

22 FEB 1999

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# THE BEAVER



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Monday, February 22, 1999  
Issue 497  
First Published May 5, 1949  
The Newspaper of the LSESU  
Executive Editor: Matthew Brough  
E-mail: Beaver@lse.ac.uk  
Website: <http://www.thebeaver.org>

## Fees Back On Top of Agenda

Tom Livingstone

Top-up fees are back on the agenda. The Russell Group of leading research universities is discussing how to charge 'differential' (top-up) fees. On this week's Union page (page six), Education and Welfare Sabbatical Maria Neophytou outlines her opposition to the process, and calls for action to prevent their implementation, saying "This time we must stand up and say 'no way.'"

However, the LSE hierarchy seems to be suggesting that there is little chance of top-up fees being implemented in the near future. Despite Director Anthony Giddens' failure to rule out the 'imminence' of fees in a recent PuLSE interview, referred to in Neophytou's article, the suggestion is that under Giddens - known to be opposed to fees - the LSE would not start imposing extra costs on students.

Giddens told interviewer Narius Aga that he had no 'dogmatic' opposition to the introduction of top-fees. The Director stressed that the important issue for him was the retention of access to higher education for poorer students. Although there was 'no change' in policy at present, Giddens has an 'eye on the horizon.'

The exact make-up of the Russell Group is not known, but it is thought to contain LSE, Oxbridge, Nottingham, Manchester, Warwick, Imperial and Edinburgh. The Students' Union of these universities formed the Aldwych group in response.



LSE: Top-up free...but for how long?

Picture: Laure Trebosc

No legal barrier exists to prevent Universities from introducing top-up fees if they chose to do so. However, a spokeswoman for the Department for Education and Employment maintained that the Secretary of State has reserve powers to sanction universities that introduce their own levels of fees. "The Secretary of State doesn't expect universities to do this. The action he could take would be financial sanctions." In other words, universities could face a loss of state funding.

One of the Universities known to be part of the Russell Group is

Warwick. Warwick SU is one of those that has representation on University steering committees, but a source at the University told the Beaver that there had been a lot of 'reserve business' at recent meetings, for which the SU was obliged to leave the room. The Warwick *Boar* recently reported on alleged university plans to exist without state funding. However, our source was unable to confirm Neophytou's claim that the University is already costing its courses.

David Blunkett's tenure of the Education portfolio is also seen as a

barrier to the implementation of top-up fees. A Vice-Chancellor quoted anonymously in the press recently spoke of waiting for the departure of Blunkett for the 'market' to be unleashed.

One of the more positive contributions came from ULU President Matt Hyde, who was present at the recent meeting of the Aldwych Group. Hyde told *The Beaver* 'I feel that we ought to get top researchers in to explore alternative means of income. The problem with the whole top-up fees issue was that there was no credible alternative put forward.'

If Student Unions want to present a different case, they'll have to have proper research - facts and figures - or no-one will listen.'

Hyde commented that top-up fees was 'the big issue' in student politics in the next few years. It seems that issue will rise to prominence, especially given the chances of a change of personnel in Whitehall, and in three years' time, possibly at the LSE. This prospect seems to be the thinking behind Neophytou's comments that 'the privatisation of the university sector may sound like an alarmist prospect, but unless we speak out, and now, it could be a reality.'

It seems that the Aldwych group is preparing a formal response to the recent developments, although the possibility remains that some - like Neophytou - will support direct action over consultation.

Neophytou hits out in her article at the 'two-tier system already evident in higher education. Higher fees...won't deter students from wealthy backgrounds, but choice will become a thing of the past for students from lower income backgrounds.' She also decries plans for Scholarship schemes as a 'ludicrous excuse for a solution.'

Top up fees may be avoided for the next year or two, but if future personnel changes - or a decision on the part of one university to take the plunge - could see this becoming an explosive.

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## Machiavelli

Time to turn one's attention to the annual self-indulgence that is the Students' Union elections. Don't expect any peace in any public space in the next few days as people with nothing better to do with their lives attempt to impress on you the importance of reforming ULU and having a proper allocation of paper to plaster their ugly mugs over.

Gen. Sec seems to be a race between the bad, the worse, the ugly and the insane. Jonathon 'I love the thmell of lip-balm in the morning' Black seems to be one of the front-runners - at least watchers of SU fashions will see his polonecks as light relief from Narius' David Niven/Black Panther Berret and blazer combos.

Endless cups have tea have failed to persuade Jon to stand down in favour of Christine Bayliss, so the mother of all hacks will have to think of some strategies. Whether she mobilizes the 'postgrad vote' (hahahahaa) remains to be seen.

Other candidates have entered the fray, among them Dan 'the monkey spanker' Lewis. If he wins, expect the SU shop to start flogging dodgy car stereos and Old Del Boy to turn up in Houghton Street in a yellow Reliant Robin.

And - yes! - Wignall looks set to run. Hurrah - hustings are always more lively with a lunatic fringe (if anyone can come up with a better description of that haircut, I want to hear it). What can he propose this year? Pinochet as Honorary Chairman? Abolish Ed and Welfare and invest the money in GEC-Marconi (oops, the union already did that).

Talking of lunatic notions, Dan Crowe (no, honest) is rumoured to be hankering after his old job. Parham for Ents is being strenuously denied, but Dan 'battering' Lam is apparently coming over FROM HONG KONG to watch the elections FOR FUN.

Joke Roberts is a contender for Treasurer, with most people taking the line that if he wants to spend a year playing with numbers, that's fine. This job is not one for the faint hearted - look what it's done to Yuan's complexion.

Nevertheless, Old Nick hears a whisper that football genius John Throwin is about to wow everyone with his amusing beard. The experience of handling PuLSE's delicate finances should stand him in good stead, but would you trust either of them with the future of the rat cafe?

Casanova Cox is set to put trainer polishing and chat-up lines on hold for a couple of minutes to tell you that he's the ideal person to look after your welfare and your education (especially if you're female). Whining Jo Swinson has mysteriously disappeared from the race, leaving stone-faced Vicky Seabass as the main challenger.

The battle to succeed Jasper as ents sabb is pretty open - any number of unknowns could grab Ward's spiky crown. Enjoy. They're loving it.

# End of the Student line?

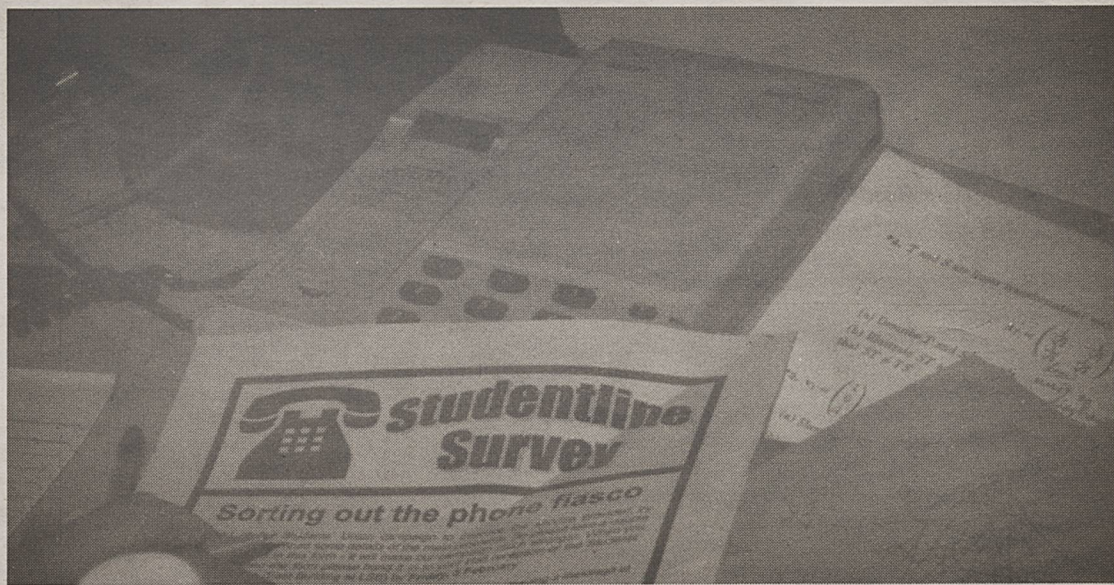
Chelsea Phua

Students living in LSE halls and intercollegiate halls are frustrated and unhappy about the services they are receiving from Student Line, this is what a recent survey conducted by the LSE Student Union has shown.

The overwhelming response from students signals the green light for the Student Union to take up its campaign against the poor services that Student Line has been providing and to pressurise them into improving their services. Although the campaign is still in its embryonic stage, the results of the survey highlights the outstanding problems that students are having with Student Line, and can be used as an effective tool in advancing the cause of the campaign.

As Jonathan Black, the SU Inter-Halls Representative puts it, without concrete evidence of the problems, it is like 'going to battle with a tank but with no ammunition. The evidence from the survey will give us the ammunition to fire on Student Line.'

The 'ammunition' that Student Line will have to face is the volume and strength of the response, manifested simply by the statistical results. For example, an overwhelming 85% of those who responded to the survey do not think that student line is good value for money. This is a 'damning verdict' and a show of the extent to which students are dissatisfied with the



Studentline - time to hang up?

Picture: Neha Unia

services that they are receiving.

Black expressed his concern, 'The cost is an additional financial burden to overseas and general course students, on top of their school fees and rent. The bad service is another burden for those who may be suffering from problems and want to phone back. For certain students who have responded to the survey, the problems with their phones have spoiled their time in London.'

Taking into account the fact that overseas students away from home might feel homesick and want to call home, being 'charged over the roof' for the calls they make or

encountering problems with their phones such as not being able to make external calls for a while and having to go to the payphone to do so can be a very upsetting experience. It does not help when one wants to complain and have problems contacting Student Line on 1234.

A Swedish student from Butler's Wharf, Oscar Sandstrom, who was not registered properly at first by Student Line and was double billed later just before Christmas encountered appalling service when he wrote in to complain about problems he was experiencing with his phone. Student Line accused him of giving them

incorrect details and although he was refunded eventually, Student Line made no apology.

Amongst other problems illustrated by the survey are connection problems and voice mail problems. About 20% of the students took more than 3 weeks to be connected, 25% have been wrongly billed, 16% have been double billed, and 40% have had regular problems with their voice mail.

The Student Union will take the issue to telephone regulator Oftel and consumer television programmes such as Watchdog if the issue is not resolved.

## Halls' net Widens

Sarah Hartwell

At present only two of LSE halls of Residence, High Holborn and Bankside, have internet connection. But there is a growing demand from students for internet connections at all Halls of residence and the issue of inequality of facilities between halls has been a concern of many students.

Bankside and High Holborn Halls are among the more expensive of the LSE Halls of Residence and residents of other halls felt that this was the reason for the better facilities at these halls. However, Passfield, which is only £2 cheaper per week than High Holborn and Bankside, not

only has no internet connection, but lacks any computer facilities at all.

Chris Thompson of IT Services told *The Beaver* that getting internet connections set up at those halls of residence currently without was high priority. Following much pressure from students the IT Department has approved the internet connections and they should be done by the start of the next academic year.

One Butler's Wharf resident said that the new internet connections would be warmly welcomed although they would not be installed until she had left the halls. There was also concern that there was more than one connection because "there would be a

high demand for internet access."

The Butler's Wharf IT representative voiced concerns about the new internet connections as it will mean students using the computers for e-mail putting even more pressure on the facilities which many students use to study. "There are only four computers as it is" said one resident, "once you can get on the net through them, everybody will want to use them all the time!" A further worry is that people will spend too much time in chat rooms.

The cost of getting internet connection at all Halls of Residence is thought to be somewhere in the region of £200,000. Many residents

who don't see internet connections as problematic will consider this money well spent especially residents of Passfield who have no access to on site computer facilities at present. "All the Halls should have IT facilities regardless of how much rent is charged" said one resident.

Internet connections will be up and running by the start of the 1999/2000 academic year so that LSE halls can go into the next millennium with full IT Services. A little too late for those who leave halls at the end of this year, but the new residents will be happy to be able to log on to the net from the comfort of their Halls.

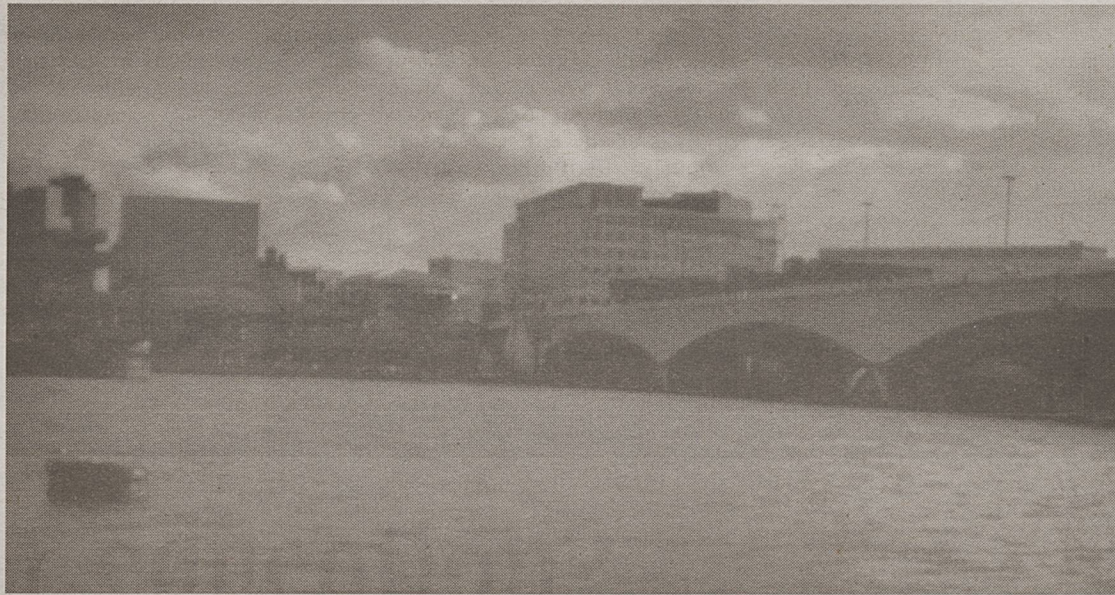


# Bankside Boys Go Overboard

Huw Williams

Americans are mad. We all know it, and some of them admit it. And as if in an attempt to prove these very words Neil Banta and Ernest Odinec embarked upon a death defying expedition from which they barely survived to tell the tale. Many an LSE student who has had the dubious pleasure of occupying the asylum like walls of Bankside House will know from many a drunken experience (LSE students drunk? - maybe not) how tempting the Thames can look at about 2 o'clock in the morning. You might try and convince your friends you are about to jump in, or perhaps comment on the invitingly low railings on Blackfriars Bridge, but no one, it would seem, would be insane enough to actually attempt to swim the Thames.

Enter messers Banta and Odinec; two of the USA's finest male specimens, with their Texas Pete stubble (anyone remember Superted?, and yes, he was Welsh) and their Adonis like bodies (allegedly). Apparently, the notion of swimming the Thames had been playing on the mind of Ernest for some time. The small matter of 250 meters of raw sewerage seem to hold little fear for the high school swimming record holder and expert



The cold and icy waters

Picture: Tom Livingstone

surfer, whilst his partner in crime Banta (an ex marine) has a hardness factor which equates to that of a combination of the entire LSE rugby first team. So naturally, after the usual 10 pints and 10 shots- this is no joke- a quick dip in the river seemed the appropriate thing to do.

Diving in, in only boxers and socks, they entered near the beat up jetty by Blackfriars and ended their

ordeal by the Flanders arms, avoiding a boat 'the size of the HMS President' on the way; Banta topping up his earlier consumption with another 3 pints of Thames juice. His digestive system is still reaping the rewards of this little tippie. Was the water cold? 'Colder than cold beans,' a temperature freezing enough to leave both Ernest and Neil needing the help of their friends (the same ones who

let them jump in in the first place), to be carried home for a 2 hour shower. Would they do it again? 'It's the East River next,' states Banta in a voice which suggests that, just maybe, he's not joking. The last words can be left with one of the witnesses, Italian Luc Ciravegna. 'Zese Americanz, Zey're Crazy.'



## Union Jack

Somewhat like Viagra the UGM has a tendency to arouse tendencies and passions that no-one knew existed. (They also give palpitations to the uninitiated, and get Jack frothing at the mouth like a rabid pit bull chewing Ariel Ultra, but enough.) This week the Old Theatre was home to the sort of excitement generally reserved for a Giddens masterclass on the dysfunctionality of postindustrialism. Herr Wignall was conspicuously late for the proceedings which maybe helped to store up the emotions usually expended in his directions (rumours that he was acting as a character witness in the war crimes trial are currently unproven.) Next Gaga and Parhamster were up on stage. Bickering over misplaced receipts led to a bout of "are you threatening to resign?"/"are you eying up my pasty?" type exchanges. Fortunately tempers abated before Prince Nazzz was tempted to take a swing at Sam "The Fridge Destroyer." Wingnut attempted to soothe emotions by inviting everyone for a drink at the Enoch and Gunboat club, but there were few takers.

On to the main event. Regular UGM goers (a seemingly endangered species, but aren't they cute?) will have noticed, noticed again and eventually become extremely irritated by the Constitutional Amendments that have turned up on the audit paper every week like a particularly unpleasant case of shingles.

To all but the most seasoned SU constitutional expert (ie Jamie Ashworth) these made as much sense as the decision to give the Eurythmics a lifetime achievement award at the Brits, but the show had to go on.

Things started easily enough, with each clause introduced by a different celebrity hack. ("Hi, I'm Maria, and the award for the amendment most likely to pass innocuously goes to ... the removal of email privileges for candidates! CUE APPLAUSE)

The proposal to change the nature of the paper allocation for SU elections, however, ruined any hopes that the amendments might pass gently into that good night.

