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BEAVER

NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

No. 188 MARCH 11th, 1980.

L.S.E. BITES BOYSON

BY ANDREW SMITH

DOCTOR RHODES BOYSON, the Under-Secretary of State for Education, was shouted down by over a hundred students from the LSE, as he attempted to speak to a Conservative Association meetings at King's College on Thursday, 28th February.

Mr Paul Williams, Student Services Officer-elect at King's College and a member of King's Labour Club, requested the assistance of LSE students to stop the meeting as a protest against the education cuts being implemented by the Conservative Government.

Mr Mark Withers, a leader of LSE Fabians, moved an adjournment of LSE's Thursday lunch-time Union meeting to enable LSE students to picket the Boyson meeting. The motion was passed, and a group of over a hundred students marched over to King's College carrying a Student Union banner. They entered the meeting chanting "Boyson out". Dr Boyson tried to continue his speech, but found it impossible to be heard and left the hall.

Tempers flared and there was a scuffle as some King's students, angry at the disruption of the meeting, chanted "Out out". King's were obviously divided on the issue — one student took the microphone and welcomed the interruption, while another announced that the action had prevented him from asking Dr Boyson some "pretty nasty questions".

LSE General Secretary, Krish Maharaj arrived at this point and took the floor. He defended the right of LSE students to be at the meeting, since the protest was against education cuts which affected all colleges. He

then proposed that, since there was concern about the question of free speech, a debate take place on the issue. A King's student asked if he would be shouted down too if he said anything unpopular.

Mr Maharaj announced that since no-one had taken up his challenge to debate the issue, the LSE would now leave the premises. The contingent filed out in an orderly manner past the four police officers who had been called in by King's College Students' Union.

In a Press release, Dr Boyson said: "I don't mind the odd heckler but this was a deter-

mined attempt to prevent my views being heard. It was more reminiscent of Nazi Germany than Britain in 1980."

Mr Maharaj supported the action taken and felt that it was links between colleges of this sort that were important. General Secretary elect, Ed Jacob of the Labour Club thought that if Boyson had stayed in the meeting the chanting would have died down and that those opposed to the cuts should have asked for speaking rights. He said it was hypocrisy for the Tories to complain about freedom of speech when they were restricting the rights of so many people.

Mr David Travers, President of King's College Students' Union was reported in the "Daily Telegraph" as saying: "We expected some opposition to Dr Boyson from members of our own Labour club, but this sort of deliberate disruption threatens the whole basis of democracy and the freedom to express one's views."

However, several King's students were quite certain that the freedom of speech at the meeting would not have included them. They were sure that the Conservative charring the meeting would not have picked them to ask questions, because of their politics.



Boyson considers the "impossible situation".

RED STAR DELIVERY

THE Labour Club achieved virtually complete control over the Student Union Executive in the elections of the 26th and 28th of February. With both political sabbaticals and four ordinary executive posts, the Labourites have six of the twelve executive places. It is five years since the Labour Club was re-formed and these are the first sabbaticals it has won since then. The political composition of the ordinary executive (non-sabbaticals) is much as usual — the only difference from last year being one Labour gain from independents. There is a marked ab-

sence of women (there have been two female Exec. members, for the past three years) and only one overseas student when there are usually two.

In the election for General Secretary, Rob Hampson (Human Being) dropped out first under the STV system, with Tory Steve Gallant the next out, suffering from the (dis-) education policies of the present Government. He was followed by Sajitha Bashir of the LSM. Her poor showing could be taken as an indictment of Krish's record as Gen. Sec., but I would guess that it had more to do with the competition from Picton and

Hampson for the "loony" vote. If you doubt this exists you may be interested to know that in 1979 over half of Krish Maharaj's first preferences transferred to a Tory or a Liberal rather than a socialist. Some voters amuse themselves by voting for what they regard as rather eccentric candidates. In the last count Jacob (Labour) beat Matt Picton — the anti-party candidate (and also a Labourite). Jacob seemed to have great popularity as nearly all second preferences came to him from all shades of the political spectrum.

In a two-man race for Senior Treasurer, Kelvin Baynton (Labour), like Ed Jacob campaigning on a platform of complete opposition to education cuts, beat Chris Birt (Independent) by 120 votes.

Mr Birt did not follow Mr Baynton's tactic of making pre-lecture speeches and probably suffered because of his reputation as a "faceless" man.

Nic Newman's gimmick of Wonderful Radio Passfield did not deliver the sabbatical Social Secretary post to him. He dropped out of the count first, leaving Nick Goddard to beat last year's runner-

up to Gen. Sec. Mark Blackburn who offered efficiency, enterprise and no Ents experience.

The new ordinary executive take office after the Easter vacation, while the new sabbaticals wait until July to take over.



THE THREE SABBATICALS: COMING IN FOR SOME STICK.

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LETTERS

Treatment of Boyson 'reprehensible'

Dear Sir,
 LAST week, at the invitation of a member of the King's Labour Club, a group of LSE students stormed into a meeting where Education Minister Dr Rhodes Boyson was speaking. They prevented him from continuing his speech by chanting.

This sort of action is totally reprehensible. Freedom of speech is a basic democratic right. The "No platform for racists and fascists" is itself a liability, bringing students and their representative bodies, the Unions, into disrepute. To extend it to rowdy chanting at government ministers opens students to the sort of attacks that were made in the national press (Torygraph) last week when LSE students were referred to as "neo-Nazi" in their actions.

The Conservative Association of LSE must condemn the use of such bully-boy tactics. Those who oppose Dr Boyson's policies should do so through argument and democratic processes.

Yours faithfully,

STEVE GALLANT,
 LSE Conservative Association Chairman.

Smokers 'callous animals'

DEAR SIR.—Eden Riche's patent self-righteousness and puritan bigotry remind me of the fate of the tomato (a co-traveller of the tobacco plant and potato from America in the Elizabethan era) in the Interregnum: a similar mentality then in power prohibited the "love apple"; it was medically known to be an appallingly effective aphrodisiac, anti-Godly and creating anti-social behaviour.

Riche concludes by attributing halitosis to tobacco smokers. He may be interested to know that doctors used to prescribe the habit for bad breath. Myself and most tobacco smokers respect the contemporary medical profession's connection between inhaling smoke and other diseases: the notion of tobacco as a medical cure is indeed today an historical irony to compare with the fact that George Washington was the first large cannabis plantation owner in the USA (the resin used in manufacturing rope). Similarly I accept the connection between popcorn-crunchers, orange squash-slurpers, and Mars Bars-suckers in the cinema or on the tube (which places Riche finds himself most indignant at tobacco smokers) and gum recession, tooth decay, and real halitosis.

People should be informed of such facts, but not defamed, persecuted or legislated against in the process. Riche's portrayal of tobacco smokers as deliberate or callous criminals gleefully outraging well-adjusted fellow travellers such as himself in No-smoking compartments would be defamatory of named individuals. His attribution of his own intolerance to his subjects so that they (he says) are often the very people who desire to see offensive political behaviour banned by statute, rather than dealt with under the existing limits of the ordinary law, is facile.

Yours faithfully,

Rob Blackburn

NEWS ELSEWHERE

THE incessant line of education cuts took a new turn with the recent publication of the Flowers Report on London's schools of medicine. The proposals, to merge twenty existing schools into six combined schools of medicine and dentistry, and hopefully save at least £3 million in the process, met with almost unanimous disapproval from students, professors and School deans.

The Flowers Committee, which took almost a year to prepare the ill-received document, now plans to close the Middlesex Hospital School, the Royal Free Hospital School, King's College Hospital School, Guy's Hospital School and Saint Bartholomew's Medical School among others and thereby save on maintenance, administration and "academic services". The Committee uphold that there will be no drop in teaching standards and facilities as a result of the move, yet all those affected see reductions in standards as inevitable, and as well as the detrimental effects of overcrowding, students will have to venture further afield for valuable clinical experience.

If the proposals are accepted, they will take up to five years to be implemented fully. A final decision is expected from the Senate and Court in early July.

SEXIST SCOTS

In the wake of complaints about the sexist material in the LSE Rag Mag comes news from Glasgow University that women will be admitted into the Men's Union for the first time on September 31st. The Times Higher Education Supplement's probing scribes reveal that the move follows a threat that the Union grant would be refused if women were not admitted next year.

HOLIDAY HECKLING?

Anyone who missed the disruption of Rhodes Boyson's speech at King's several days ago, or anyone who attended the meeting and wishes to hear what he has to say, may be interested to know that he will be the main speaker at a conference on Admissions to Higher Education at the end of this month. The meeting will be held at York from March 31st to April 3rd, though precisely where in York Doctor Boyson may wish to keep a secret from LSE students.

S.G.

Passfield's pleasures

DID you hear the one about the builders who were told to knock down a surplus staircase, and they knocked down the wrong one? Or the room that wasn't heated for six weeks? Or the two students who had to move to a new room on a day's notice: a room with no carpet, no chairs and a large hole in the wall? Well it all happened at Passfield.

Not for us the gorgeous luxury of Rosebery, with its pomp, ceremony and gilded bath-tops. The stark Doric simplicity of Carr-Saunders concrete piles is not ours either, for Passfield is a building site. Instead of bemoaning the constant BANG-BANG-BANG of noise, the dust and dirt, the absence of once-proud toilets and bathrooms, we relish in the fact that Wimpey is Passfield Hall's middle name, we look upon the "improvements"—what felicitous Newspeak—not just as a metaphor for our times, but for all times too. The destruction of the toilet by Room 12 for example is reminiscent of Keat's "Ode to Autumn":

"And gathering swallows twitter on the skies".

