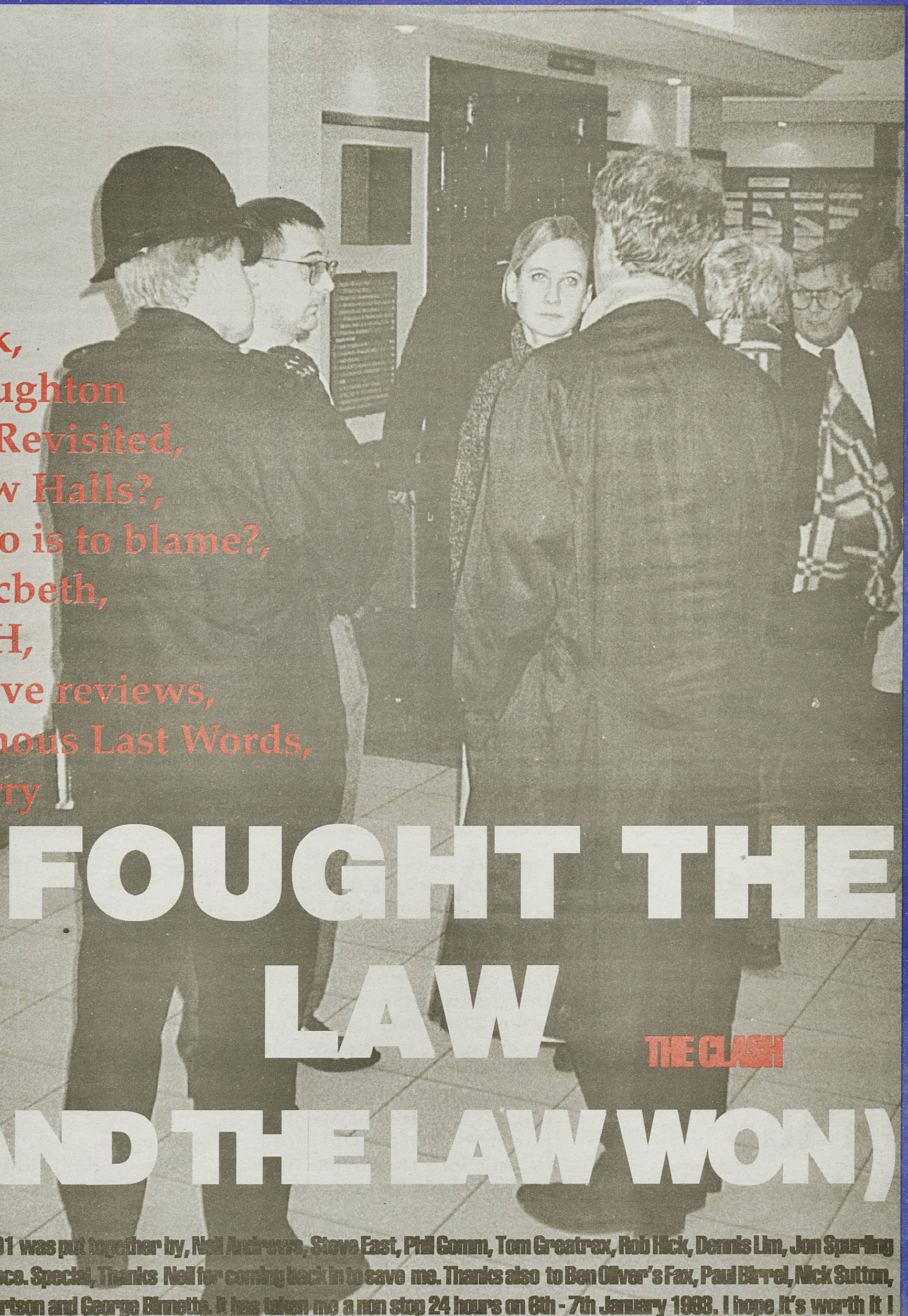


THE BEAVER

THE STUDENT'S UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

10 TH JANUARY, 1994

ISSUE 391



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I FOUGHT THE LAW THE CLASH (AND THE LAW WON)

Beaver 391 was put together by, Neil Andrews, Steve East, Phil Comm, Tom Greatrex, Rob Hick, Dennis Lim, Jon Spurling and Ron Voce. Special Thanks Neil for coming back in to save me. Thanks also to Ben Oliver's Fax, Paul Birrell, Nick Sutton, Geoff Robertson and George Binnetta. It has taken me a non stop 24 hours on 6th - 7th January 1993. I hope it's worth it!

Houghton St.

That Was Easily The Last Week



(Left to Right) Gethin Roberts, Teshar Fitzpatrick and Leandro Moura of the LSESU under pressure to persuade the occupiers to leave the conferences office in Columbia House

Photo Tom Greatrex

Tom Greatrex and Ron Voce

The School obviously realised something was up as the Emergency General Meeting was moved from the Old Theatre to the Quad on Monday 6th December at 3.00PM.

The obviously quorate (over 150 students) meeting was a lively and vocal one, called to discuss a motion demanding an occupation of the LSE, mandating the Executive, as well as students to occupy and attend a Socialist Workers Student Society (SWSS) backed march. Many students had skipped lectures to be there, but it was the usual UGM crowd, hoping for a second helping of mayhem, to compensate for the boredom of the previous Thursdays budget meeting.

They were not disappointed. Louise Ashon of SWSS opened the debate by proposing the motion. Ashon blamed the proposed course of action on the Chancellor's decision to cut grants. She also linked this to Dr Ashworth's, the Director's, attempts to introduce top-up fees last year, and "stealing £15,000 from the SU budget.

In reply Alex Evans of the LSE Conservative stated that the cut in grant was replaced by an equivalent increase in the student loan. But this was shouted down by many of the SWSS supporters. Amendments proposed by Rahul Shriskanathan and Martin Lewis were defeated, but an amendment by the General Secretary of the LSESU was passed. It deleted the mandating of the

Executive to support the occupation and changed the march from the SWSS march and to a cross London colleges backed march to the Department for Education in York Way.

When the vote was taken Simon Reid, the Union Chair, decided to use members to count the vote, as it was agreed that a card vote would occur. Ironically the supporters counting to pass the motion declared a total lower in favour than those against the motion counting the same cards! Reid eventually took the unprecedented step of splitting the quad, front and rear to make the vote more easier to count by creating a better visual image to the tellers. After this vote, Reid declared the motion passed.

Immediately, a member of SWSS, formerly a student at another London college, called for every one to go over to Connaught House. Many students moved into Houghton Street to see what would happen. Many left for their 4.00PM lecture. A group of some fifty students made their way to the Aldwych entrance of Connaught House only to find it locked.

Whilst many students looked on in the fading light, the group made their way to first the second floor crossing point in the Old Building, but found it locked and guarded by two porters. The same happened on the fifth floor crossing point. One porter, trying to deter the group said "Sorry lads you'll have to go somewhere else".

The group had grown smaller and settled by 5.00PM in A85. Teshar Fitzpatrick and Gethin Roberts, LSESU General Manager, tried to persuade them to come out, especially those who were not LSE students. Whilst a group

An Eye Witness Account of Events on the Afternoon of 9th December

“Around 2.00P.M. I left my desk in the room E65 to collect the late post from the main lodge in the Old Building. As I walked into Houghton Street several dozen demonstrators were marching at a brisk pace from the Aldwych end of the street. Dozens more followed behind. A small contingent went to the entrance of the Old Building and into the foyer. More protesters broke into a run.

Meanwhile, a group of police came sprinting up the pavement past Wrights coffee bar and within seconds formed a phalanx, 30 to 40 strong, across the Old Building steps. A few dem-

onstrators ran straight into the arms of the police; others jostled briefly. A few coppers drew their truncheons. I saw one use his to strike blows against two marchers. A woman, struck across the left forearm, crumpled onto the steps. A man, hit on the thigh, hopped away smartly.

At this stage I recognised very few LSE students in Houghton Street. Some of the demonstrators appeared to have been part of the original University of North London contingent when the march first set off from Houghton Street at 12.35 PM, bound for the old Department of Education and Science building in York Road. Seeing access to the Old Building clearly blocked

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of Term That Was

of just over 20 planned to stay the night, Dr Ashworth commented on the students occupation by stating that he was "totally baffled by their actions" and that their actions "confirmed Kenneth Clarke's assertion that Taxi Drivers and Factory Workers should not fund higher education".

Twentythree students stayed the night, but moved from A85 into the Old Theatre early in the morning, hoping to use this as a rallying point for students. However when nearly 50 angry law students turned up for their lecture at 10.00AM, the group moved on again preferring not to antagonise fellow students. Instead the group made a final stand in the conference office on the fifth floor of Columbia house, next door to the Royal Bank of Scotland on the Aldwych.

Many of the Conference Office staff left immediately, but some remained mingling with the occupiers, who barricaded the doors with small boxes and used the computers and phones to print posters and inform the national media of their actions. The group of occupiers was reinforced by several students who had "gone home" for the night, but it was not that difficult to gain access to the occupied rooms. At one stage Ian Crawford, LSE Press Officer and Harry Edwards (Site Security) gained access for over an hour.

The Police arrived at about 11.00AM and we were told not to leave the building even though we explained that we were the student press. Eventually we were allowed out and the Police prevented anyone else coming in and guarded the fire exits at the rear of the building. The Police did leave at about 2.00PM and were replaced by external security called in by Harry Edwards under advice from the Police.

Columbia House, although it houses LSE staff, is not owned by the LSE but Guardian Royal Exchange (GRE). So although the school had managed to obtain an injunction it could not enforce it and so in the late afternoon it was left to GRE to try and obtain a similar injunction.

Even whilst this was going on there were still Conference Office staff trying to run a skeleton service whilst, around them, all this was going on. They refused to comment on the days events but they did not look happy, especially as their colleagues who had left in the morning, it was rumoured, had been sent home.

At about 3.45PM the external security guards were all over the school, especially the Old Building and the Library as it was rumoured that a deal had been struck and the occupiers were coming out. Though it looked like the school was taking no chances. The Police had refused to have any more to do with the events, though they reserved the right to press prosecutions if allegations of criminal damage are founded, but the school it seemed had agreed to not take any action against the demonstrators. With this assurance and a statement issued by Dr Ashworth, condemning the cuts in grant, the occupation appeared to be over at about 4.30PM.

Owing to a memorandum of understanding between the School and the LSESU, the SU appear to be liable for the costs incurred by the school during the occupation. Though Lola Elerian and Teshar Fitzpatrick were trying to avoid this. Michael Arthur, Site Development and Services, could not put a figure on the cost of the events of the week, but said it ran into "several thousand pounds".