If David Blunkett wanted an excuse to double tuition costs and introduce mandatory chemical castration for all graduates then this sorry display of politicos ripping chunks out of each other for a better place at the trough would have done nicely. The line of taste and decency was finally crossed when Wignall took the mike to impose some discipline only to have it torn from his grip by Ashworth on grounds of constitutional purity. The conflict of egos continued vocally even once the UGM had moved on, and provided fascinating alternative viewing to Cow Girl bleating on about noticeboards. All this over paper allocations to provide leaflets nobody reads to elect people nobody wants. Who says student radicalism is dead?

# Something of the night at LSE

Louise Stanley

The most effective weapons the Conservatives seem to have at the moment are those trained on Robin Cook and Howard, as Shadow Foreign Secretary, has been quite visible. As he spent much of his allotted 15 minutes (before questions) saying, Robin Cook has a lot to explain. Seeing him "performing live" makes me think that Robin Cook had better do his homework properly next time.

First of all we were treated to a good joke at Tony Blair's expense - New Labour puppies as a replacement for Humphrey the Cat. However, when Blair returns to pick his chosen

dog up, the pet shop owner says that they have become Conservative puppies. And why? "Because they opened their eyes this morning." Howard's thesis is that the British public have not yet opened their eyes - for example, New Labour said that they were not going to increase taxes in order to spend more, and they have; they have not reformed welfare yet in order to be able to spend more on education and health; and so on. Just what you would expect from a senior opposition figure.

Howard answered various questions, ranging from the ingratiating to the ego-fuelling, but little came from these early

discussions.

Things soon got more interesting. When quizzed on his specific input into policy, he was inevitably tackled both on Europe and Home Affairs, as well as on racism. Specifically, he was asked about the Stephen Lawrence case and whether the police were institutionally racist. He claimed that this was nonsense and the police were not actually instructed to be racist; but equally the questioner pointed out not enough was being done within the force and that black people were still more likely to be arrested than whites. Perhaps this was the most important part of the question/answer session, as a

substantial debate rather than pet questions from opposing politicos.

Questions also dealt with the record of the Conservatives while in office (Howard admitted to not having been perfect) and the Ann Widdecombe affair of nearly 2 years ago - complicated by a hasty plug from Alex about the forthcoming dinner with Widdecombe next week. Cheekily, she invited him along, only to be told that "I'm not free". Like Robin Cook evading the question of Sierra Leone, was that not an obvious reaction?



# Guilty until proven innocent

Michael Collins delves into the murky world of the GM food industry

Finally the media seems to have woken up to the problem of genetically modified foods (GM foods). Without wishing to launch into a vituperative on the sluggishness of the mainstream press to address this gargantuan issue, the insidious advance of GM foods should have been brought to public notice years ago, rather than just in the last few months.

*The Beaver*, always at the cutting edge of investigative journalism, reported in depth on the lobbying of the National Farmers Union (NFU) by environmental groups, protesting against the introduction of GM crops into British fields, back in October of 1997.

The sacking of Dr Arpad Pusztai in August 1998, over his claims that rats fed with GM potatoes suffered damage to their immune systems, has now raised the profile of the issue. However the essence of the debate remains the same.

We do not know what damage GM crops may do to humans or the environment. Until the alleged dangers of this experiment with nature have been categorically ruled out, Mr Blair and Mr Cunningham threaten to be the harbingers of a public health disaster that would make BSE pale into insignificance.

Dr Pusztai's research at the Government sponsored Rowett Institute in Aberdeen may have been

inconclusive, but has since been supported by over twenty eminent scientists from around the world, who feel that Dr Pusztai may have fallen foul of a political fix by the Government.

Since the burgeoning of attention in recent months on the GM issue, the Government has wheeled out the "no big deal" brigade to try and reassure the public that GM foods do not pose a threat to public safety. Professor Derek Burke, former Chairman of the Government's Advisory Committee on Novel Foods and Processes from 1988-97, wrote in the *Guardian* on Saturday 13th February:

"Nothing new has happened to cause all this stir. Nobody has died, nobody is even sick."

Although all this fuss must be terribly inconvenient, this is not a very convincing argument in favour of GM foods. The line of the Government is essentially that GM foods are innocent until proven guilty, but where issues of public safety are concerned the approach should be exactly the other way around.

Forty organisations called on the Government last week to freeze commercial development of genetically engineered food and crops for five years. Constituting an unprecedented alliance between religious and environmental groups, aid agencies, and a frozen food chain,

supported by scientists and MPs, they demanded a moratorium to make sure that the genetic engineering was safe.

Even William Hague, desperate for any kind of stick with which to beat the Government, is clear on the need for more research into the area and is planning to initiate legislation on a moratorium early this week:

"Since the government have refused to act, we will initiate legislation in the Lords" he said at a Westminster news conference.

On Friday 12th, Dr Vyvyan Howard of the toxicology department at Liverpool University, again warned the Government to take Dr Pusztai's findings at the Rowett Institute seriously. Dr Howard said that "transgenic" or GM potatoes, which had an added gene responsible for a plant toxin called a 'lectin', produced damaging effects on the immune system and internal organs of the laboratory animals:

"There is obviously something going on with this transgenic potato which is not just due to the lectins. We don't have an answer to that. It needs further research," he said.

Mr Blair's statement on Friday 12th February that "there are only four particular items, soya is one of them, tomato paste is another, which are actually available" is utterly misleading and contemptuous. The fact is that over 60% of processed foods, including ice cream, pizza,

soups and biscuits contain soya or maize that have been genetically modified.

There are many different issues that are clouding the debate on GM foods. The lobbying power of the American biotechnology giant Monsanto and the ability, or willingness, of governments to maintain public health and safety regulations against the pressure of market forces is just one of them. Given last week's revelations regarding Lord Sainsbury's connections with the biotechnology industry, the inability of Mr Blair's Government to live up to its election promises of not only being free from corruption, but also being seen to be free from corruption, is another.

Any heated debate on these issues does not, however, pertain directly to the simple question of public safety, and it is therefore the clear need for a moratorium that should be focused in our minds.

In the mean time, ordinary people consume GM foods every day, foods which the Government cannot be sure are safe and seem unwilling to prove to be so before they unleash them on an ill informed public.

The Government must think again and place a moratorium on the introduction of GM foods until the complex scientific questions have been settled. Until such time GM foods should be seen as guilty until proven innocent.



PLEX

Creativity impaired learnbots(tm) of Theoryland, welcome back to the PLEX, your favorite learnbot(tm) watchdog, here to help you help us to help you enlighten yourselves [sound of glass breaking]. We are here (but are we really?) to give you bad advice and sabotage your ambitions under the pretense of defending your rights. We are honest in our abominable intentions and cannot be held accountable for anything, including our utility bills. We sleep well during the day, and our conscience is clear, even if we don't have one.

Those of you struggling to compose cover letters for that desperately wanted internship, listen up. The PLEX once more takes pity on you and has engineered another installment in a series of critically acclaimed sabotage guides to writing. Read, use and do whatever it is you do with our columns, at your own discretion. Be advised that this material is subject to change without notice, and is supplied "as is." Batteries not included. Dry clean only. Contents may have shifted during shipping. If swallowed, do not induce vomiting; consult a physician. Your statutory rights remain unaffected, and are heretofore null and void.

First, think about the message you want to convey-the image you want to project. To be effective, it should present you as an arrogant, uncreative and generally unintelligent individual. Your future employer should instantly appreciate that you are capable of operating solely as a dumb numbercruncher and trade-gimp. You should communicate clearly, for instance, that you are incapable of lateral thinking and are unwilling to disturb the status quo with creative solutions to existing problems. Here are some powerful adjectives you might use to describe your qualities: Arid, fragmented, insipid, execrable, wretched, crustaceal, impeccable, odorous, chatty, lugubrious, slutty, amphibious, kaleidoscopic, demented, augmented, aborted, androgynous and ethereal. An example of a finely crafted sentence would be: 'Being a moderately odorous, demented, fictitiously driven kaleidoscope, I believe the candidacy for this position calls for just the incorporeal, augmented slut I am-in the androgynous sense.' For those of you who are verbally challenged, the baseline of this complex interplay of words is: 'Give me an internship, and I will be your bitch.'

Now go, blindly faithful and uninspired fatalistic learnbots! Go forth and spill your knowledge as springs do! Send us your failure stories at learnbot@hotmail.com. We'd love to hear how badly your interviews went.

# Occupational Hazards

Tom Livingstone asks if the LSE could follow the example of another London college and take some direct action

Students at the University of East London are currently occupying University buildings in protest at the way their courses are run. Amongst their complaints are the difficulties they have in getting access to their tutors, and the poor quality of some of the teaching on offer. These problems could be applied to the LSE, so why are occupations so unlikely here?

Part of the answer must lie in the changing nature of the LSE student body. SU General Secretary Narius Aga maintains that 'LSE has slowly but surely moved towards recruiting a student body that is more 'upmarket' - this has been a policy of Directors in the recent past.' While it is true that the LSE seems to be on the look out for 'high-fliers,' Aga complains that the School has 'lost a lot of its ability to revolt against governments or policies.'

The rise in the number of foreign students is also seen as a factor -

better off students from outside the UK are far less likely, it seems, to take part in student politics. The generally hostile attitude towards unions in many countries is, according to Aga, one reason why overseas students are less inclined to get involved.

The number of overseas students has trebled since 1968, now representing 41% of the total population as opposed to 27% thirty years ago. There has also been a marked increase in the percentage of postgraduate students. Even the overall increase in the number of students may have made it more difficult to organise any coherent action or movement. It's much easier to hide in a crowd.

Since the heady days of 1968, priorities also appear to have shifted for the average LSE student. 'Everyone is so driven,' complains one second-year undergraduate. 'They're all preparing for summer

jobs and thinking of how much money they'll make in the City.' Many students now have a clear plan as to how they hope to succeed, and this is not something that allows time to participate in protest politics - as one Sabbatical put it last week 'LSE students are dull.' We are not, therefore in a hotbed of radicalism, as was borne out by the lukewarm response to recent plans such as the candlelit vigil for postgrad fee levels.

The LSE, then, is not the most typical of Universities - with a high concentration of well-off careerist students, it is not the place to expect mass sit-ins. Nevertheless, there is a significant politically active minority on campus, yet there is little sign of radicalism here.

Perhaps the recent 'debate' over tuition fees - or more specifically the failure of the NUS to even pretend to put up a campaign against the change - has led many to conclude that any form of action is futile. Certainly the

left-leaning groups in the SU seem to have consigned such action to the dustbin of history.

However, Aga suggests that perhaps the LSE has found a way to contain any form of student unrest. 'Students here do feel that their views are being taken into account, through various boards and committees on which students are represented. This is a credit to the LSE, and is definitely a means of keeping people off the streets.' The recent shelving of plans for higher postgrad fees suggests that talking through issues may be a more successful course of action for disgruntled students. The spirit of '68 has suffered death' by committees.

Education and Welfare Sabbatical Maria Neophytou called this week for any action necessary to defeat top-up fees - given the apathy around these days, will anyone listen?





editorial

Well the issue was bound to come up again.... once again students are forced to face the issues of top up fees. The timing seems inappropriate considering the fact that it had been literally a few weeks since the Student's Union announced the defeat of plans to implement top up fees for graduates. In this era of much criticised apathy will these top up fees sneak in unnoticed? Undoubtedly the NUS will face much criticism but will they take any non-passive action, will the LSESU have more support from students? Do students actually give a damn anymore? All will be revealed as more as the news leaks of these plans. *The Beaver* is proud to be one of the first papers to break this news, but in this climate of poor student action will it make any difference?

Giddens commented to this paper that he was not in favour of fees and maybe this will save LSE students for now, but this is only a short term solution, when the school has new management this may well not be the case.

Undoubtedly those that will quickly latch on to this news will be those running for the up and coming Sabbatical elections, with all four current officers set to leave, there could be many changes at the LSE, will the new officers manage to muster up some support on issues that matter other than Studentline? That is not to say the the issue of Studentline is not important, but as our report shows things are not that bad!!!! (Well, now that we have information of top up fees.)

On the issue of candidates and elections, this year may see a change in the way elections are run. Due to past complaints of harrassment, as *The Beaver* will report next week, candidates will be prohibited from campaigning on the Monday of election between 12 and 2pm. This writer does have to wonder though, how much more hassle can the election candidates give compared to the vultures that are let out at Freshers Fair?

Students may be facing top up fees but that does not mean that they will see sense. What exactly were those Bankside nutters thinking when they jumped in the Thames? All this insanity without an excuse. Soon there won't be anything new or original to do in Rag Week.

Shailini Ghelani  
News editor

## The Cafe and the Constitution

Sir,

With reference to the article on mice in the Veggie Cafe and the letter from Westminster, the constitution is (unusually) clear. That is, if you can be bothered to find page 14... (upside down next to page 20 if you must know). Articles 4.2e and 4.2f are the relevant passages and run as follows:

4.2e The members of the ASC shall maintain the confidentiality of the discussions about individual staff members at all times.

4.2f The General secretary shall be responsible for ensuring that the discussion of individual members of staff does not occur at Union General Meetings, or Union Committees.

It is therefore a little unfair to the sabbs to hint at some kind of cover-up. Apart from anything else, to say that the mice revelations "leave grave doubts about the level of hygiene sustained by the cafe while it functioned" is perhaps ignoring the howls of derision that greeted the announcement of the cafe's closure, most of which sprang from the "so it was mould in those sandwiches after all" vein. It may be quite funny to slag off the cafe, but it's hardly news is it?

Yours

Jaime Ashworth  
Chair, Constitution & Steering Committee

## Care in the Community?

Sir,

Jack Straw recently announced proposals to lock up those considered a danger to the public, regardless of whether they had committed a crime or not. I feel this threatens civil liberties and represents a human rights abuse. For centuries our legal system has been based on the assumption that you are innocent until proved guilty. The state only has a right to imprison a person after they have been proven guilty of committing a crime in a fair trial.

The idea behind Jack Straw's proposals is to protect the public from those with mental health problems who are considered

"untreatable" and cannot currently be cared for under mental health legislation. However, the correct response is surely to amend mental health laws so that these people can be looked after properly by mental health professionals.

I am amazed that in a supposedly free country the government is considering internment without trial.

I will be writing a letter to Jack Straw (Home Secretary) and Sir Norman Fowler (Shadow Foreign Secretary) detailing my concerns at these proposals.

Yours,

Stephen Topping

## Not Another Sports Complaint...

Sir

Aware that Beaversports™ comes in for frequent criticism for being sexist, I feel it necessary to applaud the (uncharacteristic) merits of the recent edition. Following my hideously amended UGM motion on the subject of the inequality surrounding the Netball girl picture and the concurrent lack of sexy bloke pictures, I had begun to despair that the gender balance would ever be redressed. However Mr Federman has

done a fine job of selecting a suitable species of manhood to display with his kit off for female and gay readers to feast their eyes upon. Hunky Harry was indeed a pleasure to behold, although I do hope future editions will remember the wise adage "variety is the spice of life", and show us a wide range of sporty fit blokes.

Yours

Jo Swinson

LSESU Italian Society

Italian Art In the National Gallery

*A guided tour through the beauties of Italian Art*

Departure:  
Wednesday February 24th at 1pm  
In front of the Old Building  
(free admission)

LSE Colombia Society

Boat Party  
4th March  
El Barco Latino  
The Yacht

Opposite Temple Station, Temple Pier  
All Proceeds for the Columbia Earthquake Appeal,  
£5 per ticket  
8pm - 3am  
1hr Free Salsa's Lesson



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The Beaver is published by the London School of Economics Students' Union and printed by Newsfax, of Unit 16, Carpenters Road, Bow Industrial Park, London E15. It can be contacted at 0181 986 3130.  
The Beaver can be contacted by phone on 0171 955 6705 and by facsimile on 0171 955 6705.

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



# Top-up fees-a reality?

Plans are underway among Britain's top universities to charge differential fees. As soon as two to five years from now, students could find themselves faced with different fee levels according to the university they apply to and the course they choose. This has been described as the logical next step following the government's introduction of tuition fees last year. This brutal assault on the welfare state's guiding principle of cradle-to-grave, free-at-the-point-of-use provision of education was greeted with little more than muted opposition last year. The careerist Millbank clones comprising the Labour leadership of NUS mused about how they could assist the government by assuring the smooth introduction of fees, as the duped masses failed to muster enough indignance at the prospect to drag themselves the poorly attended token protests. We cannot allow this to happen again. If we don't wake up and speak up, higher education will have privatised by the time our kids are inventing the personal statements of their UCAS forms.

The privatisation of the university sector may sound like an alarmist prospect but unless we speak out, and now, it soon could be a reality if the Russell Group have their way. The Russell Group comprises the Directors and Vice-Chancellors of Britain's leading research universities, who meet and conspire regularly about how to finance their preeminence now that the state is incrementally abandoning its duty to universities. The Student's Union of these universities formed the Aldwych Group in response, to combat such elitism and try to monitor and defeat the disturbing things coming out of

the Russell Group, like the attempt by LSE to introduce top-up fees three years ago. We've prevented top-up fees for now, but warning bells are reverberating in Aldwych Group meetings once more. Last week it was leaked that Russell Group universities are already planning how they will charge differential fees. Warwick is already costing its courses. Nottingham is openly discussing how the new system will work with its Students' Union. LSE Director Anthony Giddens refused to either oppose top-up fees or deny their imminence in an interview with LSE SU General Secretary Narius Aga recorded for PuLSE Radio. Ex-Principal of Strathclyde University, Sir Graham Hill, was quoted in The Guardian as saying 'Universities urgently need to seek independence from central government. This they can do best by conferring consumer status on students and looking to them for political and financial support'. Meanwhile the student movement twiddles its thumbs bemoaning the fees already here instead of campaigning against the next assault on our rights which is only around the corner. The catastrophe of our 'response' to tuition fees must not be repeated again. This time we must stand up and say 'No Way. Differential fees would entrench the two-tier system already evident in higher education, at the heart of this injustice is that 'elite' universities, confident of being able to attract students with the allure of quality and reputation, will be able to charge higher fees while the poorer universities who are already at a financial disadvantage, have no hope of attracting students if they

try to raise the money they so desperately need through fees. It's the same old story, the 'rich' will become richer and the 'poor' poorer, the inevitable result of introducing market forces, we can't allow the inequality generated by capitalism to spread into yet another section of society.

