

N58

BEAVER

NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

No. 199

MARCH 11th, 1981

OCCUPATION!

Board room, library and Connaught House taken over in fees protest

AFTER a week of direct action by students in protest at overseas student fee increases, Connaught House, the School's administration block, is still being occupied. It is the latest in a flurry of occupations that started last Tuesday with the seizure of the Board Room.

Even before the first occupation, Connaught House was heavily guarded, and the consequent occupation of the library on Wednesday night increased the School's fears.

Sometime during the morning of 5th March a small number of students managed to penetrate the defences of the "fortress" and laid low until lunchtime. At a packed Union meeting students gave overwhelming support to a motion calling for an occupation of Connaught House. Despite the failure of a procedural motion to transfer the UGM to the occupied building, and subse-

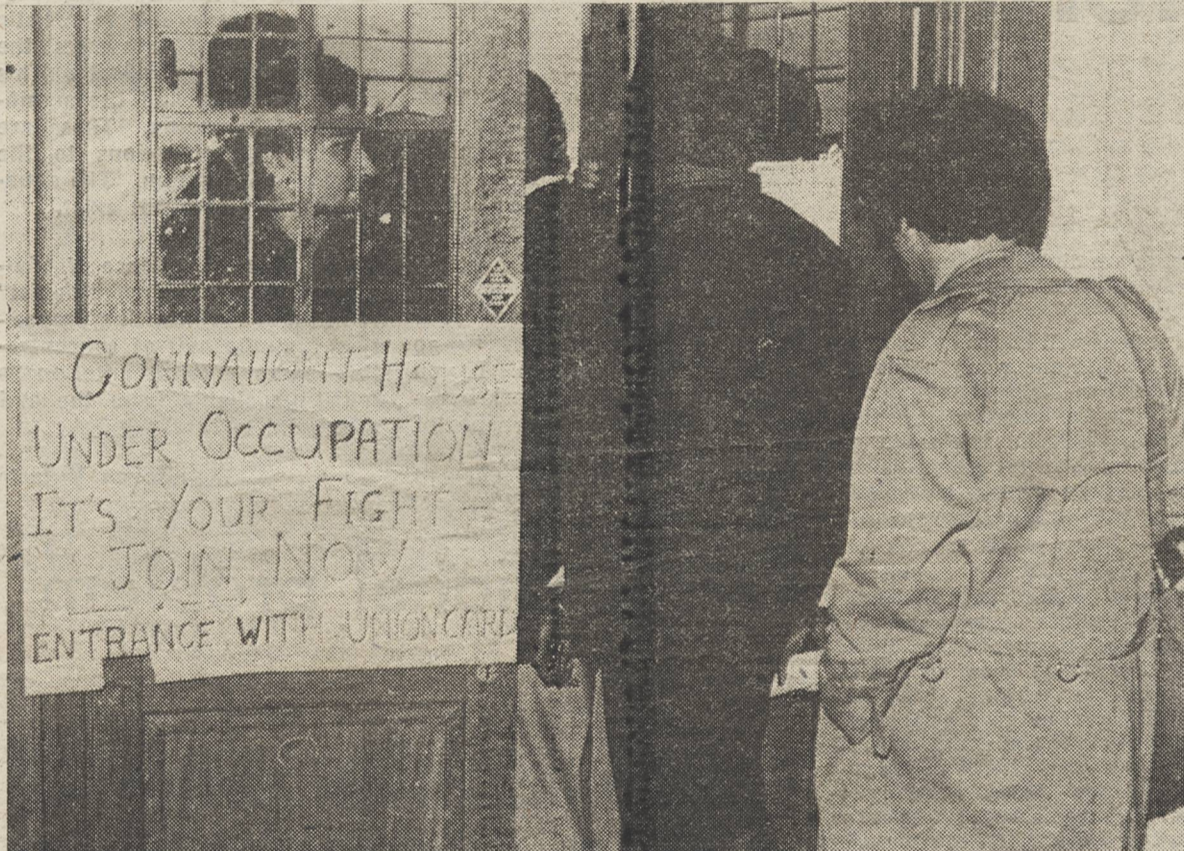


Photo by Colin Bates

quently one to adjourn it, many students present at the meeting joined the occupation, gaining entry through a seventh-floor fire exit that had been opened by those students who had already penetrated the tight security. Once the sixth and seventh

floors were secured by the occupiers, the School moved out of the rest of the building and the occupiers began to set up some internal organisation. An agreement made two years ago with the TGWU at the last occupation was quickly reaffirmed and discussions held with NALGO to determine who would be allowed to enter and work in the building.

At a mass OSAC meeting on Friday the following list of demands was drawn up:

- * No fee increases for any student
- * The School should abandon the rhetoric of "full-cost" fees since each additional student does not add "full cost" to the School's expenses
- * New students must be made aware of the fees for their entire course before they enter LSE
- * No victimisation of students or staff for participation in or co-operation with occupation
- * Greek and Hong Kong students to pay fees at home student rates
- * Present staffing level will not be reduced.

At this meeting a delegation was elected which presented these demands to the Director late in the afternoon. Most of the demands were rejected and on several issues Dahrendorf claimed that his hands were tied by the decision of the Gov-

ernment. When questioned about his decision to raise fees for new students by £200 more than the Government's recommended minimum, he said that it was to help give more waivers to existing students. When pressed for details on this he was vague.

Since this meeting, both parties have issued open letters to each other. In his, Dahrendorf states categorically that the occupation will not change the way in which the decision on fee levels is decided and makes several allegations concerning staff. These the Union have answered in full and in turn accused the Director of attempting to infringe the neutral status of the TGWU and NALGO staff.

(Continued on Page Two)

STOP PRESS

The Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice has served an injunction on several named students and "persons unknown" over the occupation.

They must appear in court at 10.30 am on Wednesday and if the ruling goes against them the police will move in. A mass Union meeting reaffirmed support and passed a motion indemnifying the occupiers against legal costs.

RENT STRIKE LATEST:

Legal threat

IN a letter sent to rent strikers in all three halls of residence last Friday, the Director gave notice that he intends to bring legal action against all those who fail to pay their rents before the end of term. As recently as the last Court of Governors meeting the School had told student representatives that it wanted to settle the matter internally.

Initial reaction from students was that the move was in retaliation for the recent spate of occupations, but the Inter-Halls Committee have since been told that the decision was reached on this before students moved in to the Board Room. At the Inter-Halls meeting all but one of the student representatives voted in favour of supporting the Director in any moves he might take to settle

the Rent Strike.

After meetings in the halls over the weekend, the Rent Strike Committee voted on Monday to put a motion to the UGM to call off the Rent Strike. The general consensus was that people were unwilling to go to court over the matter and the Senior Treasurer had reported that it was almost certain that the School would be awarded costs anyway.

A delegation spoke to the Director on Tuesday and got an assurance that none of the rent strikers would be victimised. Provisional suggestions were made as to how this would be monitored. The Rent Strikers emphasised that they had adopted the right tactics but it had failed through lack of support in the final outcome.

Colin Bates

Soc. Dems. scoop S.U. posts

THE new LSE Social Democratic group secured all sabbatical posts and three additional places on the Executive Committee in last Thursday's Student Union elections.

The post of General Secretary was won by John Munford, while Keir Hopley got the Senior Treasurer's job. Though the new social secretary elect Nic Newman stood as an Independent ENTS candidate, he is a member of the new Social Democrat group.

On the Exec with the three Social Democrats are three Labour Club members, one Socialist Workers' student, one Conservative, one from the Democratic Student Front and one Pragmatic Reasonablist.

The size of the Social Democratic vote in the Sabbatical elections surprised most observers. In the General Secretary race John Munford polled 411 first preferences while Tony Donaldson in second place secured 237. Informed opinion gave Martin Clavane a good chance but in the event he was beaten into fifth place by the Conservatives.

In the race for Senior Treasurer, Keir Hopley secured 521 of the 1,129 votes cast with Rick Young second with 435.

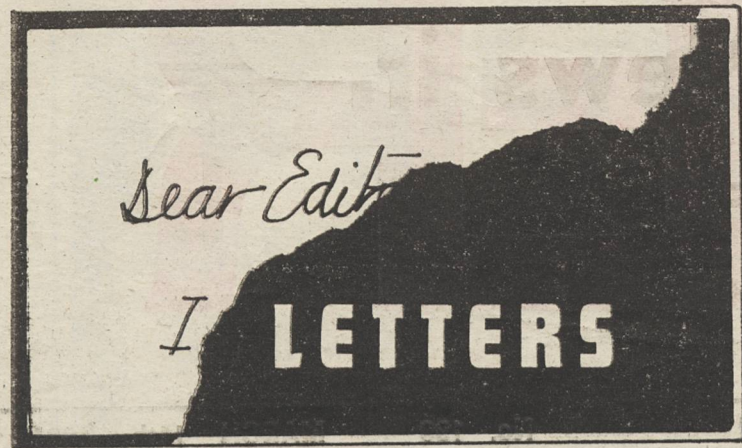
Social secretary was a one horse race with Nic Newman going over quota with no need for redistribution. He secured 667 votes, nearly 400 ahead of his nearest rival, Purna Sen.

The evening of the count was

(Continued on Page Three)

CONTENTS

- Page 2 — Your Views
- Page 3 — Protest Problems
- Page 4 — Down & Out
- Page 5 — Outside Views
- Page 6 — New Cross
- Page 7 — RAG Special
- Pages 8 & 9 — Arts
- Page 10 — Director's Views
- Page 11 — Pornography
- Page 12 — A.U.



Thoughts on "no platform" policy

Dear Editors,
THIS letter was prompted by Mr Clavane's remarks about the freedom of speech and no platform policy. The first of many gems of Mr Clavane's fertile intellect that needs scrutiny is:

"Those who advocate that racists and fascists must have rights to free speech like everyone else want to make the question of rights very abstract. The issue is: rights for whom and for what?"

From the tone of the above lines, it is clear that Mr Clavane deems abstractions to be criminal and that freedom of speech is an abstraction. (Full marks for originality). Mr Clavane then deftly shifts the burden of proof from those who would deny free speech to fascists and racists to those who would uphold the principle of free speech for all. The supporters of free speech for all must justify the extension of this right to fascists and racists. This stand is made all the more explicit in the question: "rights for whom and for what?" Mr Clavane forgets that a right enjoyed by one group to the exclusion of another is not a right but a privilege. A right is something that we are all entitled to **without distinction** (Mr Clavane might pay more attention to the U.N. Declaration which he so eagerly quoted). In essence, what Martin Clavane is saying, is that freedom of speech is a privilege to be enjoyed only by those worthy of it. (In whose eyes?)

But I am being too harsh. Mr Clavane does raise one valid point: "rights for whom, and what?" As he points out, in organised society we deny members certain freedoms whose exercise by one member would deny a majority of other members their freedoms. (This is the swing your arm-end of my nose argument). And so, Mr Clavane says, we deny to fascists and racists certain rights. Because, he says: "To allow them (fascists and racists) to speak and organise means to allow them to carry out serious attacks on people."

Given that no political group is allowed to use violence in the pursuit of its ends, I fail to see how allowing a political group merely to speak and organise ipso-facto constitutes permission for them to exercise violence. Mr Clavane, who is never at a loss for words says it is because:

"it is well known that racists and

fascists are directly against the interests of ordinary people".

If it is as well known as that why does Mr Clavane worry about the presence of fascists and racists. Who will be converted by their rhetoric? Martin has made the fatal mistake of confusing his perception of the ordinary person's interests with the ordinary person's own.

Without pause for breath, Martin Clavane charges on to argue that to allow public debate and discussion in order to show up fascists and racists is pointness. Such public discussion he says gives credibility to fascist and racist views. I agree with Clavane that no amount of discussion (reasoned or otherwise) will persuade a fascist or racist to convert. But on the subject of credibility I must disagree.

Credibility is not an entity that exists in its own right. Political ideologies and philosophies are not endowed credibility as an inherent part of their nature, but are assigned it by individuals. The question is not: does such and such give credibility? but, in whose eyes does such and such give credibility? Certainly the committed anti-fascist will never accord credibility to fascist and racist views, no matter how many debates or discussions take place. The committed fascist, as Clavane points out, will never be persuaded otherwise. But what about the uncommitted?

