, to quote hardman promoter Lee Federman, the epitome of gingeriness, 'to find the most kickin', happenin' DJ in the LSE establishment.'

The venue was the Underground Bar which has got loads of potential, unfortunately upon arrival, after having blagged my way past the makeshift security ('I'm with The Beaver, you know, darling') I found the place to be sadly lacking in ravers, but it was all good at only 7.30pm. Time to check out the talent.

Hmmm, not bad. After I'd got a few telephone numbers and a couple of knockbacks (only cos their girlfriends were there, you understand), I stopped checking the talent and focused my attention on the first DJ to step up to the magnificent wheels of steel-DJ Sharkey accompanied by MC Barky. Sharkey, real name Andrew Buckle, played a good selection of drum'n'bass, however he should probably have tried to fit a few more tunes in as each DJ was only allowed an allotted time of 20 minutes and he lost a few points with the

grand panel of judges because of this. Sharkey did admit that it can be difficult to be the first DJ playing to an almost empty room.

Next up was supposed to be DJ Furious who didn't even turn up, which was a bit of a shame because he was the only DJ scheduled to be playing hip hop during the competition. In stepped the resident DJ Quarb with his wicked selection of techno toons to save the day.

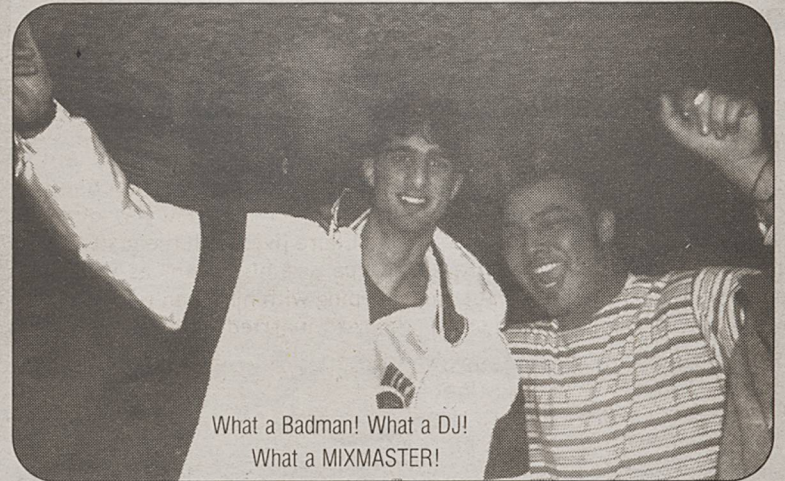
'Intelligent' drum'n'bass was next on the list with the sounds of the third DJ Richard Harrison. Richard played a good selection of tunes and his mixing and technical abilities earned him good points with the judges. However he did encounter a few difficulties in terms of jumping records which tainted an otherwise good set.

Next, opening with that grrrrreat Frosties anthem 'Eye of the Tiger' was DJ Sunset, who revealed that he recently played at the Ministry of Sound. DJ Sunset probably played the most varied set of the night, including old and nu skool house and even threw in a Prodigy tune for good measure. 'He was really Ibiza, innit?' noted one raver.

Then it was DJ Malti slapping his 12 inches of techno hardness onto the turntables like there was no tomorrow. This bloke looks like a frenzied maniac behind the decks! Malti played a good selection that kept the ever-increasing crowd on their toes and his mixing skills weren't bad at all.

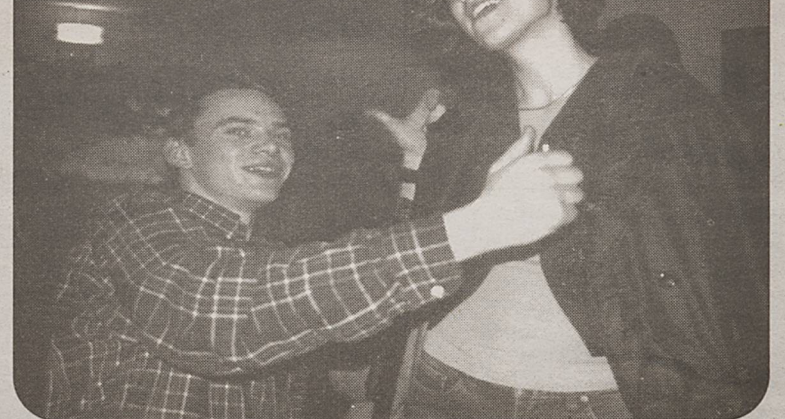
Then the king of darkness, Devious B stepped up giving the crowd a deep, dark and deadly dose of drum'n'bass. Devious B, real name Ben Singh played an absolutely n a u g h t y selection of both new and old skool tunes and he had a lot to offer in terms of mixing and technical abilities.

A wicked lyrical maestro, known as the MC V accompanied Devious B who knew that he had to include Dillinja in his set to go there.



What a Badman! What a DJ!
What a MIXMASTER!

Before being chucked out by the security this handsome fellow managed to molest a number of females



Andy Fettes came up next playing some garage flavours, not too commercial, that's what we like to hear. Apart from his good mixing skills and a good choice of tunes which kept the crowd bubbling, Andy Fettes demonstrated some absolutely baaaad scratching skills which was a first. Nice one Andy.

Eighth up was Dan the Man playing a selection of house tunes. Dan

Last but not least was DJ Kang, real name Rahul, playing some dirty, dirty congo natty style junglist flavours. By this stage the crowd were absolutely going mad as Kang played a 'best of jungle' set while ravers flashed their lighters and shouted "Rewind! Rewind!"

As the judges counted their votes the ravers in the place all showed signs that they felt that, although more people had been expected, the night was a success. The crowd was buzzing as DJ Quarb revealed that third place had gone to the wicked Andy Fettes, while the top two places had only one point between them. Devious B took the second place and the grand winner of Battle of the Mixmasters and a £50 cash prize was DJ Kang, who revealed exclusively that he was 'bloody pleased'. Well done to him and well done to everyone that took part, it was a brilliant effort.



Ben Singh-ripping the beatz!

played some really good tunes and he managed to get loads of them in there, playing a nice varied set, however it did seem at times that Dan had a bit of difficulty controlling his mixes.

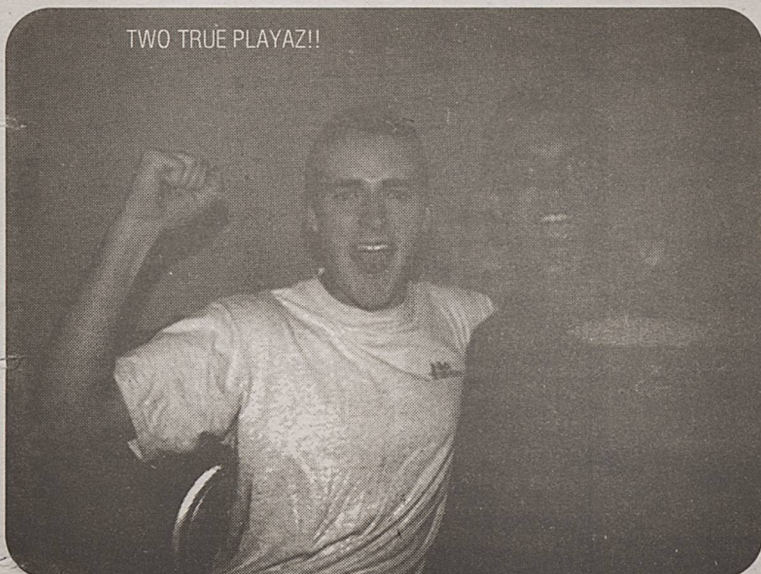
Look out for LSE vs King's:
"Trouble" 10-3am Thursday
Feb 18th at "Tutu's Nightclub"
Kings College
£3 on the door
A DANCE MUSIC EXPLOSION IN
YOUR TOWN!



BADBOY MC - RUFF AND READY



TOO RUDE TO LIVE!!



TWO TRUE PLAYAZ!!

Love is in the air

To celebrate Valentine's Day yesterday the Literary Page has dedicated a special to the ROMANCE NOVEL.