Higher fees for different universities and courses won't deter students from wealthy backgrounds, but choices will become a thing of the past for students from lower income backgrounds. Affordability will replace meritocracy as the criterion for admittance to university. The Russell Group claims that this can be combated through a generous scheme of scholarships for poorer students but this ludicrous excuse for a solution is like sticking a plaster on a gaping wound. It may help a lucky few but the majority of poorer students will be effectively disenfranchised no matter how good their grades are. The idea of knowledge for knowledge's sake will become a thing of the past too, as students are forced to weigh up the costs and benefits of individual courses. Specialist subjects like anthropology will be shunned in favour of those leading to high earning jobs, as students think ahead to how they will be able to pay off their debts. The prospect of huge is already a deterrent for poorer students; this will be yet another nail in the coffin for equal opportunity. We have already said goodbye to the principle of free higher education. If universities are given the power to set their own fee levels, we can say goodbye forever to the British higher education system as we know it, as we come to resemble America in yet

another sphere of life, we can say hello to ghettoisation, to the career degree, to a new dichotomy between the opportunities afforded to the bright and to the wealthy, to spiralling debt and increased dropout rates, hello to greater injustice. Worse still, the domino effect will not end with the consumerisation of higher education, further education is bound to follow. We are only compelled to stay in education until the age of sixteen, there will come to a point when anyone chooses to stay on after this point will have to fork out for the privilege, £500 per A-Level anyone? The seeds of the future are sown in the present. If we take our rights for granted it won't be long before the welfare state becomes but a brief entry in the history books, unbridled capitalism will triumph.

The student movement needs to pre-empt moves by the Russell Group to convince the government to devolve the setting of fee levels to universities themselves, we cannot afford to be reactionary, or worse, complicit. Now is the time to be considering the alternatives, to be building coalitions of support, to be raising awareness among students and the general public, to be demonstrating the disastrous effects differential fees will have. We owe it to the past generations who fought so hard for the rights and privileges we now enjoy and to the next generation to be able to continue enjoying them. We owe it to ourselves and our children. We owe it to the future. Our future.  
**Maria Neophytou,  
LSE SU Education and Welfare  
Sabbatical**

## Gen Sec's Column

Last week, two things made me ponder the ever-increasing state of apathy pervading the student movement at present. The first was Zapatista, a film depicting the struggle of the indigenous Mexican Indians and showing what persistent endeavour can achieve, recommended viewing and a commendable effort indeed on the part of LSE student Stale Sanberg, who directed it. The second was the student demonstrations in the University of East London, which failed to evoke a response from their compatriots elsewhere.

It is disheartening to watch the ever-increasing state of apathy pervading our Students' Union. Moreso when it comes from those who criticise us for not doing enough, never bothering to turn up themselves when a march or a vigil is organised.

Caring for the generations to follow and fighting for their rights is

almost a social stigma these days in the prevalent condition of self-preservation and self-promotion. While recognising the fact that the problem is widespread throughout Students' Unions across the country, it somehow appears more acute in this institution, in which less than three decades ago, fervent enthusiasm abounded. A culture where the Financial Times is the ultimate accessory to be flaunting and the Careers Service the place to be seen in is, in my view, perturbing indeed and while recognising the importance of a worthwhile job to secure one's future, the way students these days revolve their whole three years of University around it is appalling, to say the least. Gone are the days when being at University was this well-rounded experience; a place where you chose to explore different avenues previously not tread upon. "The University of Life", as the Guinness T-shirt proclaimed, taking you in as a boy and hurling you out as a man (oops, I meant girl/woman as well!), ready to face the challenges of life itself and not just the employment market. The system at the moment is churning

out graduates on a conveyor belt, all armed with the latest formulae and computer languages (and the de rigueur 'Society Treasurer' on their cv), but with little else to offer and wet behind the ears to the extreme. All to the advantage of the establishment in general and the government in particular, which has successfully managed to erode the power and influence the student body as a whole managed to exert in the past. Seventeen years were more than enough for the Tories to fulfil their agenda of decreasing the potential for students to have a say in the nation's governance and their replacement by counterparts in disguise certainly will not help. The introduction of tuition fees will only serve to accelerate the "enterprising" culture discussed above manifold.

Over the course of last year, we've seen changes which will alter the complexion of higher education in this country forever. It is time for the entire student movement to sit up and take notice. This government, in spite of all its hollow promises introduced fees, developments this week indicate that in the all too near future, it will sit back and watch while Universities unilaterally introduce top-up fees. But only if we sit back and let that happen as well. In a climate where further cutbacks are the order of the day, we must rise up yet once again and fight for a better deal for the student generations to follow!

Cheers,  
Narius Aga,  
LSESU General Secretary

## Athletic Union Elections

Nominations for the following AU Executive positions are open 18th February to Wednesday 24th. Nomination forms available from Sarah Crisp in AU Office Room E178.

President  
Treasurer  
Assistant Treasurer  
Vice-President  
Assistant Gen Sec.

### Sorting Out Phone Fiasco

Results from the Student Lines Survey are now in. A massive thank-you to everybody who replied - the response has been overwhelmingly one-sided. Details of the results are available from SU Reception or email [J.M.Black@lse.ac.uk](mailto:J.M.Black@lse.ac.uk)

The evidence from the Survey lists a catalogue of failure and more importantly students believe Student Lines is failing them.

We will firstly use the evidence in a constructive manner to get Student Line to clean up their act with the help of OfTel and consumer bodies and TV programme, such as 'WatchDog'.

Students deserve and rightly expect a decent phone service. With the evidence from this survey. With the evidence from this Survey, we will make sure that students get the service they deserve.

**Jonathan Black**  
SU Inter-Halls Rep.

## Library and Mature Students

At the last Academic Board meeting, amendments were put forward to provide catering facilities at the temporary Library site. This matter was put forward by the Christine Bayliss, the SU's Academic Board Representative who argues: 'Many library users will find it inconvenient to have to leave the site for light refreshments', especially if they do not want to waste time walking back to the LSE site, which could otherwise be spent on academic work'. The matter is to be further investigated by the Board. Although a nearby site has been found for the temporary library site, it can not be publicised until details have been finalised.

Regarding the LSE SU campaign to extend London Underground's Student Discount Scheme to Mature Students, the LSE's Director, Anthony Giddens has agreed to support this campaign. Further details can be obtained through contacting the Mature Students Officer via SU Reception.



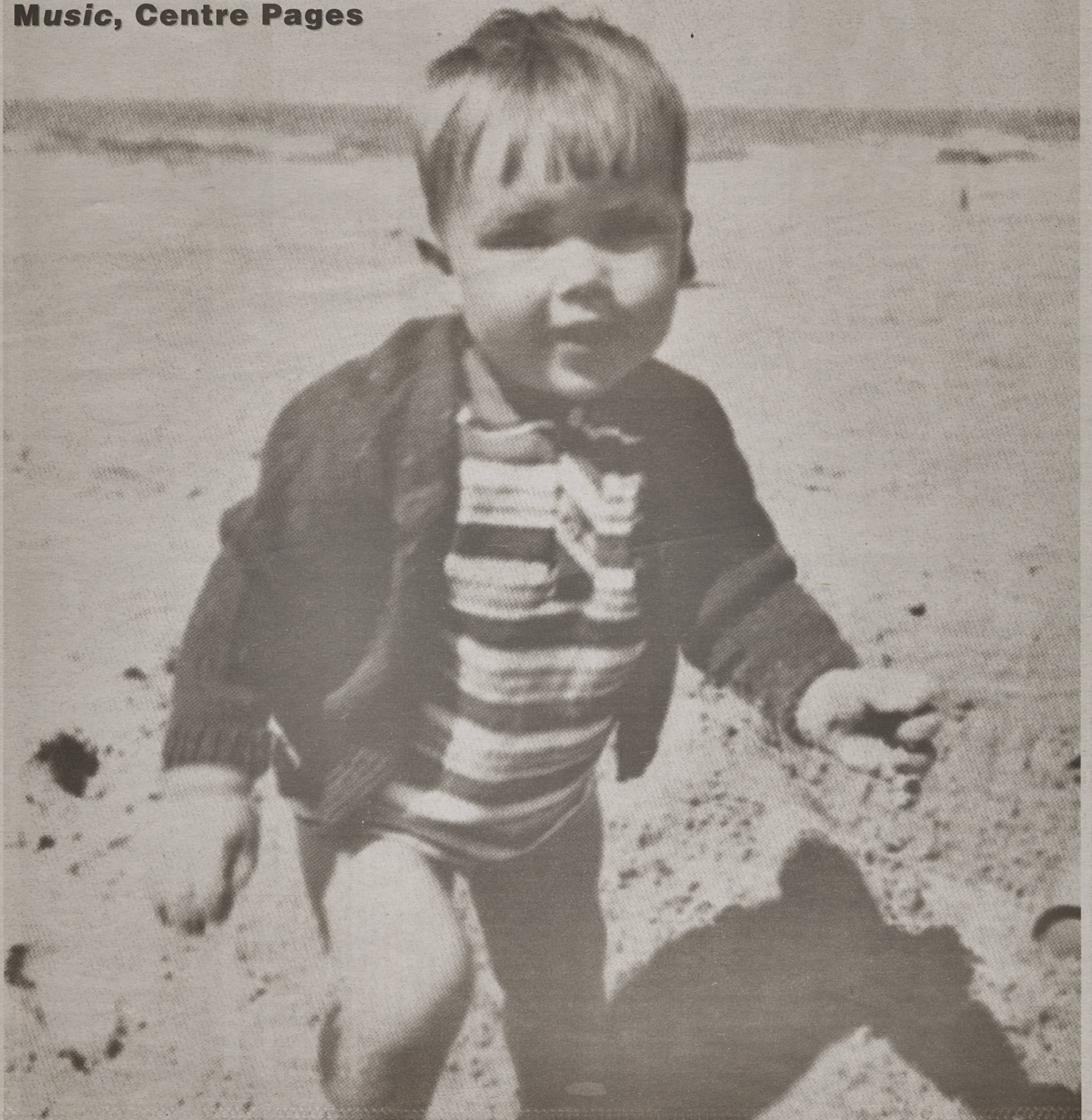
# **Bart**

**Beaver Arts Magazine**

## **WHEN WILL I BE FAMOUS?**

**The next BIG things?**

**Music, Centre Pages**





## As The Globe Psyches Up For The Most Anticipated Awards Bash Of The Year We Continue Our Search For The Hottest Ticket In Tinseltown



# Bella



# Affliction



Earning a grand total of seven Oscar nominations, Roberto Benigni's *Life is Beautiful* is a poignant Italian gem that so richly deserves the worldwide acclaim it's currently receiving. The film is very much a story of two parts. Guido (the frog-voiced Roberto Benigni), is a Jewish waiter in pre-war Arrezzo, who lusts after a beautiful school teacher named Dora (Nicolletta Braschi, Benigni's real-life wife). In pursuit of her love, he tries to win 'the princess' over with his slapstick humour and goofy grin. Skip forward a few years later, and the two are happily married with a young son Giosuè (Giorgio Cantarini). But their blissful living arrangement soon becomes short-lived as the Nazis come onto the scene and pack them all off to an Auschwitz-like concentration camp. Living in sex-segregation, Guido becomes separated from his wife and is left responsible for Giosuè.

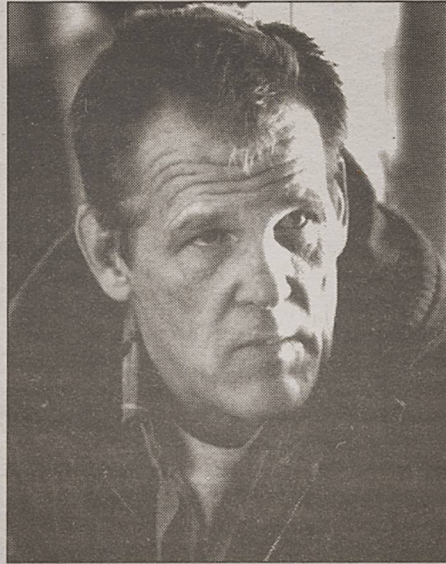
Instead of explaining to his son the true meaning of what was happening to them, Guido convinces him that the entire experience is just an elaborate game. The aim is to accumulate points through obedience, starvation and hard labour, and the first person to receive 1000

points wins a shiny new tank. In a wonderfully comic scene Guido explains these rules to his son, and the other inhabitants of their 'living' quarters, by falsely translating the camp rules that are being shouted out in German by a Nazi guard. As time goes on Guido becomes increasingly worn out, yet he is forced to stay alert and keep the game alive in order to shield his son from the frightening truth.

There has been a whole outcry that *Life is Beautiful* is a 'comedy about the Holocaust'. This is completely untrue. The film is funny in parts, and yes some of this humour does extend into the camp scenes, but it's only used in the context of Guido's game. The jokes are solely intended to provide a shield for Giosuè, and not to provoke cheap and insensitive audience laughter. Anyone with the slightest bit of emotional intelligence will immediately realise this. *Life is Beautiful* really is an excellent film, and because it so seamlessly combines humour and pathos you're not likely to feel its full emotional impact until the closing credits start rolling. That's powerful film-making for you.

Mark Tannen

Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) is an emotionally broken man who lives in the same economically depressed town of Lawford, New Hampshire, where he grew up. We know from the start that Wade is heading for trouble. In voice-over, his younger brother, Rolfe (William Dafoe) tells us, "This is the story of my older brother's strange criminal behaviour."



Wade works as a police officer, but his responsibilities are minimal. His most taxing assignment is as a crossing guard at the school. He is forced to take an assortment of odd, demeaning jobs for one of the town's prominent citizens, Gordon LaRivere. He is rejected by his ex-wife, Lillian, and barely tolerated by his daughter. Only his girlfriend, Margie (Sissy Spacek), brings a semblance of order to his

life. Meanwhile, he is plagued by an awful toothache. The scene is set for Wade's spiral into madness. When we meet Glen, his father (James Coburn), we understand the source of his defeat. Glen is an alcoholic, who sees it as his right in life to dominate and terrorise his family. Try as he might, Wade is locked in a powerful love/hate relationship with his father and cannot escape

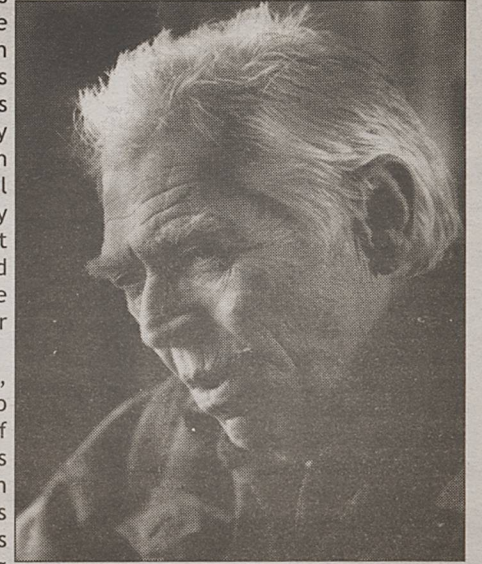
him. The film is narrated by Rolfe who fled the town and their father's influence, thus avoiding the family 'affliction'. Both men are still intimidated by their father, but it is Wade who stayed behind to pay the price of their inheritance.

The title, *Affliction*, refers to the curse of violence, which has been visited on Wade through his father. He acts with a damaging

impulsiveness that's the legacy of his father's cruelty and bitterness. Wade is not the brute his old man was, but the wound he suffered as a child infests and torments his adult life. Here is a man who instinctively wants to do the decent thing, but is hampered by his past and the rage within himself. He can do little but bide his time until the inevitable catastrophe. Nolte's depiction of Wade's tumultuous inner agony is breathtaking and heartbreaking to

watch. We sense in him the despair of a man who has not the tools or the cool to survive in a world with no use for his strengths. There's a helplessness about him that's wrenching to see.

This is an all too believable tragic tale. Through Wade, we learn about the way we carry the past along with us, and the way it carries us. At the same time, it is



a compelling study of the male character in crisis as they are tormented to the edge of madness by their own masculinity. *Affliction* is not about the crimes of a man, but what leads up to them. Dark and bleak, this is a powerful story, with disturbing, unforgettable characters, and potent acting above all else.

Ye-Her Wu

## The Red Nose Treatment

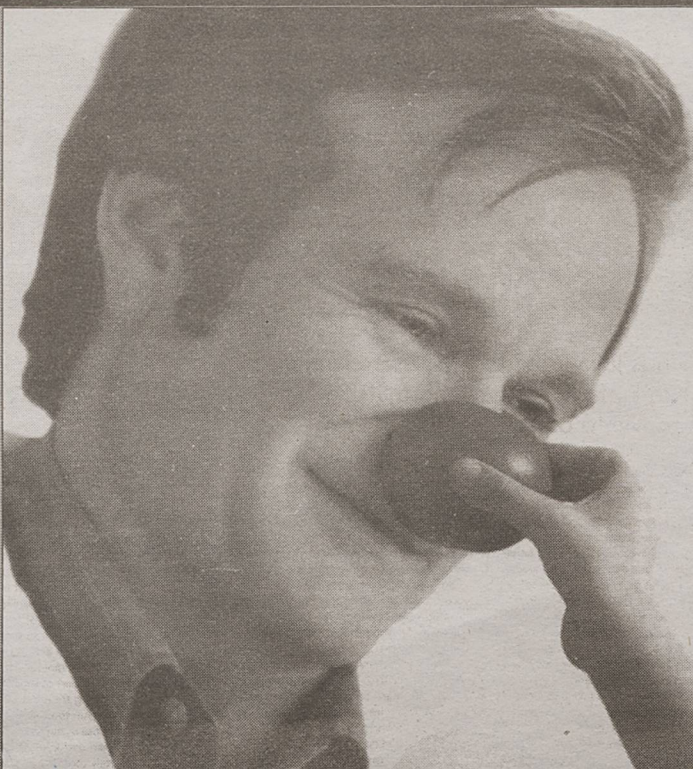
Imagine putting two rubber tipped pencils behind your ears, a red enema bulb on your nose and running repeatedly smack bang into a window whilst buzzing like a bee. Alternatively you could tap dance to a room full of dying children with two bed pans on your feet or one bed pan on your head and pretend to be Napoleon just to lighten the day. Then there's always time in the day to help an old lady go swimming in a tub full of spaghetti. Laughter is contagious as they say and this is certainly the message behind this fabulously entertaining movie.