It is possible that the uncommitted might give credibility to fascists and racists if they are allowed in the public arena. But driving them underground away from the scrutiny of the light of day is no better, for like forbidden fruit, their ideologies become that much sweeter and all the more tempting. The point of public debate with fascists and racists is not to persuade them, but to persuade the uncommitted who might be tempted by fascism. If the fascists are forced to do their proselytizing in secret, we will not be able to confront them in the presence of the uncommitted.

Mr Clavane's defence of the no platform policy is motivated less by reason than fear. He fears the seductive simplicity of fascism and so in the best puritanical traditions he would lock up fascism and put it away from public view. Mr Clavane is acting in our best interests because we cannot be trusted to realise what is in our own best interests.

R. Vohra

Back to hopper

Dear Editors,
YOUR REVIEW of Edward Hopper at the Hayward was generally sound but marred by a crass opening paragraph. I too, was perplexed by the way the exhibition was set out counter-chronologically, making it harder to trace the artist's development. However, to have turfed out Hopper's less mature work, as your critic advocates, because it doesn't "enhance the artist's reputation", would have denied us the valuable opportunity of witnessing a great artist working on his technique, reacting to the light and artistic influences of Paris, and ultimately finding his own distinctive style.

The Exhibition wasn't an attempt at "20 Golden Greats", but "Edward Hopper: The Art and the Artist", and as such does well to display the different works from all periods of Hopper's life.

I can only endorse your critic's recommendation to go and see this exhibition. If you start at the end and work backwards you won't feel a sense of anti-climax.

Peter Scourfield

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Dear Editors,
I WAS disappointed by Messrs Barnett and Tanner's self-righteous proclamation that vivisection is morally unjustified on the grounds that "there is no OVERALL difference between man and the animal kingdom". This is a degrading evolutionary fatuity.

Man and animal share similar bodily features, functions and sensitivities. The question is, do these likenesses eliminate the multitude of disparities between man and beast? Man is the only creature on Earth capable of technological and social progress. He is prone to artistic inspiration and possesses the unique ability to reflect on his origins, destiny and the significance of his being. These are not trifling objections to the form of an equation. The equation simply does not exist.

This is not a defence of vivisection, it is a "homosapienist" rebuttal of the insulting proposition that the evil of concentration camp experimentation is indistinguishable from the evil of animal torture.

Steven Vujacic

Occupational problem

DEAR EDITORS,
The annual ceremony has come around once again this time during Rag Week, that joyful occasion when the children have their playtime.

Needless to say, I am talking about the usual regular occupations that disrupt life here. Whatever the reason for the action (be it fair and reasonable as the case of overseas students' increases most certainly is, or not) this method of demonstration will achieve NOTHING except inconveniences to the students and get the School's "back-up," and quite rightly so. If the T.L.s (Trendy Lefties) really did want the School/Government to change their policies, surely they would find the brains between them to be more effective and less obstreperous.

Adam Simmons.

OCCUPATION

(Continued from Page One)

At the meeting with the delegation on Friday the Director said that he would resort to a civil action in the courts to end the occupation. He is believed to have applied for a writ as BEAVER goes to press but this may be held up by the one-day Civil Servants strike. A delegation is due to meet the Director again on Monday evening to repeat the demands of the occupiers and condemn him for his threats of force.

An OSAC meeting in the Old Theatre on Monday called for a special Union meeting to be held the next day to pass a formal motion condemning the School's resort to legal force.

Meanwhile, in the occupied building, life is fairly comfortable and morale is high. Despite a lack of funds, the food committee is now providing a hot meal in the evenings, and tea and coffee is available through-

out the day. On Sunday night a Cultural Evening was organised. Occupiers are endeavouring to keep the place tidy and have refrained from activities that might make the occupation seem like a good bit of fun; no alcohol or drugs are allowed in the building. They stress that it is a serious issue and that they don't want to present the stereotyped image of student debauchery to the outside press.

The occupation is designed to hit the School and not individuals so the Student Health Service is operating as normal. Wages and maintenance staff are also being allowed into the building. Anyone wanting to visit the Health Service should enter Connaught House by the only usable entrance, on the second floor of the Old Building.

-Colin Bates.

Overseas students fees

PROFESSOR JOHN GRIFFITH puts forward his thoughts on the School's position on this currently raging issue.

I listened to the discussion at the Students' Union on 5 February when the Director answered questions. I came away moderately cheerful because it was obvious that most of those present understood the School's problems and sympathised with the efforts being made to them.

But there was one line of questioning which was distinctly depressing. In brief it asked the Director "What are you going to do about the fact that we overseas students find great difficulty in paying the fees required?"

What the School is trying to do is to help students who are faced with increased fees in their second and third years because, as the Director said, we think it is immoral for the Government to increase fees for continuing students. That help comes out of School funds and therefore deprives other students and staff of some facility which would otherwise be provided. Another reason for this allocation of School funds, as for other efforts made by the School, is because we believe that the cosmopolitan, international, character of the School is enormously worth preserving. But what sort of an institution do those who complain about student fees think the School is? We are not a charitable institution. We are not an institution established to provide free education. I wish we were both. I wish we had vast endowments so that we could admit whomsoever we liked without any cost to themselves. But we are in reality a poor institution financed by Government grants and fees from year to year, with virtually no reserves. Without grant, without fees, we stop. We cease to exist. We go dead.

So if overseas students wish to make the case for free or cheaper education, let them make it either to the Government in this country (where they will get little sympathy) or ask their own Governments to establish bursaries.

All students are buying goods in a shop. The shopkeeper may try to give a discount in certain circumstances. But he cannot, if he wishes to remain in business, supply the money for the purpose of his goods.

BEAVER

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with thanks to Terry and the Print Shop Lads.

OPEN MEETING
Tuesday, 23th April.

COPY DATE
Wednesday 29th April

LAYOUT
April 29th and 30th, mid-afternoon onwards.

ALL WELCOME.

Hot Gossip protest

AS a protest against the Hot Gossip concert on Monday night, around thirty students and staff occupied the Haldane Room stage for an hour.

Deborah Trosser of the Law Department finished her lecture in the Haldane Room at 6 pm and then went on to chair a seminar on "Women and the Law". The seminar group claimed that they had also booked the room and had a right to be there, but the organisers of the Hot Gossip event thought otherwise. Controversy still rages on this point.

Friction and ill-feeling quickly grew and at one stage a member of the Hot Gossip road crew brandished a metal bar. In other incidents three women were hurt, one badly bruised after being trapped in the doorway.

As the atmosphere started to get heavy a vote was taken and the protesters left at 7 pm. An ENTS person told Beaver that little disruption was caused as they had been able to work around the protesters.

In a separate incident, an unknown protester put "super-glue" in the locks of the dance group's dressing-room doors. This was noticed before the dancers arrived and a forcible entry was made.

Later in the evening women's groups and Gay Soc staged a peaceful picket by the entrance to the concert but there was no other trouble.

Colin Bates



Photo by Patien Smith

An angry Hot Gossip "roadie" brandishes an iron bar. He was soon calmed by a steward.

News in brief

THE demand for September re-sits has been rejected by a recent meeting of the Academic Board, which comprises all L.S.E. academics. The Maths and Statistics departments in particular were set in their opposition and continue to turn out in force at meetings to express this view. The Union hope to raise this matter again next term, the feeling being that sufficient academic support does exist, if only it may be mobilised to attend and vote at Board meetings.

Negotiations are under way for the creation of links between the Union and Stroll More Ltd Housing Association, similar to the Quadrant scheme already in operation. Although slightly more expensive at rents of £15-£16 per week, the properties, situated throughout London, are in far better condition. Feedback is hopefully to be expected during the next few days. For further information contact Ed Jacob.

The Union have instructed Ed Jacob to investigate the issue of private files at present kept by the School on every student, and to press for student access to this information. A reply is at present being awaited but, if negative, the Executive are to demand the initial release of their own files.

Elana Ehrlich, Student Welfare Officer for several years, is to retire temporarily from the L.S.E. scene on maternity leave from early April, possibly not returning until October 1982. We all wish Elana well—her replacement will shortly be sought.

Recent Weeks of Action, that of Cyprus in particular, passed successfully and boasted large attendances. Following the spirit of the Cyprus week, in which positive moves indicated

that Turks and Cypriots can indeed live together in peace, a motion is to be put to the U.G.M., noting and articulating this feeling. Iraqi week presented no problems of outside interference, despite fears of a repetition of the Cardiff situation.

The Union shop is to begin to stock a range of health foods. Any further suggestions of how to improve the service will be gratefully received.

Ed Jacob is in the process of formulating a reply to the Swinnerton-Dyer Report, which dealt with the reorganisation of London University, and presented a pessimistic forecast in view of the present situation. Cuts are projected for the next ten years, with no concept of the possibility for changing conditions. He rejected the report's conclusions on these grounds and will answer accordingly.

L.S.E. student Sajitha Bashir had her case dismissed on Friday when she appeared before Highbury magistrates on a charge of threatening behaviour. The incident occurred on an Anti-Nazi League march last November. Ms Bashir again conducted her own case, as she did when acquitted of obstruction in May of last year.

The two thousand-plus copies of Beaver that went missing three weeks ago have now been discovered. After information from an observant student, they were found in the basement of the St Clement's Building in what used to be the old Three Tuns bar, partially covered in debris. A note on the pile read "Kings College Rule O.K." but its origin is uncertain. Kings deny all knowledge of the papers' disappearance.

Sheila Curran

Student Union elections

cont from P.1

marred by intimidation and provocation on both sides and at one point a violent confrontation seemed imminent.

It was noticeable in the Executive count how the alphabetical ordering of the ballot paper favoured certain candidates. For example, Dave Bearman received 160 first preferences while his Social Democratic colleague Arthur Wood polled only a handful. With respect to both candidates one is not that much more popular than the other. Likewise, Andre Brown, Conservative, polled three times more votes than his colleague Fernyhough. Clayton was the only SWSO candidate to be elected and also alphabetically top of their list. The same was true with Brettler and Chaffey for the Labour Club.

The election of the Pragmatic Reasonablist candidate SK Hussain is under enquiry after complaints were made about his election posters which featured naked women.

The inclusion of the Social Democrats in a major election for the first time has brought major changes. Both the Labour Club and the Conservative have suffered heavily and the already weak Liberal Group

will probably fold up. Labour is now in danger of being squeezed between the Social Democrats and SWSO.

What the results of all this will be, only time will tell. Once the posts are allocated on the Exec and the Social Democrats formulate a complete policy programme you, the voter, will see the fruits of your first preferences.

COLIN BATES

GENERAL SECRETARY	
	First preferences
Blacknell (Conservative)	147
Clavane (D.S.F.)	129
Dawson (Democrat)	9
Desai (S.W.S.O.)	224
Donaldson (Labour Club)	237
Munford (Social Democrat)	411 (Elected)
Stewart (Maverick)	45
Tofallis (Independent)	9
	1,209 valid votes
SENIOR TREASURER	
	First preferences
Hopley (Social Democrat)	521 (Elected)
Mathias (Conservative)	96
Picton (Maverick)	77
Young (Labour Club)	435
	1,129 valid votes
SOCIAL SECRETARY	
	First preferences
Graham (Maverick)	119
Newman (Independent)	667 (Elected)
Ryan (Independent)	158
Sen (S.W.S.O.)	269
	1,213 valid votes

EXECUTIVE	
Candidates elected	
Bearman (Social Democrat)	
Bennet-Jones (Social Democrat)	
Goddard (Social Democrat)	
Brettler (Labour Club)	
Chaffey (Labour Club)	
Lye (Labour Club)	
Clayton (S.W.S.O.)	
Brown (Conservative)	
Parmar (D.S.F.)	
Hussain (Pragmatic Reasonablist)	



Demonstrators run ahead of the main body of Monday's New Cross protest march. On page six Simon Grosset looks at the press reporting of this day of action.

Photo by Simon Grosset

SPOTLIGHT

L.S.E. Sociology student Liam O'Donoghue took a weekend off his comfortable student life to live with down and outs in London. Here Spotlight presents his account of the experience.

IT is estimated that there are about 15,000 people without a permanent home or job in London. Most of them find accommodation in hostels or "doss-houses", but every night around 1,500 sleep out on the streets. These figures are little more than guesses by informed persons; there are no official figures.