I retreated to my desk in E65, Two private security guards, who had been lurking in the background for some time prior to this incident, had by now firmly positioned themselves at the doors of the East Building.

A crowd continued to mill about in Houghton Street. There was an attempt to stage an impromptu rally on the bricked pavement, but this did not seem to be particularly successful. Between 2.20 and 2.25PM Michael Arthur arrived in the foyer. After a few minutes of confusion and indecision he instructed the security guards to lock the doors and deny both entry and egress. During this period the crowd of demonstrators had dwindled and

dispersed. By 2.45 PM staff and students could once more leave the East Building, but the guards were told to allow admission only to those holding LSE registration cards. Initially, they would not accept library cards, but after repeated calls from Teshar Fitzpatrick the BLPES card became an acceptable form of identification.

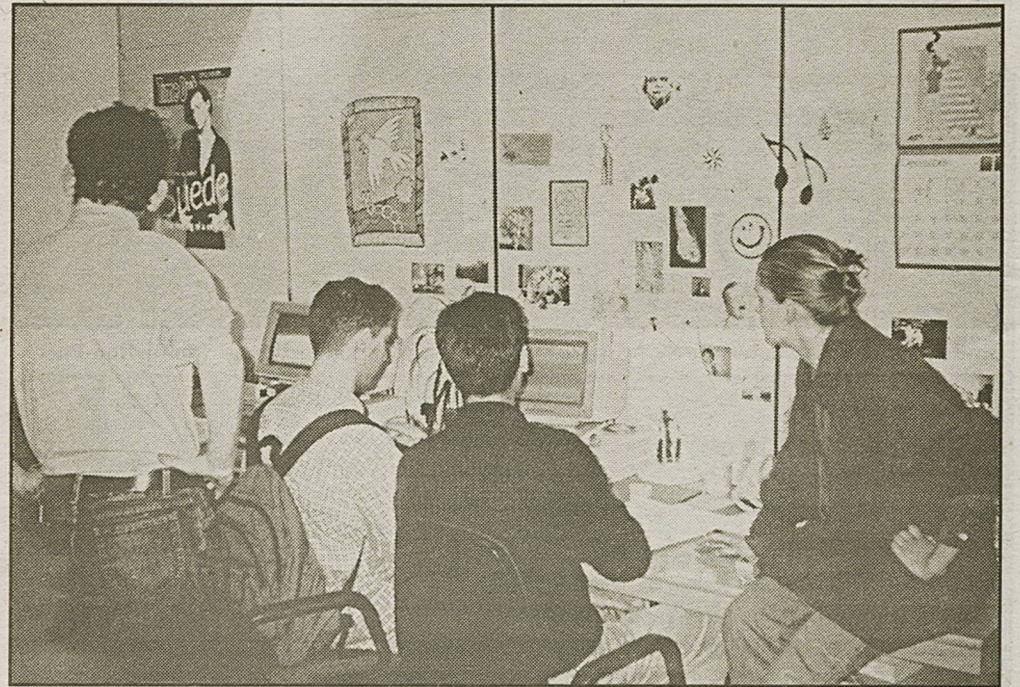
At some point between 2.30 and 3.00PM Gethin Roberts issued instructions to close the union shop and cafe. The reception, welfare and central accommodation offices remained open, however. I personally overheard a number of bitter verbal exchanges between students and the security guards. I escorted

several students into the building, including a Greek couple who were anxious to get to the central accommodation office before its scheduled closing at 4.30PM. The man told me that he was especially incensed because such security firms were legally barred from Greek campuses since the overthrow of the military regime in 1974. A few minutes after this Gethin Roberts was in the office and informed us that a security guard had head-butted an overseas student who had challenged his right to demand identification from him in front of the Clare Market Building."

George Binette has been a student at the LSE for many years and works in the SU reception.



The tellers count the LSE registration cards in the first vote. A recount is also inconclusive, so the Chair, Simon Reid, splits the Quad front and rear to finally declare the E.G.M. motion passed by a clear majority. Photo: Ron Voce



Students occupying the Conference office on the fifth floor of Columbia House make use of the facilities. Ironically of all the buildings to occupy, students chose a building that the LSE doesn't own and one out of sight of students Photo: Tom Greatrex

Houghton St.

Part Demos, Police, Security Guards &

Ben Oliver

Thedemonstration against grant cuts organised by London colleges at the end of last term degenerated into violence when protesters attempted to occupy LSE property by force.

Several policemen were injured and three protesters arrested when a group at the head of the march charged a line of officers guarding the main entrance to the Old Building. Reinforcements arrived quickly and the struggling students were expelled.

Jimmy Trees, President of Rosebery Hall, was in a lecture in the Old Theatre and, along with the other students, was told to leave the building. From the mezzanine floor of the Old Building, Trees saw Police behaving in what he described as an "over zealous fashion" in removing some protesters. "Whatever they [the protesters] have done, they didn't deserve that" Trees said later.

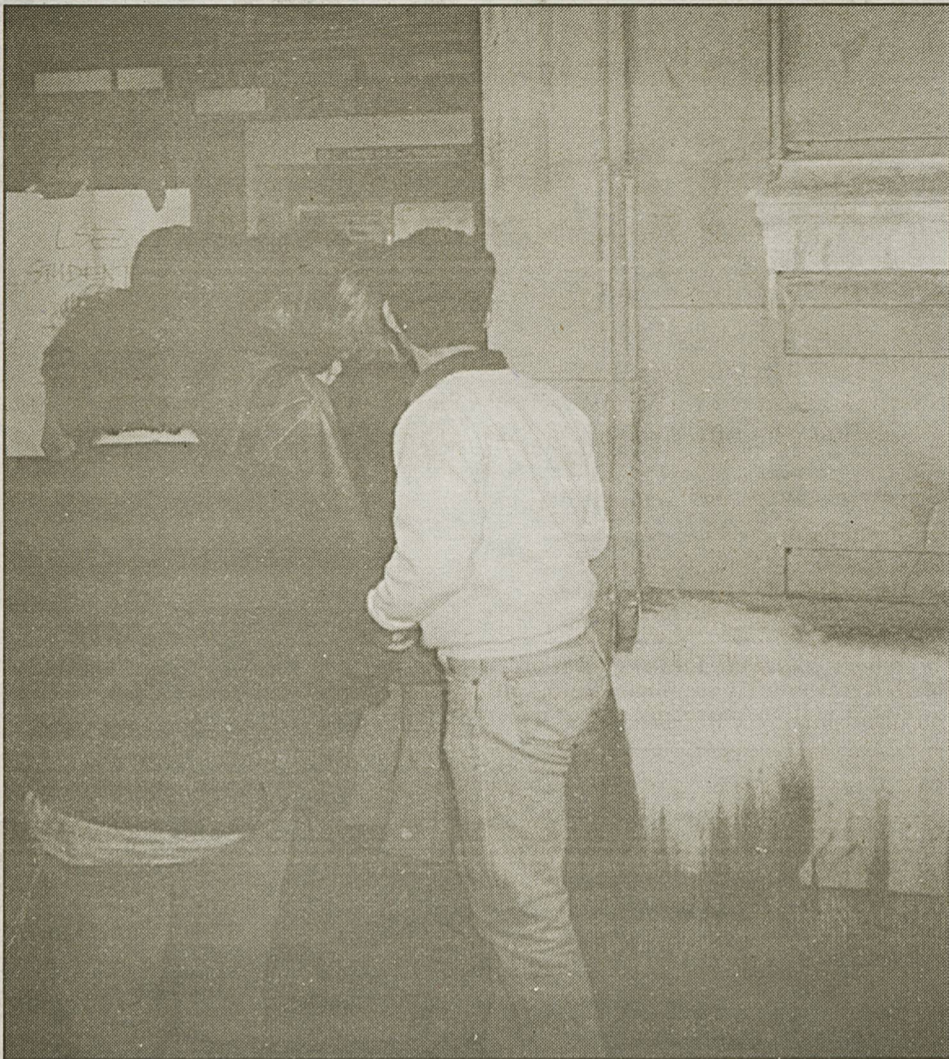
The clashes came at the end of a tense march from the LSE to a Department of Education office

near Waterloo on the 9th December. After reaching the office the previously well marshalled event became disorganised. Police reacted swiftly to an attempt by some students to march on Parliament by diverting the several hundred demonstrators along Aldwych after they had crossed Waterloo Bridge. On turning into Houghton Street a large group at the head of the march broke into a run and attempted to gain access to the LSE.

After quelling the disturbances police cordoned off both ends of Houghton Street, allowing protestors to leave in small groups. A series of left-wing students addressed the dwindling crowd urging immediate occupation, but the demonstration dispersed peacefully.

A spokesman for the school later claimed that no LSE students had been arrested. He admitted that the school had taken "extra security measures" to ensure normal teaching, but couldn't comment on reports that a security guard had head-butted an invading protester.

At the Governors meeting, that evening, one Governor commented on leaving that, although he had had "difficulty" getting in to the meeting, it was a "good thing" that students had protested against the cuts in grants.



Students attempt to enter the SU s attempting to enter the East Building Photo: Ron Voce



Police in Houghton Street after the demonstration had dispersed. Photo: Ron Voce

Eye Witness Account of the Demo and Events on 9th December

“On Thursday 9th December, students from all across London gathered at LSE to oppose the cuts in student grants announced by the Chancellor. As the demonstrators assembled, office workers looked on from the Aldwych, undoubtedly intrigued by the large police presence and the catchy chants of the protesters-singing “We won't pay our loans back” to the tune of the Conga and calling Kenneth Clarke a “Right Tory Wanker”.

Just after 12.30 the march moved off towards the Department for Education in York Way. Although many people carried placards proclaiming “Smash The Tories-Not Our Grants”, the Socialist Worker slogan had been torn from a number which blew precariously in the wind as we crossed the Thames.

Once we reached York Way, one steward announced we were passing the Education Department. Despite his protestations, the march carried on barely slowing its pace until we ended up at

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External No Butts?

The portering staff too voiced their disgust, claiming this was the first step towards privatising the security and portering staff at LSE. One senior porter, who did not wish to be named, said after the head butting incident he had "had enough and was going for a drink!" and that "this wouldn't have happened if they'd let us guard the doors. We know who are students and what ID to accept."

The person head-butted was, not like the school stated a protester, but a law student wanting to hand in his essay to his lecturer. A security guard had told a porter, "to leave this to us [the security guards] and if anyone tries to get in, you [the porters] can clear up the mess".