Director Tom Shadyac, famous for his movies *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*, *Liar Liar* and *The Nutty Professor* has once again collaborated with screen writer Steve Oedekerck to produce yet another zany creation - *Patch Adams*.

Starring Robin Williams as Hunter "Patch" Adams,

Hollywood's latest darling (a shorter, blonder Julia Roberts lookie-likey) Monica Potter as Carin, and old movie veteran Bob Gutton, as the scathing Dean Walcott, *Patch Adams* is an engaging dramatic comedy, based on the true story of maverick medical student Hunter Adams.

Unusual as it seems the audience first encounters the 'hero' of this American story in the gloomy setting of a mental institution as a self-admitted



patient. As the film progresses, however, it becomes clear that the decision to cast Robin Williams as that hero could not have been more apt - and yes, maybe the concept does actually work - this is a funny movie after all. The movie traces the intriguing story of one man's struggle to bring meaning to life.

Graduating from one institute to another *Patch* makes his way to Medical School in Virginia, where as a brilliant student he unnerves fellow

students and defies the medical establishment with his unconventional approach to medicine and comic antics. Infecting the hospital staff with his enthusiasm and winning over his peers with his passion *Patch* manages to establish the *Gesundheit* Institute. Tragedy strikes however when there is a murder at the illegal hospital and *Patch* is brought face criminal charges. Can a room full of dying children armed with those same red enema bulbs save the day and restore *Patch's* faith in humanity?

This movie is definitely worth a look because you'll be laughing and crying. Whilst the crying may be reserved least for the tragic events that occur and more for the exceedingly cringe worthy Hollywood ending, this overall a great lighthearted movie and one which Williams himself will probably and deservedly win another accolade.

Carly Lake



# The Law of Acting

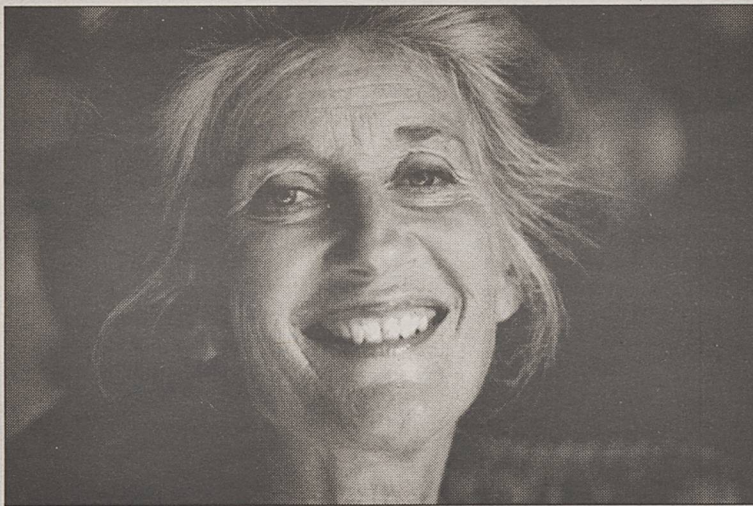
Phyllida Law, star of 'The Winter's Guest', talks to the Beaver's James Savage about a life in Acting

Truth of the acting profession is that few actresses continue to be very active after the age of fifty. One notable exception to this rule, however, is Phyllida Law. Perhaps known to many as the head of an illustrious acting family, which includes her daughters Emma and Sophie Thompson, she has had an illustrious career in her own right. She has acted alongside some of the biggest names of the past fifty years. Her career goes from strength to strength. Last year she starred opposite Emma in *The Winter's Guest*. Next year will see the release of another film, *Milk*, starring Dawn French. She has also just finished filming a BBC drama, *Wonderful You*, directed by her son-in-law, Richard Lumsden. And this week, she's talking to *The Beaver*.

The first thing I discover about Law is that she is unstoppably chatty. Talking to her is less like conducting an interview than having a good old chin-wag. Despite her busy acting schedule, she still comes across as a family woman first and foremost: 'Family life is so much more involving than work'. Why, then, does she not retire? Firstly, it seems, because of the actor's impulse to take any work offered: 'Redundancy is our middle name; we get used to being retired all the time'.

Another reason, I sense, that she won't retire, is that she has a

genuine love of both actors and acting. Actors, she says, are a family: 'It runs very deep - it may seem superficial, but it's not. Other actors are people you've suffered with'. Her view of the



work itself is beautifully poetic. She sees acting as a way of making the most of life: 'You only have one life - that's entirely inadequate: if you want to do various numberless things, it's better to pretend to do them'.

The family of actors and Law's own family life coincided when she filmed *The Winter's Guest*, her last big film playing Emma Thompson's mother. What was it like, then, for art to imitate life so directly? Not so very strange, it seems. The main advantage, she says, is that they were able to get immediately, rather than having

to get to know each other from scratch: 'You know how not to get in their way instinctively' she says. It was not, however, the unique experience that one might suppose. After all, when acting is

such a supportive profession, you always 'have various adopted daughters', but by playing against her real daughter, Law felt that 'iceblocks could be avoided'.

Law is the ultimate enthusiast, simply doing a job she enjoys. She says that she has no acting role model 'although I probably should have one'. Rather, she says, gushing with praise for her fellow pros, that 'Practically every actor is a role model in some way'. Having said this, she does let a few hints slip out during the course of our conversation. Judi Dench, she gushes, is 'a genius',

and perhaps more surprisingly, Tommy Cooper is one person she would have loved to emulate.

When it comes to the question of her ideal part, however, she is stumped. I get the impression that she loves her work so much that she could not possibly choose one part over another: it's the job itself that she loves. 'I'd have liked to have been lots of people' she muses, showing again that she sees herself 'becoming' her part, rather than simply acting it.

It is hard to believe, considering her enthusiasm, that she fell into acting by mistake, having initially gone to Bristol to train as a set designer. She then changed tack after a year and went on to a successful career on the stage. So why, in recent years, has she turned to film? For very practical reasons, she says: 'I like getting home at night'.

Nonetheless she likes to remain

busy. *Wonderful You*, directed by her son-in-law, Richard Lumsden ('A very clever comedic actor') is a 'black and funny' series which will come to our screens next month. It's centred around the lives of a group of thirty-somethings, but, says Law, it really is just 'about us', observant and witty.

Interviewing Phyllida Law is an enlightening experience. Poetic, modest, idealistic and warm, it is refreshing to speak to someone who loves their life as much as Law seems to love hers. Her life revolves around her family first, and acting second. But when her fellow professionals are also her family (and her family are fellow professionals) she continues to do the work that she loves so much, and which gives so many people so much pleasure.

## A Test of Endurance?

Mark Pallis, LSE's only Official Opera Critic, reviews some bum Wagner at the ENO

I think I'm going to really enjoy this"

"Good god man! One doesn't enjoy *Parsifal*, one endures it"

That was what I overheard from the seats in front of me as I took my place. Glancing down at the program, I read "The performance will last approximately 5 hours 15 minutes" sighing and making myself comfortable I gave thanks that I was in the Upper-circle in a superior view, superior leg room 'reviewer seat' instead of my usual stand-by in the balcony 'my-price-range' seat.

From the first few bars, I knew it was going to be an epic - big full string parts vied angrily with the overly brassy, brash wind sections in the way that only happens with Wagner. I have to confess to not being a Wagner fan. I'm perfectly willing to let music rouse me to a passion but I feel that he never quite grabs me enough to justify the dramatic heights he tries to take me to - in student friendly lingo, he 'comes too soon'.

So the curtain goes up and the bleak, lunar stage is exposed. The designer gets full marks for coming up with an ingenious arrangement. In some scenes, the stage becomes like a cut in half skateboard ramp with the back board running up into infinity, the King can't escape from the bounds of his kingdom nor can he escape his destiny. At other times, it didn't work so well. One of the problems of staging Wagner is that you either have to go all out and physically represent the (supposed) power of the music or you can just leave the stage blank and let the music do all the creating.

The design tried to tread the line between the two poles and

consequently didn't quite work. I greatly admired the infinity of the King's palace but at other moments, such as when Parsifal destroys the magician's power and turns his castle into rubble, the 'crumbling stone' falling from above seemed to resemble large chunks of dandruff.

Likewise, when the Knights have returned and were wearily seeking the revitalising power of the Grail, it was totally 'hammy' with clown like lumbering fools looking as though they'd strayed from the set of a failed GCSE drama class.

Aside from that, the leads singers were good, the orchestra played well and the chorus were almost together (except on the t's) and in theory I should have enjoyed it. I can live with the set, the low points of the direction were outweighed by the high points: I just think that it's Wagner that I have a problem with. *Parsifal* is billed as presenting the "drama of the human consciousness split in two" and as being "a myth in music in which the eternal questions of human existence are presented. Sorry, but I'm not sold on that. Using only my ears, it may be possible to set up the mental debates envisaged above, but that hasn't got much to do with Wagner; one could easily apply the same reasoning to anyone seen on the street. Wagner makes you work too hard (and he makes your bum sore).

**Marks Advice:** Lasting about as long as the journey from here to Edinburgh, my advice would be to get *Parsifal* on tape (if you're into Wagner) and listen to it on your Walkman on the way up to Waverly.

## Fair is Foul?

Ritesh Doshi sees a production most foul in Hammersmith

The tragedy *Macbeth*, Shakespeare's most popular and most frequently staged play is revived once again at the Hammersmith theatre, this time set in the 1950s. Instead of the traditional Jacobean clothing, we are presented with a cast in suits and gelled hair, the characters carrying guns instead of swords, similar to a scene from a Mafia film. *Macbeth* draws on the dark side of the human character; greed and craving for power. Macbeth and his ambitious wife, Lady Macbeth both eventually find their hands covered in blood in pursuing their greed for kingship.

Typically Shakespeare adds sudden twists to his plot, engrossing his audience right till the end. A suspicious opposition to Macbeth forms an army and fights against him to restore justice, peace and and rightful ownership to the throne. Hence a common theme of Shakespeare's: the victory of good over evil. The denouement is not without its

tragedy and pity for its main characters who are destined for retribution.

Appropriately, with such evil involved in the themes, the stage in the Hammersmith theatre is thrown into practical darkness. There is no elaborate scenery or



props, leaving all the audiences' attention on the acting. The sound system was not very clear and the music was sometimes out

of queue which marred the flow of the play.

Unfortunately I found that few of the characters put on a great performance, the only real praise going to Macbeth. All except Lady Macbeth have Scottish accents and this on top of Shakespeare's archaic language and subtle script often drowns the meaning. This is especially the case for someone who is familiar with neither the accent nor the play. The three witches play an important role, since through their prophecies they symbolically echo Macbeth's own guilt and desperation, having ventured down the evil path. But in this production, their costume is such that the hoods over their heads prevent some of their words from reaching the audience's ears.

The hard and uncomfortable seats soon start affecting your attention. But for those interested in a different view and modern version of this renowned work, it would be worth comparing such an interpretation with your own view on how Shakespeare should be played.



# Singles

Eagle-Eye Cherry seems to enjoy being in the Top 10. The success of his smash hits *Save Tonight* and *Falling in Love Again* has easily paved the way for any future single releases. The latest one, *Permanent Tears*, has also got the ingredients to hit it big (aah, that Spanish guitar) but this time in a more mellow sort of way. (7) DB

Apparently the song, *The Small Details* by Crest is a 'paean to the joys of moving in with your girlfriend/boyfriend and the bliss of domesticity'. And I have never heard a bigger pile of bollocks in my life. The bliss of domesticity indeed! This indie ballad is boring, pretentious and a waste of space. I don't care if NME describes them as 'nothing less than genius'. Obviously the NME were not listening to the same band that I was. (4) AY

Nice pun, boys. *To Lose La Trek* is the latest offering from trendier-than-thou *Campag Velocet*, and, to be frank, I'm not impressed. Laidback beats that are not so much chilled as lazy, and rapping that sounds worryingly like some kind of early East 17 demo tape. Waste of time. (3) AD

Propellerheads are back with a vengeance. The first new material for very nearly a year now, *The Extended Play EP* yields all the quality we got so much used to during *Decksanddrumsandrockandroll*. Now there's more, mainly courtesy of Prop No. 1 Alex Gifford. *Crash!* beats your heart out. And for *You Want It Back*, featuring the legendary Jungle Brothers, you just wish your damn stereo could handle some more \*\*\*\*ing volume. The dog's cock, however, is 360° (*Oh Yeah*) featuring the mighty De La Soul. Hail Thee, oh divine Big Beat. Thy kingdom come. Louder, for \*\*\*\*'s sake. (9) MDG

*I Am The Sun* by Dark Star (isn't that the coolest band name?) starts off great. It begins as a good indie rock song and the guitarist is one talented son of a bitch. But after a while the song begins to lose its edge and sort of degenerates into a meaningless collection of words and sounds. But I have to give the band points on choosing a really great guitarist and the vocalist is not bad either. (7) AY

## Single of the Week

One-time Britpop almost-overer Elcka, a band who have always been vastly underrated, return in '99 with a storming new single *Pleasure*, which, is there's any justice in the world, should be a huge hit. So, of course, it won't be. Anyway, it's a real bit of class after the tack-fest that was 1998: a celebration of the best of Bowie, a kind of *Let's Dance/Fashion* hybrid that is the definition of intelligent pop music. Elegant, fun, sexy: just how I like 'em. (9) AD

# Contenders To The Throne

ANNA DERBYSHIRE looks at 1999's hottest new talent

**Leila:** Leila Arab is a friend of Bjork, a labelmate of Aphex Twin, a musical whizz-kid, and the creator of 'Like Weather', one of the best albums of 1998. The musical equivalent of being back in the womb, albeit a rather funky one, Leila's strongest point is her ability to get the best out of the people she works with. Using both male and female vocalists she moulds a fragile, sublime, and occasionally unsettling sound that is both timeless and urban. Her brother once turned up at a party I had, and exposed himself in the bathroom. But that's another story altogether... 'Like Weather' is out now on *Rephlex*.

**The Younger Younger 28's:** Imagine if Elvis was from the north of England, and had a torrid three-way affair with Jarvis Cocker and Phil Oakey. The result would be Joe Northern, one-time stalwart of the Working Men's Club circuit, and now frontman of the much-lauded Younger Younger 28's. The comparison to the Human League

is going to start wearing very thin as they get more coverage, but I saw them first on at the Barfly aeons ago when not even a dog, let alone three men, had bothered to turn up, so I'm going to keep on saying it. But back to the matter in hand. Their songs are His&Hers-era Pulp meets Tiff'n'Bianca: the best chorus goes "You've got a small dick and you're crap in bed". They headlined the Barfly last week, and the place was rammed with industry types going on about how rubbish they are. Plonkers. *The YY28's have just been signed to V2, and should be releasing a single soon.*

**Diablo:** Earl Brutus' slogan is "Pop music is wasted on the young". I completely agree (and being such a withered old hag, I am in a position to...), but Diablo, despite coming with two free teenagers, are the exception to the rule. With the combined prowess of Bowie, Roxy Music, and Marilyn Manson's more tuneful moments, Diablo have perfected the art of saying something important in the context of glamorous rock 'n' roll

theatre. Their first, self-funded single 'Shiny Boots & Crazy Eyes' received bucketloads of good press from the lucky people who were allowed to hear it, and are playing the Camden WKD on March 1. The stars are ascending: only a fool will miss them. *For further information contact darian@diablo.demon.co.uk*

**Charli Baltimore:** OK, famous dead husband, young mother of two, wears tattoos like a goddess, released one of the best singles of '98 ('Money', featuring an inspired OJays sample), hard fucking bitch. Charli Baltimore is one of the best hip-hop artists - female or otherwise - around at the moment. With a razor-sharp intelligence that shows up contemporaries such as Li'l Kim as the attention-seeking all-mouth-and-hotpants no-marks they really are, Charli Baltimore is pure class. *Album and singles released by Epic Records.*

**Spanky Dan Lewis and His Monkey Kazoo Orchestra:** A regular on the Todmorden cabaret

circuit, Spanky Dan Lewis has fulfilled a childhood ambition by arranging monkeys in order of height and forcing them to play kazoos by threatening them with a pointy stick. His biggest crowd-pleaser is an acapella rendition of Joe Dolce's 'Shaddapa YerFace'. "I never thought it would come true," says Spanky, through a veil of crocodile tears, "And now, I think to myself 'What the fuck was the point?'". Touching words, straight from the mouth of a psychopath. These monkeys don't get out of bed for less than a quid, so watch yerself chucks. *Dan Lewis is currently serving a suspended sentence because he wants to be Ian Brown.*

**The Happy Mondays:** Yeah, yeah, I know. They're hardly the fresh face of the new breed, but come on - it's the Mondays! It's Shaun and his ketamine slurring! It's Bez and his freaky dancin'! It's a load of pissed up Mancs in stupid trousers! How much more fun do you lot want? *The Happy Mondays play Brixton Academy on 27 and 28 April.*

# Naach Your Average Joe

JAN SAGAN runs up on the LSE Bhangra Massive with his tape recorder rolling

I've been meaning to learn more about bhangra music, ya'll. I mean, I was down with Apache Indian in, what, '92 or maybe just a bit earlier, when the video for his single 'Chok There' got play on the box? You remember my man, "number one inna the Kingston, Bombay, New York and London charts", I trust, he of the bekerchiefed bad man good looks that registered with three, arguably four cultures, the original bhangramuffin. Bhangra, about which I've always maintained a prideful diletante's cocktail party ability to discourse briefly, has been on my mind a lot since my arrival at the LSE because so many of the subcontinental kids I know are down with it. I implored the promoter of the Hindu Society bhangra hop to put me on to the flyest record of the moment last Thursday afternoon.