Most of those with a bed at the present time have had to "skipper", the slang term for sleeping outside or in a building not intended for that purpose. There are well-known down-and-out colonies like the one at Embankment, but "skippers" turn up in all sorts of unexpected places. Lincoln's Inn Fields is a notorious example; a couple of years ago a man had his throat slit there during the night. By day we know it as a peaceful, picturesque oasis in a busy concrete desert. It is remarkable how such wildly divergent social worlds co-exist.

In time, curiosity and career demands drove me into an investigation. I was introduced by a friend to the London Medical Mission, in Shorts Gardens, Covent Garden. The Mission gave me an entrance into the world once inhabited by George Orwell and more recently, a "Nationwide" reporter, Tony Wilkinson.

Pat, whom I met there, was my guide and protector for the week. An ex-alcoholic and ex-serviceman, he has stayed in most of the doss-houses and knows all the best places to "skipper". Space restricts me to giving an account of just a few episodes from my days as a dosser.

Bruce House was opened in 1906 under the "Housing of the Working Classes Act" of 1906. It is capable of accommodating nearly 700 people and is not more than 250 yards from LSE.

On entering, I found myself faced with a turnstile and a booking office, as if I had walked into a swimming pool. A man stared gloomily at me through the office window. I showed him the Bed Ticket that Pat had bought me and walked through the broken turnstile, wondering what the £1.65 had bought me.

The floor and stairway to our fourth-floor landing was stone and bare. We did our athletic best to avoid the pools of vomit and urine until we reached my cubicle, no. 494. The metal partitioning neither reached the floor or the ceiling, being a couple of inches adrift at the bottom and leaving a gap of about two feet at the top. Just after my visit a man climbed over a cubicle wall, put a bottle over the occupant's head and robbed him. Four walls would, of course, mean fitting lights to every room. At present the lights in the corridor serve the cubicles and during my stay they were left on all night.

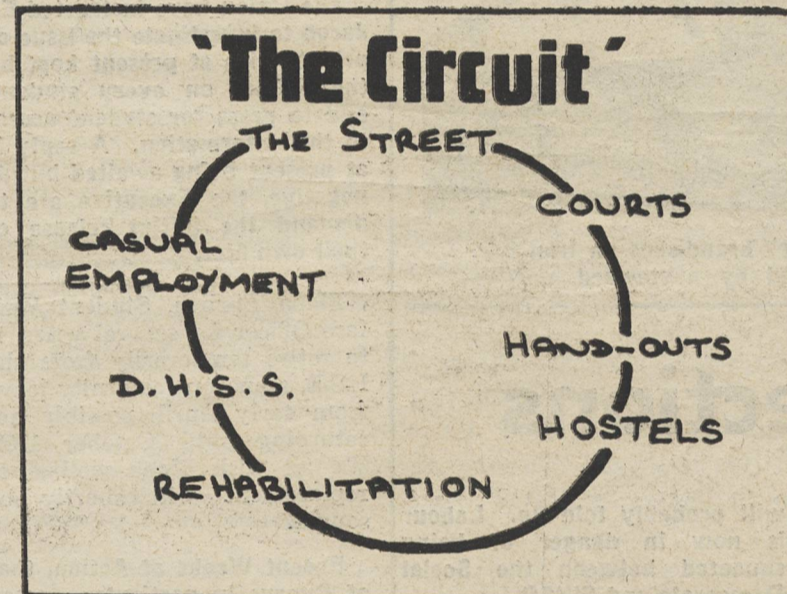
I opened my door. The cubicle was about 7 foot 6 inches long and 5 foot 6 inches wide. There were no blankets or sheets on my bed, just the rubber mattress. When we asked downstairs at the office for blankets, they just told us that there were none left. Dirty linen was scattered around the corridor floor.

At the far end of the room was a wooden chair, and in the wall a small window. I felt that my bed had been placed in a spacious lavatory cubicle.

I slept little that night. There was hardly a moment when someone wasn't snoring, cursing or coughing. At one point a man nearby made a noise like a death-rattle then was silent...

The almost exclusively male gathering at the Scarborough

Street DHSS office was in a boisterous mood. There were peals of applause and hooraying as well-known characters performed to the crowd while being interviewed. Jokes were made about the DHSS officers but they had their own means of retorting: "Would Mr Jones please come to the booth to collect his beer-money". Gossip circulated about various individuals, usually concerning their relations with the police. A frequent topic of conversation was the amount of



difficulty being experienced in drawing their money. The Social Security officer sometimes directly reminded the applicants of the punishments meted out to those who make fraudulent claims. Imprisonment is not unknown.

Not only were the DHSS staff physically on the other side of a barrier, they were felt to be "on the other side", in opposition to the men. A ritual conflict, expressed in repartee was taking place.

The bouncer who ejected us from the building for drinking wine in the toilets was apparently once a dosser himself and is now looked upon as a traitor. Prior to his transformation into a state-employed social control agent the hall used to be in an even greater state of uproar. Obviously the DHSS could not tolerate such outlandish behaviour.

We arrived at a house near Horseferry Road about quarter past eight the next morning. We waited in a queue on the steps for five minutes until it was our turn to receive the "handout". A woman opened the door and handed us our tea and a sandwich and shut it again. We moved down the steps to consume our gifts. While we ate, the door opened several more times. What makes someone get up so early on a Sunday morning to feed people like us, I thought.

After tramping around for miles we came to rest in the crypt of

St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Church. It was musty, dimly-lit and packed. Some men sat round drinking in groups and having animated conversations, but the general atmosphere was of drowsiness and listlessness.

My days as a dosser gave me insight into the "revolving door" in which these men and women are stuck.

The Street is where the dosser often lives, eats and sleeps, encountering there both camaraderie and cruelty. Friendship is difficult to find anywhere. On the street relationships are even more provisional and trust is a rare jewel. They act accordingly and are wary and cautious. Militating against the divisive, isolating effects of this view of the world is the informal street "Code of Honour," which many of the dossers are united in accepting. Infringement of this code, say through "doing a bunk" when owing money, is severely

whelming chance he won't employ you. If you can't get a job there is a good chance that you won't get anywhere else to live. This vicious circle can bring a man down like a whirlpool.

The report continues: "There are also those new to hostel life whose personal problems have lead to homelessness and

who could be rehabilitated should they have the opportunity, but need to be helped quickly before institutional life compounds their problems and makes them less motivated to improvement and change."

Who will have these people, who will help them?

Liam O'Donoghue

"My days as a dosser gave me an insight into the 'revolving door' in which these men and women are stuck"

SHAVING FOAM FROLICHS

THE activities of the Rag Week Hit Squad have met with a mixed reaction from their victims.

At Thursday's UGM the foam-flingers rushed the stage and attacked Union chairperson Steve Pound. Taken completely by surprise, in the ensuing fracas he sustained a chipped bone in his knee and has since needed medical attention to drain fluid from it.

Lecturer Deborah Trosser was another unwilling victim. Having been partially "hit" by the custard-pie commandos, she was chased across the School and had to seek refuge in the Economist Bookshop. The place was besieged for 30 minutes and eventually she had to phone for friends to escort her out. Nick Goddard himself was directing this hit so a hint of revenge for the Hot Gossip sit-in is suspected by many people, not least by Ms Trosser.

On a more cheerful note, your lovable editor was hit while doing his regular Friday night barman's spot at Rosebery Hall. Upon hearing that he had been inflicted with the "Special", he was reported as saying that he felt flattered that somebody thought him worth spending a quid on. Your correspondent is sure that Nic Newman enjoyed his semi-sober encounter with the erupting fire extinguisher that Battlezone Bearmug presented to him on Thursday.

"Vigilante"

Hall TV stolen

IN an audacious raid on Rosebery Avenue Hall of Residence, the main colour TV set was stolen from the lounge.

Around lunchtime on 26th February thieves calmly walked down into the TV room and broke the metal cage that secured the set to the table top. It was then carried out of the Hall to a nearby flat. At the time of the theft two people were watching the television, but the Hall authorities are not

Zander hit by UFO

THIS year's Law Society Annual Dinner was held at the Drury Lane Hotel.

The food was good and the wine glasses were ever full. During the course of the dessert it came to the notice of one member of the Law Society that the "top table" (accommodating the Law Society committee, Prof Zander and Sir Roger Parker, the guest speaker) had a shortage of profiteroles. The waiters obliged by producing extra portions to this perturbed member.

Being the most modest person he is, he and his friends decided to send them anon. Prof Zander was the first to be offered but he shook his head and it bounced off.

As no one else appeared interested in the offer it was revoked and all the extras were gorged by the lean Law Alumnae—except for one, Felicity Wright looked interested although too shy to ask—say no more my dear...

Shame not a good shot this time, it landed in the flowers between Flee and Sir Roger. He was just accustoming himself to the dripping fire detector when profiteroles took flight.

Finally Joe Jacob is reported to have said that the profiteroles incident was shameful though one suspects only because he did not see Zander getting hit.

Shirley Williams at the LSE

DESPITE low publicity of the meeting, Mrs Shirley Williams' address to the Fabian Society was received by a large audience and many people were forced to stand out in the corridor. In contrast to the impeccable dress of Mrs Thatcher, Shirley Williams cultivates the image of being an ordinary housewife turned MP. This is a deceptive front for once she begins to speak, her true personality is revealed.

She opened the speech by stating her immediate reasons for resigning from the National Executive Committee and her decision not to stand again as a Labour candidate in her own constituency, though she stressed that she had become disillusioned with the Labour Party over a long period. The Blackpool Conference in November 1980 was the first occasion when she had disagreed strongly with policies laid down, particularly the decision to leave the European Economic Community without a referendum.

Her reasons for departing from the National Executive she maintained, were constitutional ones. The new proposals would mean that the opinions of MPs would become of crucial importance in

any re-selection process resulting in a narrowing of views on controversial issues such as defence and abortion. Since the leader of the parliamentary party is also a potential prime minister, Mrs Williams argued that it was wrong to elect him or her by the bloc vote and if any new procedure was to be adopted then it should be the "one man one vote" principle. The bloc vote she said, constituted a "Leninist dictatorship of the proletariat."

Over the past twenty years the British economy has experienced a "Ping pong of politics" and in addition, the recent monetarist policies have promoted "a highly corporatist state." It was wrong, Mrs Williams stated to cut public expenditure and thereby reduce standards of living. Her view was that the rich world should pay taxes to the poorer nations and not rely upon charities to support them while the best method of gaining support for discussions on disarmament was through the EEC by mobilisation of European powers.

Moving on to the embryonic Social Democratic Party that she intends to form, there was definite stress placed upon the idea of a more international party as well

as heavy investment of the revenue from the North Sea Oil. Not only were more Adult Education Schemes suggested, but increased training schemes for people leaving school. Advancement in the field of Industrial Democracy and more co-operatives would also be featured amongst the policies of the new party. When asked her views on proportional representation, Mrs Williams replied she was less keen on the prospect than many of her Social Democratic colleagues. She asserted that there might even be a case for electing the Prime Minister separately, as is practised in the United States.

Clearly Mrs Williams' major interest in the LSE at this time stems from the fact that last week's student elections are the first to field Social Democratic candidates. Her speech came on the eve of the elections and one can but postulate as to her contribution to the success of the Social Democrats. However, the power and conviction with which she carried her case, for Social Democracy undoubtedly acted as a deciding factor in the minds of people who voted in the Sabbatical Elections the following day.

Margaret Cameron-Waller

A critical view

LIKE many I have become increasingly distrustful and dubious concerning events in the Labour Party although I tend to see them as reactions, possibly over-reactions to the vapid leadership and policies of the Wilson and Callaghan era. Also like many more, I have been sickened by the intollerant, divisive and economically inept strategy of the present regime. So I crowded into the New Theatre (a place which had been all but empty the previous day when another MP spoke concerning terror and repression by Iraq both at home and abroad—proving yet again that students like everyone else are sheep who can be neatly herded by the media) to witness the much lauded Shirley Williams, who seems to be little more than a bossy school marm. I was disappointed and despondent to find that this was one of the much proclaimed Gang of Three and one of the key figures in Britain's supposed emergence into a new era of political honesty and realism.

Like all politicians she spoke long and said little to the largely sycophantic audience, the few questions with any bite to them were neatly deflected. Of course we were honoured by the occasional burst of theatrical passion which utilised the old trick of ritual swearing though luckily Shirley, like the good middle class girl she is, could only bring herself to say bloody. Leaving the Hall there was only the impression of having seen a puppet whose strings were being pulled a mile or so up the road in the city.