Many academics, Lord Desai amongst them, condemned the schools actions as they too were subject to restrictions by the security measures and suffered almost as much as the students. A senior history lecturer describe his feelings of "disgust" at the administrations actions and summed up many peoples feelings by stating that "whoever was responsible for bringing in the security should be sacked."

Who Suffered? The School or Students

Paul Birrel

The chaos of the last week of term, started with the vote at the Emergency General Meeting. This led to a 24 hour "occupation" of various LSE buildings and apparently achieved little for LSE students. With Connaught House closed, the majority of students were angry at the minority of students who by "representing them" were making their life a misery.

Graduates, undergraduates, home and overseas students all suffered by being unable to visit the Scholarships Office, the registry, examination and timetables offices amongst others. Raj Jethwa and Nick Deardon, involved in the initial occupation, called the locking of Connaught House a success, stating "if we can't get in, they can't get out." The illogicality of this argument is shown by the fact that business was being carried out normally in Connaught House with the only people suffering being LSE students.

Ron Voce, editor of The Beaver, had waited all term for his interview with the scholarships office to sort out some financial aid, and was prevented from attending and on ringing Heather Cocking of the Scholarships Office was told "to come back next week", ironically when the term was finished.

It didn't stop there, as Voce and ex General Secretary Fazile Zahir, and other BA History students were presented with the problem of how to collect their examination entry forms and return them by Thursday 9th

December. Voce collected his forms at 4.30pm on December 9th from Irina Rach of the examinations office, whom he met on the fifth floor of the Old Building whilst being hassled by the external security guards. Zahir had to wait till Friday and with Dr Anthony Best the Department Tutor busy on Friday afternoon, as he expected the rush to be on Thursday afternoon many history students had further difficulty in getting their examination entry forms signed.

Voce wonders that, as someone who has very little reason to go into

Connaught House, he has suffered very much from this chaos. But how much more have other students suffered? The majority of students do not know who to blame. Is it the LSE's fault, or the LSE's administration for this chaos.

One thing is certain the aim of the minority of students and external forces to use the situation to their own benefit have certainly cost and harmed a the relationship between the LSE and the LSESU and of both of them towards individual students who just want to gain their degrees.



External Security Guards checking identification at the main school entrance to the Old Building. No I.D - No Entry!
Photo: Ron Voce

the march's supposed conclusion on the South Bank.

Whilst Tesher Fitzpatrick, the Chief Steward, tried to find some way of telling the protesters to disperse. Far left groups within the demonstration argued with the police-demanding a continuation of the march to the House of Commons. My friend Sarah and I then left, only to find ourselves hemmed in by the large Police presence which was blocking Waterloo Bridge.

Some 15-20 minutes after I had returned to School, a group of

demonstrators (many of whom did not appear to be LSE students) had also reached the LSE. Within minutes, around 150 policeman stormed into Houghton Street and later attempted to restrict the demonstrators to a small area around the entrance to the East Building. The police appeared to act rather heavy handedly, far outweighing the number of demonstrators by this stage. Indeed, some LSE students, including myself, were prevented from reaching lectures and classes by the police.

After about three quarters of an hour of chanting and speeches, the protesters began to disperse and the demonstration ended, leaving behind many discarded placards which were hurriedly removed by School cleaners.

For a time, the last week of term, with an occupation of school buildings and a mass demonstration, seemed like a return to the radical student politics-whether it will continue this term remains to be seen."

Nick Sutton is a student in the Government Dept.

Union Jack

It would be no exaggeration to say that absolutely bugger all of political significance has happened to the LSE's body politic over the festive period. Thus you find Jack with something like a problem on his hands. Should he just abandon his task and leave the Beaver jackless [never a good thing to suggest -ed]? Should he turn his attention to national politics and dissect Mr Yeo's position [? -ed]? Or should he just fly way off the mark and examine the links between lederhosen, the Abkhazian problem and the early work of W.H. Auden [NO -ed]?

As ever, when Jack is in a quandary, he turns to his mentors in the national press. After exhaustive perusal he finds the seasonal space filler is, guess what, a review of 1993 consisting of a reprise of important news, a collection of telling quotes and perhaps a not-too-testing quiz. Well that's what Jack got reading the Indie, you might have received something a little different if you read the Sun.

Anyway, ever willing, Jack will attempt to imitate these august organs and provide you, dear reader, with a topical review of 1993.

January. We all returned with colossal hangovers the most serious of which was Ents Officer Jon Bradburn. Yes he was the man with no money; £10,000 gone before you can say 'Mad Dog'. The last UGM of the month saw an attempt to censure the aforesaid Officer defeated after a re-count and a little gerrymandering. Peter Harris said the Union establishment was 'rallying behind their idle friend.' Jon Spurling proposed cutting the number of Sabbaticals to three; effective that.

February. Little happened this month, what controversy there was centred around Teshar Fitzpatrick and the redecoration of the AU. Jack still doesn't know who daubed the AU sanctuary with luminous paint but then, after the barrel, who really cares.

March. Election fever. The Beaver published a guide to candidates in which Teshar told us she was aiming at a 'more united student body,' Lola informed us she was running out of time and Leo promised to fight 'odious practices' in the Union. Justin said very little. These four won by the way.

April. Jack was on holiday.

May. The 'LSE Three' were vindicated (let off) after putting their arguments to Peter Lilley in a forceful fashion.

June. TOP-FEES. Sabbaticals revel in moment of glory (tele, radio, drinks with the LSE's press officer). Students are uninterested and go on holiday. Academics ignore the fuss and chuck out the proposal without compunction.

July. Holiday. New Sabbaticals take over, Jon Bradburn found dead (don't worry only a joke).

August. Holiday.

September. Freshers' (sorry, new students') week. Jack got pissed.

October. 'Unity Rally' ensures that there isn't any. Kevin [Beaver editor] sees a dagger before him and puts it on the front page. Virginia Bottomley is pelted with eggs while attempting to speak in the Old Theatre. Motion to appoint a Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual Officer is defeated.

November. Adrian May is disqualified from the Court of Governors election for cheating. He would have won easily. Hans Gutbrod starts up the Mens' Society, he tells the Beaver he wants to 'address specific male issues.' Ron Voce becomes Beaver editor. There is no split in the Labour club. Dennis Russell causes problems.

December. Lola's Budget passes unscathed but for small alterations to the societies section. Opponents of the cut in student grants announced in the budget attempt to occupy Connaught house, they are unsuccessful. There is a demonstration in Houghton Street which provokes a huge police response, Jack is almost arrested for 'causing a disturbance'. Security guards employed by the school are involved in various incidents with students one of which leads to an arrest.

Topical Quiz - answers next week - prize; a pint bought by Jack.

1. Who were the 'LSE Three'?
2. Who came fourth in the Gen Sec election? How old was he?
3. What is Dennis Russell's party called?
4. Who was UGM chair immediately before Simon Reid?
5. One member of the present exec performed live in the quad in 1993, what is his name and what instrument does he play?
6. What is quorum for the UGM?
7. What is Kate Hampton's job?
8. Why is Neil Andrews still here?
9. What was Carolyn Wilson doing up a tree?

LSE Considers New Halls

Beaver Staff

The LSE is considering extending its range of student accommodation. Just before Christmas, student and staff representatives of the Inter Halls Committee (IHC) - which is responsible for School Residences - visited potential sites for new halls, two of which seem to be favourite.

The first is on the south side of the River Thames at Bankside, between the Globe Theatre and Waterloo station. At present it is an empty office block. Proposals put to the School by a developer involve converting the interior so that it is suitable for students. It could house between 450 and 600 people, depending on which configuration of rooms and facilities is decided upon.

The block is not on a tube line, but the Jubilee line extension will rectify that. However it is only a 20 minute walk to the Aldwych (the same as from Passfield) and a bus runs to Waterloo, from where the underground can be accessed, for the moment.

The cost of the project would be cheaper per occupant than the High Holborn residence which is under construction and should be completed ready for the start of the academic year '95/'96.

The second site being considered, is in Shaftesbury Avenue close to the heart of the West End and within easy walking distance of the School and Covent Garden. This would prove to be the more expensive option, while creating space for a maximum of around 450 students. However it is in a much better location to attract vacation visitors, who greatly boost hall's income.

The addition of another hall, to the 3 currently owned by the School (Passfield,

Rosebery, and Carr Saunders) would help to offset the likely loss of the Maple and Fitzroy street flats which are likely to be kept only in the short term.

Other potential possibilities are being looked at in Waterloo, Bloomsbury and Victoria. Further discussions and a decision about the options is expected later this term, although the School was keen to stress that they "are always actively seeking accommodation opportunities and it is important to keep all the options open."



Piccadilly Circus at the end of Shaftesbury Avenue, not far from a sight under consideration. Photo Kevin Green

A Level Grade Offers Rise as 28% More Apply To LSE

Phil Gomm

In a recent study, the LSE was listed as being the eighth most popular choice of A-level students applying to do an undergraduate course in 1994. For each place, there were on average 8.6 applications, a 28% increase on last years figures.

Heading the table was the University of Nottingham with a ratio of 12.3, followed closely by Bristol, Warwick and York. Neither Oxford nor Cambridge, with figures of less than 4 applicants per place, feature anywhere near the top ten. Nor are any of the other London colleges listed in the top ten.


While this is obviously appears good news for The School, the figures may highlight a certain amount of "self-selection", where students are only applying to those establishments where they feel they have a reasonable chance of being accepted. Students often tend to give themselves a safety net when making their decisions.

Supporters of the Middle England institutions, which appear to have done well in terms of applications, highlight various factors for their popularity. The attractions may include a green campus, guaranteed accommodation, proximity to home and cheaper living costs than the south of England and London.

The Undergraduate Admissions Office of the School confirmed that the grade offers for places during the next academic have tended to increase over last year. Although a final decision has yet to be reached, it is anticipated unlikely that any more places overall will be available at the LSE for new undergraduates than last year, due to the lack of increased funding from the Government.



It's nail biting waiting for those A level result. Photo: Beaver Staff.

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The Beaver

On the last Friday of last term, it looked like the week was going to end like any other of the last weeks of term of my last four years here. I arrived at the Toms about 7.30pm and found the heavy handed presence of security guards had apparently disappeared. Instead I was greeted by the friendly faces of the LSE porters. To say that was the week that was, is an understatement but who was to blame for the debacle that started on Monday 6th December.

Do I blame SWSS for bringing in the Emergency motion from which the, at times, farcical occupation emerged. Not entirely. They have a perfectly fair grievance. It's one which I think a majority of British students can relate to, but one which over 50% of LSE students can't. Unfortunately bringing down the British Government is not high on their list of priorities at the LSE, getting a degree is.