JS: Yo. What's your name, who am I interviewing?

CK: Chuba Khan, LSE Hindu Society publicity officer, BSC Economics first year.

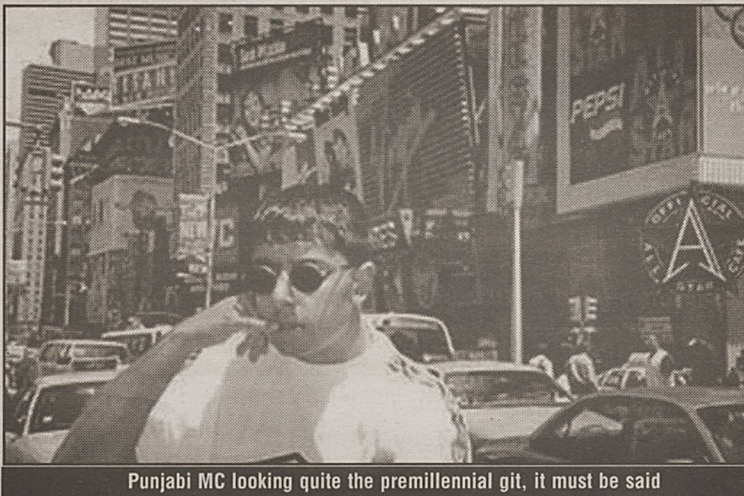
JS: So tell me what this music is that you're listening to, where does it come from, how did you get into it? What makes bhangra bhangra?

CK: Bhangra originates in the Punjab, a province in India that's also part of Pakistan.

JS: Hotly contested.

CK: Yeah, hotly contested. ANYWAY. It's traditional music, folk music with lots of drum beats and a specific kind of drum beats.

JS: It's quite distinct from African drums or any other kind of drums



Punjabi MC looking quite the premillennial git, it must be said

around the world.

JS: Is it a specific drum or are there specific beats, like specific rhythms...

CK: There are specific drums as well. I mean they're much bigger. It's called the dhol. Basically it's mainly drum beats and then we have mandolins accompanying them which makes it more... It sort of died down during the first half of this century. People would still play it in just, you know, in the villages and everything. When the older generation really realized that people were losing their roots here and that we weren't appreciating the old time music, they revived it. They brought in new beats. You know, more innovative, well, more modern instruments keyboards, synthesizers, guitars, everything.

JS: It was the older generation who did that?

CK: The older generation as in the 50 and 60 year olds. We're talking about the late '70s, early

80s. They revived it, and now it's grown up so big it's not even funny. Everybody in India listens to it, everybody in the US, all the Asian community around the world. That includes India and Pakistan. Everybody's listening to it these days, yeah?

JS: Rhythmically, like, can you hum like the basic bhangra rhythm? Is it like doom doom doom or is it doom doo doom doom doom?

CK: You can't hum it. You just follow the beats. Bhangra isn't a special kind of dance. You just jump around to it. You just freak. There's no proper way to move to it. You just raise your hands in the air. Shoulder

movements, that's really important.

JS: Do you do like? [does a little dance]

CK: No no [does the Missy Elliot dance] up, down: bouncing. You have to be really fit to do it.

Otherwise your feet, shoulders, everything starts to hurt.

JS: Where in London do you hear it?

CK: Well, there's a club called Limelight which regularly holds Bhangra nights on Tuesdays. Then there's the Ministry of Sound and lots of other clubs that cater to the Asian audience as well. Strictly Punjabi areas like Southall and where they're playing all this music and sending this music and producing this music. It's a very secular music. It is a more Punjabi kind of music, but now it's spread to all kind of spheres of India. The modern form of bhangra is concerned with love and pride for one's country, that kind of stuff, you know? It's very apolitical.

JS: Would you say there are a lot of people who are fans of the music who don't understand Punjabi, or do people start to learn Punjabi as they listen?

CK: I for one don't understand that much Punjabi. Only since I started living with Punjabi flatmates have I come to know the meanings some of the words, yeah? But otherwise, I mean I've grown up with bhangra from a very small age. People listen to it for the beats and the mandolins.

JS: Alright, so what are you going to play for me?

JS: Alright, so what are you going to play for me?

It's young as all outdoors, this record, only about a month old, and bumping from the moment the mandolins come in. The crucial jam indeed, and the sound of a culture, appropriated Busta Rhymes beat drops, dhol taps, and all.



# Lou make me feel...

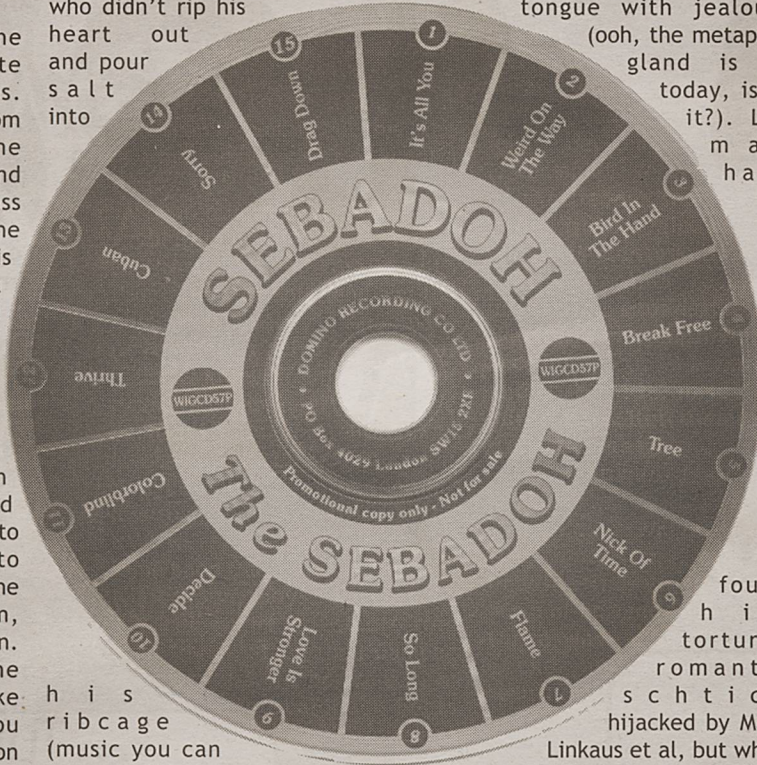
**MATT BROUGH** has finally got his paws on the new Sebadoh album - and he owes Anna a pint for it

"Just make it up Matt. You know what it'll sound like, anyway; Pavement but better."

Ah, yes. Nothing like the violence threatening, irate tones of an annoyed Ms. Derbyshire to draw me away from the daily routine of caffeine consumption, chain smoking and comic reading that I try to pass off as work. But then again the lure of a new Sebadoh album is enough to get my aural salivary glands wetter than Zoe Ball listening to a cleverly ironic sample loop. Well... more than those fucking Fungus singles the music section keep trying to placate me with.

The Sebadoh is the seventh album by the bespectacled Lou Barlow and his friends and, to be honest, not much seems to have changed since they were the band of choice for the, ahem, "radically different" grunge fan. The similarities between The Sebadoh and earlier works like Bakesale, are obvious. OK you may get the odd drum sample on tracks like "Flame" but when it comes down to it it's still percussion, bass, lead and Lou doing his best to control an emotional ketchup-burst. It makes

you wonder whether poor old Mr Barlow has ever met a woman who didn't rip his heart out and pour salt into



his ribcage (music you can relate to. Gotta love it).

However; The Sebadoh is less "more of the same" more "variations on a theme." Almost all of the songs here are so

beautifully crafted they'd make Elliott Smith swallow his own tongue with jealousy (ooh, the metaphor gland is ill today, isn't it?). Lou may have

found his tortured romantic schtick hijacked by Mark Linkaus et al, but when it comes down to it no one does hiding behind hair, glasses and music better than him. Listening to tunes like "Sorry" and "It's all You" will stir those memories of

yearning, heartbreak and betrayal we all have somewhere in our souls (Urk... better be careful. Might start feeling again). At times the music may tend towards the Brian Wilson-esque (A term used so often it is now recognised by the Oxford dictionary) but that's never a bad thing. And besides it's nice to feel good when you're feeling bad.

Although it can't exactly be classed as their finest hour and it's easy to level faint hearted praise such as "consistent" at it, The Sebadoh is still a great album when compared to most of the dross being churned out at the moment (I mean come on... Gay Dad? Well, not come on. that would be just vile...). If this has been ten years in the making, Lou and co. still have a way to go to be perfect, but hey, it's a journey well worth sticking with. If you're a Sebadoh fan like me you won't be disappointed (by the album. Life on the otherhand... well...) others would be advised to give it a test drive before purchase.

In many ways, The Sebadoh proves that when it comes to music it is almost always experience that counts... (8)

## Anna Derbyshire's Social Diary



Finally, finally, finally there are some decent gigs in London. And I'm going to plug them like a great big plugging mother. Firstly, and of highest importance, is my band of '98 the Afghan Whigs. The album '1965' is being re-promoted after Greg Dulli's unfortunate head/bouncer collision incident, and they'll be strutting their funky stuff at the Astoria on March 14. Look, it's only £9, they're the best band around at the moment, and if you miss them then you're a stupid, grinning buffoon and deserve a good wallop from a pissed off steroid addict. Or Matt Brough.

Icelandic mavericks GusGus are playing ULU on February 26 to promote their fabulous new single 'Ladyshave' (released March 1) and album 'This Is Normal'. If you prefer a bit of Scandinavian otherworldly surrealism to the humdrum of real life, then they're the band for you.

Old Beaver favourites Ultrasound play the LA2 on 22 April: I've just heard some unmastered stuff from their debut album which is set for release later this Spring and it fucking rocks. Much better than I anticipated, as I wasn't madly impressed by their singles, and set to be one of the albums of '99. Frontman Tiny is one of those people who are born to entertain, and the Ultrasound live experience is a glorious mixture of rock 'n' roll theatre and a brilliant take on prog-rock indulgence.

Luke Haines, genius leader of the Auteurs (who, incidentally, will be releasing a new album soon) takes his Black Box Recorder project to the Garage to play a three date residency. Catch them on February 24, March 24 and April 21. Band mate John Moore (ex of the Jesus and Mary Chain) is the man responsible for the recent influx of Absinth into this country - my God, have I got some stories to tell you - and for that they deserve nothing at praise. Buy a bottle from [www.absinth.co.uk](http://www.absinth.co.uk), watch all your friends become sexy and wondrous, and then see nothing but dancing colours for fifteen hours. Or was that just me?

So now you can't claim to be ill-informed, and I'll see you at the bar at the Afghan Whigs gig. Got it?

Anna

# ALBUMS

## Back To The Future

**MALTE GERHOLD** on the extraordinary new album from the soon-to-be-legendary Trashmonk

Suck my cock! Jim Morrison's swords on the Isle of Wight in that legendary August 1970 were the first glimpse he ever got of rock'n'roll life. He was thirteen and ran away from home to see Jimi Hendrix. As you can imagine, it had a lasting impact. Trashmonk, a.k.a. Nick Laird-Clowes, found his people at last.

Since then the big unknown "rubbed shoulders - and shared spliffs" (his legitimised words) with the Gods of the seventies without ever seeing the lights of public recognition himself. Impressive as that is, even more so is the list of his casual hang-outs: The Who, Led Zep, The Faces and Pink Floyd and an invitation to John and Yoko's Tittenhurst Park in Surrey where he heard an early demo for "Imagine" (lucky git).

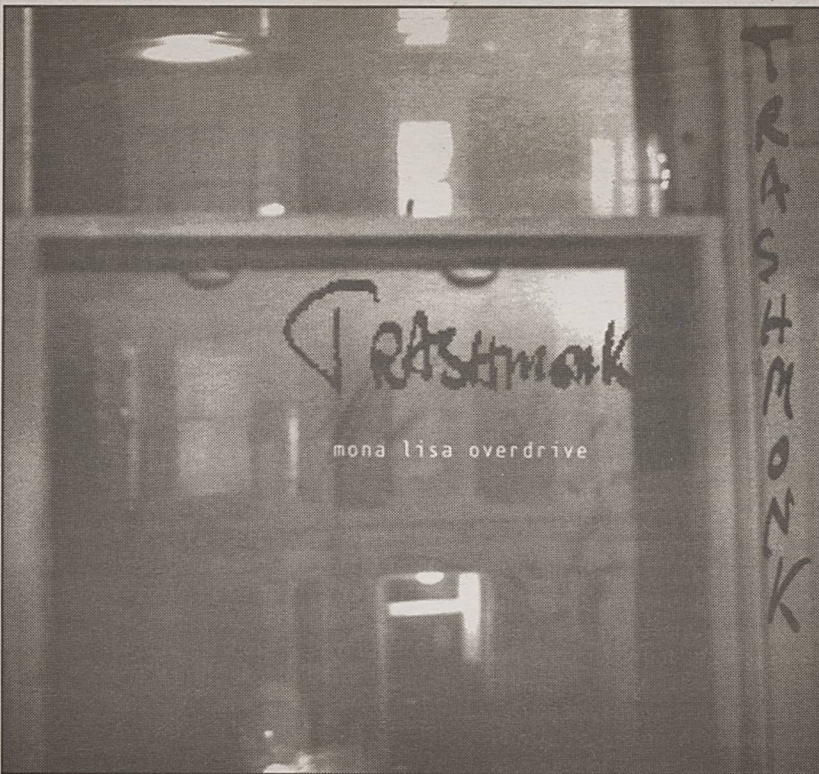
So about time he got hold of a guitar and started writing his own folkish ballads of harmony-drenched miserablism. Not that it got him anywhere. David Hockney did the cover for his band Alpha. Marc Bolan let him sing backing vocals. His punk band The Act performed on kiddie TV show 'Magpie'. Not to mention three albums with Dream Academy throughout the eighties.

The nineties went in a blur of drugs and spiritual enlightenment. Nevertheless he managed to co-write tracks with his old buddy Dave Gilmour for Pink Floyd's 'Division Bell'.

Not for long, and after 20 years in and around the highs and lows of rock'n'roll, Trashmonk started serious work on his solo album. Days later, and with a battered guitar he

words: "Don't try and make a hit record. I know you can do that." Hmm. Strange kind of trust in such a wonderful talent.

Mona Lisa Overdrive is the beautiful result of a fucked up life. The dark, brutal and tormented universe of love and life. A cautionary tale of ego corrosion to the fatal allure of homicidally addictive narcotics. Lou Reed with a broken acoustic guitar, Bobby Gilliespie on his ultimate come-down. The Beatles psychedelica re-visited. 'High Time' in this sense is probably the most appropriate title for the most Beatles-que number. Mangled and distorted noises of hope over fragile, stripped-down melodies of fairylike whispers, completed by sounds from his Asian days of spiritual clearing. The music is future-folk - imagine Nick Drake produced by Money Mark, or Elliot Smith remixed by Beck. Driving, grotesque epics like 'Polygamy' go hand in hand with 'Inner Brownstone Symphony' or 'On the Way Home' - ballads of a dying man who just realised what a divine world ours is.



Finally he escaped his bottomless pit of drugs, abuse and excess. He tripped through Nepal, India and the Himalaya - and ended up in a monastery. After month he was reborn with a purified mind: Trashmonk.

sang his broken heart out at London's Living Room. Owner and Creation Records boss Alan McGee was among the audience and loved the trashed monk. A deal was born and Trashmonk got signed on Creation with the

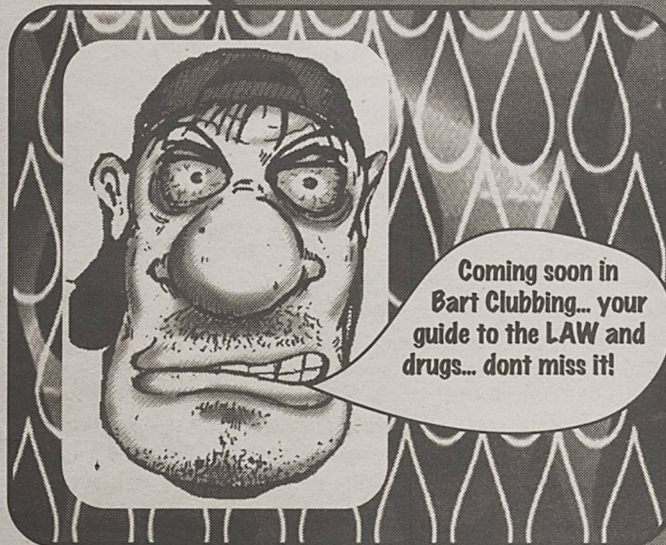
Trashmonk may be the reincarnation of sadness. But for those who've realised that sadness is the innermost part of peace and beauty - he's certainly so at his most beautiful. (9)



....THIS WEEK AT  
THE GALLERY

Friday 26th February  
Danny Rampling \* Luke Neville \* Westbam  
Steve Lee \* Lottie  
...Room2 "Annie Nightingale Presents..."  
Carl Clarke \* Dan and Jon Kahuna

Entry: £10  
Times: 10.30pm to 7.30 am  
Nearest Tube: Farringdon  
Address: 63 Clerkenwell Rd EC1



## ...FEEDBACK

The Place: The Gallery@Turnmills  
The Mission: Investigate rumours of a jumpin' and a pumpin' night out  
The Chosen One: James Hodson

As one of the biggest and best House nights in London The Gallery@Turnmills boasts a stylish interior, big-name Dj's (Tall Paul is resident) and a frantically mad-for-it crowd. In the main room the new sound sysem bangs out hard house and a smidgen of techno and trance, whilse in the side room you can strut your stuff to some weird funky-phatt bongo house that, it must be said, can piss you off eventually. What seems to be the key to the Gallery's success is the well mixed and lively crowd. Traditional animosity between different cliques of clubbers is swept under the dance-floor as every-body waves their hands in the air and goes mental to the pumping and irresistibly uplifting house. The Gallery's main problem is that everybody knows that it is good. Turnmills transforms from a swanky day-time coffee shop to a sweaty, overpacked bear pit on a Friday night. The prospects of it clearing out in the early hours are dim, it is a great testament to the club that at 6 o'clock in the morning both dance-floors are still jammed. Chill-out space is limited and the chances of finding a seat range from slim to "just sit on the damn floor and shut up" - that's if you can find a space on the damn floor. The bouncers are amicable and discrete, but don't look like you've just crawled out of bed, because they'll tell you to piss off at the door. All in all, if you are looking for somewhere with a lot of atmosphere and uplifting music to blow the sad remants of your student loan away, then The Gallery would do very nicely indeed.