She spoke of two-year training schemes for school leavers, training for what she did not say, nor did she say that such schemes are not only futile and patronising but in reality amount to nothing more than cosmetic surgery on the jobless figures. She spoke of the widespread misery in the Third and

Fourth World with typical bleeding heart piety, but did she mention the internal inequality, repression and injustice of many or all of these countries? I for one, having spent several years in Asia, Latin America and Africa am sick to death of the assumption that everyone of their citizens is a helpless victim of the West, just waiting for the benign hand of the goodies or the seventh cavalry in the shape of Mrs Williams and her Social Democrats to come riding to their rescue.

In the past the Fabians had the East End, today they have the whole globe to weep their crocodile tears over. She claimed nowhere had a solution been found or change been effected, failing to cite the questionable but indisputably effective examples of Russia and China.

On the strength of her performance, I am amazed how she ever got so far in the Labour Party. It would appear that she and Owen et al are no more than closet liberals who realised that in order to climb the status ladder and feather their political and financial nests they would need to belong to a major party and now feel sufficiently established in the public eye to part company with it. All in all it presents a dismal portent for our future—even "Madam Medusa" has more emotion than "good old Shirley" who I took to be the best representative of the Social Democrats. Heaven help us—it seems we are fated to be stuck between the Devil (Benn) and the Deep Blue Sea (Maggie) with absolutely nothing in the middle.

ALAN COX



Photo by Simon Grosset

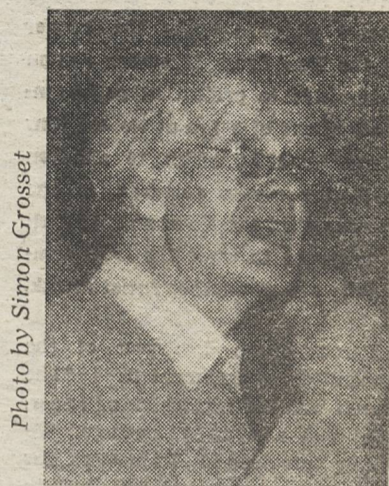
Brussels not bombs

by Paul Smith

ON Thursday, February 26th, students gathered in the Old Theatre to hear Professor E. P. Thompson's poorly-publicised lecture on the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (C.N.D.). As an introduction Ms Jan Nielson, an N.U.S. representative, started with a condemnation of University authorities, who overtly support the proliferation of both conventional and nuclear armaments by the provision of the facilities of colleges and establishments to aid military research. In an emotional speech she explained how the national student body was co-ordinating moves by students to detect and demonstrate against a wasteful and unnecessary form of research which is occurring literally under our noses.

members of N.A.T.O. still made massive profits from armament sales to other countries.

Professor Thompson then proceeded to explain how the British Government and media use the



threat of the Russian missile system, the S.S.20, to vindicate massive increases in defence spending, and the present strategy of placing blind faith in deterrence through overkill. He finished this section rather ironically that Russia, far from increasing the threat is falling behind schedule according to official reports, which obviously would claim otherwise.

Photo by Simon Grosset

Then Professor Thompson, rector of C.N.D. in Britain, took the platform. Immediately he cut down the veil of suspicion we have over the U.S.S.R., and blamed the West's naively entrenched attitude, and in particular the U.S.A. for the current arms race. He pointed out the occasions when the U.S.A. in the name of freedom and democracy intervened with its military might to usurp the sovereignty of weaker countries. He asked why the West still condemns the U.S.S.R. for what any student of Russian politics will tell you are defensive measures, when

New findings contradict Flowers report

AN increase in the ratio of students to staff in London's 12 undergraduate medical schools would save more money than the closure of a complete school, a special London University working party on medical costs concluded last week. The party's findings contradict the proposals outlined in the Flowers report last year, which aimed to save £3 million by large-scale mergers and the closure of three schools.

versity has not accepted any alternative cost-cutting schemes.

LSE Director Professor Ralf Dahrendorf, who was a member of the Joint Planning Committee which first considered the Flowers report last October, told Beaver this week that the new report shows there to be "a great deal of confusion" in the university: "What this cost research has brought up is that there is not much to be saved by closing a department here or a department there. What one would have to do would be to prevent schools from expanding, and that in turn may be undesirable for reasons of general health care."

The new report considers a total of 17 options for reducing the costs of London's medical education, including the possibility of closing St. Mary's, Bart's, the Middlesex, the Royal Free, Westminster, Charing Cross and St. Thomas's, as well as closing six pre-clinical schools. The working party only considers costs and makes no recommendations, as these are expected from the university's academic and planning committees in the next few weeks.

The working party report states that "it is tempting to conclude that all new building should cease for the time being", and it is likely that the University Senate will be asked to freeze present building plans at four medical schools—St. George's, St. Mary's, Bart's and London College.

The Flowers Committee was established to examine ways of reducing medical education's increasing share in the London University budget and to check on what some claimed was an over-supply of pre-clinical places.

The report notes in conclusion that any marked reduction in staffing levels could have an adverse effect on academic standards and it anticipates a final plan which will incorporate both an increase in the ratio of students to staff and a small number of school mergers or closures.

The committee's proposals to close the Westminster, Royal Free and King's schools have since been dropped, and as yet the uni-

S.G.

EASTER PLAYGROUP NEED?

Many parents have mentioned that the ILEA School Easter vacation lasts until 5th May this year. The Students' Union Welfare Office (E.294) will therefore be happy to organise a playgroup for the week of Monday, 27th April to Friday, 1st May.

IF THERE ARE AT LEAST 10-15 CHILDREN IN NEED PLEASE LET US KNOW AS SOON AS POSSIBLE IF THESE DATES WOULD HELP YOU!

Media massacres New Cross

Press reaction to the New Cross black people's day of action varied tremendously.

Beaver reporter **SIMON GROSSET** went with the march. Here is his report and pictures

ON the afternoon of Monday, 2nd March a demonstration left New Cross for Hyde Park. Over 6,000 people marched under the banner of the New Cross Massacre Action Committee to protest at police investigations of a fire at No 43a New Cross Road in which 13 children died, the media coverage of the event, and at the Government's lack of response to what the local community see as another racist attack.

Darcus Howe, treasurer of the Committee, commented: "The march was the expression of anger, grief and a sense of outrage. We simply provided a framework for people to express what they feel, to let the nation know what was being felt and what was being ignored by the media and Parliament."

Shortly after the New Cross fire, 48 people died in a fire at a Dublin disco. Both Mrs Thatcher and the Queen sent condolences to Ireland shortly afterwards; yet Mrs Thatcher only sent a message of condolence to a New Cross social worker five weeks after the fire, and Buckingham Palace did nothing. The newspapers devoted as much space to the Dublin fire as they did to the "violence" on Monday afternoon; they hardly reported the fire in New Cross when it happened, and didn't mention the possibility that it was caused by a racist fire bomb. This is what the demonstration on Monday was about.

Low profile

At midday last Monday, the demonstration moved off from New Cross Road after hearing speeches from the New Cross Massacre Action Committee and laying wreaths at the door of the burnt out house. It was a peaceful march, if noisy, and the police kept a low profile. Black stewards were left to control the procession and keep marchers off the pavements. Over the next three hours it wound



its way through Peckham and Camberwell to Blackfriars Road, just south of the river. What happened there is uncertain and both the police and the New Cross Massacre Action Committee are refusing to comment until their own internal enquiries into the event are finished.

From what I saw the police tried to stop the march to let it regroup (it had become very strung out). However, the fact that they did so with unnecessary force and numbers, with batons raised and riot shields out, suggests that they were either being provocative or that they were trying to divert the march (along the south bank of

the river and into the centre of London over Waterloo Bridge). They would thus avoid Fleet Street where they had been told there would be trouble, and where there were virtually no police.

There was very little violence at Blackfriars. I saw one bottle thrown; the demonstration broke through the police line through sheer weight of numbers, and once through the police let it pass (so what was the point of blocking the road in the first place?).

Breakaway

The march continued peacefully over Blackfriars Bridge into New Bridge Street, when a breakaway group of about 150 youths started running up to Ludgate Circus and into Fleet Street. Once in Fleet Street there were virtually no police, the exort having been left behind with the main group of demonstrators. There were some very violent scenes; there was a riot in Fleet Street, albeit by a small number of people. Every single car waiting for the demonstration to pass suffered damage in some form or other: doors were kicked and dented, mirrors and aerials pulled off, bonnets and roofs jumped on. People were hit as this small group of blacks ran past—with special attention to those with cameras as I found to my cost. Two jewellers shops were broken into and gems and watches stolen before the police arrived at the western end of Fleet Street.

There stewards and police brought the march under control and let it regroup (without further violence) before continuing along the Aldwych and up Kingsway. There were two or three further incidents towards Holborn (one in which a "London Student" photographer had his camera smashed), but on the whole the march con-

tinued peacefully along High Holborn, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, Regent Street to Cavendish Square and Wigmore Street. The police had brought in horses at Cambridge Circus: this no doubt contributed to the control of the march, but it also heightened anti-police feeling. As one steward said, "There was no need for police to ride their horses into women and children."

There was further trouble in Wigmore Street as police apparently tried to break up the demonstration —yet it was heading for Speakers' Corner as arranged. Bricks were thrown and scuffles broke out and police again blocked the road. In the end the march reached Hyde Park where a rally was held, its numbers reduced by the falling rain and darkness.

Exaggeration

The violence over the whole ten hour period of the march was minimal. Less than 2% of those on the march contributed to any trouble that occurred. The total number of arrests (23) were, according to the New Standard, "not high compared with, for example, the average West Ham home fixture." But what did the papers say the next morning? "Black Day at Blackfriars", "Day the Blacks Ran Riot in London", "Mob Fury Erupts" (The Sun), "Battle of Blackfriars" (The Daily Star), "When the Black Tide Met the Thin Blue Line" (The Daily Mail), "Confrontation", "How 17 officers were injured" (Daily Mirror), "Rampage of a Mob", "Mob Goes on the Rampage", "Police Injured in Clash with Demo Blacks" (Daily Express). Those are just the headlines; the actual stories are even worse.

The Sun said there were "28 arrests", (the police figure is 23), describes the march as a "running battle", and says that "for seven hours a frenzied mob took part in an orgy of looting and destruction in the West End." Apparently "1,500 police were engulfed" as "Militants bulldozed their way through with a 5-ton truck driven relentlessly through the police ranks." They were not, as the Sun says, urged on by militants on the truck; it carried a band and loud-speakers, and a group of school-children, all friends of the dead party-goers. As those who stood in Houghton Street and watched the demo pass will know, "dozens of demonstrators were arrested as violence swept along the Aldwych" is just not true (and there weren't even two dozen people arrested over the whole march!). The Sun mentions "the blaze" but does not say anything about its cause or the demonstrators' other grievances.

"Rampaging mob"

The Daily Star managed to keep the story off the front page, filling it with a plea for pensioners, but on pages six and seven it describes "a rampaging mob of 300 black youths" who "joined a peaceful march and turned it into an orgy of violence and destruction." They were also concerned with police who were injured despite their advantage of riot shields and batons, implying that in future they should be more heavily armed. They do however give quite a large space to the organisers' comments on the violence, and to the efforts made by the stewards to control the march. All the tabloid papers (the "popular press") treated the march

in the same way, concentrating on the "mob" that "ran riot", the "thugs" and the injured and overwhelmed policemen. Not one single paper mentioned the lack of press coverage five weeks before, or compared the New Cross fire with the Dublin fire and the reaction of the Government. Not one of them mentioned the previous fire bomb attacks in the New Cross area, and most of them failed to point out that the vast majority of the demonstration was peaceful.

The most accurate report, was surprisingly, in The Daily Telegraph, although even they concentrated too much on the violent episodes, and did not mention the lack of press coverage. They did include a report on the police investigations. The Times gave a fair impression but omitted to mention the lack of media coverage as a cause behind the demonstration, and the violence in Fleet Street. The Guardian played the whole issue down — it mentions the sparse press coverage but says there was a "low-key police response" (do they mean three rows of police with riot shields?). They fail to mention the



disturbances in Fleet Street and Wigmore Street. Socialist Worker was rather worse: "There wasn't a riot in Fleet Street last Monday. But there bloody well should have been."