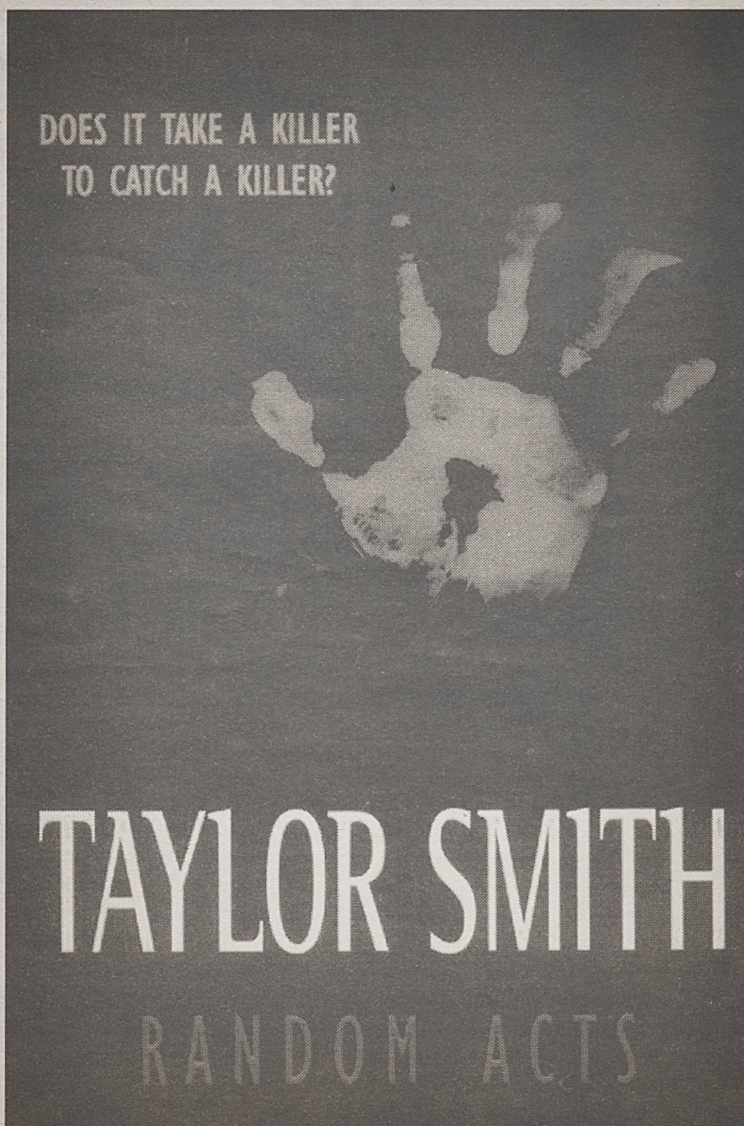
Anna Yacoub sneaks a peak at the romantic suspense *RANDOM ACTS* by Taylor Smith.

There's nothing quite like a good romantic thriller to while away the cold London nights and this book is no exception. The female characters are beautiful, intelligent and tough while the men are strong yet strangely sensitive. Enough to make any girl jealous. And Taylor Smith is not some brainless romantic writer, she has an MSc in International Affairs, has done a three year stint at the UN's Eastern European desk and most recently been adviser on Security and Intelligence to the Canadian Privy Council Office. Obviously a busy woman. The cover of her book says that "she draws on her real life experiences to create intricate stories of romance, scandal and intrigue". If her books are anything to go by it's a wonder she's survived these experiences long enough to actually write the book.

A serial predator is on the loose in Southern California abducting and killing infants; drawing two women to the area. Claire Guillespie is a tough-as-nails reporter sent to cover the case while Agent Laurel Madden is one of the FBI's best criminal profilers. (No, this isn't about to turn into a lesbian novel though I'm sure Dan, the Bart editor would like it to considering the number of pitifully unfunny

lesbian jokes he tells.) The women both have unfortunate taste in ex-husbands, Claire with the husband who ran off with her sister and Laurel with the husband who, unbeknownst to her, slept with Claire. But Laurel's husband, Michael, undercover for the FBI was killed, and Claire lives with the guilt that she caused his death, as well as sleeping with him then finding out he was married at his funeral - poetic justice or what? Soon after his death Laurel's son dies and rumours of Black Widow follow the unfortunate woman till she is transferred to LA to help out with the "Southland Snatcher" who is abducting all those babies. Here she meets the agent in charge; one Dan Sprague who is a widower with two teenage daughters as well as being a friend of Claire's.

The sparks soon fly between these two though Sprague is caught between lust for one woman and loyalty to the other. Meanwhile Claire has another agenda for coming to LA. She is under the impression that the reason Agent Madden is so good at understanding the criminal mind is because she is a criminal herself and killed her husband, Claire's lover. Claire meets Gar Douchet, Michael's partner and perhaps Laurel's partner in crime in "whacking her husband". Yet



she feels a certain attraction to the man despite her misgivings. As Agent Madden tracks down the killer, Claire tracks down Laurel meeting in an explosive climax when the truth is finally revealed.

The female characters are well created, especially targeted at the female readers. They are both intelligent, tough and Agent Madden has a Scully like quality to her. Rather than having wimpy female leads who let the men do all the rescuing and have all the fun, these women are able to take care of themselves and their men. The men are not developed in quite the same detail yet they are still manly, strong types worthy of any romantic hero. Those of you put off by the idea of romance should keep in mind that Taylor Smith has concentrated more on building up the suspense of her novel and the intrigue in the book makes her a worthy John Grisham. The suspense reaches its peak at the climax with a clever twist that'll have you reading the book again looking for the little clues she has scattered round the book leading to the identity of the killer. An ingenious book, considering, that also remains an easy and relaxing read.

RANDOM ACTS by Taylor Smith is available now on paperback published by MIRA BOOKS priced at £5.99

Hot sex and Hard Flesh

Poppy Ansell gets down and dirty while reviewing *Mills & Boon's* latest Valentine offering:

VALENTINE AFFAIRS

Having harboured deep seated fantasies about writing a Mills and Boon novel myself, I jumped at the chance of reading one without having to fork out the cash and buying one myself - purely for research purposes of course. They certainly aren't like they used to be, with words such as 'rasping', 'hot, hard flesh', 'damp' and 'rocking together in an ancient rhythm' rebounding off the pages. The first story, 'Saints Alive' by Anne Stuart, is definitely the best, with the lead man as a dark, tall bastard that the virgin leading lady makes into 'better person'. It was, I have to admit, the kind of story that, if I was a thirty year old dumpy hausfrau, would have got me quite excited. As it is, it just kind of left me thinking - what a pile of tosh.



most amusing bits of the book are the intro before each story, allegedly written by the authoress. They were bobbins and if anything, just emphasised the fact that the stories were all written by one person, who was probably male. Being a bit of a closet crap novel fan, I have to admit I've read better stuff than this, and if you want a bit of mind numbing bollocks go for a racy sex, not a 'romance novel'. Romance novels are better if they are period-pieces as they are complete fantasy, as its easier to ridicule tales in a different time period from now. So I'd pass on this one. Virginia Andrews is far more superior.

VALENTINE AFFAIRS from Mills & Boon published by Harlequin Mills & Boon Ltd is out now price £4.99

Love Spells

Anna Yacoub tries her hand at some spells with: *HOW TO TURN YOUR EX-BOYFRIEND INTO A TOAD & OTHER SPELLS* by Athena Starwoman and Debroah Gray

This is the ultimate spells books for females covering all areas of your life from love, to sex to revenge. For those of us with an aversion to dealing with newts eyes and tail of lizard will be relieved to know that most of the stuff you need for the spell to work are all relatively easy to find from a handful of sandy dirt to a picture of your ex-boyfriend. One spell is the 'Hot up Your Sex life Spell' coz 'even Love Goddesses can sometimes run out of spark'.. that was their words not mine. Well love goddesses, to get your sex life going, you need a significant other, a sexy bedroom complete with candles, roses and incense. Then you stand stark naked and chant a spell. That's supposed to lead to a night of unbridled passion and down right hot sex. However anyone who

stands naked in front of a guy is going to see hot action, spell or not. But a rather more useful spell which probably has nothing to do with Valentine's Day but is relevant to all you single, bitter women out there is 'The Toad Spell'. This is the ultimate in revenge; to turn that good for nothing ex who ran off with your best friend into a slime, repellent to all other women. The spell is best done at Midnight of a full moon. Presumably after that he won't be able to get a date ever again. - Perfect. At £5.99 its a bit steep considering how thin the book is but it is the ultimate survival weapon for all modern females. *HOW TO TURN YOUR EX-BOYFRIEND INTO A TOAD & OTHER SPELLS* priced at £5.99 published by HarperCollins Publishers

Raiding the Red Fort

There are two Types of 'Indian Restaurant'. There's the Taj Mahals and Spice of Indias of this world, all Vindaloo, Poppadoms, Kingfisher and Vomiting, and then there's the Red Fort. Don't let the present encasement of scaffolding put you off, The Red Fort is a purveyor of the finest Southern Indian Cuisine. Residing on Dean Street, just off Oxford Street, they are just a short wander away, although I suspect I'd gladly trek to the sub-continent itself for the exquisitely authentic meal I enjoyed last night.