For as the swallows beat their way to sunny climes, and as the night of winter and constipation sets in, we know with the opening of the first buds of spring, the swallows will return, and lo—here comes the "amenity room" in place of the toilet. Truly, the "negative capability" is complete; the wheel doth turn full circle.

Subversive elements at Passfield, full of bile and sexual perversity, have claimed that given the fact of two terms constant disruption and the grossly unfair amenities at Passfield it is wrong for students to pay £23 per week for a single room, the same charge as the two other halls. What carping nonsense? Of course, all the halls, enjoy the same level of facilities. Although materially Passfield residents have the same comfort and ease of life afforded the American hostages, we have a spiritual bond through suffering that is the envy of the sycophants of Carr-Saunders and Rosebery. And I say this—join us, join us?

John Sweeney

PASSFIELD PLACES

50 places: mainly single rooms
 Summer term: £25 p.w.

Have you what it takes!

KINGS BITES L.S.E.

AT a large Union meeting held on Friday, 29th February, King's College Students' Union voted to censure Mr Paul Williams, their Student Services Officer-elect, for his support of the disruption of the Rhodes Boyson meeting. They also voted to "sever any links with LSE Students' Union."

Notices went out on Friday morning giving an account of the incident and headed "LSE Stifes Boyson." The notices called upon King's students to defend freedom of speech by attending the UGM.

The Union meeting was the largest for a long time with about 300 to 400 students attending out of a possible 3,000. A motion was moved noting "the abhorrent suppression of freedom of speech... by the mindless thugs from LSE" and "the dictatorial behaviour of the General Secretary of LSE in encouraging such students in their behaviour." The motion resolved to censure Mr Paul Williams (Student Services Officer-elect) for supporting LSE students and to "sever any links with LSE Students' Union". The motion also demanded an apology be sent to Dr Boyson by their Union President, that an

apology be demanded from the Gen. Secretary of LSE Union, and criticised the King's College authorities for not calling the police when asked to.

A clause that "London Student" cease to be distributed at King's was dropped by the movers of the motion. It had been mistakenly thought that the presence of a "London Student" reporter at the demonstration indicated that "London Student" had prior knowledge of the event. It was accepted that the reporter was attending in an individual capacity as an LSE student.

After the motion had been proposed, Mr Williams moved that it be taken in parts to allow him to defend himself separately on the censure clause—this move was defeated. The main motion was passed by a majority of 2-1, although some observers put the margin as high as 3-1.

There were however strong complaints as to the conduct of the meeting. Mr Paul Williams claimed that there was no equality of speaking rights—he and the opposers of the motion were allowed

far shorter speeches and were shouted down by the meeting. He said it was hypocritical of the Tories to behave in this manner while claiming that they were defending freedom of speech.

These allegations were largely corroborated by Mr Paul Browning, chairman of LSE Liberals, attending the meeting as an LSE/King's Joint course Geographer. He said that there was not parity of speakers and that the meeting was chaotic and "unbelievably undemocratic."

King's Union Executive Committee met on Monday, 3rd March to consider a proposal that Paul Williams and Jeff Kenner be expelled from King's College Students' Union. But decided not to take any further action.

LSE Gen. Secretary Mr Maharaj has refused to give the apology being demanded by King's Union as he thought the action to be right. He has received several letters from King's students supporting this stand.

It is likely that a motion will be presented to the LSE's UGM in response to King's move.



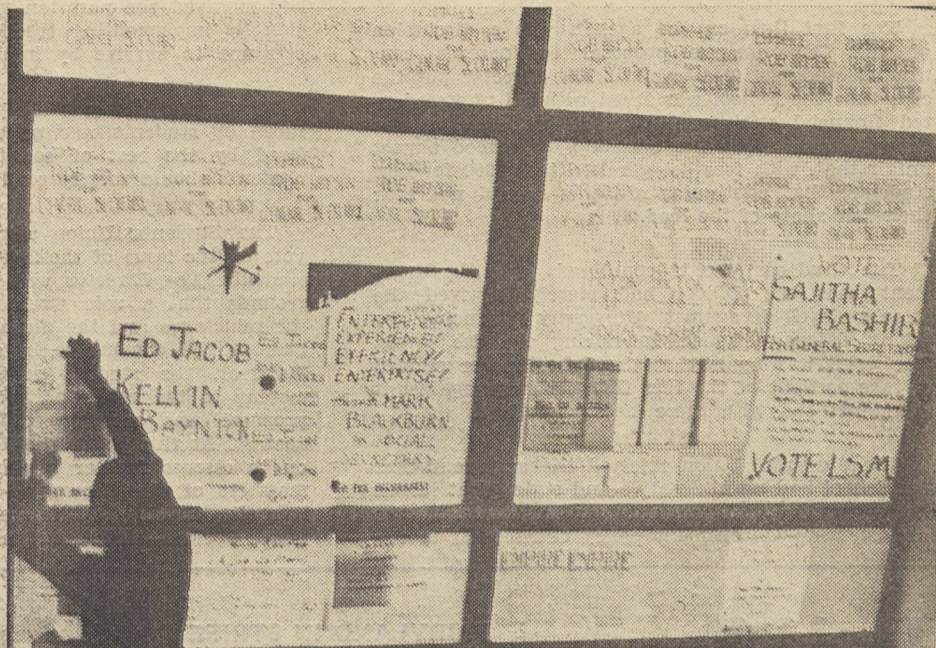
MR. PAUL WILLIAMS

LABOUR CLEANS UP

PHOTOS: TIM BOURNE



Ed Jacob and Matt Picton



Hoardings.

GENERAL SECRETARY—

ED JACOB (LABOUR CLUB)

ELECTED
STAGE 4

SENIOR TREASURER—

KELVIN BAYNTON (LABOUR CLUB)

STAGE 1

SOCIAL SECRETARY—

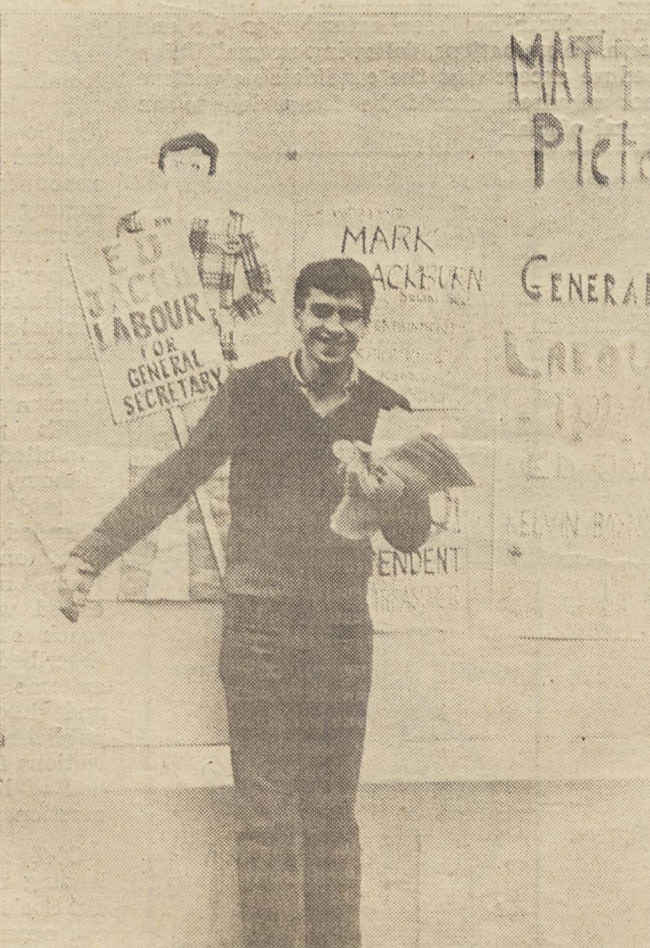
NICK GODDARD (INDEPENDENT)

STAGE 2

- | ELECTED | | ELECTED | |
|-------------------------------|----------|---------|--|
| 1. JEREMY SMILG (Liberal) | Stage 1 | | |
| 2. MARTIN BENFIELD (Lab Club) | Stage 1 | | |
| 3. PAUL WHITTAKER (SWSO) | Stage 1 | | |
| 4. PAUL BROWNING (Liberal) | Stage 1 | | |
| 5. MARTIN CLAVANE (Lab Club) | Stage 4 | | |
| 6. DAVID ROSE (Lab. Club) | Stage 4 | | |
| 7. PAUL BLACKNELL (Con.) | Stage 8 | | |
| 8. WILLIAM KELLY (Empire) | Stage 10 | | |
| 9. BRIAN O'FLYNN (Ind.) | Stage 10 | | |
| 10. MARK CUNDY (Lab. Club) | Stage 10 | | |



Krish Maharaj and friend.



The General Secretary Elect.



Steve Gallant.

G.P.C. WALKOUT

WHILST the day of action planned for Wednesday 27th February does not stand out as the most significant political step of the year, poorly supported because it fell between the Sabbatical and Executive elections, the meeting of the General Purposes Committee proved to be one of the more interesting of the year.