There is a saying in the newspaper world that "Bad News is Good News, and Good News is No News." Last Monday the Bad News was a small minority of people who caused trouble — they got maximum coverage. The Good News was a very large and peaceful demonstration, but that was hardly covered at all. It would appear that the Press in Britain today has a lot to answer for when it comes to race relations.

BEAVER

200th ISSUE

SPECIAL MEETING

to discuss ideas for Celebration Edition

Thurs., Mar. 12th

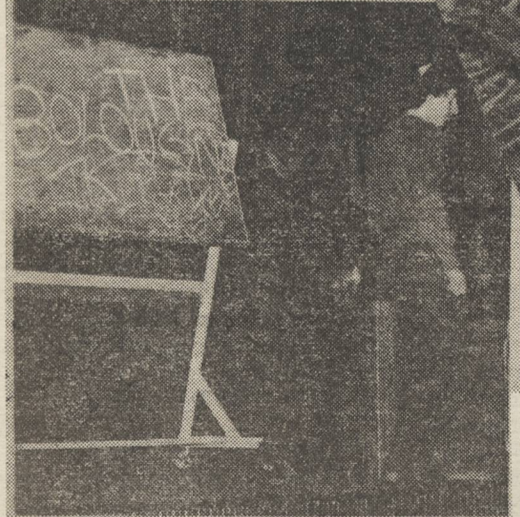
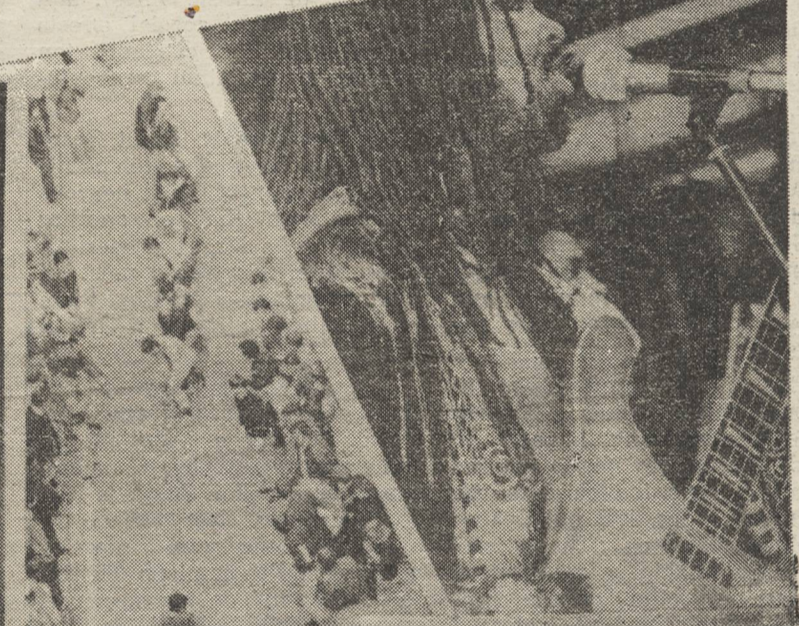
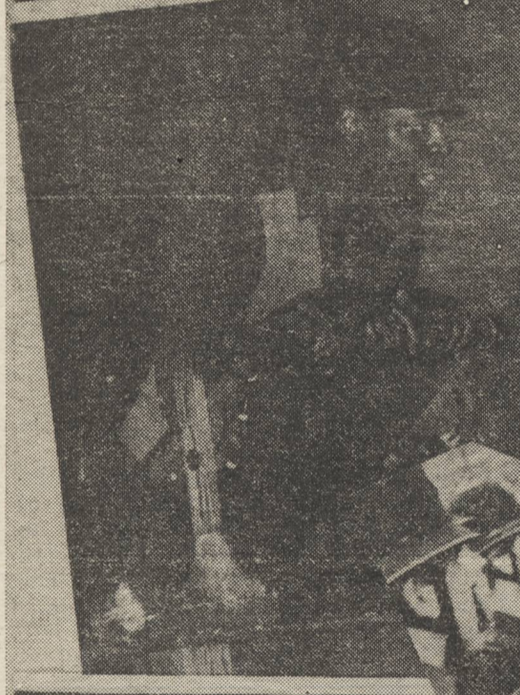
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12.00 noon

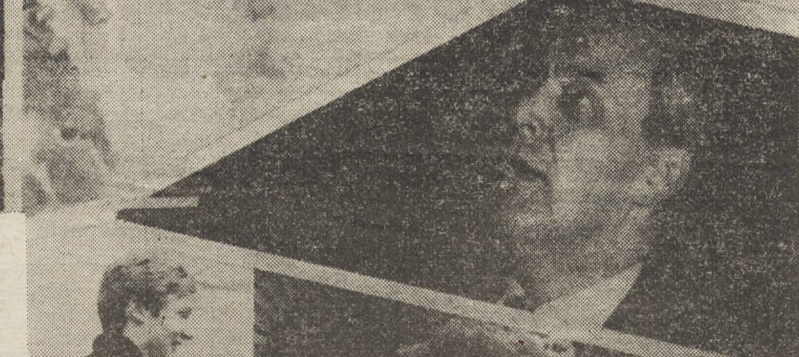
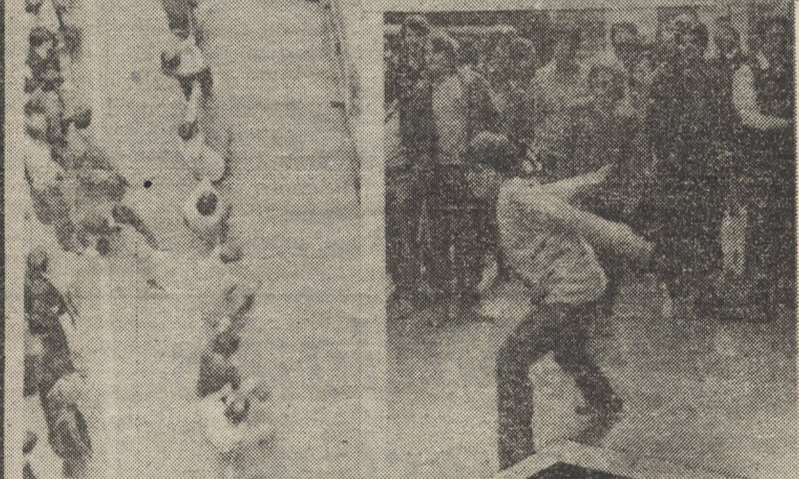
COME ALONG!



RAG '81



PHOTOS BY SIMON GROSSET & MARK BAYLISS



THE LONDON ARTS

Cronenberg chills!

WITH only three commercial releases under his belt (the fourth, *Scanners*, is to be released on the 23 April), the 37-year-old Canadian director, David Cronenberg has created his own distinctive brand of visceral/gut horror. All the horrors that Cronenberg creates, for he is writer as well as director (the same as Romero and Carpenter), are in some way derived from human bodies, though artificially induced by well-wishing (generally) scientists and doctors who work for sinister (usually) corporations.

Consider the plot of "They Came From Within" (Aka "Shivers") his first film from 1975: "The featured nasties are six-inch, turd shaped parasites, created by a doctor who wanted to liberate the human body. They are passed from mouth to mouth during sex and impel the infected to omnisexual orgies of copulation and murder. Imagine these parasites spreading through a self contained apartment complex, either inching their way along under their own power, leaving trails of blood and slime, or being carried by human vectors till everyone is infected and they leave to spread into the outside world."

The whole thing reeks of Freud and that line of Woody Allen's addressing himself to God, "Remember not to put the sexual organs too close to the excretory ones, it'll only cause problems later on." The second film was "Rabid" a very weird mutation of the Dracula concept, and the third one, released to absolutely no acclaim was the brilliant and harrowing "The Brood".

The plot is too complex to relate but involves the "Somafree Institute of Psychoplasms" and a woman with the ability to give physical form to her rage and anger.

In this film the horrific ele-

ments were fabulously managed by Cronenberg and became logical, fulfilling extensions of the emotional themes. In "The Brood" Cronenberg reached an emotional climax, apparently coinciding with intense personal problems, the film giving relevance to the Cathartic theory of the Horror genre. That theory which states that the maker of the horror movie delves deep into his psyche (metaphorically) and stirs up his personal inbred strains of dread or loathing and thus by exorcising his own demons helps the others to purge theirs.

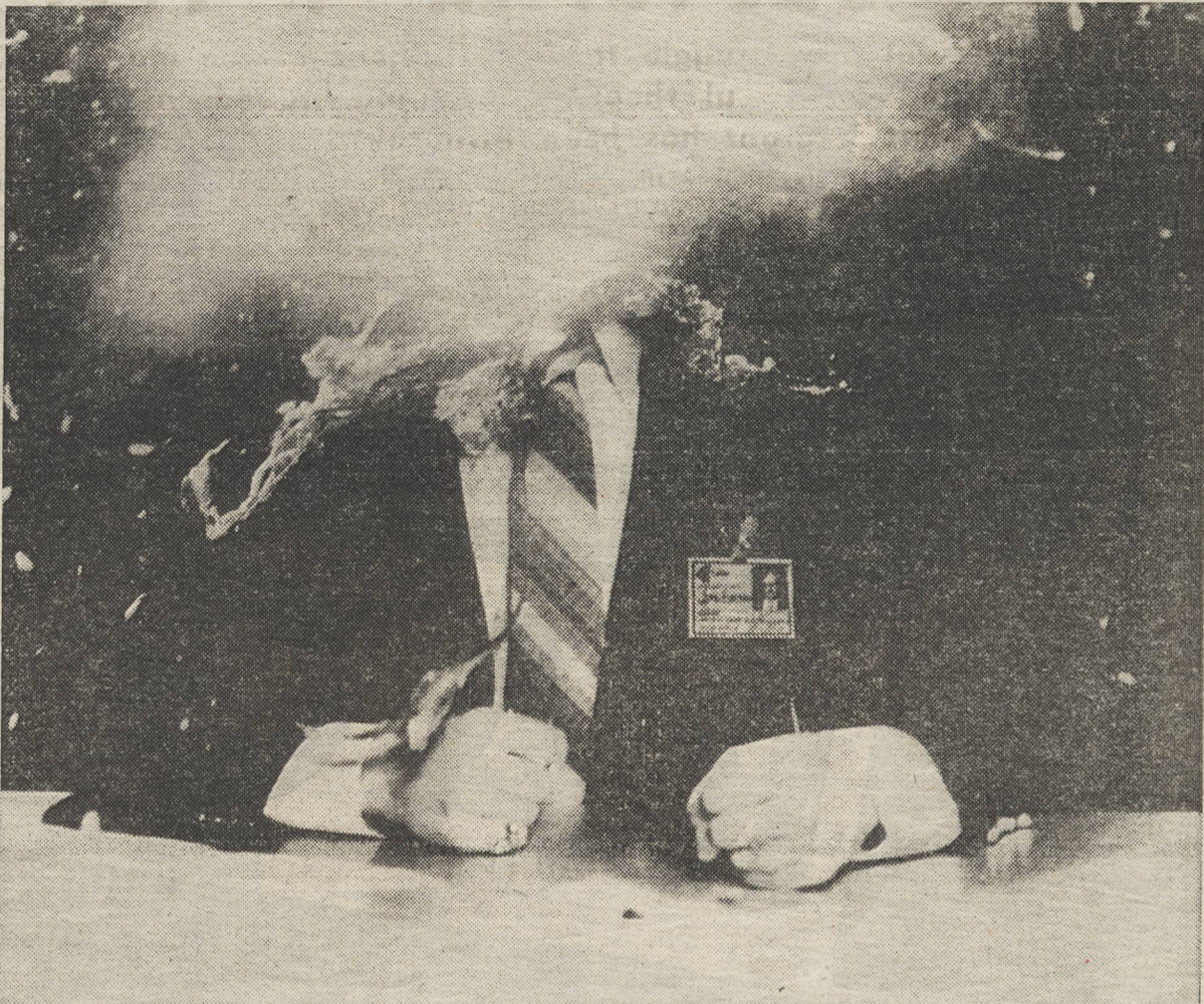
SCANNERS is Cronenberg's first post-climax film and suffers for it. The film lacks the intensity of his personal involvement in the storyline, but is saved by an imaginative script (with some classic lines), and some incredible special effects (maintained for at least ten minutes in the final confrontation).