As I entered I was welcomed by the tones of the Tabla and Sitar and seduced by virtuoso vocals and dancing and a Phalanx of waiters eager to help. Not that the place was empty, the ground floor was packed with revellers enjoying the atmosphere and delightful coastal cuisine supplied by two specially flown in chefs and a highly train head masterchef (who, fortunately for all, holds non affiliation with Loyd Grossman).

This was demonstrated in a most emphatic style from the outset. Choosing from the specially prepared menu, my

dining companion and I had the choice of 8 starters, 4 of which were vegetarian dishes. Preferring my food with a little meat on it I opted for the Koli Barthade, a light opener of pan fried chicken, whilst my friend went for the Eraichi Varathada, a lamb dish cooked with Kottayan Spices described as absolute delicious. The lamb versus chicken debate raged on throughout the first

course, which was accompanied by a selection of light breads, and in the end we opted for a score-draw. My starter was

accompanied by a simple Orange juice (opting for a booze-less week

prior to a free meal would clearly be an unwise manoeuvre if it wasn't for the general excellence of the meal itself) whilst my friend tried the Kerala Chaas, a sour, yet superb, mix of Buttermilk and Kerala spices, the perfect accompaniment for any spicy meal.

As the night progressed, the music continued unabated and whilst most of the meaning of the dance and vocals went swiftly over my head, the ambiance it created was enticing (dramatically better than your average curry house's piping in of any crappy bangra radio station - Beatles songs tend to lose it when translated into hindi).

For the main course I kept with the chicken and order the Kori Gassi, this time cooked in a thin Manglorean gravy, with rice whilst my friend indulged in one of the specially created seafood dishes, the Seafood Rasam, a cluster of shrimp, squid, mussels, lobster and black mushrooms cooked in a thin soup tempered by Madras spices, which he undertook to describe as "worthy of a gastronomic tour in itself". Again vegetarians were widely catered for, although I'm sure if

they were to taste even a little bit of my sumptuous chicken dish it could have converted them back to meat. The main course was accompanied by a selection of breads - Appam, Dosa and Parota - of which I was particularly keen on the Dosa.

Feeling full and contented, I skipped the dessert and had a simple cappucino, a decision I quickly grew to regret as I swiped a bit of my friends Coconut Kulfi, lightly coconut ice-cream, topped with coarsely powdered coconut served in a half coconut. There is no denying it, this place is keen on coconut.

But that is exact what you are to expect given the nature of the festival - a celebration of southern India's coastal cuisine. Fortunately the menu wasn't compromised because of this, and the selection is wide enough to please anybody.

On my departure, my only regret was that I was going to have to return to the realm of Vindaloo and Poppadoms, my wallet nowhere near sizeable, nor my credit cards anywhere near golden enough, to afford such a superb meal. The whole

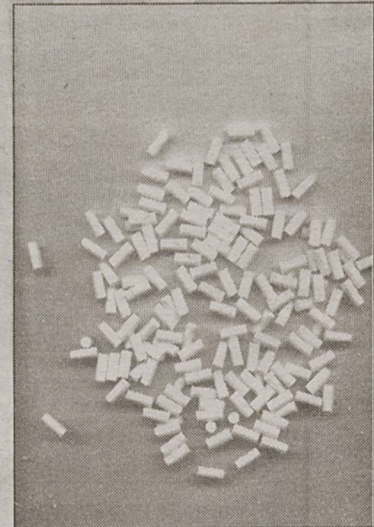
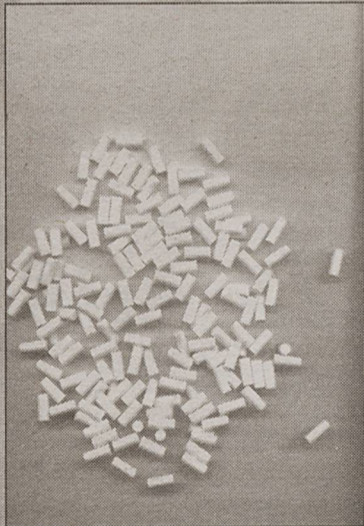
meal (including tip, which given the excellent service would have been enough to destroy my srtingy nature) would have come to around £60, a little steep for my grant to cover, but pretty reasonable given the quality of the food and the restaurant's locale.

The Red Fort's Festival to present the diverse range of food, music and dance style from the coastal states of Southern India runs up to March 14 1999.

Food	☆☆☆☆☆
Atmosphere	☆☆☆☆
Service	☆☆☆☆
Price	☆☆☆



There once was an ugly duckling....



Do you ever find yourself tripping-like-those-R&B honeys-Total off some quotidian consumer good, unremarkable in its mass production and wide availability, feeling so unaccountably enthusiastic about this particular piece of throwaway culture that, if you've access to the computer software that so democratizes publishing and a weekly organ with appreciable circulation, you are just compelled to play material culture evangelist on its behalf? Well, maybe not- I'll give you points for levelheadedness-but since I became aware of their existence a few months ago I've been besotted with Swan cigarette filters and their all-important exquisitely designed

hermit crab husk of a package. First of all, do we all know what they do, what they're for, these little plugs of white cotton batting, so cryptic if nameless in the palm of one's hand? They're meant to occupy a lovingly hollowed-out interstice between the just-so compressed mass of tobacco in a hand rolled cigarette and the smoker's greedy lips, acting as a crenellated trap for all manner of noxious constituents of the sublime smoke that's got my lungs black and shrivelled up like a raisin. Used cigarette filters are thus polluted in a spectacularly thorough fashion. Swans by the cheap-ass boxful are possessed of a particular glamor as compared to

the ossified foam filters of ready made squares like Silk Cuts, amputated examples of which are often on sale in the United States, but which should never be confused with my little Babylonian miracles. Those papery filters, ignored by smokers who hand roll, are depressing in the obviousness of their having been summarily extruded and cleaved at intervals by a chattering machine on some noisy shop floor somewhere. Swans with their ribbed woven skins and fibrous wadding cores look like the product of deft employment of spinarettes and mandibles by a troupe of indentured silkworm-like insects. And ye shall know them by

the box they come in: Swans' are adorned with a wonderfully iconic cartoon of a shag tobacco wad and attendant filter, ready to be skinned up, and branded with a somehow irascible looking swan in the upper left hand corner. The box itself is a beautifully offset-printed reliquary, brown and green and black and sable-ish, as minutely detailed with seriffs and scrollwork as old money or Victorian magazines. The Aristotle-ian ideal box of Swans is rather inconvenient to carry around, being approximately six inches square on each side and unsuited to incidental back pocket compression because it is secured into three dimensionality at the nexus of

four flaps on its underside not by some enduring paper products glue but by their own ingeniously engineered tab and slot complementarity, which is all too delicate if put to the test. This is one of the ways in which hand rolling helps to imbue life with modest ceremony. Such an unwieldy box must reside somewhere, on a cupboard shelf or tabletop, and be raided for fingerfuls of only four or five filters at a time by the smoker making a foray into the impatient outside world. It sits there mutely, waiting for you to hurry up home and perform the cigarette rolling ritual properly, cautiously, quietly, filter after filter, fag end after end after end.