## ...Turnmills Information

Check out "HEADSTART" the new night @  
Turnmills (right near Rosebury Hall)

Taking on the baton from the ground-breaking and most excellent night out "Heavenly Social" this brand new Saturday night mashup promises to take clubbers one more step into the future. Opening up this Saturday with a tippy-top line-up of Dj's this could well become one of the best nights in London. Why not check it out whilst it's still new and fresh?

### HEADSTART LISTINGS

**Saturday 27th February - Headstart Launch**  
Justin Robertson\* DJ Q (Filter)\* Dan and Jon Kahuna  
Mat Flint (Death in Vegas)  
...Room2

"A Night with the Scratch Perverts"  
Tony Vegas \* First Rate \* Mr Thing \* Prime Cuts

**Saturday 6th March - Electro Boogie**  
Dave Clarke \* Jon Carter  
Dan and Jon Kahuna \* Carl Clarke (Urban DK)  
...Room2 "The Blowup World Tour"  
Task and Bear (Ninja) \* Jon Stapleton \* Krash Slauta

...CHECK IT OUT

### WRITERS REQUIRED

If you want to write a review or anything else connected with clubbing then feel free to come to the Beaver Collective at 6pm on Mondays-office is next to the underground. If you can't make it then email J.H.Cooper (lse.ac.uk). I'm interested in stuff on Limelight, Le Scandal, Hippodrome etc as well as dance music clubs.

Friday 12th  
March 1999  
10pm - 6am

b a g i e y s

goods way kings cross, london n1



# Generation Logic

James Corbett reviews LOGIC BOMB by Steve Beard: a collection of his works giving an insight into the "transglobal style culture" words which frankly makes absolutely no sense to anyone.

Nineteen years ago came a landmark in the history of youth culture. If you believe the people who were there at the time, Julie Burchill, Tony Parsons et al., they'll tell you it was as an important event for the youth of Britain as when Elvis first wiggled his hips on US TV or when contraception became universal and free or when ecstasy first hit the clubs. It was the publication of the first issue of *The Face* magazine. For the first time here was a magazine which brought together all the thoughts, ideas and concerns of the nation's youth. It popularised issues that were of genuine concern such as AIDS, the environment or the growing drug culture, long before other magazines and newspapers developed a sensible editorial policy towards them, or, worse still, hid behind often hysterical and prejudiced headlines. Out of *The Face* were born an entire legacy of other magazines: *i-d*; *Dazed & Confused*; *Colour*; the *Modern Review*; *Arena* and many more. Together they gave adolescents and twenty-

some things a powerful, recognised and respected voice at a time when successive Conservative governments were trying to gradually erode the independence of the young through a whole host of measures ranging from the Poll Tax to the draconian Criminal Justice act.

Steve Beard, since dropping out of Cambridge in 1987 has written freelance for most of the aforementioned publications, and LOGIC BOMB is basically an anthology of his work. He takes us through a decade of essays and articles where we meet the likes of Damien Hirst, William Burroughs and J.G. Ballard and visit destinations as diverse as Tokyo and Euro Disney. He gives us his introductory thesis on postmodernism from his Cambridge days and we even get personal correspondence to Cosmo Landesman and Julie Burchill (now of the *Sunday Times* and the *Guardian*) from when they were editing the *Modern Review*. All of this is very nice, but it all begs the question: why? What is the point in all of this? The blurb on the back page of

logic bomb tells us that the book "Tunnels deep into the collective unconscious of the last ten years, offering a core sample of transglobal style culture." Does it? More to the point, what is style culture? Matthew Collin, one time editor of *i-d* tries to explain it in the preface as "one part aspirational materialism, one part entrepreneurial verve, plus a load of self reverential hype." You'd expect LOGIC BOMB to be pretty defining then, an anthology by one of the most respected commentators of its generation. It's far from defining, though that isn't to say there aren't some good articles: there are, particularly the interview of Damien Hirst and the profile of

He takes us through a decade of essays and articles where we meet the likes of Damien Hirst, William Burroughs and J.G. Ballard

Wolfgang Tillmans. As for Beard, well as someone who peruses style magazines religiously, his was a name which barely produced a flicker of recognition. He is, by his own admission, "a hack" who at the age of 37 still struggles to pay the rent each month. That sounds terribly bitchy, but if this was a collection by one of his better known contemporaries such as Burchill, *Dazed & Confused*'s Jefferson Hack or the sadly deceased Gavin Hills then maybe I'd be more inclined to sit up and take notice of him.

Ultimately LOGIC BOMB is a fairly ordinary collection of writing from some of the best publications of the last decade or so. There's nothing fundamentally wrong with this eclectic anthology; there is after all some pretty good stuff in it. It's just that when I'm feeling nostalgic I'd sooner flick through a pile of old magazines than the edited highlights of a little-known journalist's career.

LOGIC BOMB by Steve Beard is out now on paperback published by Serpent's Tail priced at £10.00

## Win free books!

Serpent's Tail have kindly sent the Beaver two copies of THE LOGIC BOMB to give away to the first two people to give the most creative answer to the following question:-

What does the "transglobal style culture" mean?

The answer should be no more than ten words long and put the answer along with your name and email address in the Literary Box in the Beaver Office by the 1st March 1999.

## Feminine Power

CLAUDIA KIM takes a look at Natasha Walker's controversial debut novel THE NEW FEMINISM which she finds "gives a refreshing new view on feminism in the modern day".

Natasha Walter's debut book, THE NEW FEMINISM gives a refreshing new view on feminism in the modern day. It defines feminism in the context of the 90's and the fast approaching millennium, drawing a distinction between the feminism of the 70's and 80's, the traditional feminism and the 'new feminism' of today. Walter writes in a clear voice, giving her arguments, and can even be read as a cry for understanding and realisation. This book is definitely about girl power and equality. However, it

is an equality of a different nature than that of traditional feminism. In her introduction Walter writes "the new feminism must unpick the tight link that feminism in the seventies made between our personal and political lives", a statement that goes far to show what it is that Walter is trying to argue for in this book. NEW FEMINISM is about political, social and economic reforms that will create a real equality in society for women. This 'new feminism' is no longer supposed to be about our personal lives, such as the debates about abortion, sexual harassment (or how many people we can sleep with without being called a slut) but our rights in the workforce, support for single mothers, women's voices in the highest courts of the country and other rights that society today does not give women.

THE NEW FEMINISM is an incredibly interesting book. It could almost be used as a reference book because it is so filled with references and statistics that Walter uses to support her arguments. This does make the book a bit harder to read than a feminist novel. Each chapter is like an essay in its own right so they can be read on their

own. For those people who already have feminist tendencies, this book will probably make you very, very angry when you read the various statistics Walter gives detailing the inequality of women. For those who are not already feminists, even the guys (sometimes known as male chauvinistic pigs), you are in for a surprise at how much inequality there is in society and Walter's arguments on how to battle them. My favourite chapter would definitely have to be Chapter 6 Sex Without an Order of Battle (no, I have not read a 'good sex' manual by mistake) which deals with love and (umm...) sex between men and women, how feminism should, or even should not, come into it. There is also a lot about rape and rape cases and how they are dealt with in Britain which did make me feel quite disgusted at how the system works against women. This is what, in my opinion, THE NEW FEMINISM is about: defining "new feminism" and raising an awareness of its issues.

THE NEW FEMINISM by Natasha Walter is out now on paperback in all good book stores priced at £6.99 published by Little, Brown & Co

## If music be the food of love then don't read on

MARK PALLIS reviews NICK DRAKE: THE BIOGRAPHY by Patrick Humphries but finds his music more interesting.

Although I'm not normally a fan of biographies, when I saw one on Nick Drake I bought it. I rather regret having done so because I knew that after the first few pages that it would be tough going and my near on twenty quid could have been better spent elsewhere.

Before I tell you about the book, I'd better say a word or two about its subject: Nick Drake. I first heard his music about four years ago and though most people normally say "Who?", he's been 'enjoying' a bit of a renaissance recently - I'm thinking here of the recent BBC documentary and the edited and ungainly appearance of his song 'Road' on the new Kate Winslet film 'Hideous Kinky'. His music is a perfectly English affair based around him and his guitar with occasional additions of strings or wind. They are totally unique. The unceasingly rhythmic picking of his fingers on the strings lifts you out of your chair into a new world.

But anyway, the book. To be honest, it could have been about 200 pages shorter, throughout you get the impression that the author is just space filing such as the way he talks about the Titanic at the beginning - background info is one thing but a brief history of the

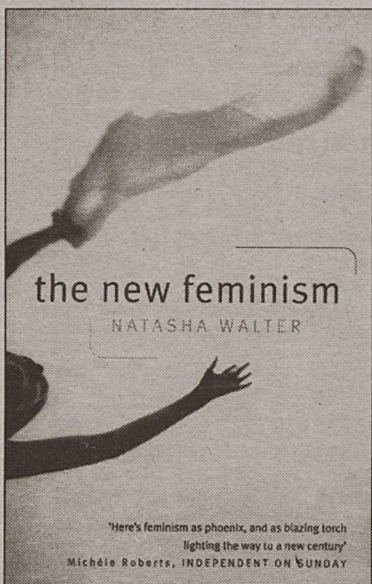
twentieth century is excessive. He seems set on trying to make Nick Drake into some kind of Rock 'n' Roll legend.

Coupled with this is a crappy, quack - psychological interpretation of the comments of his friends and on various roomers. I don't know whether the author is qualified to make such judgements, personally I doubt it and it seems to me (though I may be wrong) that his only qualification is an A grade in Wank.

Maybe I'm being harsh, yes, I am being harsh but shouldn't someone who purports to tell you about a person's life tell you about it, try to write it in an interesting way and leave you to make up your mind for yourself? I just thank god that he was refused permission to quote from Nick Drake's lyrics - I dread to think what he would have come up with.

My advice is to go and buy the CD's - steer clear of the 'best of' and go straight for 'Pink Moon' (my personal all time favourite album). Don't buy this book. All you need to know about him is there on the discs.

NICK DRAKE: A BIOGRAPHY by Patrick Humphries is out now priced at £19.99





# The Shape of Spring to Come



Spring is simple, understated and relaxed. This season emphasis is on layering colour on colour, contrasting rich textural knits with translucent feather light silks and flowing linens. Nicole Fahri described her collection as "an essence of light and weightless volume contrasted by architectural shapes creating a natural harmony of style and simplicity".

## Key Colours

Cream is the theme, white on white, and still more grey - if you dare to wear any colour, make sure it's red - Alexander McQueen devoted his whole spring show to it!

## Essential Shapes

Cut, texture and fabric are key at the moment whilst intricate detail, sparkle and sequins are traded for strong lines and minimalism. "Wardrobes should be simplified" said Amanda Wakeley of her collection.

Funnel-necks are

everywhere. Buy anything funnel-neck and you won't go wrong, although the funnel-neck fleece is my personal fav! Check out Zara for cheap copies of designer originals.

Trousers as well as tops go three-quarter length this season so bare your legs if you dare. Just make sure they're seriously wide, otherwise they'll be mistaken for pedal-pushers - so last year! Don't splash out on a swanky pair, they're clearly a one-season



wonder item.

Flat is where it's at for shoes, a cute strap is a must. Go for grey felt or plain old black. Or if you want to wear birkenstoks and still look cool (it is possible), invest in the grey felt pair - be warned they are like gold dust to find. As are the ultra-flash Chanel Birkenstoks.

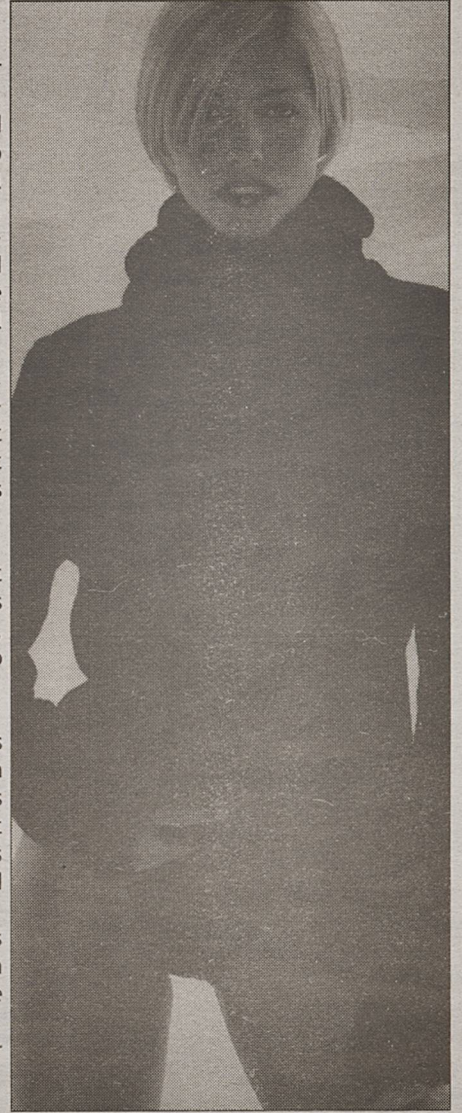
Jumpers must be super-chunky and the thickest knit you can find, that does not mean totally shapeless though!!

Skirts and Dresses are cut just below the knee, dresses should be simple shifts, forget sleeves - too complicated!

By summer neutrals should give way for fresh colours, including scary 80's revival fluorescence. Expect hippy-chic, and "Hideous Kinky" ethnic-inspired styles.

Of course this week is London Fashion week, which means all change in the fickle world of fashion.

By Alison Tyler



# Head Hunted

Bora Kwon puts Cheap and Chic Hairdressers to the test...

## It's A Snip

With the abolition of student grants and the ever-increasing price of cigarettes and alcohol, the LSE student has a lot to worry about this year. But when it comes to looking good there is a way to get great hair for less. You just have to be brave and spare three hours...

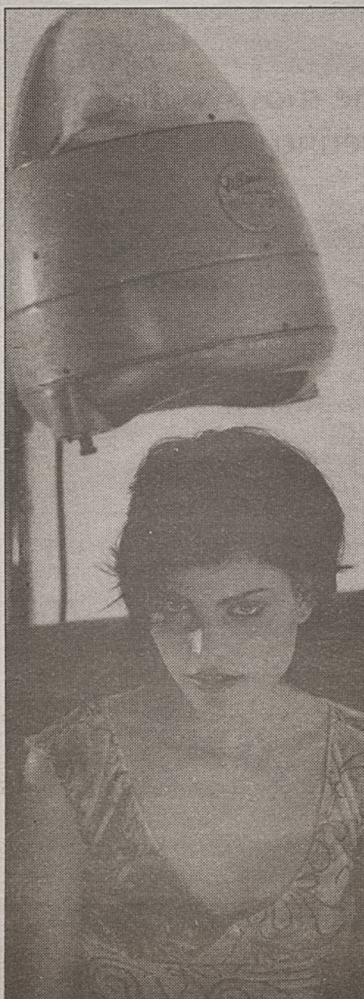
A haircut at Vidal Sassoon for a fiver? Sorted. A cool trendy cut with which to wow my acquaintances and boost my Houghton Street credibility. The catch was that my hair would be cut by those in training as opposed to old Vidal himself. Pity, as he and I go a long way back. I've been using 'Wash n' Go' for years.

Discount student haircuts have had a bit of bad press. Over enthusiastic scissor drivers and pre-Tarantino ironic, amputated ears are all well-known stories about letting trainees loose on your hair. However, in the interests of research, I booked an appointment and started praying.

The Vidal Sassoon School is

actually divided into different departments. I had originally booked an appointment at the Davies Mews school (off Oxford St.) for a trim. On arrival, the man at the desk looked me up and down, shook his head and tutted "Ooh no dear. I think it's a case for the Advanced Academy". Contrary to how it sounds, the Advanced Academy is not for those with hopelessly bad hair. Well that's what I was told. It is for those willing to try a new style, which is a little bit more directional and trendy than your average bob.

Initially, the Advanced Academy left me feeling extremely insignificant and studenty in my tatty combats and hooded top. The entrance was like that of some impossibly expensive salon and the reception manned by two incredibly gorgeous glam girls. I felt like an alcopop next to champagne. However, once inside, the staff were incredibly friendly and actually smiled instead of sneering.



## Scissor Happy

The man who cut my hair, Antonio, had been cutting hair for nine years already and was over in England to learn new, futuristic styles to expand his knowledge. He spoke very little English but had a translator with him who I think relayed all messages correctly. Translators are quite common at Vidal Sassoon as people come from all over the world to take courses here.