The storyline is about Scanners who have the telepathic ability to connect "their nervous system with that of another person". A large mysterious corporation has traced most of them down and is training them to use their gift as a lethal weapon.

Some Scanners form a conspiracy to unite and rule the world. Cameron Vale, played rather strangely by Canadian superstar Stephen Lack, is the free scanners' last chance to overcome the evil megalomaniacs and their plans. There's the usual intrigue and suspense, an occasional pit-fall in the script, but on the whole it's an entertaining and shocking film though nowhere as relevant or important as "The Brood".

It has proved to be Cronenberg's first box office smash, grossing more in its first week than "Nine to Five", Altman's "Popeye" or even "Raging Bull".

C. Amero



David Cronenberg's "Scanner."

Heartland

HEARTLAND is American director Richard Pearce's first feature for cinema. In an almost documentary style and in cold Wyeth colours it chronicles the story of an impoverished Denver widow who moves from the comparative ease and shelter of the city, to the wilds of Wyoming to become the housekeeper for a taciturn Scottish rancher. The emphasis is on the hard, cruel, land and the fight the pioneers had to put up to survive. In the words of the director, "I wanted to make a different kind of western, a truer kind of western, one that would be about the struggle and isolation and real economic work, where the simplest things—things that films so often take for granted or make seem easy—would sometimes seem the most difficult and hard won."

Splendid performances by the sturdy

Conchata Ferrell as the widow, Rip Torn as the rancher Stewart, and young Megan Folsom as the widow's daughter from her first marriage, provide the essential credibility for the characters' hardships, and allow Pearce to obtain audience identification for the harsh realism of the story. Indeed it is this realism and the fact that Beth Ferris' script (based on the memoirs of American pioneer-woman, Elinore Randall Stewart) completely avoids any sentimentality and melodrama, which the events would have been perfect for in less capable hands, that make this such an outstanding film (outstanding enough to win the Grand Prix at the Berlin Film Festival).

Beautifully photographed and coldly atmospheric Heartland is a film for all types of moviegoers and is highly recommended to people who think that the "Little House on the Prairie" represents a true and fair view of the lives of the pioneers. A wholesome homage. Heartland opens on March 19th.

Christophe Armero.

MacMillan's "Mayerling"

WITH just two months to go to the unveiling of a new full-length MacMillan ballet ("Isadora", to be premiered on April 30th), his last one, "Mayerling", has made its annual appearance in the Royal Ballet repertoire.

In his version of the true story behind the deaths of Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria and his teenage mistress Mary Vetsera, MacMillan presents the Hapsburg heir as being very much the victim of his circumstances—of a cold mother who continually rejects him, a harsh father, a loveless marriage to Princess Stephanie of Belgium, the hypocrisy of a court which condones the affairs of his parents while condemning his liaison with Countess Larisch, the predatory women who pursue him and the alternately threatening and cajoling conspiratorial Hungarian officers.

With splendid scenery and costumes by Nicholas Georgiadis and set to John Lanchbery's lush orchestration of Liszt piano music, "Mayerling" is a marvellous company ballet with several excellent major parts and some rewarding minor ones as well as those gloriously passionate *pas de deux* that are the hallmark of MacMillan's choreography.

The ballet has been danced by three casts and this has yielded some very good performances, a number of excellent ones and two multiple *tours de force*. The successes have been so numerous in this revival that there simply is not room to review those dancers who were merely competent or disappointed in one way or another.

Sandra Conley as Rudolf's ex-mistress Countess Larisch and

Genesia Rosato as Louise, the Princess bewildered yet flattered by the Crown Prince's attentions at the wedding ball, gave well-danced and convincing accounts of their roles, as did Michael Coleman and Derek Deane as two of the Hungarian officers. Excellent acting by Derek Rencher and Robert Jude, a relative newcomer to character parts, drew the eye irresistibly to the quite minor figure of Prince Philipp of Coburg and the potentially totally insignificant one of Count Larisch. And Rudolf's coachman Bratfisch, as movingly portrayed by Graham Fletcher (who also sparkled in the entertainer sequences) became a major character.

Wayne Eagling and David Wall (recently returned after injury) shared the honours for their memorable performances as Crown Prince Rudolf. If Wall's famous dancing was that bit smoother than Eagling's, then it was Eagling's characterisation of Rudolf which was the perfect one. From the moment that Eagling's Prince

steps on to the stage at the head of the wedding procession, the audience is made to feel that all is not well with him. This feeling is confirmed first by the barely-repressed violence in his flirtation with Princess Louise at the wedding ball and then by his quiet satisfaction at the scandal which this causes. Rudolf's terrorising of his young bride Princess Stephanie with a gun and a skull on their wedding night thus fits into the pattern of his mental disturbance. This unstable Prince is clearly pushed further along the road to insanity and suicide by each rejection by his mother, each confrontation with the Hungarian officers, each scene with Countess Larisch etc. Wayne Eagling's study in human disintegration was a masterpiece.

Monica Mason and Wendy Ellis gave superbly danced and interpreted performances as Rudolf's icy mother Empress Elizabeth and his wretched wife Princess Stephanie.

However, two dancers managed to stand out sharply

against even such a background of excellence and they were Merle Park and Jennifer Penney. Miss Penney danced three central roles—the prostitute Mitzi Caspar, Mary Vetsera and Countess Larisch—in as many performances, and was brilliant in each of them. In defiance of the impossible, Merle Park outshone her—but really only just!—as Mary Vetsera and Countess Larisch purely because there is that extra touch of warmth to Miss Park's dancing.

Finally, if these reviews of Royal Ballet performances are beginning to sound like the work of a paid-up member of their fan club, then all I can say is that they are dancing particularly well at the moment, and Jennifer Penney and Merle Park are consistently producing performances to be treasured. In fact, it is high time that the Royal Ballet acknowledged what has been a fact for some years and designated Miss Park as prima ballerina (an accolade that surely cannot be withheld for long from Miss Penney).

Jane Kleiner

Time out for the N.Y.T.?

Beaver looks at the struggle to maintain one of the most innovative and successful theatrical training grounds now that their Arts Council grant has been withdrawn.

IN true theatrical style, a six-year-old dressed as *Oliver Twist* last week led over 500 members of the National Youth Theatre through London to the Arts Council headquarters in Piccadilly in protest against the withdrawal of their £15,000 grant. The boy knocked on the door, held out an empty wooden bowl, and simply asked for "More".

When tempers cooled and the dust settled on the Arts Council's decision to axe grants from 41 organisations, many felt that the Council had allocated funds specifically to professional companies irrespective of the value of their work, and had largely neglected enterprises that had shown little commercial potential or had previously operated on an amateur or part-time basis.

The NYT's loss represents roughly three-eighths of its income, and many see this as signalling the end of one of the most innovative and successful theatrical training-grounds in the world.

Michael Croft, the NYT's director, informed "Beaver" that he considered the cuts to be "damnable and utterly disgraceful". He said that the Shaw Theatre, where the NYT had been based since 1971, has come to be recognised by schools, colleges and youth organisations all over the country as a vital centre for young actors. "It is a place where any young person interested in the theatre can come for advice and help. For our young members it is a home from home, a place

where they can come and renew old friendships and where they know they will always be welcome.

"The future is more than a little cloudy. We have a European tour subsidised by the British Council next year and we will go on with that, but the future has been thrown into the melting-pot."

Sir Roy Shaw, the Secretary-General of the Arts Council, defended the recent cuts with the statement that in the long term they will produce a stronger, more unified arts service. "We are often being criticised by the Press and our clients for not being more determined in making selective cuts instead of reductions across the board," he said.

There are now fears that the 25 staff employed at the Shaw will shortly be dismissed and the site taken over by the Hampstead Theatre Club. Michael Croft believes that the NYT could be forced back on the streets: "Our tenure of the Shaw is dependent entirely upon the goodwill of our landlord, Camden Council. It has leased the theatre to us on most generous terms and without any attempt to interfere in our policy. But we cannot expect Camden to make good the loss of these grants."

This year the NYT celebrates its 25th anniversary. It has been internationally acclaimed as the richest single recruiting area in amateur theatre, providing the West End with a great many acting and technical staff. Helen

Mirren joined the Royal Shakespeare Company after taking the lead in a NYT production of "Antony and Cleopatra"; Hywel Bennett spent a considerable period of his teenage life performing with the company, and is now considered to be one of the country's foremost comic actors; and others such as Susan Hampshire, Gemma Craven, John Shrapnel and Simon Ward have all contributed much to the reputation of the NYT and the Shaw Theatre in the past.

The major asset of the company has been the enthusiasm and vitality of its young performers, drawn from schools and colleges all over the country. New productions were often concerned with the problems of contemporary Britain from a young person's point of view, and classic plays were performed with refreshing verve and zest.

Their modern-dress 1960 production of "Julius Caesar" directed as a political thriller, was professional enough to move to the Queen's Theatre for a critically acclaimed run.

First productions of plays such as "Zigger Zagger", "The Apostles" and "Fuzz", together with several major tours to America and Europe, have done much to dispel the myth that amateurs, and young amateurs at that, could not act to a professional standard.

For a long time the Arts Council argued that if one amateur company was given a grant there would be similar demands for cash from other companies.

The NYT were finally given an annual grant of £15,000 in 1971, and the figure has remained unaltered for 10 years.

By withdrawing the amount



The National Youth Theatre in "Zigger-Zagger."

altogether and by increasing the grant to larger, more professional companies, many feel that the Arts Council is saying "Yes" to the present but "No" to the future.

Orchestra

The National Youth Orchestra, also under threat, has launched an appeal to compensate for the loss of its annual £20,000 grant. Mr John Ross, the orchestra's administrator, fears that although existing reserves might cover expected deficits for the next two seasons, the future beyond that looks bleak.

The orchestra provides three training schemes annually for almost 200 young players, with the opportunity to study under leading musicians and rehearse for public performances. Ross says that celebrated conductors and soloists have to be booked

years in advance. "How honest can be you be to engage them not knowing whether you can fulfil that commitment?"

The NYO and the NYT have both set up fighting funds to save their projects, but most members feel that their time would be better spent in other ways, "trying to swell the size of our audience rather than our bank balance."

One member of the NYT summed up the situation well during the interval of what looks like being their last production at the Shaw. "The worst thing about all this is not that we'll be forced to put on fewer plays next year, but that the whole scale of the Arts Council grant allocation seems to be tipped, deliberately or otherwise, against youth. More than anything, the cuts represent a heavy blow to young initiative." **Simon Garfield**

The Naked Clone

"ARE you a clone?" is the inscription on the tee-shirt worn by actress Catherine Hall in the Royal Shakespeare Company's premiere production of "Naked Robots" now playing at the Warehouse Theatre. The question of clonehood should be addressed to playwright Jonathan Gems whose work is effective and entertaining when it breaks away from clichés. Unfortunately, the break is not made very often.

Gems evaluates the present era of the '80's that is obsessed with an era of the future. Current trends in London are indicative of this obsession, as exemplified most blatantly by the music scene. Consider the 'fashionable' connotations linked with the futuristic sounds of assorted and varied reverberations from the synthesizer. And then there is the bizarre space-age apparel for the modern man and woman. Appropriately enough, then, Gems utilises music and fashion as the background for his drama about a group of people sharing a squat and trying to survive the perils of love, drugs, unemployment, and the music business. Did I leave anything out?

Desna (Trudy Styler) is trying to make it as a pop star yet she would prefer to be a mother and have a child with her live-in lover, Nudy. Nudy, however,

is a fashion designer more interested in money and success than in Desna. His occupation serves as a partial justification for the continuous display of avant-garde fashions in which the characters parade around. Fluorescent pink spandex jumpsuits and silver glitter pants with attached wings is the standard attire for this motley crew which also includes Gemma — the "punk", Poppy — the pop manager, and Ray-some-times drug dealer, one-time security officer, and full-time badge shop attendant.

Contrary to the conclusions that may be drawn by the rather cynical views expressed above, "Naked Robots" is entertaining. Recalling how he stole a stereo from a student, Ray tells Nudy, "I told him I nicked his stereo because it was bourgeois. And you know what he did? He thanked me!" Throughout the play, the hilarity evoked by on-stage events is often effective enough to substitute for the underlying deficiency in originality.