PuLSE 87.7fm: The Story So Far

Maria Neophytou

Top Moments on PuLSE :

•Midnight Sunday 1st February - the thrill of going on air for the first time. The PuLSE- Mobile (Yuan, Narius & Sam driving around the Halls) arrived at Rosebery at 4am to be received by cheering residents.

Nothing beats that first initial feeling of "we've done it."

Top 5 talked about moments:

•Vedad's warblings on High Tea; particularly the claim that if we abolished the monarchy there would be no money for nurses' pay rises.

•The "appearance" of President Nixon on Sam Schneider and Mr P's show 'Americana'.

•Belton announcing live on air that Narius was running for ULU president.

•Jamie Ashworth running out of songs 6 minutes before the news and so embarking on a monologue chronicling his life story.

•Narius on making the shock announcement that Yuan irons his jeans.

What you can win on PuLSE by listening in this week

- Tickets to Paris
- A trip on an Airship
- Walkers Crisps
- A date with a mystery model
- Other Goodies

Famous people on PuLSE this week

- Richard Whitely of Countdown 'fame.'
- Anthony Giddens
- Mark Thomas (hopefully)... & best of all...
- Dan Lam

PuLSE Radio: The Verdict

Have you been listening to The Heartbeat of London? If not, why not? In an attempt to discover students' reactions to LSE's first and only FM Station, intrepid reporters

Dan Lewis, Tom Livingstone & photographer Laura Tresboc hit the streets



"PuLSE is good. But it's a shame we only have a one month FM license. A lot of people still don't know about it and it would be a shame if it collapsed after a month."

Alex Hartley



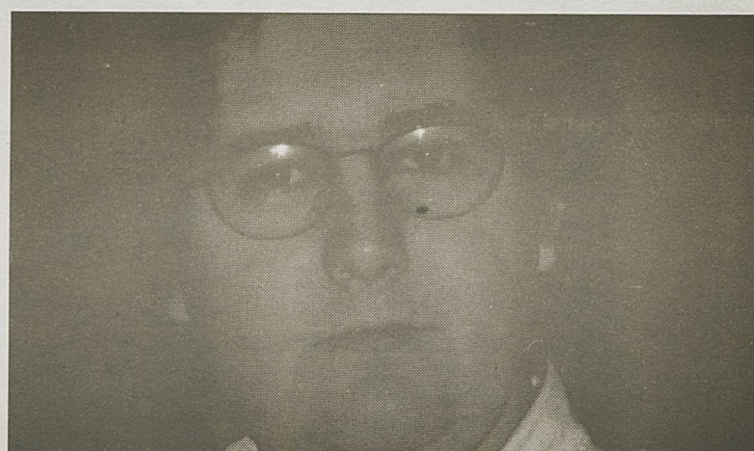
"I haven't been listening to PuLSE. I can't really tune it in but then I haven't really been trying. I've really had too much work recently. I've heard a lot of good things about it from other people though. They like it a lot"

Ralph Achenbach



"I haven't heard it. I can't get it on my Radio and I have tried but I can't. I would listen to it if I could."

Vicky Wess



"I can't hear it I'm out of range. Well, I listen to Jaime's show but I had to really make an effort. He was trying to set the world to rights."

Nick Kirby



"I've listened to it a bit. It's all right. I can pick it up well but I haven't been listening to any shows in particular."

Amy Mallion



"I think PuLSE is Large."

Lee Federman

Advertisers

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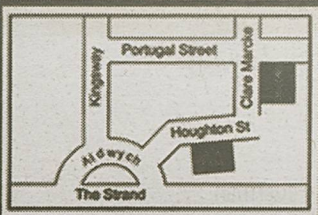
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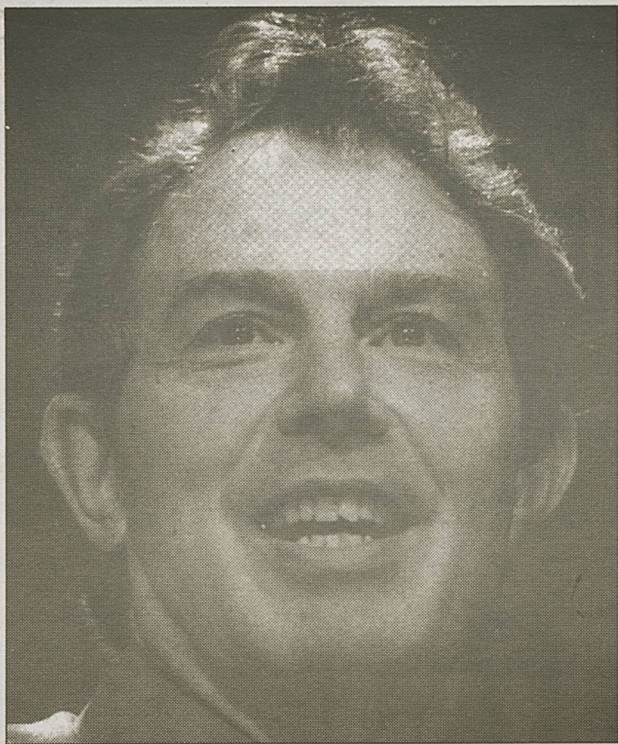
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Can Northern Ireland's peace last?

Sonia Smith examines the latest crisis to hit the province



The Blair government has done much for the peace process - but can they make it last? Photo: Library

Spring in Northern Ireland last year saw many people gathered in pubs, bars and snooker halls socialising and above all reading. In every social club and community centre people were reading their agreement, eagerly digesting the peace finally sealed in the late hours of Good Friday. But escalating violence and an executive crisis leave the Good Friday Agreement in jeopardy.

Nail studded pickaxes, iron bars and sledge hammers are just a few of the weapons used by paramilitary organisations against men, women and children in Northern Ireland. A recent attack involved a gang breaking into a man's house in Lisnaskea Co. Fermanagh, confronting him in front of his daughter, striking his head with a sledge hammer and shooting him in the stomach. Another attack involved a 33 year old man being beaten by a hammer and baseball bat in the town of Lisbon in Co. Antrim. The RUC Chief Constable Sir Ronnie Flanagan is convinced those responsible are not individuals but organisations such as the IRA, The UVF (Ulster Volunteer Force), and the UDA (Ulster Defence Organisation). Former IRA bomber Paddy Fox had spoken out against the Sinn Fein leadership and its support for the Good Friday Agreement. Last weekend he was abducted and brutally beaten. The incident shows how paramilitary punishments are aimed at political dissidents as well as those considered 'anti-social elements'.

Unfortunately paramilitary beatings are nothing new. They have existed for over thirty years, declining in numbers since 1996, increasing in numbers this year. Paramilitaries carry out beatings and shootings, and maintain 'social control' often responding to the wishes of communities where there may be a political vacuum. Amnesty International on Wednesday 3rd February accepted David Trimble's invitation to investigate the paramilitary punishments with Trimble hoping to "name and blame" criminals. Mary Nellis (Sinn Fein Assembly Member) supports the investigation but asks people to remember the human violations that the conflict itself is based on. The conflict she says is based primarily on the lack of any respect for human

and civil rights of the nationalist community. Concern at the punishment beatings is compounded by the approaching original date for the transfer of political power to Northern Ireland and the establishment of an all party executive at Stormont. Mo Mowlam has admitted that the target of the 10th march may be missed but she intends to aim for it. Peace and the Good Friday Agreement are threatened not only by the punishment beatings but by the prospect of a 'dead lock' over the decommissioning issue. The First Minister David Trimble is adamant that he will not sit around a cabinet table with Sinn Fein while the IRA refuses to hand in at least some of its guns. Martin McGuinness Sinn Fein's chief negotiator has warned that the 1998 peace accord could be on the verge of collapse and has urged the Ulster Unionists to drop their demands for immediate decommissioning.