The first item on the agenda was a discussion of the Government's proposal to increase continuing students' fees by 24%. The Director put the case that the School was faced with an unprecedented financial crisis and that all members of the School should share the hardship. It seemed almost unfair that, with fees being raised to £2,000 for new students, that continuing students should not bear their fair share of the load.

The Students' Union countered with the argument that the School had merely survived the attacks levelled against University financing by taking defensive action in raising the fee levels. The point was made that the School never seemed to take account of the fact that measures against it would not end with these latest directives.

The Students' Union rejected the argument that the School had no alternative and stated that it was forcing itself into a circular position where it was implementing Government policy detrimental to the

School without proper efforts to resist that policy, not comprehending the evidence of experience that cuts would be repeated.

Some members of the Committee were sympathetic to the Student Union view but did not see any way to avert the cuts. But Professor Alan Day, the Pro-Director, expressed the view that the School had survived the past ten years as a great institution by implementing the fee increases and would continue to survive by implementing fee increases.

Mr R. Awlford put the case that the hardship faced by students was no different from that suffered by the rest of society—parents of overseas students should merely send more money.

The Students' Union then attempted to force a vote on the issue of the 24% increase for continuing students. The Director was loathe to agree on the grounds that a vote would not express accurately the reluctance and the displeasure felt by the members of the Committee in accepting this measure. However, the student representatives insisted on moving to the vote, and predictably, the Director's proposal was accepted, only the students voting against. At this point, the Director wished to move on to discuss further implications, but the student members of the Committee—Krish Maharaj, Helen Fawcett, Sarah Lewthwaite, Steve Gallant and Peter Goswell—walked out in protest.

Briefly...

FAIRYLAND EXPANDED

IT was indeed most gratifying to pick up one's copy of "The Observer" on Sunday 2nd March and find that famous and infamous (depending on whether or not he has written kind things about you) television critic, Clive James, had borrowed his terminology from this august publication. Devoted readers may remember that, in the Election Special, Mr Paul Blacknell was described as elfin-like. In his column on the day in question, Mr James referred to the elfin charm of that guru of all thinking Conservatives, Professor Milton Friedman. That now provides us with a brace of elves and, of course, Lewthwaite's goblin. Mr Blacknell was last seen heading towards this office carrying a meat knife...

FAIRYLAND IN STRIFE

Talking of the charming Conservatives, reliable sources inform me that the meeting on the 3rd was fraught with troubles as there was an attempt by disgruntled members to turn the much-loved Chairman, Mr Steve Gallant, into the Ted Heath of LSE as that erstwhile Margaret Thatcher, Mr Tim Devlin, attempted his own palace coup d'etat. Rallying round, the matriarchy of FCS, Mesdames Archbold and Forrester, persuaded the faithful to lay down their arms and once more unquestioningly follow their leader. Mr Gallant survived by 11 votes to six with two sitting on the fence, and the attempts to install Snoopy as Chairman failed. Just to stop his becoming even more unbearable than he already is, though, the rag week hit squad performed to good effect. Furthermore, "Beaver" can report

exclusively that Mr Gallant and those Labour Club fellow-travellers Messrs Jacob and Benfield have applied to share a flat next session. Is this the creation of yet another fairyland?!

FAIRYLAND INVADED

It would hardly be fair for "Beaver" to comment on the asinine activities of the hit squad at the Tory meeting, except to extend our sympathies to those afflicted (by what I will leave healthily ambiguous), but, whatever the activities in fairyland, we must protest in the strongest possible terms about the forwarding of unpleasant materials to this office. One hardly expects rag week to be amusing, but some respect for overworked unpaid servants of the readership would be appreciated and long overdue.

K. H.

Entries are still urgently required for the team to compete in a quiz organised by the B.B.C.'s World Service. Anyone interested is asked to contact the Senior Treasurer, Richard Shackleton, as soon as possible.

The period of nominations for the most boring lecturer has been extended to the end of term. Nominations, following normal Union procedure except that the candidate's signature is not required, should be forwarded to an electoral official.

BEAVER DIARY

WEDNESDAY

I DECIDE to do some work, and set foot in the library. Almost immediately, I realise my mistake, recant, and go for a coffee instead. I find the lack of judgement unsettling; I must be slipping. I resolve to give up the library for Lent.

THURSDAY

I hear a commotion in the basement of the Clare Market building and go in, hoping to gatecrash a party. The drink seems to have run out, there is no food, and the room is full of Union hacks. Someone whispers in my ear that it is not a party at all; they are waiting for the result of the Great Elections. Not, I should add, the Great Election happening in Rhodesia among the lesser breeds without the law, but the votes for the leaders of the student body here. A guerrilla war in St Clements might enliven the proceedings. As it is, it has all the excitement of a lukewarm glass of Horlicks.

FRIDAY

Nothing happens.

MONDAY

A strange sight meets my eyes in Houghton St: someone

is throwing imitation custard pies at Toby Rose. Although the urge has often possessed me to throw something at him, it has never occurred to me that imitation pies were the appropriate objects.

In the evening, I wander into the Old Theatre. I like to go into the place when it's empty; I can stand on my stage and practise my impersonation of Ralf Dahrendorf. Unfortunately, tonight the place is occupied by hoards of people playing "Blankety Blank". The game is too complicated for me to understand, and I leave bewildered.

TUESDAY

Strolling into the LSE, I am instructed by Keir, one of the new editors of Beaver, that I must produce my diary forthwith. Keir is keen, wears glasses and bristles with alertness. It is quite alarming. Doubtless, by the time he leaves, his hair will have grown, the sparkle in his eye dimmed, he will smoke pot at parties and mutter about going to Katmandu. It's a terrible thing to watch.

I am talking with Monica Derham when she is hit by a plate full of foam. The craze seems to be catching on.

POOTER

SOVIET INVASION IMMINENT

FOLLOWING the establishment of a right-wing regime in Houghton Street after the Sabbatical Elections, there is a growing fear within the Imperialist Labour Club that the Soviet Union will fulfil its declared intention of protecting socialist states against capitalist subversion. People throughout the Soviet Union were deeply shocked when "Pravda" announced that counter-revolutionary forces had scored a resounding victory in WC2.

Over recent weeks, Comrade Brezhnev has maintained close contact with KGB agents within the LSE and Spartacist Society. He has viewed with growing concern the way in which the LSE's proletariat has been exploited (through its sense of humour) by fascist leaflets. It is said that he was deeply offended by Comrade Rob Hampson and has declared that Hampson will immediately be exiled when the Soviet tanks reach Florries. Radio Moscow described Matt Picton as the epitome of bourgeois reaction and described Picton's widely publicised appeal to the United Nations for the right to have a bed of his own as a typically reactionary diversionary tactic.

Observers have noted that a leading member of the Spartacist Society with a North American accent has been keeping a record of all those who have

voted against the Communist motions. The names of those who have opposed the Spartacists will be found in St Catherine's house. It may be assumed that these will be exiled or shot on the glorious day.

Meanwhile, El Duce Jacob and Chancellor Baynton continue to prepare for resistance against Soviet aggression. Jacob categorically denied that the Hardship Fund had been spent on F-16s, but was forced to admit that the Athletic Union's money for next year had been spent on a Polaris submarine. Jacob described the fact that Houghton Street was landlocked as a bureaucratic oversight.

Reasons for the failure of the revolution are unclear; allegations that our General Secretary was the Fifth Man were totally unfounded: "Climate of Treason" is not a Swahili anagram of "Make the rich pay for the crisis" and the LSM is not mentioned in Goronwy Rees' Memoirs.

Soviet action is unlikely before they have finished colonising Afghanistan which means the Executive will have ample time to build barricades from unsold copies of "Life Chances".

STOP PRESS: Kings have threatened to boycott the Moscow Olympics if Russian tanks move south of Aldwych.

REUTER



FAREWELL

—By ELANA EHRLICH,
STUDENT UNION WELFARE OFFICER

TOM

"YOU know about that Elana, it's not just pushing paper around — it's the human contact you build up. I still remember vividly people who were around years ago and in the years to come, I know that I will just as vividly be recalling those people who are around now." In these words did Tom Bruin sum up his feelings about leaving the LSE Students' Union when I spoke to him about writing this piece for Beaver.

Indeed, Tom has not just pushed paper around the LSE Union Finance Office but made a lasting impression on those people who have had the joy and pleasure of working with him. It may not be generally known to everyone that Tom Bruin has worked for the Students' Union almost eight years (in his characteristically accurate manner, Tom calls it seven and a half years). He came to the Students' Union in November 1972, and will be leaving at the end of the month—Friday, 28th March being his last day.

Colleagues and students alike will miss Tom. He is known to more people around the LSE than

some might consider possible. Through the door to his office have passed many more individuals than simply treasurers of various student societies. Tom even recalls the Thank You note he once received from the parents of an overseas student whom he befriended. His experiences with visiting officials who could "only" find Tom Bruin when they sought the "famous LSE Student Union" indicate the real truth that Tom valued the personal contacts he made through his employment here.

On the financial side, I was surprised to learn the answer to my naive question "How much money does actually get dealt with in the finance Office every year, Tom?" The answer, including incoming and outgoing sums totals about half a million pounds!! My reaction was awesome and immediately grateful that Tom Bruin has been supervising such amounts. According to the critically-eyed auditors as well, the finances at the Union have been "impeccably managed."