Do I blame The LSE administration, for messing around academics, students and visitors by locking Connaught House and bringing in outside security and the police. Again not entirely. They were protecting their interests like those protesting. Whether you agree with them or not, the right to self defence is well recognised. Dr Ashworth, regardless of what a few students think does not have a hot-line to Number 10 or 11 Downing Street.

In which case the blame must go to Teshar Fitzpatrick, the General Secretary. Why? Well she proposed the amendment to the motion which was passed. It changed the proposed SWSS march to an official one, and deleted the need for the Executive to openly support the occupation. If she had any political nous she would have deleted the words OCCUPATION as well. A majority of students at the EGM would have seen a strong leader of the SU not afraid to put pragmatism before left wing rhetoric, because of the consequences that an occupation would have for the LSESU. They would have followed her lead and the events of last week would not have happened.

The sabbaticals and executive who are supposed to look after our interests as students said and did very little. After it was too late, they realised what a mistake, a costly one at that, it had been supporting Teshar Fitzpatrick's amendment. They thought they could control the events but, as history proves i.e Weimar Germany, this was sadly not the case.

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We Say Fight Back: The Need For a Political Punch to counteract LSE Student Union Censorship of Left Wing Political Activists

Dear Beaver,

Throughout the country student bodies have been clamping down and censoring political activities and political attitudes. There are many examples of this; at Birmingham University, the student union has set up a body to patrol student residences and bar any left wing paper sellers from the premises so as not to 'disturb' the students.

Now this trend has arrived at the LSE. Several weeks ago, Dennis Russell, a Revolutionary Communist Party activist got into a fight with another student. The Union disciplinary committee could have chosen a wide range of punishments, but chose to ban

him from UGM's in doing so the union has cut off his right to free speech.

At the UGM on 25th November, the chair chose to close the meeting because Dennis was present. At the following UGM the union went so far as to have security at the door checking student cards to make sure the wrong didn't get in. Clearly this response was targeted at Dennis, with the broader aim of pre-empting all discussion of the political issue.

The message to students is that they are incapable of thinking for themselves. We are such weak and sensitive creatures that we quake at the sight of an overgrown, left-wing red-head.

Bureaucratically avoiding political issues should be seen for what it is - censorship. Instead students have accepted the meddling behaviour of the student union as necessary and legitimate.

Students need to defend the right to be offensive. When the student union clamps down on Dennis' right to speak, what they're objecting to is people being provocative, challenging and different. The student union is demanding that we bury our heads in the sand. But that is not good enough for us. What student politics need today is a solid political punch.

**Yours,
John Fletcher**

A Question To The Student "Activists": Which Students Do You Represent? Not Me or Many Others, Mate

Dear Beaver,

I am just writing to thank those lovely folk in the SWSS, RCP and their friends who have so wonderfully supported them in the events of the last week of the first term. There are a few actions, however, that deserve a special mention:

Firstly, thanks very much for occupying various rooms around the School, thus making the already strained relationship between School and Union even more tenuous. Of course this action made sense - it's a bit like locking yourself in your primary school classroom because your parents have stopped your pocket money. I'd hazard a guess that there really isn't an awful lot that John Ashworth can do to change Ken Clarke's budget.

Secondly, thanks awfully for necessitating the provision of Security staff as a consequence of your actions, and for the vandalism you have caused, the bills for which will be footed by the Union, reducing next year's Union budget - and therefore the money available for students to have some sort of enjoyment at LSE.

Thirdly, thanks on behalf of all those who were turfed out of computer rooms at 9pm, those in perilous financial situations who were unable to get to the Scholarships Office in Connaught House, and for anyone else who had their lives similarly made more awkward.

Fourthly, thanks for your renegade action in having your

own march on the Thursday, an action which contrived to reduce any credibility which the argument had. I seem to remember that the Unity demo suffered the same malaise - members of the families of people who have been murdered by racists have gone on record to say that any protests have been ruined by your petty infighting.

Fifthly, thank you indeed for hijacking the causes of others, for alienating those who support these causes, for using them merely as a springboard from which to launch your crass and out-dated political ideals, and for rendering any "broad left" policies that many would support unappealing by your gung-ho and thoughtless activities.

Finally, from all those who wished to celebrate the penultimate night of term by drinking until 11pm in the Three Tuns, thanks very much for causing the School to force its closure at 10.30pm. Your belief that you are concerned about the welfare of students is woefully inaccurate - the majority of us are hard-up, we know it, and we realise that there is very little we can do about it - yet there are some little pleasures we can still enjoy during our time at LSE, but you have managed to screw these up too.

Before you jump to conclusions - a popular policy of yours - I disagree fundamentally with Conservative principles and use my vote to express this, I am against prejudice in

any shape or form, I'm middle class, in fact I'm a fairly typical student. So from all of us typical students, I wish you would act your age, exercise some reasoning and rationality and stop making our lives a misery. If this request proves to be beyond the capacity of your intelligence and you continue to act as you did so between 6th - 10th December, I hope the School kicks you out on your arses. They would have my (and, I should think, many others too) full support and hearty congratulations.

**Ta,
Rob Hick.**

Letters must arrive by 6.00pm of the Wednesday preceding publication. They can be posted in the Beaver Post Boxes, E-mailed, or handed in to LSESU reception or the Beaver Office in E197.

Beaver Journalist Finds The Truth, The Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth is Not Quite The Truth

Dear Beaver,

I am writing in reply to Nick Dearden's response to my article on the splits - or lack of them - in the Labour Club. I must apologise for my statement that he was some sort of leader, leading a split in the Labour Club. I will readily admit that I must have been led to false assumptions over the whole affair.

When Nick Dearden told me that he was leading a split in the club, and pointed out those that were supposedly supporting him in it, I readily assumed that he was leading some sort of split. When he told me that this false split was "immense" I strayed even further off the path. Similarly, when he stated about his chairwoman, Francisca Malaree, "I want her out", I leapt to the assumption that he was in less than full support of her.

It is easy in hindsight to see that Nick has no real support [surely friends] with which to lead anyone along within the Labour Club. Also, after see-

ing his leadership qualities recently, I know that he would be unable to organise any such group. Anyone who allegedly cries when threatened with police; leaves an occupation, which he claimed to support fully, to sleep in his own bed; and wanders off from the marchers on the end of term protest when they were returning to the LSE to "go home", clearly does not have the strength of mind, let alone the principals, to carry through anything that is even slightly unpopular.

I realise now that such leaping to assumptions is a bad way in which to report, and I shall endeavour not to do so in the future. Indeed, I will try my best to ignore quotes, statements, and other such dubious methods of reporting stories, instead relying on fabrication and fiction. Again, I am truly sorry if I misled anyone with my ridiculous means of reporting.

Yours
Sincerely,
Paul Birrel

Higher Education - Ten Tory Years Of Decline

Dear Beaver,

The last decade has seen wave after wave of attacks on student living standards and education quality by successive Education ministers. Most people in Britain recognise the need for a highly trained, educated workforce. Most people see Higher and Further Education as an investment in the future which is the only way to stave off long term economic decline. Despite this view, the record of the Tories is one of cut back at every opportunity.

The student grant has never been generous, but in the seventies it did provide enough to get by and ensured financial hardship was not a barrier to those wishing to enter higher education. Throughout the eighties the Tories cut support to students by abolishing the travel and book allowances, freezing the minimum grant and eventually introducing student loans - a pernicious form of state sponsored debt. Their latest move in the recent Budget saw the grant being cut for the first time ever, and it now seems certain that the Tories eventual aim is to abolish it altogether.

If this alone were not enough, vacation benefits have been withdrawn from the majority of students, removing any safety net for those in

financial hardship. Debt is now a reality, if not a necessity, for the majority of students in Britain. More worrying than this is evidence of an increase in students falling into severe financial hardships which in many cases affects academic performance. In many cases it has even forced students to drop out of college.

The Government has pursued a stop-go-stop policy towards Further and Higher Education. After vicious cut-backs in the early eighties the Government then forced rapid expansion of student numbers on the cheap. As well as creating huge housing shortages in many University towns it adversely affected student/lecturer ratios and stretched student welfare services. Now funding is being further tightened leaving overcrowded lecture theatres, fewer books and journals in libraries and overall decline in educational quality.

Education for all is not just a slogan, it is an economic necessity. A Government that does not invest in the future is not only short sighted but criminally negligent. We need more than ever, a well resourced mass education system., open to all, to equip the Country for the challenges of the next century.

Yours
LSE Labour Club

Lim Hits Back at Scurrilous Rumours Over His Nationality and His Bad Taste in Suede

Dear Beaver,

I have three points to make in response to Matt Pennell's letter in the last Beaver (Issue 390) about my supposedly anti-Suede comments.

(1) I am not 'mindlessly jumping on the anti-Suede bandwagon'. In fact, I wasn't aware that such a thing existed. As evidenced by almost

every year-end poll in existence and by Mr. Pennell himself, Suede - despite having not produced anything which could even loosely be termed 'good' since "Animal Nitrates" - are still capable of attracting the most obsequious, fawning admirers.

(2) For his own sake, I hope he wasn't serious when he re-

ferred to The Bassist Out Of Suede as 'one of our most distinguished alumni'.

(3) Lastly, he accuses me of 'predictable British cynicism', which I thought somewhat amusing - not to mention silly - considering I'm not British.

Yours sincerely,
Dennis Lim

Prove Yourself Equal By Brains Rather Than a Form of Male Bonding in Disguise

Dear Beaver,

Just a few remarks in addition to Dominique's, Cathy's and Helen's letter. I find the idea of a men's society rather more laughable than outrageous. The only credit Hans Gutbrod's "brain-child" (child being the operative word) deserves is that it openly admits to the male need to 'bond' as a way of reassuring and reinforcing their egos. Not a novel concept in that respect, quite reminiscent, in fact, of rugby-

esque shoulder patting (sorry, Seamus, nothing personal). But the rugby team is certainly not a viable option for Hans, being of a far inferior mental level than his. Hence the need to institutionalise "male bonding" in a society with higher intellectual pretensions.

The other letter fails to see that such a men's society does, in fact, cater for a minority: that of sad cunts. No, I do not believe that it is a woman who thinks

she is intelligent who demands equality with men. Women who are intelligent don't. The time spent indignantly criticizing unequal opportunities would be much more productive if invested in proving our (at least) equal potential. If women continually need to bond to assert ourselves, they are tacitly approving of a primitive male strategy.

Yours truly,
Collette.