The Good Friday Agreement is very clear on decommissioning. The parties that (informally) represent paramilitary organisations in negotiations are required to 'use any influence they may have to achieve the decommissioning of all paramilitary arms within two years following the endorsement in referendums North and South'. This allows time for decommissioning to occur when the executive is firmly established. Despite this Trimble cannot compromise on decommissioning. He feels he has already yielded to the early release of paramilitary prisoners and he must try to appease the sizeable anti-agreement faction within his party. it

is equally hard for Sinn Fein and the IRA to move. Gerry Adams and McGuinness have come this far by persuading military men that they have not been defeated. Handing in guns now would signal defeat. Violence in Northern Ireland has stemmed from discrimination and maltreatment of the nationalist minority before 1972 or since. Having a place within the institutions of the Good Friday Agreement is essential to the expression of the nationalists. The IRA will not surrender until the nationalist community is secure and recognised. When it is decommissioning could be voluntary.

Solutions to the prominent problems in Northern Ireland are discernible. To get round Trimble's refusal to sit with Sinn Fein on the executive a 'shadow' executive might be set up rather than a full one. This at least would buy time for Trimble. Another suggestion is that the IRA caches remain in place but are monitored monthly by the International Body on Decommissioning to ensure that they have not been used. Amnesty International in elucidating the paramilitary tortures as well as the behaviour of the security forces may be able to urge the military towards peace. The Northern Ireland conflict has always been waged politically and paramilitary. Respect and resolution are needed for both.

To write for the politics page e-mail: j.corbett@lse.ac.uk or come to the collective Monday at 6pm in C023

"Don't become a politician..."

Sir Richard Wilson hands out advice to aspiring Blairs and Hagues

Terry Wynne

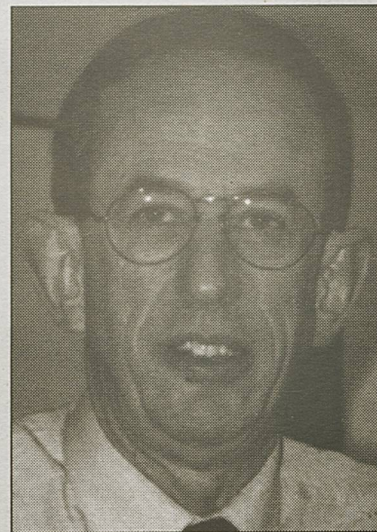
Standing boldly in front of members of the Schapiro Government Club, the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Wilson, told the members, "If any of you are thinking of becoming a politician, my advice is...Don't!" Wilson, the Secretary of the Cabinet and Head of the Home Civil Service, Wilson told his stunned audience that, "... (Politics) always ends in tears."

In a seminar entitled, "The Civil Service in the UK - A Personal Experience" Wilson shared his personal feelings about the civil service and what a career in the civil service encompasses.

"Don't come in it for the money!," Wilson said while exploring the financial aspects of the system. Wilson also said one must be firmly committed to this profession because one of its worst aspects is "the grind." He described a workday beginning at 7am and ending at 9pm with one having to go home and finish reading two boxes of documents for the next day.

He did however, reveal the bright side of the profession. The major point he emphasized was public service. Being a civil servant, one is allowed to serve the public through the preservation of justice, which is a major part of any civilization.

Civil service also allows one access to ministers and to the inner workings of the Constitution showing exactly how justice is maintained. The role a civil servant plays is very rewarding and challenging, Wilson



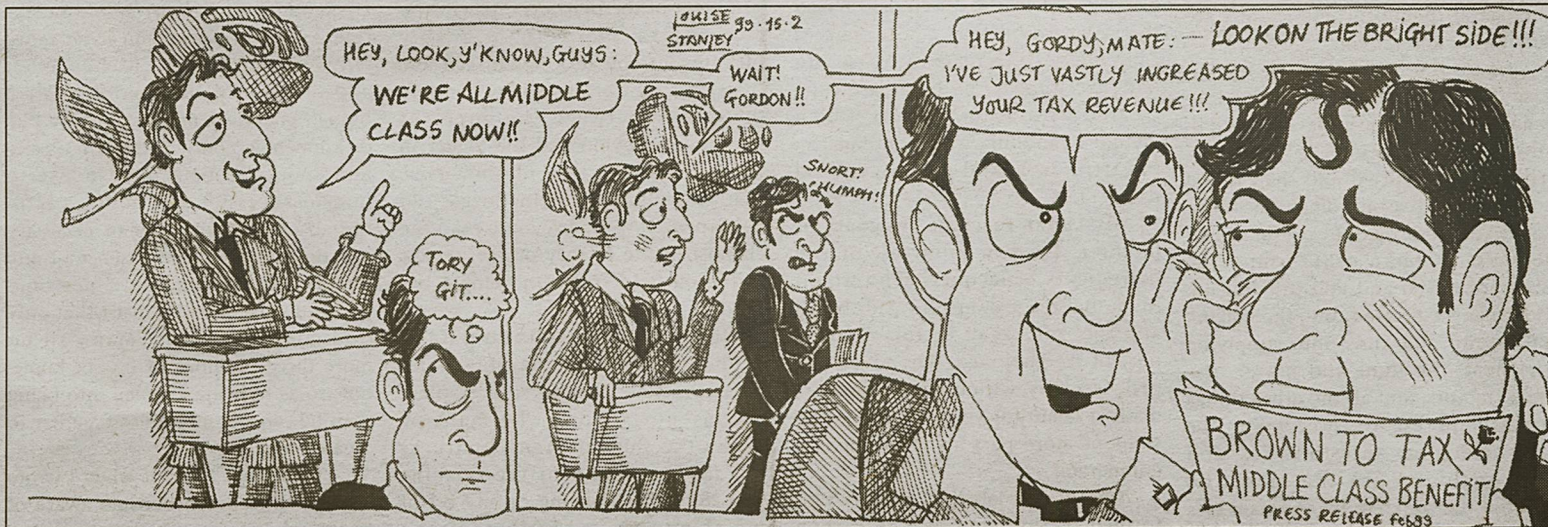
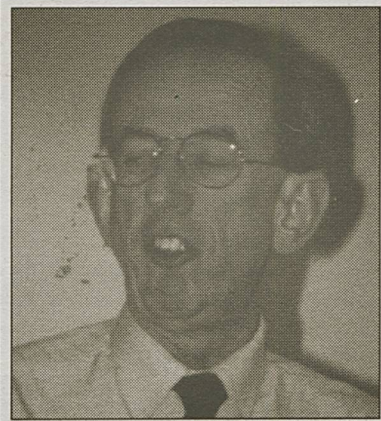
said, because the issues one deals with really do affect the lives of the people.

Wilson noted that there are over 463,000 civil servants working in the UK in jobs ranging from government positions to immigration officers. He outlined the way in which one applies to a job for the civil service. First, there is a qualifying round, which includes tests and essay writing that access ability. Second, there is a final selection board, which interviews that applicant. Third, another individual assesses the applicant. If the applicant scores high in each round, he is eventually offered a position.

Being a former LSE student, Wilson joked that as he walked through the Brunch Bowl, he thought to himself, "The canteen looks exactly the same."

He did tell the Schapiro Government Club that he does envy many of the students because he never did a course in government. He added, "If I knew more background about what I am doing, I'd probably be (even) better at it."

He stressed that a career in the civil service is extremely rewarding because one has the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing something for the community. Regarding his career, he says if he could go back and choose another profession, "I would not have made another decision."



I am a Pencil

Leonard Read discusses production and the 'invisible hand'

I am a lead pencil—the ordinary wooden pencil familiar to all boys and girls and adults who can read and write. (My official name is "Mongol 482." My many ingredients are assembled, fabricated and finished by Eberhard Faber Pencil Company, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.)

You may wonder why I should write a genealogy. Well, sadly, I am taken for granted by those who use me, as if I were a mere incident and without background. This supercilious attitude relegates me to the level of the commonplace.

I, Pencil, simple though I appear to be, merit your wonder and awe, a claim I shall attempt to prove that I symbolize the freedom mankind is so unhappily losing. I have a profound lesson to teach. And I can teach this lesson better than can an automobile or an airplane or a mechanical dishwasher because—well, because I am seemingly so simple.

Simple? Yet, not a single person on the face of this earth knows how to make me. Pick me up and look me over. What do you see? Not much meets the eye—there's some wood, lacquer, the printed labeling, graphite lead, a bit of metal, and an eraser.

Just as you cannot trace your family tree back very far, so is it impossible for me to name and explain all my antecedents. But I would like to suggest enough of them to impress upon you the richness and complexity of my background.