Tom has memories about the finances he's seen as well during

his career. He recalls when the turn-over in the S.U. Shop was as much money in a YEAR as it now is in one WEEK since Kate Slay has become manageress. He also remembers when the Union had NO Welfare services whatsoever.

One must be honest, too, and mention the frustrating times when students forget to liaise with per-

manent staff or neglect their elected responsibilities.

Nonetheless, we know that Tom feels it has all been well worth it.

I want to thank Tom for the eight years he has given the LSE Students' Union and know that many people join me in doing so. The very best wishes to Tom and his wife for a happy and produc-

tive retirement come from everyone who knows what a challenge it will be for Tom Bruin to try to do nothing.

All of the BEAVER collective would like to thank Tom for all his invaluable assistance and encouragement in past years, and we wish him a long and happy retirement.



TOM BRUIN — His presence will be sadly missed.

COVENT GARDEN PROMS

Four performances by The Royal Opera:

Tuesday 8th April at 7.30 pm
The Rake's Progress (Stravinsky)

Wednesday 9th April at 7.30 pm
Lucrezia Borgia (Donizetti)

Friday 11th April at 7.30 pm
La Fanciulla del West (Puccini)

Saturday 12th April at 2.00 pm
Lucrezia Borgia (Donizetti)

Three performances by The Royal Ballet:

Monday 7th April at 7.30 pm
The Four Seasons (Verdi/MacMillan)
Gloria (Poulenc/MacMillan)
The Concert (Chopin/Robbins)

Thursday 10th April at 7.30 pm
La Fille mal gardée (Herold/Ashton)

Saturday 12th April at 7.30 pm
Swan Lake (Tchaikovsky/Petipa/Ivanov)

700 Stalls Promenade places available on the day of performance one hour before curtain up.
£1 each, including VAT. Seats: £1 to £21.
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FRONT'S SOUTHWARK MARCH UNOPPOSED

ON Sunday the National Front marched unopposed and unchallenged through Camberwell and Peckham thanks to lack of organization on the part of left opposition groups and now familiar saturation police techniques.

Londoners have become used to National Front marches. On the day before one is due to take place, police leave is cancelled, reroute signs go up in bus garages, felt tips squeak out slogans and black parents prepare to keep their children indoors for the day. Last Sunday was no exception. Last Sunday it was Southwark's turn.

Word had it that the Front were to march along Walworth Road to the Elephant and Castle, where opposition groups

Pictures and story by Alex Wynter

When the procession reached Camberwell, one young man got up on a wall and began to shout "nazis off the streets"... police quickly rushed in and grabbed him. Meanwhile the Front chanted "nigger nigger nigger" at black onlookers.

The Front assembled in Wyndham Road from about 10 am onwards; I arrived there at 10.30. It looked as though the march might be a flop as for a while the Front were almost outnumbered by photographers

file: the teeny Front (teenage skinheads), the war hero type, and amongst the weirdoes and inadequates a few harmless looking middle aged people. Fascists are a heterogenous lot....

Tyndall, who resigned the leadership this year, was way back with the skinheads; Webster was at the column's head and led the chanting. "The National Front is a racist front join the National Front..." "the National Front is a white man's front" etc. His influence does not appear to have waned since the reshuffle. His position in the march was commanding.

"PENSIONERS BEFORE MUGGERS"

The police diverted the march at the last moment through



Humorous amendment to "Daily Telegraph" ad. in Walworth Road.

planned to assemble. Indeed many shops along Walworth were solidly boarded up in preparation and the police had put plastic no-waiting markers along its length. But this turned out to be a decoy by the police who, it seems, were determined that the Front and anti-nazis should get nowhere near one another.

OPPOSITION SILENCED

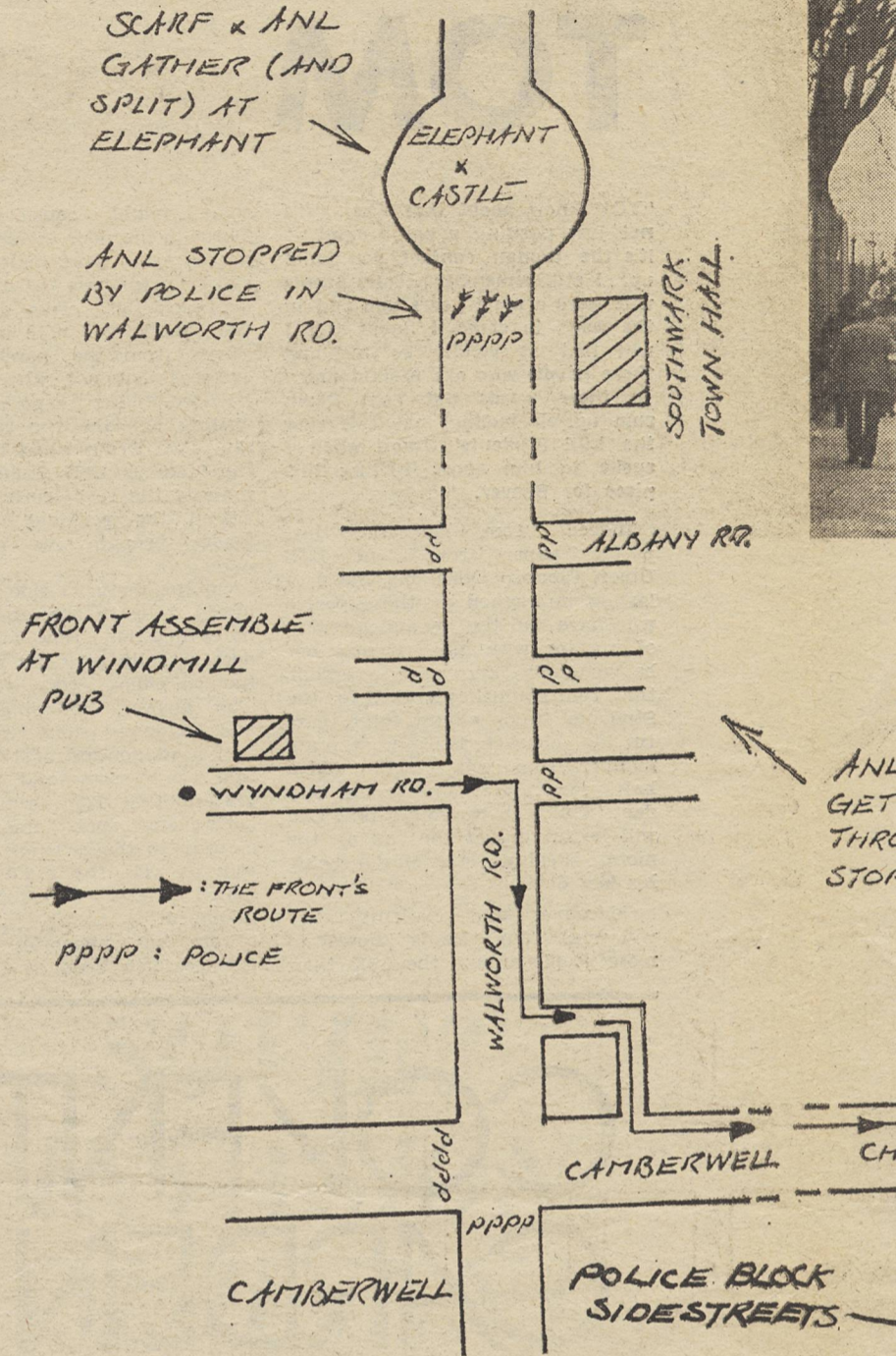
They did this, it must be said, by denying anyone the right to march in opposition to the Front and they made doubly certain that there would be no trouble along the route of the march by stepping in to silence anyone who raised his or her voice against the Front.

let alone policemen. The atmosphere was more like a street party than a fascist march: people hung out of windows in surrounding high rise blocks to see what was going on (someone shouted "when you want a copper you can't get one"), a column of police on horses rode leisurely by, Front members swapped pleasantries with each other, camera shutters clicked.

At about 11.30 the march, about 1,500 strong, set off, led by 25 police horses. Its pattern was familiar: policemen on either side of the Front, led by its outwardly respectable leadership with the massed Union Jacks at the head of the column, Nuremberg style. Behind them came the rank and

Camberwell along Peckham Road and there was a final rally in a quiet side street behind Peckham Rye station. In Camberwell, some elderly people were watching from flats overlooking the Green. A skinhead shouted "pensioners before muggers". It could have been a Support Your Local Police rally.

Along the length of Camberwell Church Street and Peckham Road, a distance of about one mile and a half, the police had stationed reinforcements in side turnings. It was not that the Front were heavily protected by the police; they had simply sealed off the entire area through which the Front marched. It was a military operation which made the US

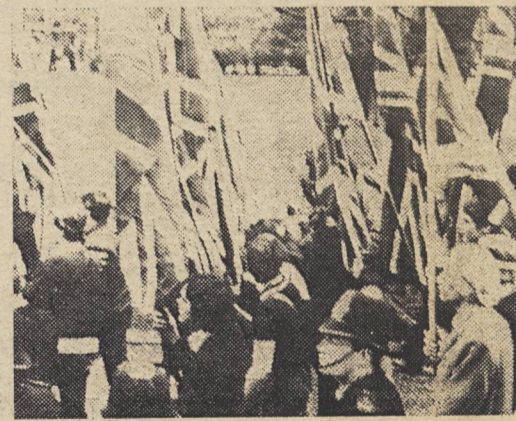


Marine Corps silent drill routine look like Musical Movement.