Director John Caird succeeds in making seemingly absurd scenes realistic and thus, funny. Returning from a party, the inebriated Gemma (Catherine Hall) corners Ray (Philip Davies) on the couch for some 'fun'. As Gemma desperately gropes at

Ray with her hands and lips, he responds by displaying his evening's intake of liquor — in a transformed stage — on to the sofa and Gemma. Poppy's recovery from a drug overdose is another highlight of humour. And of course there is the scene where Gemma, Ray, and Nudy attempt a "menage a trois" atop the heights of ten mattresses.

But all is not fun and laughter in "Naked Robots". The name of the play has two implications. First, "Naked" may be interpreted in the literal sense because the audience sees more flesh than clothes. But what purpose do fashionable clothes serve but for one outfit to be taken off and another changed into for everyone to see? Second, on a more serious level, the characters are stripped of their pretensions and flashy facades, exposing a terrifying emptiness. As Gemma repeats morbidly, "I'm nothing, I'm worthless..." Poppy, presenting the image of a jet-set music manager with a passion for the good life is reduced to a helpless and pitiful wraith. The audience also witnesses the demise of Desna, who is too caring and sensitive to survive the harsh competitive world of the present. Or is it the future? Better yet, it is the predicted horror of the future that has become the present. And so, the lights dim and Desna is left weeping.

Despair — it's the newest trend.

Carol Lee Berlinsky

Real Inspector Hound

"IT'S first-class family entertainment but if it goes on beyond half past ten it's self indulgent — pass it on". So begins "The Real Inspector Hound" by Tom Stoppard, one of the two short plays performed by the Drama Society. I can report it didn't go on longer than nine o'clock, and that the evening was a joy.

Both plays are comedies, and both in their different ways are concerned with killing and death. But, these are plays of two quite different styles. "Them and Us" by David Campton, creates its own reality out of nothing: a bare stage and two groups who act out the eternal "innocent turned bitter" cycle of warring humanity. However, Stoppard out-foxes the hound and takes one reality away from another and leaves nothing, except absurdity.

"Them and Us" begins with the Recorder of the troubles (Mark Chapman) perching on a ladder, leading us through the latest episode in the history of man. Group A arrives from the East, meets Group B, who've come from the West, they democratically build a wall, they democratically knock it down, they democratically go to war, they democratically die: when will they ever learn? — "How monotonous" says our historian recorder. It is not one of Campton's most inspired plays, but taken for what it is, a simple, short curtain raiser, it is full of colour and energy which was excellently captured by the Dramsoc troupe.

Penny Holding's direction was neat and unobtrusive, which was just right for this simply structured play. The cast used mime and movement to good effect and the mirror dialogue clipped from one side of the wall to the other. The two clown-like groups were led by Karen McColl and Jon Hunter, with Michael Woodruff, Audrey Newman, Prakash Shimpi and Edwin Cartledge supporting them for Groups A and B.

"The Real Inspector Hound" begins where "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" (Stoppard's previous play written two years earlier in 1966) left off: two characters questioning their existence, their identity, their death and their chance appearance in a certain play by The Bard. Here we have a corpse (Martin Rapier) lying on the floor of the drawing room of Muldoon Manor, a setting in an Agatha Christie type play which two theatre critics come to review. Whose body is it? Where did it come from? These are now the questions being asked... surely it can't be Lord Albert who left ten years ago?

The plot unfolds: a madman is on the run amidst the cliffs and swamps of Essex, then comes the sudden appearance of a dapper chappie, one Simon Gasgoyne (Philip Wilson) given the suspicious eye by old Mrs Drudge, the housekeeper — all, pouts and Ambridge aptly played by Claire Hyde. Next the entrance of Felicity Cunning-

(Continued on Page 12)

SEVEN YEARS ON

It is almost seven years since Professor Ralf Dahrendorf took over as Director of the LSE. Here he tells Simon Garfield about the changes he has seen, the conflicts between student militancy and student participation and his attitude towards the many problems caused by the dramatic rise in overseas students' fees.

IN his first month as Director, Professor Ralf Dahrendorf received the sort of press coverage normally reserved for new prime ministers.

Not only the Fleet Street nationals, but many financial weeklies and local papers found more than enough to interest their readers; seldom had a director or principal of a British university had such a glittering academic and political career behind him at the remarkably young age of 45; seldom, it seemed, had students taken to a new director as they had taken to Dahrendorf—they affectionately christened him "Superkraut" and invited him to their parties; and seldom had anyone spoken with such enthusiasm for the LSE.

Journalists concluded that he was either a crackpot or a man brilliantly qualified to guide what they recognised as one of the most turbulent student institutions in Europe. Most chose the latter and today would boast that they made the right decision.

He had been one of the two German EEC commissioners in Brussels for four years when Lord Robbins, chairman of the LSE governors, offered him the directorship in 1974. His acceptance was regarded as the pinnacle of a career which had already straddled wide areas of political and academic achievement. Having read philosophy and classics in Germany, he left for England and gained a doctorate in sociology at the LSE in the early fifties. On returning to his native country he was awarded university chairs successively at Hamburg, Tübingen and Constance.

In the mid-sixties he entered politics as a Free Democrat "in order to dilute the power of the Christian Democrats" which he saw as a threat to true German democracy. His political involvement led to the vice-chairmanship of the party in the Bundestag and the position of Parliamentary Secretary of State at the Foreign Office in Willy Brandt's government. Dissatisfaction with the routine nature of day-to-day politics led to his appointment in Brussels.

Early in his stay he strongly criticised the running of the EEC—"a bureaucratic leviathan"—and his belief that "the time of such gigantic institutions has passed" may in part explain the attractive pull of the LSE.

Whereas his predecessor, Sir Walter Adams, faced his major problems from inside the School,

Professor Dahrendorf's difficulties have arisen primarily from external factors—not least the detrimental effects of inflation and the rapid rise in overseas students' fees.

"Clearly it has become more difficult for an international institution such as the LSE to survive, and especially hard for an institution which looks for a large number of post-graduates to do so. Yet within the period that I've been here I've been pleased by the fact that when most places have been going down and down, we've at least seen some progress. Our research centres and new library especially have made a major difference."

Quality

Professor Dahrendorf believes that, in spite of external pressures, the academic side of the School has remained very much what it was when he took over: "One of the things I said when I first came was that if I could keep the type of academic quality and attitudes that we had always maintained, then I'd be very pleased and proud and I hope that I've achieved this."

"On the student side the main change has been that of student participation. The offer of participation, present for several years before I came here, has now been



taken up with keenness and considerable success—especially as far as the Court of Governors and its standing committees are concerned.

"A more recent development has been the increased level of student activity. I remember years when virtually every Student Union meeting was inquorate. Now I'm happy to see that so many are not only quorate but overflowing—I interpret that as a very healthy sign."

"I never like to make any sweeping generalisations about the School's student militancy; there is no telling what will happen in the future. We're living in a world



Professor Ralf Dahrendorf: "Extreme students make life easier for me."

where it is very easy for twenty or thirty people to stop an institution—I suppose even two or three people could walk into the Australian High Commission, just across the Aldwych, and stop them from working."

He argues that the more militant the students, the easier his job becomes: "The most extreme Students' Union general secretaries I've seen were all against participation. Their policies were 'All out!', totally against the School's institutions, and therefore I wasn't in any difficulty at all. But if there are those who want to work through the institutions, as in the last year, I have to be awake all the time."

"In that sense it's both more difficult and healthier. But the LSE is a lively place, and I'm not one of those heads of colleges who go around complaining about students having gone to sleep. Who knows what the Union's new Social Democrats will do next year...?"

Rebellion

Shortly before he took up office, many remarked that his own personal experiences as a rebellious young opponent of Nazi Germany—which led to an unforgettable period of solitary confinement in a concentration camp—might increase his sympathies towards student militancy at the LSE. Professor Dahrendorf's own view somewhat modifies the comparison: "I'm certainly not one of those who believe that militant students are 'the enemy' or that the great battles of the century are fought between academic administrations and students who stage sit-ins."

"Indeed, since I've been here, most of the issues which have divided the students and the administration of the School were issues where my sympathies were also divided. I was actually in favour of the nursery and am as much against student fee increases as anyone in the School."

"However, I don't think this can be compared to my own boyhood opposition to the Nazis. It was against a totalitarian régime, and not any old government or administration."

What his early imprisonment did

teach him was the importance of free speech: "I believe that free discussion and free speech are of the essence in an academic institution. . . . I'm naturally very sorry about the Raison affair last term—that there were some who obviously didn't have enough argument to enter into a discussion and thereby had to forcibly prevent him from speaking. But it was a student affair and I'm not going to intervene every time this sort of thing happens."

"This approach over the fee increases has been relatively successful in 1980-81, but I'm afraid I can't be equally optimistic for 1981-82."

Even before the Connaught House occupation began last Thursday, Professor Dahrendorf seemed well aware of the possibility of such an attack against the disproportionate rise in overseas students' fees. "The School has done its utmost to keep overseas fees to a minimum, and I don't want a repeat of the occupation staged three years ago."

"I am fully aware that the trend which started in 1967, of increasing overseas fees by an amount quite out of proportion with inflation, has been taken to its ultimate extreme by the present Government."

"When it was decided that they should pay the average cost to the School, we launched a strong two-pronged campaign to reverse the

decision. First a public campaign; talking to Government Ministers and the Opposition in an attempt to influence them. I think it's probably fair to say that a number of Ministers are now also convinced that this policy is disastrous and mistaken, but I'm afraid that neither the Prime Minister nor the Chancellor of the Exchequer is similarly persuaded."

"Two parliamentary select committees and several Commonwealth Ministers of Education have also made our point. There are a number of other areas where we are gaining ground—but sadly not enough."

"The other side of our attack is an attempt within the School itself to ensure that we do not lose our international character. This takes the form of distributing the burden of change over all groups and not just on to overseas students. We would not dream of charging them their average cost, neither this year nor the next. In so far as the fees we are discussing now are slightly above £2,500 for new students, this is so for one reason only; we want to be able to support a very large number of continuing overseas students in order to bring the fees down to as close to £2,000 as possible."

"This two-pronged approach has been relatively successful in 1980-81, but I'm afraid I can't be equally optimistic for 1981-82."

For Dahrendorf the major danger lies in the possible "cutting of limbs so as to mutilate the substance," and he forecasts irreversible damage to all universities if there is no change in government policy.

Plans

While always one to advocate medium and long-term thinking, Professor Dahrendorf admits that he has few plans beyond the completion of his 10-year contract.

"I've come here without a return ticket and I certainly won't leave before the end of my agreement with the School in 1984. At present, and especially during the Lent term, there is little time for my own plans. . . . the LSE keeps me occupied, if not for 24, then for at least 16 hours a day."

GIG REVUES..... GIG REVUES..... GIG REVUES

Five among four

NO-ONE knew that the Bush Tetras were to appear so no wonder there were a lot of smiling, bemused and pleasantly surprised expressions floating around the Old Theatre. Over from New York with some of their contemporaries from the newly emerging club scene for a mini-tour the Bush Tetras decided to flex their muscles here tonight. They were simply wonderful, ending with a tribute to JOHN LEMON (who?)—"Cold Turkey", delivered with a lot more menace than the old possessionless one.

Next on were The Nightingales, a pretty sincere bunch of lads playing sincere lyrics wearing sensible clothes and playing sincerely out of tune guitars. The singer is obviously into "Method Acting" as practised by the High Priest of Chic, Ronnie Barker. One of the high spots of their set was when one of the audience started singing "careering" between numbers.

He was immediately offered a place in the band, which annoyed the drummer who emerged from behind his kit clutching his drumsticks ready to deal the naughty lad a clip round the ear. Towards the end of their set they played a



Photo by Colin Bates

Delta V

number which actually sounded as if it was in tune and promptly left the stage. The audience (a very sincere bunch) went bananas... Then Josef K burst into action, and action was the word. Playing fast, radical, intelligent and danceable, funky, apocalyptic, veering towards the chaotic, sparse, bass-heavy, and with a lovely looking singer, they were all one could ask for—Scotland the brave!

I've seen Delta 5 a few times

now, and I think that's rather too often, as they just play the same stuff all the time, which suffered here tonight anyway due to a bad mix. But they did have a lot of support, who performed their function as loyal fans by jumping around; this must have been confusing for the band, since they didn't look or sound comfortable. But being the professional rock "stars" that they are, they lapped up the adulation, took their bows and departed.