The Second Half of the Season Starts Here

Dear Editor,

I object very strongly indeed to a great player, the most gifted individual in English football at the moment, being mentioned in an article about the ridiculously over hyped team of Tottenham Hotspur. The player to whom I refer is, naturally, Matthew Le Tissier.

That he should be linked to Spurs by a second hand rumour, if even that, shows straw clutching of the high-

est order by Spurs fan who have to watch a distinctly ordinary team.

I think the author needs putting to rights on a number of issues. Matthew Le Tissier would be totally out of place in the current Spurs side because he cannot only run 'across' the pitch with the ball waving his hands in various directions, header the ball no matter where it, or he is, or rely solely on peace-the three attributes of Tottenham "star" players.

Oh yes, and he has skill-which hasn't been seen at White Hart Lane since Gascoigne left (or was it Durie?).

Hang on, I just remembered. Le Tissier had a trial with Spurs when he was, as they say, a young slip of a lad. Needless to say his talent was not spotted and it took those mere mortals at Southampton FC to appreciate his artistry. Enough said.

Yours,
Edward Elkin.

Hear the Drummer Go Wicked as LSE Ents gets Slated By a "Bad, Kicking and Slamming" Man

Dear Editor,

Firstly I write saying "Nuff respect, congrats 'n stuff going out to all those who organised the Pakistan Society Ball on Sunday 28 November". It was an excellent event held at a suitably grand venue; the Kensington Hilton; with a gourmet's delight of a buffet, great live band and "bad" (as in good) live music til late- all for £10/£12 !! If only more societies and parties can be as organised as this- take note.

secondly I write regarding the ridiculous situation regarding parties held by L.S.E. societies. On the 24th November the Lebanese dinner clashed with the French party and the Italian Party (postponed to a later date), then on the 30th of November the AISCEC party clashed with the Grimshaw

Club and the Latin American party. When I was on the Ents Committee headed by Fiona MacDonald, it was proposed that a diary system for societies events be enforced. Then if a society wants to hold an event they have to book it with the Ents Officer first and thereby avoid any damaging clashes. Yo Ents Officer take note.

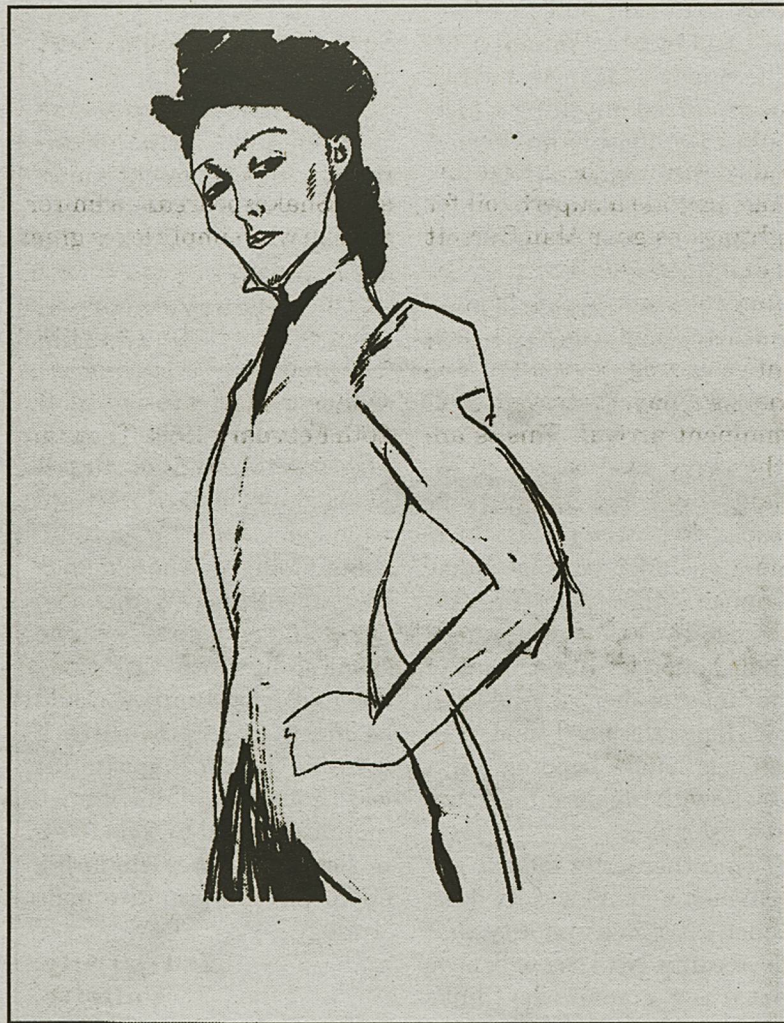
Thirdly I write in response to the recent spate of letters regarding parties at L.S.E. Cutting through the crap, it is obvious that the L.S.E. Union has not really thrown any decent parties in recent memory or even had any decent live bands. How can colleges such as Middlesex and Brunel get live acts such as Omar, The Young Disciples and Tim Westwood ...to play at their Union's. What do we at L.S.E get; Mike Fab Gere-Yeah Right!

How can King's College, Queen Mary and Westfield and University College have a regular party/club night and draw a large crowd from around London.

However respect is due to the L.S.E. student's who've had kickin' parties and jam sessions (birthdays and the like) and also to those organisations fed up with the shit provided by the L.S.E.SU and Halls. Big up to the Slam Jam Crew, The Un-touchables, the London School of Tequila (all originating from L.S.E students) for organizing some of the best parties of the year. So L.S.E get a life and start organizing decent parties. Nuff respect due to all lovers of kwality dance music.

Later
Dowshan Humzah

Pictures at an Exhibition Pt. 1



The Amazon drawn by Modigliani in 1909 from Alexandre's Collection
Photo: Hugo Maertens Fotografie, Brugge

The Royal Academy of Art go Modigliani

Ron Voce

The Unknown Modigliani is an exhibition sponsored by Glaxo in association with The Guardian at the Royal Academy of Arts on Piccadilly. It opens on Friday 14th January and continues until 4th April. Many of these drawings have never seen the light of day and so whether you have an opinion on Modigliani or not it is worth while coming along to give him a second chance.

Until recently, the number of known drawings by Modigliani appeared remarkably few, a situation that has been dramatically altered by the appearance of some 400 created during a seven year period between 1906 and 1914. *The Art Newspaper* wrote in January 1993: 'The history of art rarely sees such an important discovery as this group of works'. The draw-

ings were collected by Dr Paul Alexandre, who was Modigliani's doctor, friend and patron during his early years in Paris.

Amedeo Modigliani was born in Leghorn (Livorno) in Italy in 1884 and studied briefly in Florence and Venice before arriving in Paris in 1906, aged 22. His life has been the stuff of legend: handsome, proud, poor, dissolute-it is an image that was cultivated by his literary friends, particularly after his early death of tuberculosis at the age of 35. But it is one that ignores the intense concentration of his work which is evident in many drawings on show.

Paul Alexandre met Modigliani in 1907 and soon offered him digs in a house which he had rented for use by his numerous artist friends. Impressed by Modigliani and his work he

sought to further the artist's career. But in spite of his endeavours, Alexandre was Modigliani's only constant patron during the years of their friendship. He bought some of his drawings, others he was given, thus preventing Modigliani from destroying them.

The drawings in this exhibition show Modigliani to be an exceptional draughtsman. Some 240 have been selected-mostly large single sheets, though a 50-page sketch book will be included as well as 5 proper paintings, one of which is of Alexandre. The drawings gives the viewer an insight into Modigliani's technique and reveals previously hidden aspects of his development. It also confirms his position amongst his peers in the Paris avant-garde dominated by Matisse, Picasso and Braque.

Menace's Dog hasn't Gnasher's Bite or any Dennis

Dennis Lim

"Menace II Society", the debut feature from 21-year-old twin brothers Allen and Albert Hughes, was released to widespread critical acclaim in the States earlier this year. Influenced by Scorsese (and who the hell isn't these days?), the Hughes brothers have made a film which tries to be "Goodfellas" meets "Boyz 'n the Hood" - which is all very well, but "Menace II Society" lacks not only the head-spinning adrenaline rush of the former but more importantly the powerful sincerity of the latter and ends up, for the most part, directionless and unconvincing.

"Menace" takes us into the life of black teenager Caine (Tyron Turner), growing up in the crime-infested Watts district of Los Angeles. His father was a drug dealer and mother a dope fiend. Orphaned at a young age, he lives with his doting, religious grandparents - Grandpapa showing a disturbing tendency to quote from the Bible every time he opens his mouth.

There's not really very much to the storyline. Caine goes around Watts with his completely unhinged buddy O-Dog (Larenz Tate - if this were "Goodfellas", he'd be Joe Pesci) building up a nice little rap

sheet in the process. Accomplice in armed robbery, accessory to murder (O-Dog blows away a Korean grocer couple and empties their cash register after the husband quite understandably expresses sympathy for O-Dog's mother), murder (revenge for the murder of Caine's cousin), car-jacking, grand theft ... and so on.

Just about all the main characters indulge in acts of senseless violence. I hesitate to call the depiction of crime and violence gratuitous (having never lived in Watts, Los Angeles myself), but it is unsettling. While I have no qualms about excessive violence in certain contexts (e.g. the amazing Quentin Tarantino), some of the more brutal scenes here - which the filmmakers would probably defend on grounds of realism - do appear to be tacked on simply for shock value. Violence is never glorified though - whether intentionally or otherwise, the most violent characters are manifestly the stupidest. Profanities are plentiful but unimaginative (insert 'motherfucking' every other word) and incredibly tiresome after a while.

While all this is going on, there are those trying to bring about a change in Caine - his grandparents, his mentor's wife (now getting ever closer to

Caine since his mentor - drug dealer, hustler and all-round criminal Pernel - is serving consecutive life sentences), his Muslim friend. He ignores all their rational pleas and arguments, but a few words from his now-enlightened mentor very late into the film is enough to make Caine see the light.

There is a very potent message beneath all this - the inevitability of a life of crime for some black kids growing up in the ghetto and (for some if not all of them) wanting out of it, but with "Boyz 'n the Hood", John Singleton hit the point home far more forcefully in a far more subtle film.

There are some nice directorial touches throughout - it's certainly an accomplished work, but the Hughes brothers exhibit an all-too-common symptom among emerging, young talents from America - not so much a case of style triumphing over content, as style trampling all over content.



Have Gun Will Travel, But How Far will Dog walk on the wrong side of the law Photo: First Independent

Is that MacBeth Before Me ?