Just before Rye Lane the march was turned up a small side street: Lyndhurst Way. Astonished householders, black and white, looked on as the chanting column made its way up their street.... "The National Front is a racist front..." As the column approached its prearranged dispersal point in Holly Grove, the police thickened. At the entrance to Holly Grove they prevented all journalists, even those with Metropolitan Police Press Cards, from going through. The Front held its meeting in the quiet street; Webster's megaphoned voice competed with the noise of the helicopter overhead.

Just at that point scattered groups of anti-Front demonstrators began to arrive in Rye Lane, but by then it was too late. Police kept them well away. What happened to the left? On Monday, I spoke to Unmesh Desai who was there, on the counter demonstration

Front at Camberwell



that is, and he told me the following story...

ANL v SCARF

There were two groups organizing the counter demonstration: the Southwark Campaign Against Racism and Fascism (SCARF) and the Anti Nazi League (ANL). The overall authority of the ANL in organizing anti-Front marches etc was apparently not recognized by SCARF, who support a policy of non-violence. They wanted to have a peaceful counter-demonstration in the opposite direction to the announced route of the Front. Part of the

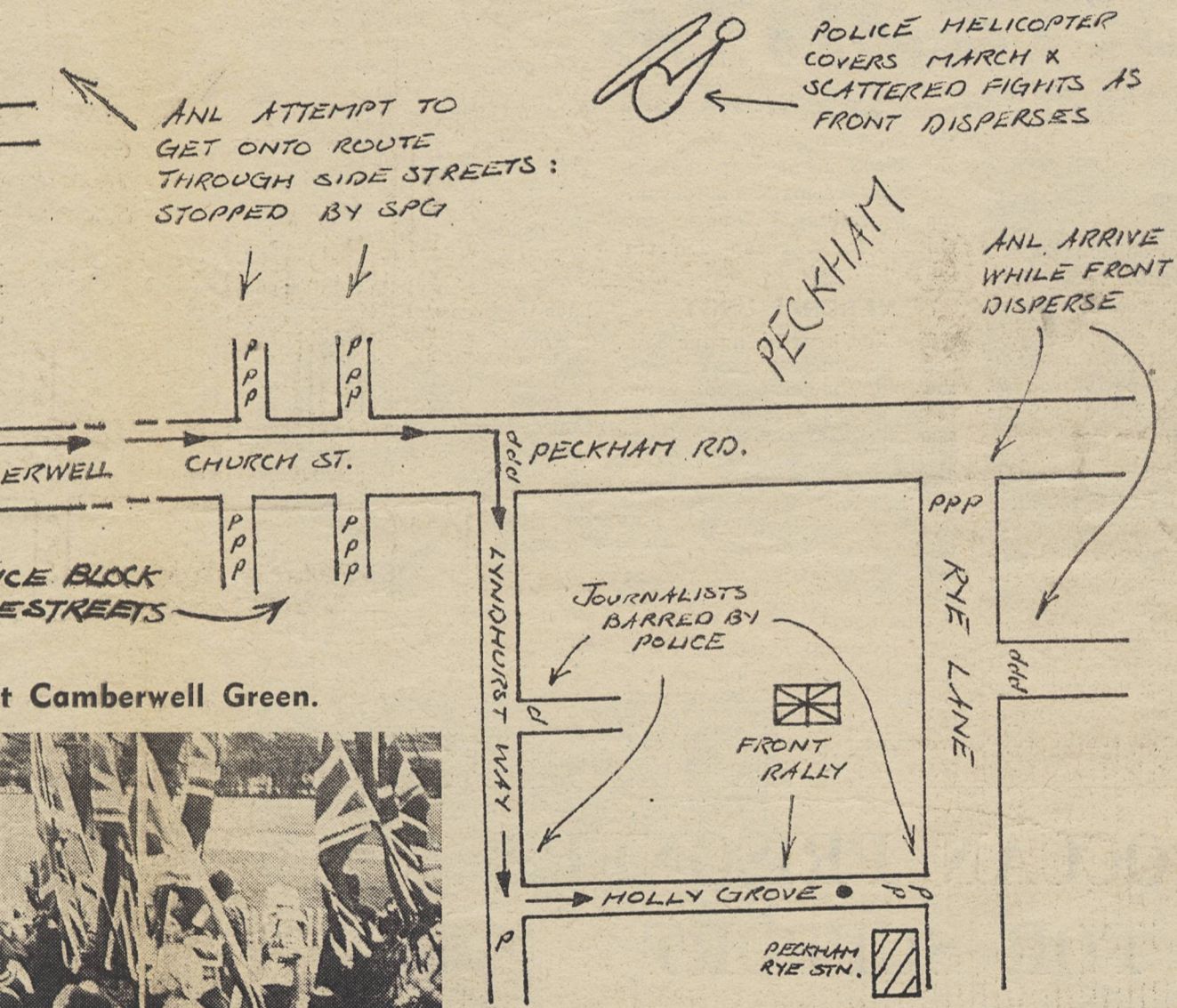
trouble, by the was not the anti-privy t informa So, chaos a vous. T anti-Fro not be a point, a ted be SCARF Revolut Party o nist): U Socialis aged to prevent

POSED—THANKS TO SATURATION POLICING



Police horses lead marchers up Lyndhurst Way.

SOUTHWARD
TOWN HALL
ANY RR.



The route taken by the Front — and the ANL diversion.

at Camberwell Green.



the fol- trouble, it seems, was caused by the fact that the real route was not known. "Searchlight", the anti-Front paper were not privy to the route—and their information is usually good.

So, effectively, there was chaos at the Elephant rendezvous. The police informed the anti-Fronters that they would not be allowed to march. At one point, a shouting match erupted between a member of SCARF and a member of the Revolutionary Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist). Unmesh told me that the Socialist Workers' Party managed to organize hit-squads to prevent groups of Front

reaching their assembly point. Confused? You won't be after this week's episode of "Fight the Front".

Eventually the ANL dissociated itself from SCARF and sent its adherents off to try and find the Front, but they were too late. The Special Patrol Group barred the way to some 200 members who set off. Local residents in Camberwell were directing them as to the Front's whereabouts but the side streets were closed—it was impossible to get through on to the main route of the Front march.

Later on after the Front meeting, there were scattered

fight as hundreds of skinhead Front supporters tramped back down Peckham Road to Camberwell. I sat for a while and watched them go past having failed myself to get through the police cordon. It could have been 1970 and the reggae festival at the Empire Pool: but I don't think these neo-skins dig reggae. At one point the entire length of Peckham Road was one long crew cut. Back at the Elephant, by 2 pm, there were barely a hundred anti-Front people left on the street. It was a pathetic display of disunity, apathy (there were never more than about three hundred anti-Front) and organizational ineptitude.

What lessons can be learned from Sunday's foray?

SATURATION TECHNIQUES

The first is that violent opposition to the Front has failed. After Southall and Lewisham, it is obvious that the police are determined to enforce the Front's right to march by using saturation techniques to keep the left and the Front apart. They will, it seems, do this not by simply protecting Front marches heavily but by actually sealing off areas through which the Front plan to march and by last minute route changes. When the left and the Front clash policemen get hurt; they are no longer prepared to risk their own men. They obviously have nothing to fear from the Front and so they will do whatever it takes to contain the left. The ANL, SCARF or whoever will have to think of a new way of stopping Front marches... possibly by less violent but much

sion about the force as a whole. By sitting on the left they are simply looking after their own. The point is that, in effect, by removing the opposition groups entirely from the scene of the march and by swamping the Front with protection as they did on Sunday, they give the impression that they are in some way associated with organized racism or at least condone it. This is bad for them, if for no one else.

SKINHEADS

Lastly, a sociological point. It is clear that the National Front is now broadly composed of two groups: the old fascists who are relatively serious minded and the skinhead element, the teeny Front. On Sunday the latter outnumbered the former. It is somehow inappropriate to shout "nazi" at a fifteen year old boy who probably doesn't really know what the word means. It is tragic that ordinary, sane working class boys should be taken in, duped in this way, and one of the greatest evils of the Front is its effect on deprived white youngsters. That



Journalists turned away from Front's Rally in Holly Grove.

larger campaigns of civil disobedience on the day.

The left will also have to swallow its ideological disputes and expunge its perennial "Life of Brian" syndrome... quarrelling while the Front marches through black neighbourhoods is despicable. It will also have to develop some organizational ability if it wants to seriously oppose the far right. After all the disputes within the Front over the last few months their march was chillingly well ordered and there was not a hint of disunity from their ranks. All the big names, so recently at each other's throats, were there, while SCARF and the ANL pulled in opposite directions.

There is also the question of whose side the police are on. Well, it's clear that the Front's projection of itself as peaceful and law-abiding on the march is one the police accept. They seem to trust the Front—the protective cordon faces outward, as it were. But whilst it is quite obvious that some individual officers are sympathetic to the Front, it is impossible and unnecessary to come to a conclu-

they are confused is indicated by the fact that some of them wore two-tone badges on Sunday. Something, other than bricks, should be tried to win them back. The real evil and danger in the Front is typified by its leader, a lecturer in politics can you believe? Whatever monstrosities are spawned by our economic decline, a Hitler Youth should not be one.