My family tree begins with what in fact is a tree, a cedar of straight grain that grows in Northern California and Oregon. Now contemplate all the saws and trucks and rope and the countless other gear used in harvesting and carting the cedar logs to the railroad siding. Think of all the persons and the numberless skills that went into their fabrication: the mining of ore, the making of steel and its refinement into saws, axes, motors; the growing of hemp and bringing it through all the stages to heavy and strong rope; the logging camps with their beds and mess halls,

the cookery and the raising of all the foods. Why, untold thousands of persons had a hand in every cup of coffee the loggers drink!

The logs are shipped to a mill in San Leandro, California. Can you imagine the individuals who make flat cars and rails and railroad engines and who construct and install the communication systems incidental thereto? These legions are among my antecedents.

Consider the millwork in San Leandro. The cedar logs are cut into small, pencil-length slats less than one-fourth of an inch in thickness. These are kiln-dried and then tinted for the same reason women put rouge on their faces. People prefer that I look pretty, not a pallid white. The slats are waxed and kiln dried again. How many skills went into the making of the tint and kilns, into supplying the heat, the light and power, the belts, motors, and all the other things a mill requires? Are sweepers in the mill among my ancestors? Yes, and also included are the men who poured the concrete for the dam of a



In search of the truth; Production and the free society.

Photo: Library

Pacific Gas & Electric Company hydroplant which supplies the mill's power. And don't overlook the ancestors present and distant who have a hand in transporting sixty carloads of slats across the nation from California to Wilkes-Barre.

Once in the pencil factory—\$4,000,000 in machinery and building, all capital accumulated by thrifty and saving parents of mine—each slat is given eight grooves by a complex machine, after which another machine lays leads in every other slat, applies glue, and places another slat atop—a lead sandwich, so to speak. Seven brothers and I are mechanically carved from this "wood-clinched" sandwich.

My "lead" itself—it contains no lead at all—is complex. The graphite is mined in Ceylon. Consider the miners and those who make their many tools and the makers of the paper sacks in which the graphite is shipped and those who make the string that ties the sacks and those who put them aboard ships and those who make the ships. Even the lighthouse keepers along the way assisted in my birth—and the harbor pilots.

The graphite is mixed with clay from Mississippi in which ammonium hydroxide is used in the refining process. Then wetting agents are added such as sulfonated tallow—animal fats chemically reacted with sulfuric acid. After passing through numerous machines, the mixture finally appears as endless extrusions—as from a sausage grinder—cut to size, dried, and baked for several hours at 1,850 degrees Fahrenheit. To increase their strength and smoothness the leads are then treated with a hot mixture which includes candillilla wax from Mexico, paraffin wax and hydrogenated natural fats.

My cedar receives six coats of lacquer. Do you know all of the ingredients of lacquer? Who would think that the growers of castor beans and the refiners of castor oil are a part of it? They are. Why, even the processes by which the lacquer is made a beautiful yellow involves the skills of more persons than one can enumerate!

Observe the labeling. That's a film formed by applying heat to carbon

black mixed with resins. How do you make resins and what, pray, is carbon black?

My bit of metal—the ferrule—is brass. Think of all the persons who mine zinc and copper and those who have the skills to make shiny sheet brass from these products of nature. Those black rings on my ferrule are black nickel. What is black nickel and how is it applied?

Then there's my crowning glory, inelegantly referred to in the trade as "the plug," the part man uses to erase the errors he makes with me. An ingredient called "factice" is what does the erasing. It is a rubber-like product made by reacting rape seed oil from the Dutch East Indies with sulfur chloride. Rubber, contrary to the common notion, is only for binding purposes. Then, too, there are numerous vulcanizing and accelerating agents. The pumice comes from Italy; and the pigment which gives "the plug" its color is cadmium sulfide.

Does anyone wish to challenge my earlier assertion that no single person on the face of this earth knows how to make me?

Actually, millions of human beings have had a hand in my creation, no one of whom even knows more than a very few of the others. Now, you may say that I go too far in relating the picker of a coffee berry in far-off Brazil and food growers elsewhere to my creation; that this is an extreme position. I shall stand by my claim. There isn't a single person in all these millions, including the president of the pencil company, who contributes more than a tiny infinitesimal bit of know-how. From the standpoint of know-how the only difference between the miner of graphite in Ceylon and the logger in Oregon is in the type of know-how. Neither the miner nor the logger can be dispensed with, any more than the chemist at the factory or the worker in the oil field—paraffin being a by-product of petroleum.

Here is an astounding fact: Neither the worker in the oil field nor the chemist nor the digger of graphite or clay nor anyone who mans or makes the ships or trains or trucks nor the one who runs the machine that does the knurling on my bit of metal nor the president of the

company performs his singular task because he wants me. Each one wants me less, perhaps, than does a child in the first grade. Indeed, there are some among this vast multitude who never saw a pencil nor would they know how to use one. Their motivation is other than me. Perhaps it is something like this: Each of these millions sees that he can thus exchange his tiny know-how for the goods and services he needs or wants. I may or may not be among these items.

There is a fact still more astounding: The absence of a master-mind, of anyone dictating or forcibly directing these countless actions that bring me into being. No trace of such a person can be found. Instead, we find the Scottish economist and moral philosopher Adam Smith's famous "Invisible Hand" at work in the marketplace. This is the mystery to which I earlier referred.

It has been said that "only God can make a tree." Why do we agree with this? Isn't it because we realize that we ourselves could not make one? Indeed, can we even describe a tree? We cannot, except in superficial terms. We can say, for instance, that a certain molecular configuration manifests itself as a tree. But what mind is there among men that could even record, let alone direct, the constant changes in molecules that transpire in the life span of a tree? Such a feat is utterly unthinkable!

I, Pencil, am a complex combination of miracles; a tree, zinc, copper, graphite, and so on. But to these miracles which manifest themselves in Nature an even more extraordinary miracle has been added: the configuration of creative human energies—millions of tiny bits of know-how configuring naturally and spontaneously in response to human necessity and desire and in the absence of any human master-minding! Since only God can make a tree, I insist that only God could make me. Man can no more direct millions of bits of know-how so as to bring a pencil into being than he can put molecules together to create a tree.

That's what I meant when I wrote earlier, "If you can become aware of the miraculousness which I symbolize,

you can help save the freedom mankind is so unhappily losing." For, if one is aware that these bits of know-how will naturally, yes, automatically, arrange themselves into creative and productive patterns in response to human necessity and demand—that is, in the absence of governmental or any other coercive master-minding—then one will possess an absolutely essential ingredient for freedom: a faith in free men. Freedom is impossible without this faith. Once government has had a monopoly on a creative activity—the delivery of the mail, for instance—most individuals will believe that the mail could not be efficiently delivered by men acting freely. And here is the reason: Each one acknowledges that he himself doesn't know how to do all the things involved in mail delivery. He also recognizes that no other individual could. These assumptions are correct. No individual possesses enough know-how to perform a nation's mail delivery any more than any individual possesses enough know-how to make a pencil. In the absence of a faith in free men—unaware that millions of tiny kinds of know-how would naturally and miraculously form and cooperate to satisfy this necessity—the individual cannot help but reach the erroneous

conclusion that the mail can be delivered only by governmental master-minding.

Testimony Galore

If I, Pencil, were the only item that could offer testimony on what men can accomplish when free to try, then those with little faith would have a fair case. However, there is testimony galore; it's all about us on every hand. Mail delivery is exceedingly simple when compared, for instance, to the making of an automobile or a calculating machine or a grain combine or a milling machine, or to tens of thousands of other things.

Delivery? Why, in this age where men have been left free to try, they deliver the human voice around the world in less than one second; they deliver an event visually and in motion to any person's home when it is happening; they deliver 150 passengers from Seattle to Baltimore in less than four hours; they deliver gas from Texas to one's range or furnace in New York at unbelievably low rates and without subsidy; they deliver each four pounds of oil from the Persian Gulf to our Eastern Seaboard—halfway around the world—for less money than the government charges for delivering a one-ounce letter across the street!