Geoff Robertson

Macbeth's heritage at the RSC is quite something. Greats such as Ralph Richardson and Laurence Olivier have lent their talents to the lead role, and Lady Macbeth has been played by such luminaries as Vivien Leigh, Helen Mirren and Judi Dench. Previous directors include John Geilgud and Peter Hall amongst their number. All this leaves following directors and casts with a real challenge to maintain such excellence, something Adrian Noble manages in his latest interpretation at the helm, which is currently running at The Barbican Theatre. Noble directed Jonathan Pryce and Sinead Cusack as leads in 1986, and this time around, he has the skills of Derek Jacobi and Cheryl Campbell at his disposal. They, along with the anticipated first rate RSC cast. Produce one of the most

spectacular Macbeths ever, aided by brilliant staging perhaps some of the best that even the Barbican has seen.

Jacobi's Macbeth, after a rather frivolous start when he returns from victory in battle, is fantastic. Although we don't really see enough of Macbeth as loyal subject and friend, his descent into bloody madness and lunacy is superbly portrayed. Upon the accurate depiction of Macbeth's guilty hal-

lucinations and his murderous resolve much of the play depends, and the fine speeches Jacobi gets to deliver are no use in less capable hands. He lends Macbeth complete credibility during his mad final scenes, when he crumbles from believed omnipotence to resigned obstinacy, the all important dramatic climax of the play.

One of the most impressive and, indeed dramatic) scenes, when Christopher Ravenscroft's Banquo returns as a ghost to haunt Macbeth's coronation banquet, is particularly well executed. A moving platform rises and falls at the front of the stage, augmented by two sliding dias' and a folding staircase that falls through the rising platform. In this scene, Banquo's murder takes place above the main stage, and his assailants exit, leaving the body on the platform. Underneath this, Macbeth's celebration slides into view, and once the banquet has begun, Banquo's ghost descends bloodied, to take his seat at the table, visible only to the guilty Macbeth. This spectacle is only one of the many staging innovations, and the props available are extremely well used in the scenes involving the three witches in particular.

Campbell's Lady Macbeth is also strongly portrayed, but her descent into guilty mad-

ness is not as convincing as Macbeth's. At times she appears too hysterical, almost comic in her suffering, although this does emphasise even more the contrast between her and her husband's reactions to their situation. Jason Durr's Malcolm and Michael Siverry's Macduff, however, prove excellent as Macbeth's nemesis', and particularly effective support is also given by Michael Jenn and Colin Starkey as Macbeth's hired murderers.

As well as being one of Shakespeare's most powerful

plays, Macbeth is one of his darkest. This is extremely well depicted here, where huge glass panelled doors and gaping entrance ways at the rear of the stage provide a superb foil for lighting designer Alan Burrett to excel. Macbeth's castle is the main recipient of this benefit; characters entering and servants bringing news after long shadows have betrayed their imminent arrival. This is another very good reason to explain why Macbeth works so much better here than on film: the crisp darkness of the naked

eye being far superior to the haze of lens.

This is indeed a fitting addition to the RSC's fantastic legacy, and a "must-see" for any Shakespearean admirer, anyone who simply loves great theatre, or even someone looking for a good introduction to what to expect from the RSC. The production is sponsored by Unilever, and runs until the 26th February 1994. There are also special student standby offers that The Barbican runs, so phone them for details if interested.



Derek Jacobi as Macbeth. Flanked by fellow nobles after battle, following "earnest of success". Photo: RSC

A Town Called Malice Aforethought

Great Cameo's by Great Actors, Great Scenery, But Bloody Obvious Plot Really

Ron Voce

Now I have a hard enough job reviewing films anyway, but when the distributors tell you not to divulge the plot, it becomes damn near impossible, especially when the film is half decent. But here goes....

Most of the action takes place in an area of America I know quite well, Massachusetts. A small college town is being struck by violent murderer who scalps his victims. His victims are young women attending the college and they've all visited the assistant Dean, Andy Safian (Bill Pullman), whose just an all round nice guy, married to Tracy

Don't worry, this is a red herring, well almost. It does have a thread to the main plot as it brings in the police led by Detective Dana Harris (Bebe Neuwirth). Now for someone who played the deadpan psychologist Dr Lilith Sternin in Cheers, she deserves a better part than this. If she's the best

detective in the town, it was a good job someone else caught the murderer. She's just wandering around like she's got a crush on Safian.

However Safian is happily married to Tracy (Nicole Kidman) and lives in a Victorian house with a \$14,000 estimate to install the plumbing. This too is an irrelevancy, but then most of the film is until you get to over two thirds in. But by then your sucked into to the goodly nature of Tracy as wife and would be doting parent.

The latter is scotched by the other main character Dr Jed Hill (Alec Baldwin). Who, as an old and very distant high school friend, has just started working at the local hospital. Against Tracy's wishes, Andy invites him to move in. Before you can say a male version of 'single white female', it's not. Hill is a great Doctor, and is "popular" with the nurses. Until Tracy stomach pains become Hill's nemesis.

I think I'd better stop there, because I think that's about as far as I should go. Blink and you will miss the cameo from George C. Scott, but don't blink and watch Anne Bancroft as Tracy's alcoholic mother. You will realise at this stage that enough clues have been thrown at you to start figuring out what's what and who is who? If you haven't, you won't have to wait long for the very corny and very predictable ending.

Malice is an excellent vehicle for the main characters. Kidman shows a good reason for being put down at birth and a possible reason why she and Tom haven't had kids yet. Baldwin gets a meaty role at last, after being dumped for Harrison Ford in 'Patriot Games'. Pullman's cute face belies a great actor who shows us in this film that he should get more roles that are not just comedy or bit parts.

So hopefully I haven't given too much away, because I don't want to get into trouble with the people from Rank. I liked the thriller "Sea of Love" also directed by Harold Becker and that is the final clue I am going to give you. If you roll these clues around in your

brain you will probably want to go and see this film as much as those in America who put it at number one for over four weeks. But you will probably figure the twist out before the end, after all we are supposedly in the top 5% aren't we?



The sweet and innocent Mrs Cruise...Yeah right! Photo: Guild Films

Pictures At An Exhibition Pt. 2

A Day In The Life of the Hulton Deutsch Collection at the Barbican

Ron Voce

All *Human Life* is a photography exhibition at the Barbican Art Gallery unprecedented in its scope, drawing together 500 images from the wide variety of sources which comprise the **Hulton Deutsch Collection**. The present day Collection (a direct descendent of the Hulton Picture Library that was founded in 1944 by publisher Edward Hulton) was originally established as an archive for *Picture Post*-Hulton's

seminal magazine of photo-journalism. However, over the last 50 years, the library has absorbed many other press archives and private collections, and presently holds in excess of 15 million images.

All *Human Life*, will feature examples of new technologies which are being used to access, store and receive photographs. CD-ROM has revolutionised picture storage, which is a good thing as the Collection is refreshed by a daily addition of news photographs from the Reuters News

Picture Service. The public will not only see this being done courtesy of hardware supplied by Apple Computers, but the system by which colour photographs are digitally transmitted by Reuters to Hulton Deutsch's headquarters in west London and stored on disc.

Apart from the modern technology, the exhibition shows to many who have experienced the later twentieth century through television, how their parents and grandparents saw the world of their time in still pictures. The pictures show everyday life, from birth to death and all points in between. Work, rest and play. The rich and the poor. The changes of technology, entertainment, the weather and the British landscape. Also we are shown the catastrophic nature of war from the trench warfare of the first to the blitzkrieg of the second and we are shown the enigmatic smiles of the murderous dictators Stalin and Hitler.

Bruce Bernard, an art critic and the person responsible for choosing the photographs of the exhibition says of the photographs, "Most pictures and magazines are experienced with a variety of feelings according to the subject matter and then forgotten. Great im-



From the 1957 film exposing prostitution 'Not For Love', showing Vera Day and Milly Vitale being arrested for fighting

Photo: Terry Fincher

Courtesy: Hulton Deutsch Collection

ages are remembered, occasionally reproduced, and become part of our folk memory. The very few in *All Human Life* that are readily remembered today will only serve to emphasize how many of them, though now completely forgotten, are just as interesting as those that have constantly been reprinted over the years."

All *Human Life* is not just an opportunity to reflect on images of the past but is also a

means to glimpse future applications of the photographic image. So pop along to the Barbican Centre between 13th January and 24th April and make use of the student concession to see an exhibition with peer. With the second millennium almost on us let us look back on the last century we as individuals became more aware of our world through the photographic image.



Lucian Freud with Brena Behan in Dublin used in *Picture Post* 1952
Photo: Daniel Farson

Courtesy: Hulton Deutsch Collection

Twentieth Century Bore

Dennis Lim

I had high expectations of this - it wasn't just names like Stephen Poliakoff and Miranda Richardson, it was the idea behind "Century" which appealed to me most - the alluring notion of setting a film in 1900, capturing a society on the brink of change. But in what is turning out to be a generally excellent period for British cinema ("Naked", "Raining Stones", "The Crying Game", "Merchant-Ivory"), this just isn't up to scratch.

The film's principal character, Paul Reisner (Clive Owen), is a young doctor who comes to London to work in the then-new field of medical research and at the same time, to be rid of his domineering, irritating father (Robert Stephens). Professor Mandry (Charles Dance), head of the research institute, takes a quick liking to the arrogant and confident young man. Paul is instantly attracted to Clara (Miranda Richardson), a very un-Victorian laboratory assistant with very '90s values (that's 1990s not 1890s), but she responds at a considerably slower pace to his somewhat tactless advances.

Paul's work at the institute goes swimmingly at first, but it's

not long before his relationship with the professor turns sour. Mandry is intent on covering up the research work of Paul's friend and a series of rows later, Paul is banished from the institute and Mandry soon has the police on his back questioning him about his Romanian Jewish extraction.

Shortly after, he discovers that Mandry has been experimenting with eugenics - more horrifyingly, he's been experimenting on the local gypsies - sterilizing them to prevent them from breeding. Thus begins Paul's fairly predictable quest to stop the man.

There are moments which capture brilliantly the optimism, excitement and enthusiasm of the period, but these are sadly only intermittent. The performances are fairly good, but with a potentially fascinating character only semi-developed, Miranda Richardson's undeniable talents are wasted.

Poliakoff dabbles in a rich array of themes - romance, racism, revolution (scientific, sexual, social) - but never seems to have the conviction to take the plunge and explore any one fully. It's not that there are too many ideas (the ambitious breadth of topics is in fact re-

freshing); the execution just comes across as wishy-washy. The script is surprisingly weak, some of it superfluous and a little dull. Had the script been a little tighter and the film in general more focused, "Century" would not be the disappointment that it is.