A final word. Fascists marching through Black, Jewish or Asian areas have become a morbid British tradition, like the Ripper lurking in the fog. It's time for it to STOP. You don't have to be a member of the vehement left to oppose the Front. Racism need never be a political issue in Britain for, in theory, it is illegal. The Front's slogan "The National Front is a racist front, join the National Front" is ILLEGAL. The police have no business shielding its utterance. Under another statute, which might have greater appeal to conservatives, it is also illegal to incite disaffection amongst Her Majesty's subjects, some of whom are Black, East Asian or Jewish. It is time to think seriously about taking conscious steps to break the insidious positive relationship between Britain's decline and organized racism.

BACK BEAVERS

15 YEARS AGO

BEAVER seemed somewhat confused on receiving the news that Princess Margrethe of Denmark would be coming to the LSE to read a Sociology course in the spring. William Hickey revealed in the "Daily Express" that she was eager to explore "the casual life of the English student, with its closely intimate groups of friends". The Beaver collective could only comment coolly that "she must have chosen the wrong place".

Also on the front page, a short article concerns the plight of the "Clare Market Review". Following the cancellation of the Union subsidy, the Editor declared optimistically: "Whatever happens, the C.M.R. mustn't be allowed to die." Yet, as some readers will be aware, the literary review—a publication concentrating on creative writing and lengthy features that might not appear in Beaver—has failed to appear since the summer of 1973. The present Collective wish to know whether there are any enterprising readers with enough enthusiasm to revive this valuable publication.

10 YEARS AGO

A rather garish issue of Beaver on green paper informed students of the possibility of installing contraceptive machines in the LSE. Problems were anticipated in finding suitable locations; women's as well as men's lavatories were considered the most likely places, as our very own college made its own bid to join the permissive society. Intentional or otherwise, the report concerning the contraceptives was printed next to an article entitled "Population Explosion Reaches LSE".

Tying in with the election fever of today, Beaver ran a report on the election of the position of Deputy President (whatever happened to that?) which covers the break of the Labour Club's traditional hold on the post being taken over by a "more left-wing gentleman" by the name of Andrew Hickly. It seems that Mr Hickly was somewhat of a lady-killer and received his support exclusively from ex-girlfriends, the Drama Society and other personal friends. Of interest also is the exceedingly low turnout (even by today's standards) of only just over two hundred.

5 YEARS AGO

The issue dated March 4th 1975 carried hopes that the pressure to establish a nursery at the LSE would finally yield positive results. After seven years of negotiations, the Nursery Action Committee were offered £5,000 a year towards running costs—but as yet no adequate site for the nursery had been offered.

Plans were under way also to officially close Houghton Street to all motor traffic. The "Houghton Street Affair" began with an illegal barricade in 1970, leading to over twenty arrests. Five years ago they hoped to close the street in "one or two months"—but success came only at the end of 1975.

OVERHEARD...

"I happen to find milk shakes orgasmic. Can I have another one?" (Helen Fawcett).

"You sectarian twit." (Krish Maharaj to Unmesh Desai).

"You're prettier than Ed." (Martin Benfield to Steve Gallant).

"I just vote for the pretty candidates." (Sarah Wheeler).

"I've always had the Gay Soc. vote." (Ed Jacob).

"He only goes to these conferences because he's got no sex life." (Helen Fawcett on Chris Birt).

"The Labour Club certainly has weakness in depth." (John Gage, F.C.S.).

"I hate hacks" (Christina Archbold).

TRUDEAU RETURNS

PIERRE TRUDEAU'S Liberal party swept to victory in the Canadian general election of February 18, winning 146 parliamentary seats out of a total of 282. The governing Progressive Conservatives, led by Joe Clark, were victorious in 103 ridings, while the social democratic New Democratic Party, led by Ed Broadbent, was successful in 32. These results provide the Liberals with a majority government, after having been defeated only nine months ago in the election of May 22, 1979. In the current election, the Liberals received 44 per cent of the popular vote, the Conservatives 33 per cent, and the New Democrats 20 per cent.

The Liberals made a number of gains from the other two parties in Canada's maritime provinces, and were successful in all but one of the contested seats in their traditional stronghold of Quebec, where they also won an astonishing 68 per cent of the popular vote. However, the key source of the Liberal victory was the electorally critical "swing" province of Ontario where the party won 21 more seats than in the previous federal election.

Canada's western provinces were not a part of the Liberal trend. Out of a total of 80 ridings in the four western provinces and two territories, the Liberals managed to scrape to victory only in two. For the most part, this region was a two-party contest between the Conservatives and New Democrats, who won 51 and 27 seats respectively.

The election results represent a strong rejection of the Conservative party, and of Canada's youngest-ever Prime Minister, 40-year-old Joe Clark, who had headed a minority government since last May. The February election was brought about by the defeat in the House of Commons of the Conservative budget, which proposed general tax increases and long-range efforts to balance the budget. Particularly unpopular was a proposed 18 cents a gallon petrol excise tax increase, as were proposals for the denationalisation of the state owned energy company, Petro-Canada.

Energy will be one of the key issues the Trudeau government must face. The new Prime Minister will have to negotiate with the provinces to develop a policy that will balance the call of the oil-producing provinces for a Canadian oil price more in line with the world norm, with the demand of the major oil consuming provinces of Quebec and Ontario for a cheap domestic oil policy.

NATIONAL UNITY

The key issue facing the Trudeau government, however, is the question of Canadian national unity. This problem has two central aspects: the efforts of the Parti Quebecois government of Quebec to get a public endorsement of its independence policies in a referendum this June and the growing sense of alienation towards the national government felt in the Western provinces.

To no small extent, the dismal election showing of the Liberals in the West reflects the conception held by many Westerners that the Liberal party represents the interests

of Central Canada, that is, the two most populous and industrialised provinces of Ontario and Quebec. This alienation is also manifest in the tension between the western provincial governments and the federal government over the issue of which level of government is to receive the greatest share of revenue generated by natural resources, a revenue which has grown increasingly important over the last decade.

PARADOX

Yet the issue of Quebec's status in confederation is the most immediate issue with regards to national unity that the Liberals face. It is somewhat paradoxical that the predominantly francophone province of Quebec gave 68 per cent of its vote to the ardently federalist Trudeau Liberals, yet has as its provincial government a separatist party. Rene Levesque, leader of the Parti Quebecois and premier of Quebec province, saw the strong Trudeau vote in Quebec as simply a sign of solidarity of French-Canadians, and insists that the strong Trudeau vote in the federal election will not prevent a pro-independence result in the upcoming referendum.

The Trudeau victory will also have repercussion on Canada's foreign policy, particularly with Canada's crucial relations with the United States. During the election campaign the Clark Conservatives urged unquestioned Canadian support for the new American hard line against the Soviets, as well as emphasising the need for Canada to greatly increase its military spending. However, Trudeau has stated that Canada, which geographically separates the two superpowers, must not ignore detente, and that world peace will not be brought about if nations simply "spend, spend, spend" on armaments.

DON BOBIASH

MOROCCAN PRISONERS' CRY FOR SUPPORT

SINCE 1956, when Morocco got its formal and partial independence, the Moroccan people have been living under a neo-colonial regime which safeguards its capitalist masters' interests. The Moroccan people who have sacrificed their lives for a real economic and political independence were cheated. They were expecting democracy and freedom, more schools and hospitals, better housing, earth and factories to grow and produce what they really need. But the regime has maintained and developed the French Colonial system, increased Morocco's dependence on Imperialist countries, and strengthen its absolute power.

Thus, whenever the Moroccan people ask for better living conditions, work, human rights to be respected, to get back their territories still colonised by Spain, the reply they get from the regime is Demagogy and harassment.

While the official mass media has been spreading their lies about "National peace and democracy", hundreds have been arrested and tortured — some died under torture — others forced into exile, democratic organisations banned.

But the Moroccan people and their democratic and progressive organisations have not given up the struggle. They organise themselves and fight back even behind the bars of prisons.

As a matter of fact, the prisoners go on hunger strike, write pamphlets when they can to draw national and international attention to their plight. In the prisons of Meknes and Kenitra they considered last February a month of action. They wrote a pamphlet saying that they "have been tortured." The health status of numbers of them is "deteriorating without necessary medical care". Other



prisoners in Meknes have been "kept in custody for almost three years without trial." They are not allowed to see their families and lawyers—nor have freedom to receive papers, books and letters they want.

All the political prisoners in Morocco call upon the people who care about Human Rights to support their claim to be released and recover their freedom.

WRITE to the Moroccan Embassy in London and to the Royal Cabinet in Rabat, Morocco, and let them know that you support the prisoners' claims. Ask for the release of the students recently detained.

YAZAMI MOHAMMED

*Are you a seven stone weakling?
Do bullies kick sand in your face?
If they do—they're probably members of the*

ATHLETIC UNION!