The lesson I have to teach is this: Leave all creative energies uninhibited. Merely organize society to act in harmony with this lesson. Let society's legal apparatus remove all obstacles the best it can. Permit creative know-how to freely flow. Have faith that free men will respond to the "Invisible Hand." This faith will be confirmed. I, Pencil, seemingly simple though I am, offer the miracle of my creation as testimony that this is a practical faith, as practical as the sun, the rain, a cedar tree, and the good earth.

So Near And Yet So far

Dale, Marwa, Lotta And The Crew Blow Their Tops (Which Is Always Nice To See)

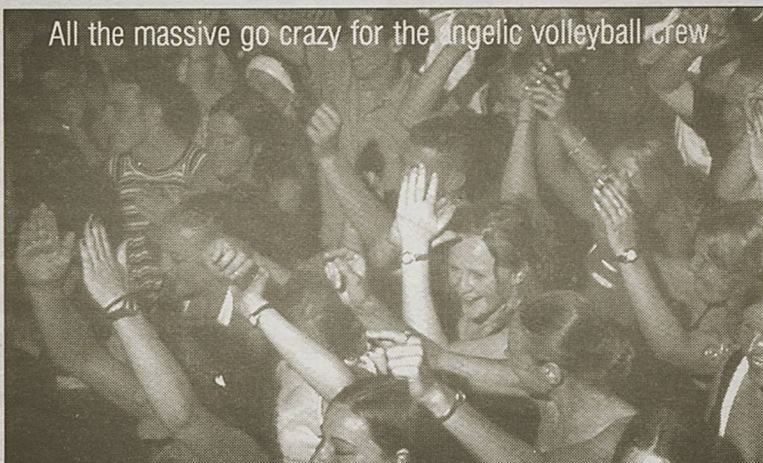
LSE Volleyball Babes 2 - 3 Kinston
Marwa El-Botai gives it to you large

Team colours: Kingston- blue white, LSE- none (we don't believe in uniforms we are so much better than that- right girls?)

February 10th: 7 p.m. the middle of nowhere (Kingston) LSE's Women's Volleyball game played what would later be their last game this year. Meeting at LSE at 5:45. To Maz's dismay she thought she didn't have enough players (for all you hard core volleyball fans it's six players on a team). Maz was plagued with illness and had battled her condition to be there for her team (ok so I had a cold, but it was one hell of a cold); however she was in no condition to play but had to since only five people showed

Kingston could not receive her serve for shit and that was when they realised they were fucked. They grabbed the serve back but not for long. Heather 'super human' Ward received a powerful hit beautifully and Katherine (our latest exported talent from Hong Kong) set it for Vicious Shirley to hit over the net. Kingston watched and they did nothing, simply because they couldn't.

What happened next was glorious in every definition of the word. Lotta 'Scandy' babe from hell, served killer Swedish serves. She basically served us into the 4th set. It was a historic day for the Nordic people of the world. The deadly combination of her serves and the dynamic duo of Super Heather and mad Steph won us the



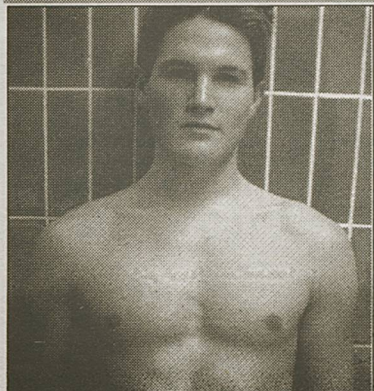
All the massive go crazy for the angelic volleyball crew

up. Never the less the game started. We realised we might be in trouble when the first set started and we lost 05- 15. However an event occurred that signalled the doom of Kingston, during the first set Dale arrived onto the court.

Things would never be the same for those innocent girls of the distant lands of Kingston. With Marwa safely removed from the court onto the sidelines and furious Dale (who had a bad experience with the English underground/ train system and wanted to kick some major ass); LSE was ready to rock. Marwa instead grabbed her pom- poms and ripped out her shorts to reveal a cheerleader's uniform and provided moral support (basically screamed a lot). The second set was no different to the first as LSE's birds learned the weaknesses and strengths of their opponents. The score was 06-15. It was then that we decided fuck it, we are going to have fun. The third set saw some of the most beautiful Volleyball ever. Pissed off Steph had the serve and you could see she was applying the 'imagine the ball as someone you despise head' tactic,

set 15-03. It was then we realised this might drag on for a while. It was a battle to the death. The 4th set saw us whip Kingston's ass, as Dale took on the role of setter and proved that her journey to Kingston was indeed for a good cause i.e. to beat the shit out of them, which we did in that set. The Scandy bird served some more, and Shirley and Steph received beautifully some really tough hits, we won the 4th set 15-11. It was then we let our guard down a bit, we knew we were good, but they were tough. The 5th and final set, the ref decided to change the rules since the game had dragged on for longer than what was expected. He made it a running point game (every point you score count whether you have the serve or not). By then the lack of numbers (we had no substitutes) showed through. We fought but to no avail. It was then that the demise of LSE's women's volleyball team happened. We lost that set 07-15. We then made our long arduous journey back to civilisation (the tuns), where we collapsed of pure and utter exhaustion.

HUNKY HARRY



Who is this guy? This photograph was taken 4 years ago in a men's showers in Bristol. The picture displays a certain member of an LSE sports team. However, Harry is a very private guy and likes to keep himself to himself. Some may argue that he bears a distinct resemblance to rugby team captain "Fat Bob," before he discovered the joys of excessive alcohol abuse. Any similarities to James Mulligan are obviously coincidental. If you want a date with this hunk, keep dreaming.

Wiggy Wonders Show Off Their Skills

LSE Heroes Dream of Wembley

L.S.E. Football IVths 4 - 3 Why?
Guinness and Weed report

If it wasn't for the Wonderwig™ the chances are the LSE glory boys would have found themselves down the proverbial shitter. After the usual trouble in finding the actual ground in this hell hole of an in-bred, farmers and sheep-shagger's paradise, the Wig Wonder™ pulled out three outstanding strikes to win the game. The Golden Arse™ continues to stake his somewhat surprising claim on the golden boot.

Having failed to convince the artist formerly known as ANDY "BADASS" GOODMAN (now known as "SKINFLINT, PENNY-PINCHING, MONEY GRABBING GOODERS") to fork out the cash for the epic journey South, Matt "GOBSHITE" Stoate was almost sent-off the train for foul and abusive language when told how much the ticket would cost.

The Referee, playing at centre mid for Why? blew for the start of the game and not long after an immaculate through ball from WONDER WEED(tm) via his crappy bandana sent the ginger greyhound on another pounding run (Ed. Surely this should be PANTING run?). He duly finished with his arse. From this point onwards began GOBSHITE Stoate's slagging match with the "ref.". Why? scored two blatantly illegal goals - (the ref. didn't once in the whole game give off-sides to the glory boys) - and when in the heat of the argument gobshite dared the ref to "show us your red card - I bet you haven't even got one," the bastard promptly sent him packing. His only comfort is that his bird has big BRISTOLS (Ed. What?!?) and she is taller than Ralph's latest short, fat minger. When Bankes got it in the nuts it was clearly a message from GOD (via his messenger and prophet

- CHRIS "Jesus" IRWIN.)

As for the rest of the game, Ollie persisted in trying to fingermolest the lineswoman, Will tried to pull Mike's sister, Rabu and Rossini had the games of their lives, MATT did an excellent job in replacing the abysmal WEED (an inspired substitution from PAXTON) and "FAST" EDDIE KICKED SOME ASS. Inevitably it was the WONDERWIG(tm) who saved the day with another two bottom corner finishes off his unstoppable arse.



Ref blows up for half time

WHAT A FUCKING HERO. GOLDEN BOOT HERE WE COME. All together now - WE LOVE YOU WIGGY WE DO, WE LOVE YOU WIGGY WE DO, WE LOVE YOU WIGGY WE DO, OHHHHHH WIGGY WE LOVE YOU.

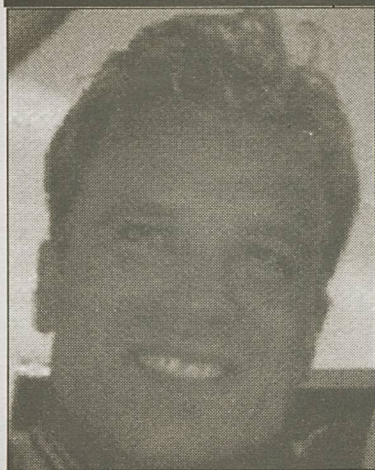
BEAVERSPORTS: WHAT DO YOU THINK?