Poliakoff does however succeed in making a wholly unique period drama which doesn't make you feel like you're look-

ing backward at a time long gone, but directly at a point in time as it happens. But it's a double-edged sword - Poliakoff's dismissal of the usual period piece convention of close attention to detail sometimes makes the viewer forget completely that the film is set almost a hundred years ago - and this, of course, is a realization which is crucial to the film's effectiveness. Richardson's

anachronistic character, although commendably feisty and defiant, unfortunately also tends to distract the viewer from the context of the film.

Inspired ideas, but never quite done justice by a less-than-inspired film. "Century" had the potential to be etched in our minds at least until the end of our own century, but as it is, we're unlikely to remember it existed this time next year.



Miranda Richardson in Poliakoff's "Century" auditions for apart in the remake of "Singin in the Rain".

Time Out

MAGAZINE

**Monday
29th**

Welcome Back! It's a new term and we've loads of events planned for you in the next ten weeks. In the next few days we will be publishing an events diary which will cover the whole term.

**Wednesday
1st**

Rag Society Film Night
At 7pm Michael Douglas goes over the edge in the explosive dram - Falling Down. At 9pm we have a tribute to Keanu Reeves [River Phoenix died Justin. So surely some mistake-ed] with a showing of My Own Private Idaho. £2 Entry (£1 for Rag Soc. Members).

**Thursday
2nd**

The Psychology Society invites everyone to listen to Dr Roger Mugford, who will give a talk on animal Psychiatry. The meeting will be held in S318 at 7.00PM

A new night is about to start at the LSE. Every Thursday we will be holding a pre-club night called **Habit**. DJ-Ben Osbourne will be playing Fat Beats, Loose Tunes, or what he likes to call Jazz in a Vertical Groove. If this event is to continue throughout the term then the first few nights must be successful. If you like your music blunt and funky, then be sure to turn up.

FREE ENTRY

Cocktail night at Carr Saunders
How can you afford to miss it?

**Friday
3rd**

New Year Party
The first Friday of term and we have everything arranged for you! As well as the great sounds of the Time Tunnel Disco we have two excellent bands playing in the Quad. Random Groove Movement are producing some of the best sounds of their career at the moment. Their support band - Smile Like Fools - are something like a cross between The Beatles and the Levellers.

**The full Time Out
What's On page
returns next week.**

HARDSHIP FUND

**ARE YOU IN NEED OF FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE?
ARE YOU SELF FINANCING OR FACING FINANCIAL HARDSHIP
BECAUSE OF MAJOR UNEXPECTED CIRCUMSTANCES..... IF YES
THE LSESU HARDSHIP FUND MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU WITH AN
AWARD. ALL APPLICATIONS ARE TREATED CONFIDENTIALLY.
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Rusty Bullet Hole

RBH is back. Having had a thoroughly miserable Christmas and Hogmanay due in the most part to the exceedingly effective control of controlled substances in that "hotbed of socialism" that is Hampshire, he's back in The Smoke where he can, erm, Smoke.

You'll be doubly pleased to know that RBH will also be waxing lyrical about popular music for a change, with that added soupçon of bile that you know and love. Today, we have the Beaver Music Pages New Year's Honours List / Reader's Poll.

"What Reader's Poll?", I hear you ask. To tell the truth, there wasn't one published, but as RBH's vote counts ten-thousandfold, you have to admit there wasn't much point, what with a mere six thou students/wasters at LSE. And of course, they all read the Beaver, don't they?

So, Best Single was **Lydon/Leftfield's** "Open Up", closely followed by "Speedlearn" by the **Higher Intelligence Agency**. Best Album was, of course, "Dream of 100 Nations" by the mighty **Trans-Global Underground**, with **Tindersticks** eponymously titled debut a not-too-distant runner-up. Best Live Act, as ever, goes to the **Fatima Mansions** who somewhat unsurprisingly are also Best Band in the Cosmos, and the aforementioned **Tindersticks** scooped the Best New Band award.

Now for some fun. Or, as the late, great (but sadly Welsh) Ron Pickering might say, "Away you go..."

So, Most Patently Piss-Poor Single of the Year is a five-way tie between "When I'm Good and Ready" by **Sybil**, **Bitty McLean's** "It Keeps Raining (Tears from My Eyes)", "What's Up?" by **4 Non Blondes** (you are, dear) "Dream Lover" by **Mariah Carey**, and the pitifully wet "True Love" by **Elton John & Kiki Dee**, which also picks up the gong for Most Ill-Thought Out Comeback of the Year. Shittiest Album of the Year was a walkover for **Eric Clapton's** "Unplugged", with the berugged **Elton John's** "Duets" the worst of the rest.

The Fuck Off Back Over The Pond award for Clueless Septics goes to the **Spin Doctors** (aargh) and **4 Non Blondes** (great fucking name, oh yes), the singers of which also tie for the Attempting To Be Cool But Failing Miserably award, with **Lenny Kravitz** a close third. While Stateside, we can present the Most Irritating Voice Ever (yes, more grating than Neil Tennant) Award to **Michael Stipe**, the Wankiest Video of the Year Award, the Why? Award and the Number One For Far Too Long Trophy to **Meat Loaf**. Most Painfully Inane Lyrics of the Year goes to **DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince's** "Boom! Shake The Room" - *Boom boom boom shake the room / tick tick tick tick Boom!* - uh-oh, watch out Dylan, this town ain't big enough for both of you.

The Over-Rated But Under-Hated Award goes, of course, to **Suede**, who also pick up awards for Most Utterly Boring Rock Stars and Far More Column Inches Than They Are Worth (**Lemonheads** went close in this category). On the rap scene **Cypress Hill** pick up the Can't Sing About Anything Else Than Dope Award, and **Snow** gets the What The Fuck Was All That, Speak More Clearly, Please Award. Moving swiftly on to ragga (oh no), **Chaka Demus and Pliers'** "Tease Me" just about scores a clean sweep, capturing the Needless Animal Noises Award, the Played To Fucking Death Award and Best Record By A Tool. The notable exception is **Shabba Ranks**, who gets the Fucking Arsehole Of The Year Award for his, erm, "diplomatic" attempts to make friends in the gay scene. RBH can exclusively reveal that Shabba's toilet training is coming on well, and with any luck, he'll be out of nappies by 1995. He's still struggling with speech, though.

That's about it for this year's SHIT Awards, there's probably other artists deserving of recognition, but I can't remember the buggers. Quelle surprise! The SHITS return next year, (or tomorrow, if you have a Chicken Phall), and any recommendations will be gladly received.

Oh, one last, special lifetime achievement Award - the Without A Shadow Of Doubt The Most Convincing Argument Ever In Favour Of Abortion, ladies and gentlemen, I give you (drum roll) - **Michael Bolton**.

Essex Press

Dennis Lim

The good-natured bouncer tells us that Depeche Mode fans have been categorized as a 'medium-to-high risk crowd'. I'm not surprised - for some reason, Depeche Mode seem to attract the most fanatical supporters. Quite a few of the people here tonight have been following them around Britain and Europe for years and judging from the crush at the doors, will do ANYTHING to get a good view of the band.

It's probably an unfair generalization to say that Depeche Mode fans are musically narrow-minded and intolerant, but they DID boo Spiritualized off the Scandinavian leg of this tour. It's not surprising then that support act Marxman are given a hostile reception. Marxman are an interesting and daring band, but they're not Depeche Mode so the crowd react violently, shouting at them the moment they come on. Perhaps wearing a t-shirt with 'MARXMAN HATE YOU CYNICAL MIDDLE-CLASS BASTARDS' on it might not have been the wisest move with this crowd. Marxman are decent enough tonight, but their fusion of rap, rock and Irish folk sounds takes some getting used to and the dreadful acoustics make it impossible to hear any of the rapping. Still, all credit to the band for preaching their admirable politics and persevering with a crowd who obviously couldn't give a fuck.

After some elaborate work on the stage, Depeche Mode finally come on - and it's quite spectacular, actually. They perform "Higher Love" (off their latest album) behind curtains - visible only as silhouettes.

Much of the set is a run-through of their recent cash-in, rip-off album "Songs of Faith and Devotion Live" (which is quite literally "Songs of Faith and Devotion" live). "Songs" is the album which saw Depeche Mode fully embrace rock - with generally positive results. The guitar, previously shunned, is now an integral part of their sound and they employ backing singers, live drums and even live strings. It mostly works - Alan Wilder being an absolute natural on drums. But still, it's the earlier material which stands out most - "Never Let Me Down" and "Stripped" played alongside newer material tend to be rather overwhelming.

Everything looks very good - Anton Corbjin, arguably the best photographer in the music scene today, responsible for the stunning visuals. Many of the songs feature impressive Corbjin-directed screen projections as accompaniment.

The band seem to have clearly-defined roles: Martin Gore - nice chap, writes all the songs, rather quiet. Alan Wilder - nice chap, plays almost every instrument, rather quiet. Andy Fletcher - nice chap, err... that's it. Dave Gahan - PRIZE PRICK. Works the crowd up with non-stop bum-wiggling, groin-

thrusting and crotch-caressing - clearly fancies himself to death (though not nearly as much as Bono, if that's any consolation) and is seemingly in possession of only a two-phrase vocabulary (i.e. HELLLLLLOOOO WEMMMBLEY and LET'S SEE THOSE HANDS).

Through it all, the crowd get increasingly frenzied. The revolting stench of sweat on leather, the considerable lack of oxygen and the elbows in my sides are distracting me from the show. Worst of all is when "A Question Of Lust" is played - cue lighters out followed by loud, frightfully off-key massacre of the song.

Depeche Mode threaten to end with the dreadfully insubstantial "Enjoy The Silence" - their weakest single in years and unsurprisingly, the one which broke them into the American mainstream. Thankfully they come on again - first for "Somebody" - the piano ballad with the classic line, "Though things like this make me sick, in a case like this, I'll get away with it". But the crowd mangle it quite horrifically. They end with one of their finest ever moments "Everything Counts", their simplistic yet charming early '80s comment on capitalism.

On the whole, a good show, albeit a slightly cold and impersonal one (this IS Wembley Arena, I suppose), but I couldn't help wishing I'd seen a mid-to-late-80s Depeche Mode - when they were a little less professional and a lot more engaging.

Tear For Fear ?

Ron Voce

Me and the 'Tears' go back a long way. Not just to their first few synthesizer hits, championed by John Peel, in the early eighties, but to their first band Graduate. Graduate, played their last ever gig at Tiverton School in the winter of 1980 when I was in my fifth year. They had just come back from Spain where "Elvis Should Play Ska!" had been a Number One and they had decided to go their separate ways. Three of them went to join the other group from Bath, The Korgis, the other two went on to become famous.