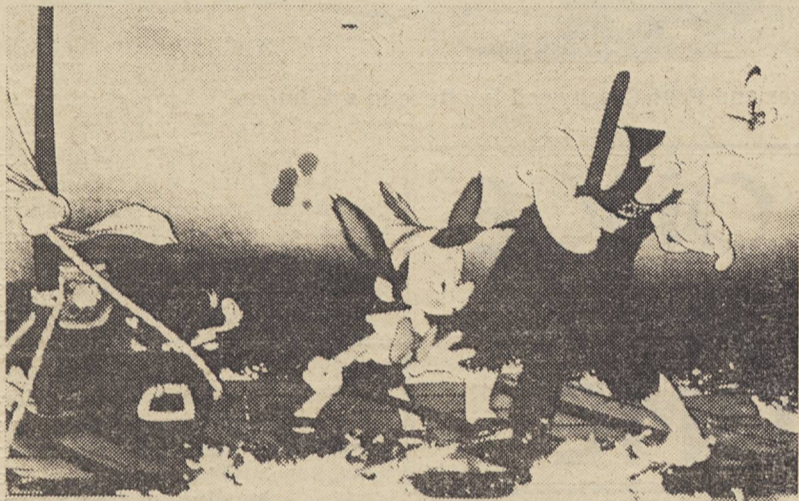
Some people think we're just a load of thick hairy yobbos. But some of us are female — which just goes to show!

Let's straighten this out. The ATHLETIC UNION doesn't discriminate against minority groups — all yobbos are welcome! The ATHLETIC UNION provides healthy exercise, not only for the academically gifted, but also for LSE students!

If you like physical jerks — we've got lots of them in the

ATHLETIC UNION

It separates the men from the boys — with a crowbar!



Sailing



Judo



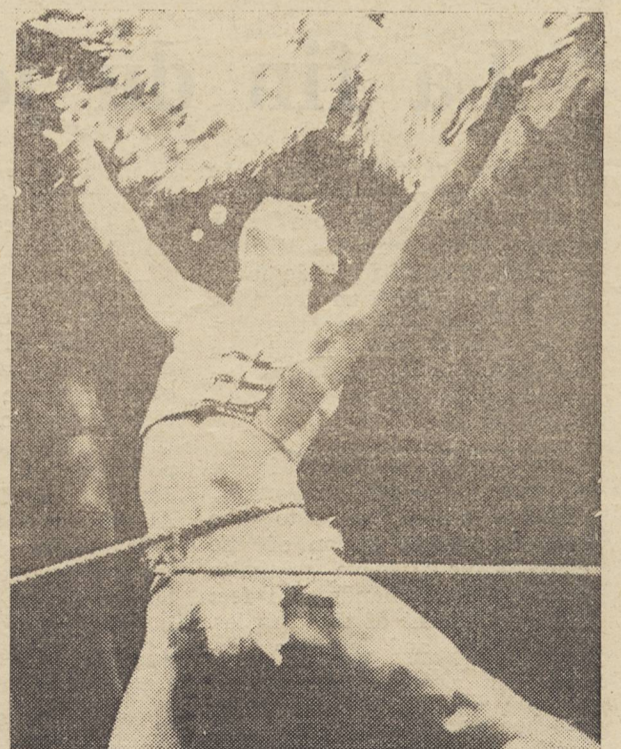
Fencing



Riding



Cross-Country



Tug-of-war

Join the boys in the **ATHLETIC UNION!**

ARE YOU FIT FOR THE AU?

THE LONDON ARTS

Blake Seven and a half!

IF we're talking about Blake Edwards' "10", then it must be seven and a half, for what promises to be very good indeed, merely develops into a half-finished amusing anecdote. (Perhaps anticipating the film's success and leaving scope for a sequel—"20"?). It's all about one man's fantasy: a girl so beautiful that on his scale of one to 10 she rates 11. Dudley Moore plays the bedazzled hero, a wealthy English lyricist living in palatial dwellings on America's west coast. His girlfriend, the abysmally miscast Julie Andrews, realizes fairly quickly that our Dud at 42 has become the epitome of the male menopause. With regard to Julie Andrews, one cannot help speculating that her presence in the film owes more to her marital status—wife of Blake Edwards—than to her suitability for the part. It's sad but nuns don't say "D'you wanna mek lurv or argew" in a transatlantic accent. The embarrassment of this occasion was surpassed only by the sight of a bra-less Mrs Blake clad in a pair of outsize brown leather trousers at dinner.

It is the instant, all-consuming infatuation which afflicts Moore on his first sight of the stunning Bo Derek, that leads him zombie-like into the situations which comprise most of the film. A solid three hours at the dentist, who happens to be Bo's father, is just one of the adventures he endures in an attempt to realize his desperate fantasy. He even follows her on honeymoon, and through a series of highly unlikely events, he ends up in bed with his dream.

The ensuing love-making session, accompanied by the brilliantly appropriate Ravel's Bolero, is the integral crux of the film. It combines the predictable yet indispensable disillusionment of Moore, with every man's need for sexual security and reassurance. The film is centred on the idea of a deep-rooted sexual drive for novelty. The conflict most men (and women for that matter) suffer between the desire for safety, and the "grass is always greener" syndrome, is eternally topical and probably accounts for much of the film's success.

This dichotomy is neatly summarized with the culmination of the hilarious side-plot of the film. Across the bay from Moore's house, a middle-aged hippie is conducting a permanent orgy in full knowledge of Dud the voyeur. The illicit peeping is mutual and the last line of the film is delivered by the hippie in response to the question of his beautiful but intellectually deficient partner. "What does reciprocate mean? I show him mine, but he never shows me his!"

by Eden Riche

La fin du jour

THE first of three ballets in Covent Garden's latest production is "La Fin de Jour" with Ravel's music and MacMillan's choreography. "La Fin de Jour" draws its inspiration from the style of the 'thirties; the choreography is that of an era which came to an end with the outbreak of war.

The pastel colours of the flowing chiffon dresses worn by the ballerinas add to the subtlety, yet precision of the choreography; the definite movements of hands and feet are reminiscent of the 'thirties. Merle Park and Jennifer Penney both danced with elegance and Wayne Eagling's leaps reached great heights with his artistic style portraying the era well; but Julian Hosking did not seem to have the precision and style of Eagling.

Glen Tetley's latest production for the Royal Ballet, "Voluntaries", which he created in Stuttgart as a memorial to Crauho, was given its first Covent Garden performance. The heavy organ music which is often played before, during and after religious services is that of Poulenc. The Latin root

of the word "voluntaries" means flight or desire, and both meanings were conveyed in the ballet.

The sense of flight can be seen in the number of leaps choreographed; the male corps de ballet were given the opportunity to dance and were technically good with correct timing. The sense of desire is portrayed in a pas de deux danced by David Wall and Alfreda Thoroughgood; its movements convey desire rather than the less forceful emotion of love but overall the ballet tends to lack a feeling of emotion and is more praiseworthy for its technicalities.

"Mam'zelle Augot", which has not been performed at Covent Garden for ten years completed the triple bill. It is ballet in its traditional form, quite a pleasant spectacle but not offering much thought to its audience. Wayne Sleep danced as the barber in his usual comic fashion but was not at his most impressive—one cannot help wondering if he is slightly limited in the roles he can play since most of his characters are either comic or childish.

by Jeremy Rosenblatt



Zoe Wannamaker and Paul Greenwood in "Once in a Lifetime".

ONLY ONCE IN A LIFETIME

SINCE its opening last year, the RSC's production of Hart and Kaufman's "Once in a Lifetime" has won no less than five awards, and deservedly so.

The production was recently moved from the Aldwych Theatre, its original venue, to the Piccadilly. This new venue for the production is very appropriate since the Piccadilly was the first theatre in London to present "talkies", the theme around which the play revolves.

Set in the 'twenties, the play is concerned with three hopeful Vaudeville actors from downtown New York, who sell their act and go to Hollywood. They hope to make or lose a fortune

(they're not sure which!), in talking pictures, by giving elocution lessons to previously (thank God!) silent actors and actresses. In Hollywood, we see their ups and downs and ups and downs and ups and

The play continually comes out with some quite superb humour, for example, May (Zoe Wannamaker), in a broad New York accent which she keeps up flawlessly throughout, says "A four letter word for an actor—a dope!"

The dope in the play is George, impeccably played by Richard Griffiths. He is everybody's favourite character: kind, warm and stupid. George

has an insatiable appetite for Indian peanuts, which he cracks constantly much to the annoyance of May, who complains that he leaves a trail of nut shells behind him wherever he goes, and if he ever committed a crime, the police would know exactly where to look!

As well as following the fortunes of our three heroes, we also have the story of Susan Walker (Glynis Barber) a young hopeful actress they meet on the train to Hollywood.

George most appropriately becomes the father figure for Susan and eventually, through his ignorant fearlessness before Herman Glogauer, the film company boss, expertly played by David Suchet, he gets all four of them jobs in making a film, a formula for disaster? You'll have to find out for yourselves.

All I can say is that the acting was superb, Zoe Wannamaker and Richard Griffiths are worth a special mention. The music was delightful and in the three hours duration of the play I was bored only twice, and that was during both the intervals.

by Russell Davidson

Canterville Horror

ALEXANDER KNAIFEL is not the most distinctive modernist, but the premiere United Kingdom performance of his "The Canterville Ghost" deserves a passing comment. The opera is based on a short story by Wilde, and is reminiscent of the Flying Dutchman. Canterville is a wife murderer who, fittingly for such a crime, is forced to haunt his castle until another woman has the compassion to release him. Unfortunately Canterville seems to derive a great deal of pleasure from frightening his victims—so release is not an easy purchase. He meets his match when an American family moves into the castle; Wilde denounces them as vulgar materialists, but it is Virginia, the daughter, who provides Canterville's salvation.