Max Sledge

AS part of the "Rock against Racism" and "Rock against Sexism" gig organised on March 2nd, as an alternative to Hot Gossip, Alternative Clique, the Mistakes and the Members played in the Old Theatre.

A very warm welcome was had by Alternative Clique and the Members, although the Members were not thought to be the best band to book for an anti-sexist concert.

The Mistakes, a little heard of all-women band from Oxford, made a special effort to come down to LSE to support the alternative gig. Mavis (the lead guitarist and vocalist) is an old student of LSE who remembers the first women's consciousness group which was formed here in 1968. The band have been together for three years and only after trying for 1½ years, have Twist and Shout record company finally agreed to release their debut single RADIATION/16 PINS which hopefully will get the acclaim it deserves—due to be released at the end of March. They will be supporting such organisations as CND/Women's Group, International Day of the Woman and Gay Noise in the near future.

AUDREY NEWMAN

PARADISE PORNED

(Or what to do when you've seen all those arty-farty films that half this newspaper is devoted to publicising).

O.K., it's Saturday night. The TV's grotty and you can't be bothered with the sort of entertainments which involve thinking, like theatre, good films, talking, and the rest. A bit of base stimulation is what you need. Some contrast to the rarified atmosphere of heady intellectualism that you exclusively experience during the rest of the week.

A quick glance down the seedier pages of "Time Out" reveals an orgy (if that is the right word) of naughty offerings ranging from "Confessions of a Swedish Knicker Factory" directed by Ingemar Pocket, to "The Delishable Revelations of Randy Rita" directed by a can of baked beans. The real question is not which one to go to, but which ones to avoid. For if any of you have ever been to a blue movie (now don't be shy, of course you have) you will realise that it's like instant coffee without the coffee.

In the end you decide on 'Mary Millington's True Blue Confessions'—the criterion for your choice being that you've heard of her before. Of course you have: she committed suicide about a year ago, probably after reading the reviews of this film. But you don't realise this at the time, and even if you do, you don't really care.

It's on the journey to the cinema that the first pangs of remorse and guilt begin to hit you. Not for the first time in the evening you darkly think, "What am I doing?" However, with liberal dollops of urbanity and self-delusion, you manage, temporarily, to cast it from your troubled mind.

Arriving at the cinema itself is quite an experience. "Where's the queue?" you think, with enough naivety to keep a convent going. The only people present are a couple of "doormen" who make the Kray twins look like Abbott and Costello. So, you adopt a policy of notional disinterest. A surreptitious glance here, a furtive gloat there; the display pics beckon like slightly soiled sirens from ancient Greece.

Eventually you swagger in, trying to give the impression that whatever the reasons for your presence at such an establishment, they are not the same as everyone else's there. You almost con yourself into thinking you are participating in a Social Psychology experiment while all the time you repress doubts relating to self-sanity and financial priorities.

"Three quid to see this crap?" you think as you eagerly hand over the money and observe the Queen's face distorted into a

grimace of disgust. "Stuff the Queen," you think, and then, "What a good title for a blue movie." And so inside, to an auditorium that makes the Black Hole of Calcutta seem like the Costa del Sol.

The film has already started, and there are disgruntled mutterings as you blot out the climactic action sequences. Clumsily you adopt a sedentary pose, and after five minutes you remove your hands from your face. What greets your eyes has been variously described (by the external publicity I hasten to add) as delectable, delightful, desirable and delicious. I would be misleading you, dear reader, if I confirmed any of these descriptions as true. In fact it's none of them. In fact it's a rip-off: or rather, it isn't.

Do you know, I wouldn't care so much if I knew that some attempt, however minor, was made to formulate a plot of sorts. I mean, what various people can do to each other with different parts of their bodies may have a certain fascination for about 2½ minutes; but for three hours? Apart from that, the cinema is tropically hot and there is second-hand chewing-gum stock bloody everywhere.

As you crawl from the auditorium, your mind rent by images too horrible to admit you've paid money to see, a certain realisation that was always there but until now was hidden by carnal desire, comes through. All I can say is that if you don't feel it, then you have spent your money wisely.

Going to see a blue movie is like watching a documentary on starving children in the Third World. You emerge from both experiences feeling guilt at your own excess. Initially determined to stamp out evil in the world as a whole, you come to the sudden and awful conclusion that you and yours are worth zilch. Indeed, if you did act positively to counter these diabolical forces you'd end up far more miserable than you do through experiencing these periodic enlightenments. Of course, it's not specifically you or your actions that promotes the sort of debacle that *Soho* epitomises. As a social problem it is merely a side-effect of our particular system, its values, and its forces. And, as with all things, treating the symptoms is not even the first step.

So it's back to thinking. At least with this activity there is no atavistic stigma. Nothing low or base about thinking. Just keep taking the "New Statesman," and the world will be a better place.

EDEN RICHIE

The Mistakes



The Mistakes

Photo by Colin Bates



Cricket upset



It's a hard life

I HAVE my critics you realise—not least the A.U. who hate my guts and I do not blame them. Moreover the "Beaver" editor is on my back for some no doubt commendable reason. Nevertheless his reply to my written complaint about editorship of my last article showed that he does have a sense of humour and a not inconsequential talent for literary flair. Indeed the humour was such that I would have quoted it had not my mum picked up the letter off the dining room table and chucked it into the bin which, quite frankly is a cruel exposé of my character; I am messy and leave things lying around for any Tom, Dick or mother to pick up and discard as garbage which is really, when I come to think of it, an extremely subtle and loaded insight into my whole character—everything I say, write or do is garbage since it is totally insincere and for show.

Mind you though, the aforementioned editor is really rather cynical; justifying his editing of my last literary influenza he apologised for any set-backs my election campaign for NUS Conference (Less Boring Party candidate who lost feebly) might have incurred as a consequence of this un-premeditated action on his part... Just because he might be a megalomaniac does not mean I am one... (loaded statement).

Hockey; one of the few things that deter me from committing suicide since it maintains a safe balance between reality and idiocy on my part, and which I am now going to briefly discuss since it is, after all, what the article is all about although, to clarify it for you the bored reader who is only reading this article because you are sitting by yourself in Florries and, with respect, the editor of "Beaver" (this is a very long sentence and I don't think my punctuation is quite up to it at this moment) all that I have written is entirely relevant and I think my team colleagues would agree; sport is an attitude of mind and is about feelings and aspirations.

The fact that we lost 8-1 to Im-

perial is irrelevant. What is important is the participation and the team spirit. Our psychological demoralisation of the opposition by doing our customary pre-match chanting has yielded high dividends; we always score first after only a couple of minutes and hang on to our lead for some 15 minutes and then get thrashed since by then the opposition has wised up to the fact that the chanting was just a screen to hide our total incompetence at the noble game of hockey. Yet I must commend the enthusiasm of the whole team on its gutsy performance, especially as we were three short. Although it is hard to pick out individuals it is worth mentioning the efforts of Joe "the one with the verbose temper" Kordan, Martyn "the very good but never passes to me" Foard and Simon "reliable" Lanstey and also to Scott who, clad in Kett's black leather jacket, saved a brilliant and extremely powerful shot with his head and appeared to suffer no ill consequences and hence made me think a bit about his brains and their probable location... Sincere thanks to all who bothered to vote for me in the elections.

Andy Dryzko

Mr Cresswell was sent to the third

net as a late replacement for Mr P. de Fiske, who has been having trouble with his eyes—seeing the ball five minutes late.

Upon hearing of the South African links, Jungli Motta consulted J. S. Mpencer and then delivered his ultimatum—a bouncer that felled Mr Cresswell in the middle of his innings and stopped all signs of life for two weeks.

The outcome of the Prime Ministers' meeting depends largely on the evidence of the head of the reserve selection committee, Tovarisch Folly

—a Balkan expert. He is quoted as saying that he could send the Prime Ministers to sleep for the duration of the "test" nets with his talk on post-war Anglo-Russian cricket results.

We have just heard, however, that a move has been made at this late stage to appease the Prime Ministers. It is understood that D. J. Mason—Head of the LSETCCB for the last 23 years has been offering some condescending arrogant advice to Motta and Mpencer on the running of the nets. Drawing on his

vast experience he has suggested that Michael Procter be sent to replace Mr Cresswell and that D.J.M. should be returned to the LSE side as opening bowler.

Team news: The Pakistan XI for the 4th net was announced here tonight and the surprise inclusion is that of 3 token whites Jungli Motta, J. S. Mpencer, and Tab Whittaker. They join the proven members—Slasher Sukhera (who has taken to wearing a headband over his eyes to give the bowlers more chance) and Randall "laid back man" Worrel.

The shape of the reserves is yet to be determined as Tovarisch Folly keeps his secrets well hidden under his moustache. He seems to be having trouble deciding between the 56 medium pace bowlers at his beck and call. The signs are, however, that he will neglect off of them and use five off-spinners in his attack—he feels that they have more potential, which is good news for P. de Fisk and Sir Leonard Nicholls.

Final selections will be made after the last two nets and the trials during the Easter break, if these are allowed to continue by Motta and Mpencer (their Chancellor is trying to the enormous costs of cancelled tests as all fees are still to be paid and if the tour is cancelled the LSETCCB could suffer.

Fraek Kanting



The LSETCCB lashes out. Keir Hopley is umpire.

Real Inspector Hound

(Continued from Page Nine)

ham (Margaret Ramsay) executing her debby tantrums excellently, and Cynthia, the voluptuous lady of the house, played beautifully by Gaynor Day.

These two, rivals for the heart of Simon, complete the bridge four along with wily, wheelchair'd Magnus whose cunning and colonial performance I liked. They are however, unaware of Moon and Birdboot, the two critics who sit as one of us, in the audience asking: "Who done it?" Talking to each other, but not always hearing each other: "Here we are concerned with the nature of identity" muses Moon (Jonny Kestenbaum). Meanwhile, Birdboot, his solid complement (Simon French) lusts after the leading lady. Moon continues to philosophise and wrangle with his inner terrors.

Performances were of a high standard and the direction by Mike Gill and George Papaconstantinon, steered the actors perfectly around the furniture and orchestrated a good sense of timing. Which all goes to prove that old Canadian Proverb, handed down from the Bladfoot Indians is true: He who laughs last, laughs longest... and I still haven't stopped!

John Newton

Netball

THE season began with a virtually new netball team and so it took some time getting to work together as a team. Well, that was our excuse for being obliterated from the U.A.U. League and losing the first of our London League matches. However, in the second term we blossomed forth, and won several matches one after the other, but unfortunately not enough to climb up the league. With this new found confidence the netball team felt brave enough to take on the A.U. Committee—a polite name for a motley crew of young men who spend their time in E.65! The match was closely fought (fought being the operative word) and after suffering a few bashes and bruises the netball team were victorious by 11 goals to 10. We end the season with the Annual London Tournament on March 14th where we were runners-up last year. This year we could win—but then we always were optimistic.

Val Smith

TABLE TENNIS

A TEAM from LSE converged upon Thames Polytechnic on Saturday, 28th February, to compete with other London polytechnic and university players in their annual championships.

It proved to be one of the season's more successful outings. Wolfgang Leininger, with his unorthodox style, entertained spectators in two thrilling matches, but unfortunately could not qualify from his group—it was probably the strongest in the tournament.

Frank Arntzenius, Alan Wallace and Nigel Sirett all won their respective groups, but were defeated on the knock-out stage.

Pride of place, however, must go to Thomas Gottin, who carried LSE's flag into the quarter-finals where he eventually succumbed to the fourth seed.

Nigel

ELECTION

Results of AU elections:
 President, Mike Quinn.
 Internal Vice-Pres., Charlotte Perrington.
 External Vice-Pres., Mark Roberts.
 General Secretary, Rick Cresswell.
 Assistant Gen. Sec., Dave Rowe.
 Treasurer, John Pittalis.
 Only the posts of President and External Vice-President were contested.

Attention all Self-financing Students!

Due to an unexpected increase in the allocation to the Hardship Fund, money has been underspent to date and we are welcoming applications for the third term's interviews and allocations.

All applications should be in by 1st May, 1981.

Collect application forms from the Students' Union Welfare Office, Room E.294.

Please note, however, that all applications are carefully considered and compared on the basis of need and would not normally exceed £100.00.

Benefit Night DISCO and CABARET

IN AID OF International Year of the Disabled

SATURDAY, MARCH 14th

7 pm - 11.30 pm

THREE TUNS BAR

Entrance: £1