So famous that in 1985, with three Number One singles in the States, a Number One album, they decided to pull out of Live Aid in Philadelphia on the morning of the event. Yes, at the time we thought what bastards, but looking back over the banality of the whole event, worthy cause or not. They gained my continued respect

for that. The follow up album to the ".....Big Chair" took time and although Beatlesque and unleashing Oleta Adams on an unsuspecting public "Seeds" wasn't all bad. One acrimonious split later.....and then their was one.

Wembley, the home of dinosaurs, the Empire pool and many a good gig from my past was the venue. Touting tickets for this gig was impossible. Only hardy fans would turn up on a bitterly cold night and those who did would have tickets. A brief mention for the support band Eat. Eat shite! Luckily Roland Orzabal didn't keep us waiting for long and as the lights dimmed on walked a bunch of session players.

One of them was Roland. He was the other one, not the real singer, he was as non-descript as the first three songs taken off the "Elemental" album. But at least the audience had arrived and filled in the gaps of what looked like a

nearly empty venue at the start. I decided to leave early, I hadn't paid for the ticket (Thanks Rob), I went to the gents and I heard the opening of "Head over Heels" and decided to stay.

Surprising to say the momentum was reversed. The time from 9.30pm to 11.00pm flew by and I really enjoyed it. "...Rule the World, Shout, Women in Chains", even "Break it Down" was well received. One complaint, though. No "Pale Shelter", "Change", "Mad World" or the brilliant "Mothers Talk".

Encore-December 14th was a special day for me but not any more. It was the birthday of someone I thought I knew but found out this holiday that I didn't know her at all. Roland did this great cover of Radiohead's Creep, so I will end on this note of bending the lyrics to suit me!

"I thought you were special, You were so fucking special, but now you're a creep etc...."

The Gospels according to Matthew and Luke

The The and The Auteurs at Brixton Academy

Beaver Staff

With a career spanning more than a decade, Matt Johnson is one of Britain's most consistent songwriters - admittedly given to the occasional self-indulgent pomp and bombast, but also responsible for some of the most hard-hitting and pertinent soundtracks to the decade that was the 80s. This year's "Dusk" was an uncharacteristic album - more personal than before, alternately brooding and uplifting. I could sense it was going to be a great night - evidently, many people could as well - before the show, tickets changed hands for up to four times face value.

Support band The Auteurs come on sulking like miserable bastards. The audience aren't terribly into it and frankly, Luke Haines and co. look like they couldn't care less. He sneers "Hello, we're the warm-up act" and they promptly launch into "How Could I Be Wrong?". They preview some songs from the next album; "The Upper Classes" and "Modern History" are especially impressive and show that people who compare Haines to other great English songwriters before him (Ray Davies and John Lennon have been mentioned) may not be too far off the mark.

But the highlights are the recent excellent single "Lenny Valentino", indicative of a harder-edged Auteurs sound and their first single "Show Girl", whose chorus is transformed, stripped of its tune - Luke spits the words out and the ennui which made the song great in the first place is replaced by a more thrilling malaise. The rest of the set is fine, but they end with the rather nondescript "Early Years". Not the best of live acts, but a good band, with the promise of being a brilliant one.

In between the two acts, Simon Day aka Tommy Cockles comes on, supposedly to entertain us. The problem is, we're getting rather impatient and he's extremely unfunny. It's barely seconds before shouts of "GET OFF, YOU CUNT!" echo across the Brixton Academy. Within minutes, he is quite resoundingly booed off.

Shortly after, Matt Johnson and his band appear - all with black ski masks on and for the next two hours, we get just about all the great The The moments - "Uncertain Smile" from '83's classic "Soul Mining" album, "Heartland" and "August and September", respectively from "Infected" and "Mind Bomb".

Almost every track off "Dusk" is played and everything sounds even better than on the album - thanks in no small part to the excellent band who carry themselves off so well that inevitable shouts of "Where's Johnny Marr?" from a few killjoys are quickly ignored. The bloke who plays harmonica is especially amazing - playing like a man possessed and very frequently stealing the show.

For the uninitiated, Johnson's lyrics are often hysterical polemic - tirades against everything from the state of the nation to organized religion. And more often than not, he sets them to fantastically anthemic tunes which lend themselves very well to loud, en masse sing-alongs. There is something simultaneously absurd, terrifying and thrilling about a hallful of people shouting out things like "I'm just a symptom of the moral decay that's gnawing at the heart of the country" and "The world is on its elbows and knees, it's forgotten the message and worships the creeds".

Johnson is a more charismatic frontman than his songs might lead you to believe. And sometimes, on stage, the man can appear positively Messianic - during "Armageddon Years Are Here (Again)", growling "God didn't build Himself that throne, God doesn't live in Israel or Rome", this is especially so. For the encores, he comes on in a leopard-skin coat, comes down to the barriers and chats amiably, shaking a few hands (mine included, which I was well pleased about).

Many of the night's high points are in the seven encores. "This Is The Day" (strangely, one of the most life-affirming songs ever written) redone ("That Was The Day" off the new "Disinfected" EP) sounds like

it's played with a tacky Casiotone keyboard and loses quite a bit, but still makes us grin like idiots. They end with "Lonely Planet" off "Dusk" with its mighty refrain "If you can't

change the world, change yourself", twisted at the end into "If you can't change yourself, change the world". We leave, having momentarily deluded ourselves that Matt Johnson,

first-class singer-songwriter and part-time Messiah, could indeed change the world - and naturally, we loved every single minute of our absurd fantasy.

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25 Things you never knew about the Winter Olympics

1. The first Winter Olympics were held somewhere cold and foreign with lots of snow. France, probably.
2. The Winter Olympics have never been held during the months of summer.
3. They've never been staged in a country that lies on the equator either.
4. The Winter Olympics are now staged two years after the Summer Olympics in order to make more money.
5. At this year's Olympics, Jane Torvill and Christopher Dean are making a comeback.
6. BBC TV's Coverage of the Olympics basically consists of Des Lynam introducing old footage of British Winter Olympians winning gold medals at previous games: i.e. Torvill & Dean, Robin Cousins, John Curry etc.
7. And Eddie 'The Eagle' Edwards waving to the crowd at Calgary in 1988.
8. However, don't expect to see footage of Vietnamese war atrocities introduced by Des Lynam during TV coverage of the Olympics because it's not an event.
9. Like the Summer equivalent, prizes are awarded to the athletes who finish first, second and third, namely Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.
10. Like the Spanish at Barcelona, the Host Nation France cheated at the last Olympics in 1992.
11. They threw snow onto the cresta run before the current leaders in the Bobsleigh, Britain, started their final, and vital, run. Bastards.
12. Britain failed to win a medal at the last Olympics.
13. Despite it's popularity as a sporting event, you won't find the term 'Winter Olympics' in the 1993/4 LSE Calendar.
14. You won't find the word 'dirtbox' in it either.
15. Wilf O'Reilly, Britain's number one Speed Skater, was hot favourite to take the gold in 1992 but fell over in the Semi-final.
16. In the Figure Skating events, nobody has ever won a gold medal by including an impression of 'Krakatoa - East of Java' to the backing of the Frankie Avalon's 'Venus' as part of their programme.
17. It's often been said that the skiing events are fixed in the favour of countries that possess mountain ranges covered with snow - Austria, Finland, Norway, Italy, Liechtenstein, Holland etc. (Are you sure about the last one - Ed.)
18. In 1980, Pete Shelley, lead singer with the Buzzcocks, represented Great Britain in the 50km Cross Country Skiing Event
19. In 1982, Horizons software released the Home Computer game 'Horace Goes Skiing' for the 16K ZX Spectrum.
20. It was the first computer game I ever bought.
21. Despite the fact it hardly ever snows in this country, Britain have won quite a few medals at the Winter Olympics.
22. Eddie 'The Eagle' Edwards is Britain's Number One Ski Jumper
23. The Winter Olympics usually last for two weeks.
24. Eddie Edwards' participation in the Ski Jump events usually lasts sixty seconds
25. Tonga have never won a Winter Olympic Medal.

Waiting For The Great Leap Upwards

The Beaver Discovers Basketball In Sunny Islington

Ron Voce

I saw a headline in The Independent over the holidays saying that Britain was number one in basketball in Europe. This was later qualified by the statement that this was in purchasing National Basketball League merchandising. But with LSE's large contingent of US students, you would think we would be pretty good at it, but apart from winning the University title some years ago, we seem to hear nothing (someone write and prove me wrong).

To the uninitiated who think basketball is just netball for men, you should be watching the "Jam Session" on ITV on Saturday afternoons. Not only do we get the best NBA action, but action from the Budweiser Basketball League here in Britain. Basketball is due to boom in Britain with the TV exposure and the merchandise. Kids are turning to Basketball as they want to rap like Shaq or be like Mike.

In the real basketball stakes Britain is the poor relation in Europe, ranked somewhere in the lower teens, but it can support a National League of thirteen teams from as far north as Sunderland to the south coast at Worthing and, of course, London too has a team, the London Towers.

The London Towers play their home games at the Sobell Leisure Centre in Islington, not far from Holloway Road or Finsbury Park Tube Stations. Considering that there are 36 games each season, the Tower's play at home reasonably regularly to allow the London public to support the only professional basket ball team in the capital. However, when I turned up to watch the Sunday match against Manchester Giants, the Towers had played a match away the night before and it showed with the Giants walking away with the game by 30 points. It was not nice to see "professionals" being undone by a team obviously a little fitter.

Apart from this, the sport was excellent. I enjoy watching sport where I haven't any loyalties and although I would like to have seen the Towers do better I was shocked that the game, despite its stop start nature, was over so quickly.

The audience was small, perhaps only 200, but certainly

vociferous and well versed about the game. There seems to be no problems with rival fans as everyone mixed in on the "seating". If you are used to watching NBA games, the starkness of the British League may be a little bit much. If you're expecting American style, forget it, just a commentator telling us what we can see for ourselves.

Of course there is a merchandising stall stocked with NBA merchandise and memorabilia. We appear to be trying to do what the Americans tried with football in the seventies, import the game but not the

culture. It is good the Towers have a good home youth policy and a good squad in depth, because without this football in America died (Actually Ron, the NASL collapsed because there was a shortage of big-name stars in the vein of Pele and Beckenbauer to pull in the crowds - NA). Let's hope basketball in Britain does not suffer the same fate. When British garages have basketball hoops on them and fathers and sons start playing "one on one", will we know basketball is no longer a minority interest sport in Britain.

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