None of the cuts will take less than two hours to complete so arm yourself with some solid reading material, such as an economics textbook, or my favourite standby, 'Hello' magazine. This is because the teacher oversees every step of the process and Vidal Sassoon seem to specialise in cutting each hair individually. You can always amuse yourself by chatting to the other models who invariably are also gullible students. Note that although you are referred to as a model, you will be treated as model of a head of hair as opposed to being treated like Kate Moss.

After three hours my hair was done. The result? I was very

pleased. A different look for me but not so different that anyone has pointed at me in the streets. The bonus is that some cuts at the Advanced Academy are free, so I didn't even have to pay a fiver. On some days, hair colouring services are also complimentary with your cut. If you don't want to risk a totally new look then the Davies Mews school offers classic cuts for the five pound offer. They know their trade and no one I have talked to came away with a cut they didn't like. The most important thing is to let them know when you book and just before the cut, how far you are willing to go and you shouldn't get any nasty surprises. They love students - how rare is that? Go on, you have nothing to lose but your hair.

Vidal Sassoon Advanced Academy: 0171-491-0030

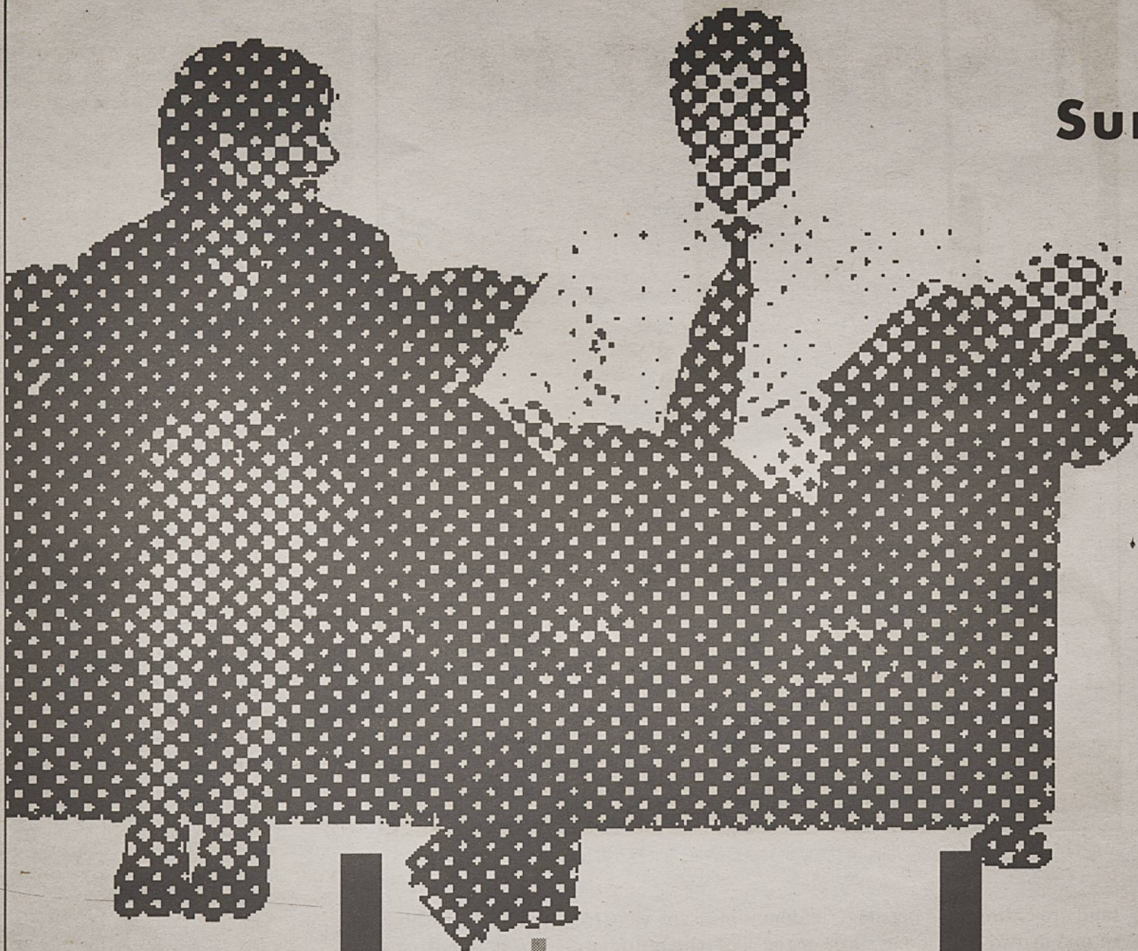
Vidal Sassoon Davies Mews School: 0171-318-5205

## Hair Fact

In Britain a quite incredible £2.6 Billion is spent each year on hairdressing.



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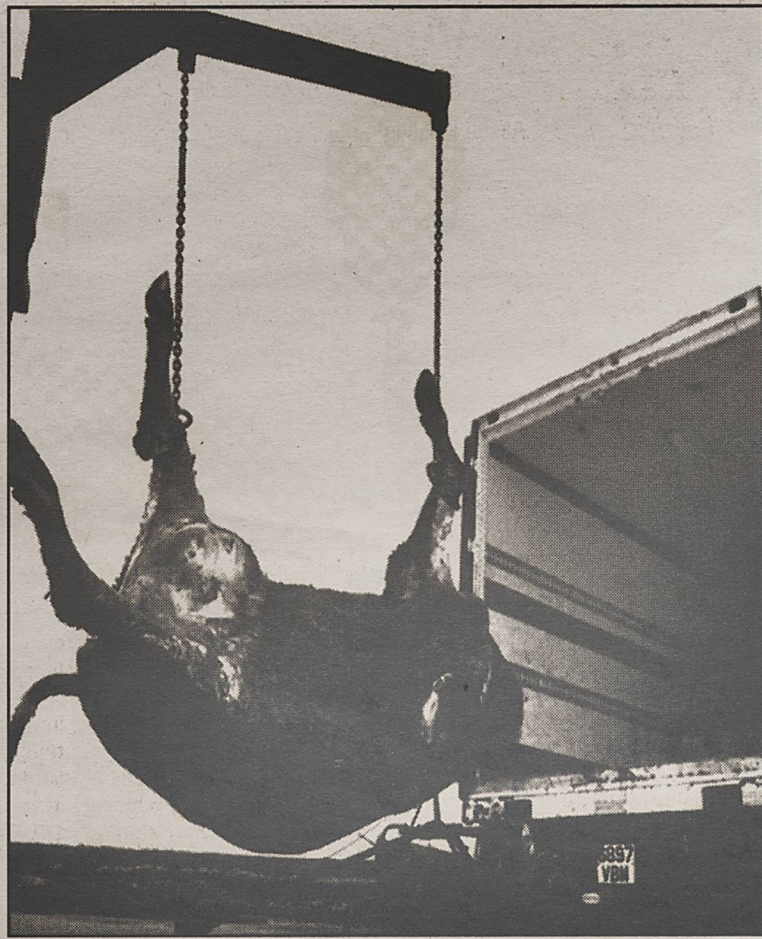
# Direct action for the right to roam

James Meadway

What with spending some of my tender formative years in the godawful rural backwater that is north-east Essex, I can appreciate only too well the irritation felt by the Ramblers Association at yet another weaselly Labour government issue ducking. Ever since the Countryside Alliance march - remember that? - when every rural ingrate (complete with dogs and sprogs and shiny, shiny Volvo) dragged themselves down to shuffle in self-consciously foolish fashion around central London to the taunts of derisive locals - come and see the circus - ever since then, in fact, our mighty, purposeful, 'more radical than you can imagine' Labour government has cacked itself if a farmer has so much as coughed within earshot. The massed ranks of toffs and their underpaid, overworked hirelings have seemingly got the Labour cabinet quaking in itself collective boots - not the farmers, dear god, no, not the farmers. Goodness knows what they'll do if a serious group of protestors

turned up, not this ludicrous collection of 'concerned locals' and corpulent aristocrats. Ever since that Glorious Day in the annals of British agriculture, anything that may vaguely impinge upon farmers rights: to feed dead cows to other cows, to poison rivers, to vastly exploit their workers, that sort of thing - is hurriedly disposed of. Ban foxhunting? Don't be so silly - the overwhelming public support for such a move is as nothing compared to the irritation of a few nobs on horses.

Hence the sudden lack of commitment to a manifesto promise. There will be no 'right to roam' in this country; an attempt by a backbench Labour MP, Gordon Prentice, to have such a bill moved through Parliament is going to be (if it hasn't already been by the time you read this) scuppered by Labour ministers. Once again, the government is rolling over and playing dead in the face of likely 'countryside lobby' protests. Ridiculous. No-one appreciates landowners in this country, no-one except these 'rural guardians' themselves, who will spout crap about preserving 'rural ways of life' and 'ancient traditions.' Vast chunks of



The BSE crisis, another one of many in recent years for British agriculture

land are entirely the personal fiefdom of one or two individuals; 90% of the land in this country is owned by 10% of the people. Any sort of visit to the countryside, for whatever reason, turns into an insidious exercise in crowd-control. Tourists, rambblers, bikers, whoever, are herded into set enclosures, pushed along barb-wired footpaths, threatened with the occasional shotguns if they step over the mark. Huge tracts of the British countryside are little more than giant food factories, ready to provide EU surpluses to be dumped or burned later; a colossal waste in the pursuit of naked profit.

'Right to roam' isn't just about a handful of train-spottery rambblers, eager to stretch their legs in their big socks and day-glo kagouls - it's far more serious than that. Commercial interests in the countryside now hem in all of us, far more than is necessary. Think of the vast patches of 'set-aside' still jealously defended by men in Barbours. Think of the acres of private, inaccessible woodland used only to provide a

pleasant view from the manor. Think of the enormous food surpluses produced that never go anywhere near a mouth. Beyond a minimum level, there is no possible need to enclose us like this. A shocking lack of accountability prevails throughout the country - how long was it before we found out about BSE? The mediocrities and narrow-minded interests of the farming lobby kept that one out of public knowledge for a disturbingly long time: not far off twenty years, in fact. And yet still we are cooped behind electric fences and warning signs, our thanks for subsidising their profits and eating their poisoned food. The sheer arrogant presumption of these people is astounding. Our expectations of reasonable access to our countryside should not be left in their hands. If the Labour government won't tell them that, frankly, we've had enough, we should tell them ourselves. Direct action - mass trespass - ignore the law. The land isn't ours. But it should be.

## Tory Boy

Toryboy and Tory Babe sat down for their Valentine's Dinner. In the soft light of the restaurant Tory Babe's perfect figure and flowing hair drew envious glances from other diners. Toryboy gave her a passionate kiss and handed her a menu.

"What do you want, babe?" he asked.

Tory Babe studied the menu. "What I'd really love," she murmured, "is beef on the bone. Funny, they haven't got it on the menu. They always used to do it."

Toryboy stopped a waiter. "Excuse me," he asked, "but do you still serve beef on the bone?"

The waiter bowed before answering. "Sir, I'm afraid the government has banned it. It was too risky, so we have replaced it with genetically modified vegetable soup."

"What's that got in it?" asked Toryboy.

The waiter bowed again. "Sir, it is made from genetically modified tomato puree, mixed in with genetically modified peas and carrots and garnished with genetically modified sprigs of parsley."

Tory Babe was interested in trying this novel starter, so Toryboy ordered two portions. Within a few minutes two steaming bowls of soup arrived on a silver tray.

Toryboy picked up his spoon and tried to catch a genetically modified carrot. The carrot dodged smartly and sank out of sight.

Toryboy changed his mind and went for a pea. The pea swam desperately around the surface until Toryboy cornered it with his spoon. As Toryboy lifted the spoon to his mouth the pea jumped off to rejoin its comrades in the soup below.

Toryboy frowned and attacked again with the same result. Eventually the tomato puree got fed up and slurped over the side of his bowl onto the table.

With a sigh Toryboy put down his spoon and called a waiter.

"Please clear up this mess," he begged. "I don't know why the government is so keen on this Frankenstein food."

The waiter winked. "Last week Toadie Blair and Jackboots Cunningham had dinner here. Apparently they're hoping for a party donation from the Genetic Food Society."

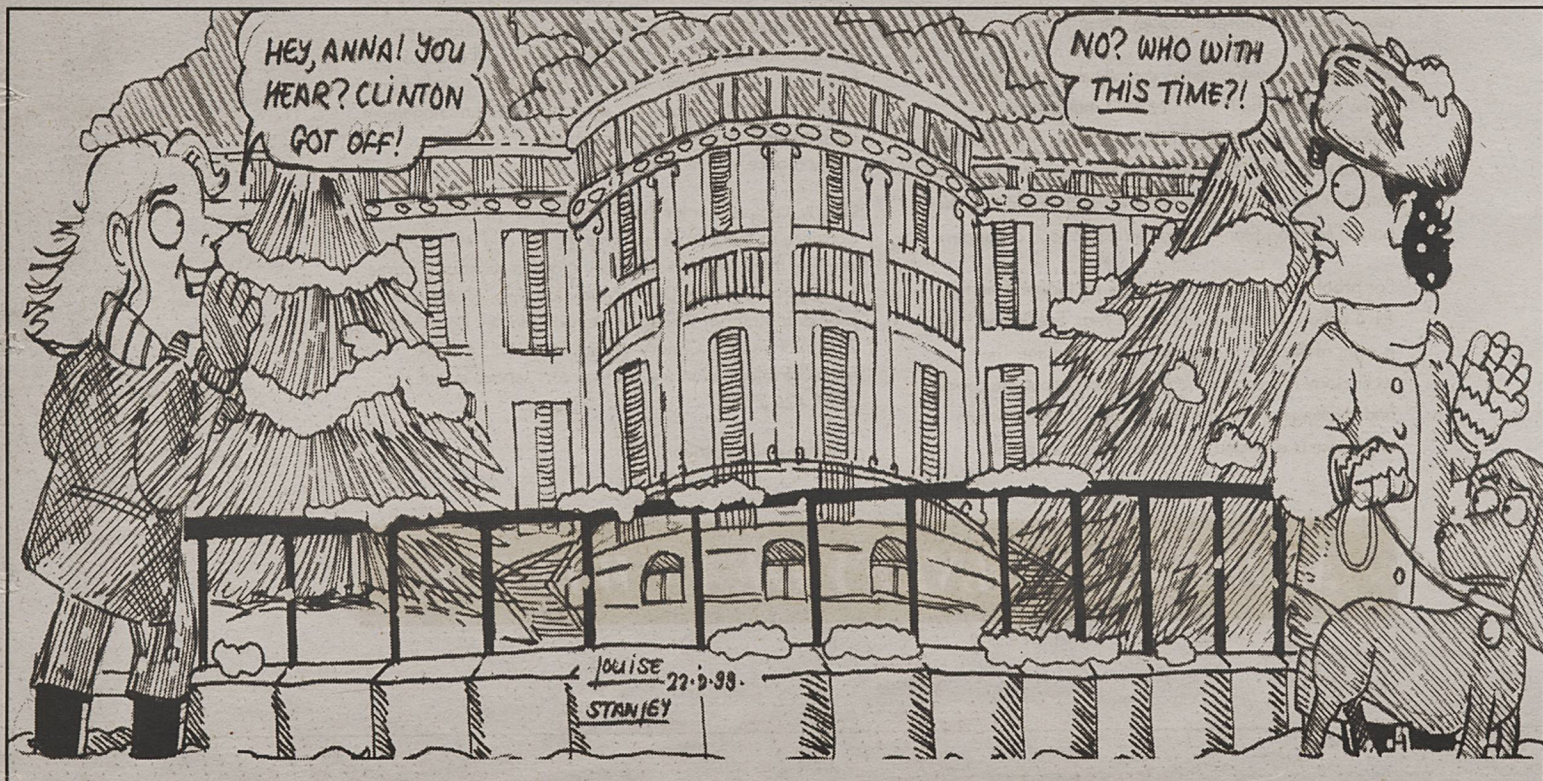
Toryboy and Tory Babe looked at each other and shook their heads sadly. The waiter cleared up the soup and took their orders for the rest of the meal.

As they chewed their lasagne special garnished with mozzarella Toryboy and Tory Babe stared into each other's eyes. Toryboy was struck by the sheer beauty of his girl.

"I love you, babe," he murmured, stroking her hair.

"I love you too," said Tory Babe, gazing back soulfully.

Toryboy kissed her. "I've bought something for you, babe," he said. And he handed her a genetically modified blue rose.



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



# Wagging the Dog

Alison Massagli looks back on the impeachment saga with a canine slant.

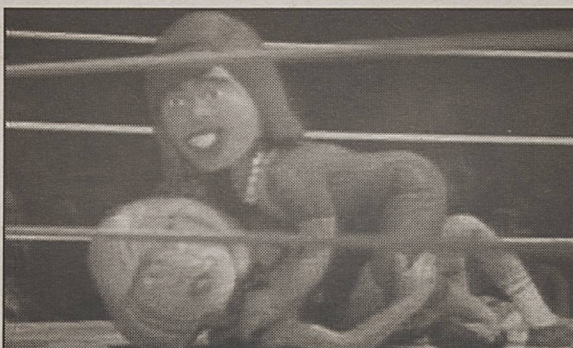


It's finally over. Hopefully we will see a return to normality. No more lewd comments about cigars. No more to necktie watching by the press. No more snide comments about sparing no expense for the dry-cleaning of stained dresses. Perhaps now American foreign policy will return to what passes for normality. No longer to be seen as a hostage to a desperate American President trying to divert attention elsewhere. The tumultuous year of 1998 saw the height of American irresolution rather than resolution.