This week our intrepid reporter, Jimmy J. takes to the street to find out what you the reader thinks of Beaver Sports:

- "I'm a geezer, right, I like it but I don't fucking love it." (Tom 'Da Bass 2 Dark' - International History)
- "Cool and harsh." (Paula - Law)
- "I like netball girl." (Nadja Kinsky - International History)

- "sehr interessant und witzig." (Alexandra - Frankfurt)
- "Beaversports makes me cum." (Mike - Government and History)
- "It's funny, a great laugh and makes the paper worth reading." (Tim - Law)
- "Beaver what?" (A very stoned individual answering to the name of 'complete tosser')
- Response rating 9/10

BEAVER SPORTS LOOK-A-LIKES



Reto Von Der Becke



Dennis Bergkamp

MUSINGS OF A PHILOSOPHER SPORTSMAN

FEDERMAN ON SEXISM

For me, sexism is the unfortunate scourge of the inherently inadequate. Those who bear the despicable qualities associated with a sexist do not conform to the typecast of "real men." A true and decent man is one who confronts his traditional, stereotypical image and readjusts it within the boundaries of society.

In England, sexism is institutionalised; sexist behaviours and values are widely seen as normal or natural and continue unless there is active intervention to counter them. In this respect, men should look inside themselves to explore the ways in which sexist training may have taken root in their bodies. In a culture which still assumes male dominance, the important role of women, must be identified.

In an egalitarian, democratic society, women should be given further respect both within the family unit and in career prospects. An essential means of creating such a utopia is to combat the ignorance and shameful nature of sectors of the male population. In all honesty, I hope that my 10 point plan to fight sexism is studied and reflected upon and not just pushed to one side.

1. Recognise that men's and women's views of each other and of themselves have been shaped by sexist conditioning in our society.
2. Listen to women. Learn from their experience. Read women's literature. Educate yourself and others about the connection between larger social forces and the problems and conflicts of individual men and women. Support or propose curriculum changes at every level of the educational system.
3. Reflect on and work toward changing, any abusive controlling behaviours of your own.
4. Use inclusive non-sexist language.
5. Confront sexist remarks or jokes. Boycott sexist comedians and boo in comedy clubs when male comedians tell sexist jokes. Don't fund sexism either, by purchasing magazines, videos or CDs which are sexually degrading towards women.
6. Always remember the true nature of all men and all women: strong, loving, intelligent, zestful, cooperative, assertive, confident and tender.
7. Share the work that has traditionally been considered women's work. This is largely unpaid work and is not considered as important as men's work.
8. Eliminate homophobia (the fear of being close to someone of the same gender as oneself) with the men in your life. Take turns to listen to each other about the hardships we've had being men.
9. Support women's leadership. One crucial area to eliminating sexism is challenging the notion that men are natural leaders and women are natural followers.
10. Support feminism and model non sexist behaviour everywhere. Prove to women that eliminating sexism is a primary focus in your life. Follow these tips and you may just be able to look at yourself in the mirror in the morning.

MIDWIFE CALLED IN AS BAD BOY GIVES BIRTH!

Beaver Bias Shocker: Federman Puts Badminton On The Back Page While Sutton Goes Out On A Bender

LSE Bad Boyz 4 - 5 Bournemouth
Exclusive by His Royal Gingerness

Wednesday afternoon was a time of great excitement for both halves of the Beaver Sports team. While Federman was attempting to help take the LSE badminton team through to the third round of the BUSA National Badminton championships, Sutton was out at the wedding of a new friend. The situation is very strange to say the least. He meets a lost, drunk man, running around the streets of Camden in an alcohol induced frenzy. The man tells him that he has been "fitted up" by his mates after travelling down from Birmingham for a night on the tiles to celebrate his stag night. Sutton welcomes the poor, stranded

husband-to-be into his warm abode. He offers him a cup of strong coffee and the left side of his Kingside bed. The man obliges yet insists on sleeping top to tail. Matt is upset and to rejuvenate the situation he offers to rid the man of the heavy stubble growing on his chin. The tall, dark and handsome stranger is in no state to walk let alone shave yet Matt still believes that he will be able to maintain an erection. At 3am, the man is dead to the world on the sofa and Sutton is left alone in his dark and desolate bedroom.

In the morning, things looked better. The man looked fresher, his smile was more forthcoming. Matt had to grip his groin in order that his excitement would not become obvious.

After breakfast, the man bent over and whispered something softly into Matt's ear. The face of the BeaverSports editor glowed like the sun. The man then proceeded to write down his address and phone number. Matt, within the space of twelve hours had been invited to the guy's wedding. "How can he still marry?" Matt thought after admitting to his friend Chris McLaughlin that he had never felt this way about another person before.

The situation is unclear as is the eventual development of this love triangle. Meanwhile Beaversports have sent a team of reporters to the grotty pub in backstreet Birmingham where the wedding was supposed to take place but still no contact has been made with the missing person.

While Sutton was pursuing his latest love, Federman was drawing together a team of true fighters, with a level of courage before unseen in LSE

badminton circles.

LSE managed to field a near full strength side. "Deadly" Dennis Wright was persuaded by his family to skip bail and join in the battle. Nevertheless he still wore his customary grey balaclava which has terrified both his opponents and many unsuspecting pensioners over the years. Hardness is a virtue which this guy has in abundance as his impotence counsellor will be quick to tell you.

After a game of spin the bottle, it was decided that Wright would play with his usual undercover lover, club captain P. K. Teoh. In what could be his last ever game in LSE colours (any old T-shirt, any old Shorts), Teoh put in a stirring performance. Even the fact that Teoh was in fact 8 months pregnant, didn't distract his quality racket action.

Unphased at being the first ever male to complete the preliminary stages of the EDGIC transitional reproduction therapy, Teoh went into overdrive to demolish the opposition in the first match.

Their next game was not so straightforward as Teoh unexpectedly went into labour. As the contractions increased in speed, Teoh's midwife was called to the court to cut the umbilical cord (in a manner similar to how one cuts the cake at a wedding). In spite of bloody images comparable only to the nightclub scene in the film "Blade," Teoh became a proud father...or mother depending on your political persuasion.

Elsewhere, Federman had been blessed with the seductive charms of Suhail "too hot to handle" Shaikh who regularly exposed his quite



The Ginger One Plays Hard (Above) While Police Scour The Streets Of Birmingham After Sutton's Lover Files A Missing Person Report (Below)



glorious six-pack to the adolescent, autograph hunting spectators. Both players looked a little weary after a pre-game warm up organised by the LSE aerobics society yet they managed to give 100%. Before the game Federman had remarked that if we were to win then he would "french kiss Wright," a promise which he had no intention of keeping.

Unfortunately for the LSE boys, last years Cup champions had too much strength in depth and although it is hard to admit, three of their players were actually very good.

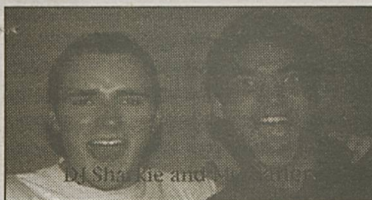
The third pairing of Michael Kienle and Izwan Abdul Jalil did the LSE establishment proud and were unlucky not to have picked up better scores. After the game Wright said in an interview reminiscent of Alan Shearer, "if I can get up in the morning and say to myself that I've given 110%, then I can have no qualms." So score some fucking goals then mate or let Andy Andy have your place for England!

IF YOU SEE SUTTON PHONE US
ON : 0171 955 6705

LSESU Underground Dance Music Society
brings to you

TROUBLE

THURSDAY 18TH FEBRUARY
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Macadam Building, Surrey St. WC2
Kings College
£3 on the door
Mixes of Drum and Bass, hardcore,
techno, house and electro

**WARNING: READING BEAVERSSPORTS WHILST
PREGNANT CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE THE HEALTH
OF YOUR UNBORN CHILD.**