Together with Britain, the United States bombed Saddam Hussein's Iraq. The international community, who suspected our motivations and intentions, called this punitive action

into question. How could we justify this act of aggression four days prior to Ramadan, one of the most sacred holidays on the Muslim calendar? And how could we justify our actions to an enraged public back home? Was this bombing yet another vain attempt at diverting the public's opinion away from the ominous impeachment trial? Perhaps Clinton's military and close personnel were still disillusioned from their Friday night movie rental of 'Wag the Dog'.

Whilst the last half of 1998 uncannily resembled the American blockbuster, 'Wag the Dog.' The bombing of Sudan and Afghanistan was completely unexpected and critics jumped on the unhumorous resemblance to the movie. But was not that around the time when Clinton was supposed to appear before the Grand Jury and testify about the impeachable charges of lying under oath and perjury? However, we were assured that these bombings were merely pre-emptive in nature—that is with respect to quelling any potential construction of



Monica and Hillary slug it out!

Photo: MTV

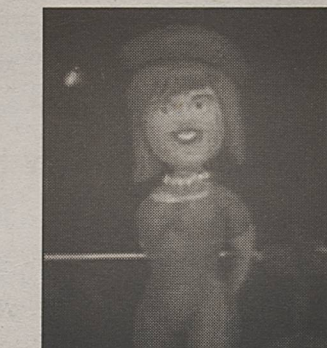
weapons of mass destruction. Thankfully, we had the token Middle-Eastern terrorist, Osama Bin-Laden, posing as the number one perpetrator of American security as justification.

As the Monica Lewinsky scandal and subsequent impeachment charges turned up the heat, Clinton began to pant. So, where else could Clinton turn except to the other token Middle-Eastern thorn in our side, Saddam Hussein? On the eve of the House vote deciding whether or not to initiate an impeachment trial, Clinton decided to drop the bomb—both figuratively and literally—on Iraq. Not only was this a miscalculated attempt at diversion, but an

international gaff, to say the least. The timing could not have been worse, when all Americans were concerned with what to get Mom and Dad for Christmas. But not surprisingly, Clinton emerged from this incident still wagging his tail. After investing so much effort in vilifying the Butcher of Baghdad, an American politician has reaped the benefits. It certainly helps that dear Saddam looks and

acts every bit the villainous and bloodthirsty megalomaniac he has made out to be.

The primary motivation of politicians is re-election, especially in the complex, indirect democracy such as the U.S. All motives can be attributed in the context of re-election. The bombings of 1998 were undoubtedly to bolster re-election potential for Clinton and his Democrats. U.S. politicians will bend over backwards to manipulate the public opinion polls because they foreshadow election attitudes. Clinton has disgraced the office of the U.S. presidency and made a mockery of our Constitution to save face and



hold on to office. He has been allowed to do so because of the astronomical heights of both his approval ratings and Wall Street's Dow Jones Index. As Harold MacMillian said, "You've never had it so good."

Ironically, Clinton's astonishingly impregnable position in these polls, even after 'mistakes' as the bombing of Iraq, will be his legacy, Slick Willy. The Comeback Kid. Even though Clinton must retire at the end of 2000, he must pave the way for his Democratic successor, Al Gore. If bombing Iraq, and any other rash action such as this, is necessary for re-election then the U.S. is going to have one hell of a time keeping Clinton on his leash.

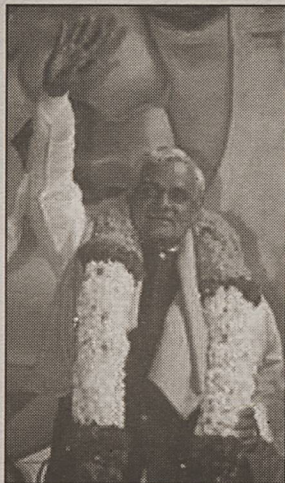
# We wish you a Bloody Christmas

Yusuf Ansari Yusufpur explores the challenge of religious fundamentalism and communal violence to a secular India.

Strange, isn't it to speak of Christmas while the austerity of Lent is fast approaching. Yet, when or how (or even whether) Christmas is celebrated has become an uncertain question, at least so far for the twenty million Christians of India. For them Christmas last year was a muted affair, drowned out by the deafening blend of ultra-right nationalism and religious fundamentalism that has been allowed to rack India with its bedlam of bigotry.

Many of us take Christmas celebrations for granted, taking part in Christmas festivities without a second thought. It seems that in India the celebrations had been hijacked by the violent mobs which went around burning Churches, smashing schools and leaving several dead. The reaction of Prime Minister Vajpayee and the rest of his government was a typical humbug. And the violence is still continuing.

The issues become clearer when India's political context is examined. The present government of India in fractious coalition of twenty political parties. The BJP being the largest party in Parliament heads the government, or to put it more aptly performs the balancing act. The BJP rose to prominence in the 1980s and early 1990s on the platform of 'Hindutva' - the idea that India is a Hindu nation and attempts to make fulfil that vision. Often this is done through violence and communal propagations along religious lines. A job left by the BJP to its related forums like the VHP and the Bajrang Dal, the protagonists in the current outbursts of violence. Together these groups form a collective fraternity



PM Vajpayee

Photo: BBC

labelled the 'Saugh Parivar'.

The Saugh clearly expects the BJP, as its political front, to implement its own political agenda. Their program includes mass reconversions, a halt to free market economics, the 'liberation' of various monuments (which effectively means destroying them) which somehow stand for the suppression of Hindu culture. The list of repressive measures goes on. However the expectations and counter obligations of coalition government have created a very awkward situation for the BJP. To please one it must disappoint the other. Therefore so far it tried to avoid that by the time honoured political tactic of doing nothing. At least until now.

Enter Sonia Gandhi, the matriarch of the Nehru-Gandhi dynasty and the charismatic leader of the Congress party. Her threat has been magnified by her party's victory in three state elections last November. Early



The Nehru-Gandhi dynasty: Sonia and son Rahul

Photo: BBC

indications reveal that the Congress is ready to go to the polls and likely to emerge victorious were there to be a mid-term election. This is grave news for the Saugh and for the BJP. Something needs to be done quickly and the bag of tricks lies empty since the nuclear tests in June turned into a damp squib. Suddenly her Roman Catholic faith has become the focus of communal attacks. She is seen as part of a 'Christian conspiracy to convert India'. Other said 'conspirators' include Professor Amartya Sen for his academic eruditions and criticism of social injustice in India. The broader Christian community has also been targeted.

With this focus, the self-proclaimed patriots and custodians of India's identity began their orgy of violence. So far they have left thirty churches gutted and several killed. Only last month an Australian missionary was burnt alive along with his two children., the armchair Prime Minister has called for a 'national debate' to resolve the issue. Against the background of continuing attacks, this was a lurid display of political apathy. Metaphorically, he is like an

umpire in a cricket match standing at the wicket while the bowler consecutively bowls beamers (bodyline style) at the batsman's head. Instead of penalising the bowler by calling a no-ball, he turns to the third umpire for a replay to show what everyone on the field has already witnessed, again.

Quite rightly the opposition parties dismissed the suggestion. Yet the Saugh have not even spared cricket which is universally loved throughout India. A distant relation, the Shir Sena dug up the cricket pitch in New Delhi in an attempt to prevent India from playing Pakistan, and thus demonstrating how far patriotic zeal affected right wing political parties.

The stinging issue of the moment however remains. Is India capable of holding on to its secular credentials, which are necessitated by the diversity of its culture? Will democratic institutions like freedom of association can lead to the tyranny of the Hindu majority over the Christian minority? By calling for a national debate, the Prime Minister has retreated from actively curbing fundamentalism. He has unwittingly

given to extremism the legitimacy of a kind it has never had in India before. It is not enough to wait for the fires of communal violence to die down, for India has had to live with this for the greater part of this century. Even after India's Separation with Pakistan, she has continued to be wracked by Hindu-Muslim tensions. It seems that Christians are being dragged against their will into the fray.

While the Constitution of India guarantees religious freedom, political convenience deems otherwise. The dictum 'Necessitas non habet legem' may not be official BJP policy yet, since it is restrained by elements of its coalition government. But what happens once it grows powerful, fuelled and motored by the 'think tank' of the VHP and their ilk? The worst could be yet to come.

Ever since it assumed power in March 1998, the BJP has repeatedly vowed that it is committed to sustaining secular government. In the light of what is happening God only knows who they are trying to convince, perhaps there is a great 'silent majority'. However, the alabaster is beginning to crack and as this veneer peels away, it exposes ugly patches of an even uglier construction underneath.

Suddenly the secular foundations of India's polity no longer appear so solid or strong. Instead they are the indications of all that we had feared and everything which we hoped had been discarded a long way back. Despite the painful lessons of history, the ghosts of communalism continue to haunt India.



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# SUSSEX TAKE LSE SCALPS

## Rugby boys lose as witty headline famine hits beaver office

LSE 1st XV 8  
SUSSEX 1st XV 15

- FAT BOB ESQUIRE  
REPORTS -

So, our little foray towards glory has been sithed down in its prime. A winning streak that saw us unbeaten in 1999, with notable scalps (yak) on our totem, was ended by a team that were simply not as good as us. I'm sorry, but at the end of that dark, dark afternoon a bunch of whinging polytechnic attending taffies were very very happy to get off the pitch. They were so scared to scrummage against us they were happy to just give us back the ball. Tarts. This was understandable as the L's pack dominated every play. The first try of the match saw the very hirsute (yak) spanner that is loverboy Phillips flop ungraciously over the Sus-Sex line. The identity of the scorer was unclear until we saw the number 4 on his back, at which point we knew it was a Big Jez special.

However, Sussex still managed to score a couple of cheeky tries, thanks to Matt Blagg, who is now under investigation from the RFU for match fixing charges, having blatantly dived the wrong way and letting his opposit man in. Our suspicions of the Gingerchest Man were compounded when he applauded as their fly-half kicked the conversion, that shaved (yak) the post. The turning point of the match came

with twenty minutes to go, when, with scrummage after scrummage on the Sus-sex line, the L's were consistently kept from getting their balls into the promised land of the try area. Several times there were calls for a penalty try to be awarded, with their flankers repeatedly fringing (yak) round the sides and their props popping out more than a Brit-winner's tits. But, as we found out, the ref was fresh from completing his Phd at Sussex, and actually played for them last year so he wasn't bald (yak) enough to make the right decision. Fanny. The day then got worse, not only had we lost the game, but even the presence of Tiny's pie-eating champion friends who imbibed

Guinness like a fat bird drinks slimfast, couldn't help us win the boat race. And then the whiny little coach driver wouldn't let us drink booze on his bus, so our only amusement was trying to guess what animal had crawled up Brumshaw's arse and died. All this meant that we were all particularly subdued in the Tuns. Even the jolly sight of Karioke Man couldn't stir us, and soon we were all falling gently asleep as the heady mixture of booze and exertion clouded our senses. However, let me warn you down that falling asleep in a group of drunken rugby players can have hair raising (yak) consequences. You're all fucking dead and you know you are. Bastards.



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## HOUGHTON STREET HARD MAN NO.6



**Why is that?**  
The female body is one of the finest works of art in the world and I don't understand why they are attracted to men as frankly, they are pretty fucking ugly.

**So you're no male supremacist?**  
I think men should pull their weight around the house but women should raise the kids. I don't want no fucking man raising my kids.

**You like pornography?**  
I don't like all that raunchy crap although I'm not averse to flicking through Playboy now and again. I'm a big fan of sex in public places, libraries, parks etc. Outdoors is always nice.

**Have you ever been arrested?**  
One time, I bought a keg of beer for my buddies party. I was under age at the time. The cops pulled me over and asked to see proof of ID. I only had my fake on me so I tried to call his bluff. It worked but then he asked for my social security number and he found out that I was 19. he hauled me down to the station and arrested me for "procuring of alcohol" under age.

**Madness! Any crazy drinking stories to speak of?**  
Two years ago at the Holsten Beer fest, I drank more beer than ever in my entire life. I met this cute english girl who was one of the best kissers that I have ever encountered. She wanted me really bad but I was too wasted to get her number.

**Who's your hardman hero?**  
Sean Connery. He takes care of business but is always in control. Also Cam Neely, an NHL hockey player for the Boston Bruins. The guy had a potentially career threatening injury inflicted upon him by this cheap ass motherfucker, Ulf Samuelson. In his first game back from injury against the same team he beat the crap out of Samuelson.

**He sounds like he has an extra large pair of balls. thanks alot my man.**

**No problem. I'm glad I could have been of use. I'm off out to find some pretty ladies.**

This week Feders goes one on one with LSE basketball captain Daniel Baranovsky from Boston, and finds out that some guys just aren't worth fucking with.

**Name:** Daniel Baranovsky  
**Age:** 22  
**Dept:** European Institute  
**Aka:** "The Baron"

**Okay, so you know why we're her. I've heard on the street that you are one mean dude and now I need to assess that claim. What's the biggest ruck you've been involved in on the court, bro?**

Yesterday, we won in the quarter finals of BUSA Against Hertfordshire. We'd just finished whipping their ass when Alex Gerard started streaking down the court..

**You what?**

No, he was setting himself up for a slam dunk, when one of their motherfuckers came in behind him and elbowed him in the head. Everyone jumped off the bench and some guy took a cheap shot at Alex. I grabbed the cheap shot guy, threw him against the wall and battered the son of a bitch senseless. Travis-Willis-Davis stepped up and started clearing their guys out like tooth picks.

**Fucking hell, who's Travis?**

He's the enforcer of the team. He's got ginger hair and freckles like you. He's always first of the bench and ready for action.

**What do you think of the female species?**

Sugar and spice and all things nice. I love women.

LSE ATHLETIC UNION  
COLOURS CEREMONY

11<sup>TH</sup> MARCH 1999



FULL AND HALF COLOURS  
AWARDS

SPORTSMAN AND  
SPORTSWOMAN OF THE  
YEAR AWARDS

THE BRIAN WHITWORTH  
CUP

BY INVITATION ONLY





# 7-UP SAM SAVES THE DAY IN SIZZLING STUNNA!

LSE 1sts 40 -44 UCL 1st  
LSE 2nds 27-23 UCL 2nds

- LEE FEDERMAN  
REPORTS -

It's certainly one of life's most gruelling chores to stand and watch dozens of beautiful women playing netball for two hours. In an all female environment which reminded me of the night I sneaked in to watch the Chippendales at the Brixton Academy, I was kept very occupied. Watching such finely formed specimens playing with such passion and determination made me proud to say that I too go to LSE.

The Firsts put up a marvellous fight against a tough willed UCL team whose captain assured me that their girls hadn't been beaten since 1979. "We are the best," she declared and "we're gonna kick some ass." Unfortunately for them, the LSE netball girls took no prisoners. Lucy Blair and Anna Foster were almost faultless in the shooting department, fading away and sinking the pull up jumpers in Jordan-esque style.

Meanwhile in defence Georgia Pryce, in a performance reminiscent

of Dennis Rodman patrolled the backboards with skill and agility. As the crowd cheered "Defence, defence, defence," Georgina leaped into the air and rejected the slam dunk attempt of UCL's 7 foot power forward. Respect is due.

In the second half 'Dirty' Alex™ came in and played an unusually clean game sinking 6 straight baskets and then downing 6 straight double vodkas. Maria, Laura and the rest of the crew were quick to join her.

Both teams, using unusually direct tactics, showed no interest in dribbling and followed a long ball tactic throughout much of the game. "Use your balls," shouted Lucy Blair, "grab them and hold on tight." I wondered if it was about time for me to make an exit. Something decidedly fishy was going down.

However an equally fine performance by UCL's scorers meant that LSE were always on the backfoot and couldn't pull back their deficit. "We were beaten up second half," declared Blair acknowledging the physical superiority of their

## Beaversports Swoons at Silky Skills Shown in Showers after Netball Girl's Double Wammy!!

opponents. After the match a UCL player declared "we won this match for all woman kind as all men are bastards." Some women can be so sexist and the Beaversports were quick to remind her of the dangers of such remarks.

Meanwhile on court 2, the park keepers at Lincolns Inn's Fields were witnessing netball excellence at the hands of 7up Sam. Sam scored "at least 20" of her teams total as LSE pushed aside the UCL challenge by 27 points to 23. In another closely fought epic it was the near perfect shooting of 7up which changed the face of the game. Sam, a self-confessed teetotaler, admitted that she may have to have a Chablis or two later by way of a celebratory drink. Magnificent.

Alex Hartley was also firing on all cylinders, showing even more commitment to the cause than selling her Anne Widdecombe conservative party annual dinner. Psyched after an awe inspiring meeting with 'Mikey' Howard, she certainly had a point to prove. What a gal, what a politician!

Captain Louise, who had refereed much of the game said it felt "dam good" to have notched up another victory and envisaged taking her girls all the way to the finals. With Peggy Harbottom and Caroline in control of the midfield and Ruth Daniel's passing as crisp as ever,



NETBALL GIRL MAKES GUEST APPEARANCE AT LINCOLN'S INN

Louise's dreams could become reality.

As the girls left the field of play in search of the showers, nobody could doubt that the day belonged to 7up Sam. Massive.

If you're looking for an afternoon of fun and frolics with the netball girls, go along and support them. You'd be suprised just how much fun netball can be!!

### LSE ATHLETIC UNION SPORTSMAN & SPORTSWOMAN OF THE YEAR AWARDS



1998/99

For dedication and success in sport throughout this season.

ALL AU MEMBERS ELIGIBLE FOR NOMINATION.

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## Annual LSE Sports Awards

It's that time of year again. Who's been the best sportsman and sports woman in their chosen sport? In football it's neck and neck at the moment. If the criteria is goals goals and more goals

then few would argue with Dave 'Wiggy' Mcguiness whose golden boots and mane have set university football on fire. If we went for the sympathy vote then it would surely go to Naveen Paul, as he could place the trophy next to his life time

acheivement in celibacy. Or what about the netball team, the list of candidates reads like a who's who of Grand National winners. As Richard Whitely as probably never even considered saying, let the countdown commence.

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