Predictably, the work is one of great humour, aside from the merry rattling of bones and things going bump in the night, we have Canterville relishing his misdeeds and the japes of

Virginia's Eton-bound brothers who mortify the old spook with a dummy ghost. David Thomas clearly enjoyed portraying Canterville, and this was quite a battle considering the idiosyncrasies of Knaifel's work and the extensive percussion section above which he had to rise.

The evening's programme was completed with Stravinsky's "Threni", one of his latter works which could be described as a secular religious piece. Stravinsky said afterwards that religious music without religion was vulgar, but that could certainly not be applied to the evening's performance during which the soloists surpassed themselves.

The concert was at the Royal College of Music, sponsored by the BBC, which means that tickets were freely available from the ticket office at Portman Place—something well worth investigating when one receives as spirited a performance as this.

by S. G. Rayment

HIGHLIGHTING HI-FI

Being partly a guide to buying hifi

HI-FI — High Fidelity — is the pursuit of a perfect reproduction of an original sound. It is concerned ultimately, and in the minds of some people, only, with sound, and music is only a test-instrument. The aim is to achieve indistinguishability of the recorded and original sounds. However it is now generally recognised that this objective is unobtainable, at least within the resources of the average private citizen.

There is no perfect machine — not even the bicycle — and at every step in the recording and retransmission of sound there are falsifying imperfections: speaker cones and record players arms flex, semiconductors introduce extra signals of their own manufacture. Many of these problems and others can be reduced by technological improvements, but however carefully one builds one can never achieve 100% identification of reproduction with original.

With all these improvements in technology, it is probable that the average ear can no longer detect any defects. Indeed, with stereo, surround sound, graphic equalisers (which enable one to boost or limit particular frequencies), binaural recording and other such gimmicks, it is possible to produce a sound which the listener may prefer to the real thing he receives on the stalls of the opera house. But hi-fi is an entirely artificial hobby, high technology, based on a synthesis of the sciences of acoustics and electronics and mechanical engineering. Its standards are those of the scientist: measurable, repeatable perfection, or as near to it as is attainable for the moment.

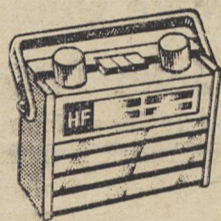
The big controversy of the '70s, as far as the Press end of hi-fi was concerned, was the issue of "musicality", of sound qualities unmeasurable but perceptible to the ear. In the '60s and early '70s, hi-fi became so technically orientated as to forget the importance of the ear in the sound chain. Reviewers still listened, but critical judgments were nearly all based on measured specifications. Now, attention is being paid to the role of the aural apparatus.

It is comforting for the ordinary consumer of all this technology that his position as listener should not be ignored by the buffs, but it is distressing when he reads that "the Sonio DT417 Mk IV, while handling transients well, and exhibiting a flat response from 20hz to 20khz with a signal-to-noise ratio of 65db (CrO₂, Dolby in), sounds soggy, lacks presence and suffers from poor imagery with some colouration in top of the range". It's worse than wine-tasting. In listening tests in a store, the average ear is advised to decide if it likes the sound, whether it's crisp and separates voice and instruments well without being distorted or timing. If the artiste seems to be performing right on your toes that is a bonus.

When buying hi-fi, one should be aware of the huge divide between the Tottenham Court Road type store, represented in its lowest form by the big-volume, Laskys, Comet and Dixons, and the small, specialist stores which claim to be in impartial pursuit of better hi-fi and tend to handle only European makes, and especially British.

There is also, of course, the Boots, Woolworths, Currys grouping, selling music centres, whose salesmen probably know

only a little less than those in the Laskys-type outlet. Most music centres work well enough, and one can usually recognise the music they produce; one can be quite happy with their sound but they do suffer noticeably in any comparison with a separate system—i.e. one made up of a bunch of boxes, record player, amplifier and speakers. The music centre precludes the possibility of compatibility or connection problems, but these difficulties can be minimised by the purchase of a racked system, in which separate components made by one manufacturer are



fitted into an upright rack. These systems are generally pretty good value, but can still be beaten by a well-chosen separates system, picking the best of each make.

There's a trade-off between one factor and another: in hi-fi it's looks against sound, ease-of-use against sound, money against sound. The more effort you put into buying and setting up the system, the better the sound you get; the more you spend, the better the sound; the more you are prepared to forego gimmicks like stroboscopic speed indicators on record players, output meters and filters on amplifiers, or more useful features like auto return, the better the sound.

This last is a crucial point—do not be seduced by flashing lights, meters, banks of switches. The more bits on the box, the less the proportion of money spent on the insides, the greater the chance of interference from poor design or components, the more to go wrong, the bigger and heavier the system. Some features, like auto-return and play, can be important—or vital to mechanical incompetents who are likely to go on holiday leaving the record player going. But if you can do without such things, and can live with high-precision machinery that necessitates great care in handling, you'll get the best sound your money can buy.

There are basically four different hi-fi media: records, tapes, digital discs and radio. Clearly, the quality of the source limits the quality of the

system. From the source, the extracted signal is fed through an amplifier to a sound producer—headphones or speakers.

Records are the oldest form of source-material; that's how they got to grab the generic term "record". It all goes back to Thomas Edison and his wax cylinders, then on to 78 rpm bakelite discs, played with steel or fibre needles, and finally in the 1940s the development by CBS of the microgroove 33½ rpm LP, now made of vinyl. In all of these, the signal is encoded in the material by cutting grooves, the walls and floor of which are modulated (rippled) in a pattern corresponding to the fine oscillations induced in the cutting-head by the recorded signal fed to it from the studio. The process of making masters, mothers and stampers from the original cut-disc is a long but relatively easy process, given care and time. Unfortunately record companies, particularly on the mass rock and pop side, vary greatly in their preparedness to use time and care, some preferring quick reproduction and profit to pride in product.

The end-product, the vinyl disc, that the public buy, is set upon a revolving plane and a fine-pointed stylus rests lightly in the moving groove, traversing the length of the spiral and decoding the information in the modulations, down to 0.25 of a micrometre. The movements in the groove walls as they pass the stylus cause it to oscillate exactly as the cutting-head did in producing the groove. The cartridge, in which the stylus rests, converts the mechanical movements (through the effects on coils or magnets either side of the metal shaft of the stylus into an electrical signal of very low voltage, and passes it through the arm to the amplifier.

There are only three requirements of a record player:—

1. That it should revolve at a constant speed of 33½ rpm as the cutting lathe did;
2. That it should maintain rigid contact between stylus tip and groove with total rigidity in the cartridge, and the record surface so that none of the fine vibrations of the stylus are bled off elsewhere;
3. That no additional signal should be generated by any part of the system. If the bearings rumble, or the platter, disc or arm resonate, their signals must be damped off.

The record player is basically a very simple device, especially electrically. The design skill is in determining the correct shape of the stylus tip for maximum transmission of the mechanical signal from moving groove to stylus without wear and in preventing the transmission of acoustic or gross mechanical interference (knocks) or any

MEN OF DESTINY

THE LSE Drama Society presented a double bill of one act plays on February 28 and 29. In spite of shortcomings on the administrative side, the plays, Dario Fo's "We Can't Pay, We Won't Pay" and Bernard Shaw's "The Man of Destiny" were very well produced.

Earlier I had had misgivings on the advisability of presenting two one-hour-long plays in one evening. I had wondered if the clash of style and content would not detract from the overall effect of the evening. It would be difficult to concentrate on the second play while still digesting the first. My doubts were partially vindicated on the night, when my thoughts kept straying back to the first play, while the second play was on. However, the excellence of both productions did not allow the evening to be a failure.

The first play presented on the 29th was the Dario Fo production, directed by Rowena Whelan and produced by Abhay Desai. Basically a political statement emphasising de-institutionalisation of working-class representation and stressing active agitation, the play was light and humorous in style, of which the director made full use. Under the constraint of limited time for rehearsals and limited facilities, Rowena did a wonderful job. Backed by a strong cast,

Davis and produced by Michael Zoghbi. The play itself was vintage Shaw and contained an inspired passage on English hypocrisy. The plot consisted of an episode in the life of Napoleon in which he is dramatically confronted with the truth of his wife's infidelity.

Jerry Davis used the stage excellently in terms of movement. Under his imaginative direction the play demanded and won the audience's attention. It is sufficient to say of

POLITICAL DRAMA AT THE L.S.E.

the play went down well with the audience. However, the lighting was slightly unimaginative at times. In the outdoor scenes, the backstage—an interior set—was dimmed slightly, but not enough to create the total illusion of the outside. As Rowena's first direction though, the play was marvellous and LSE should look forward to more from her. Lisa Lipkin as Antonia, the wife of a middle-aged non-activist Communist Party member, was strikingly good. Despite slight overacting, she deserved her main role. Fiona Lipscombe and Nic Newman, Robert Lawrence and Graham Wilson all supported her well.

The Bernard Shaw play was technically the better production. It was directed by Jerry

his talent that he brought off a sunset scene, which on the LSE stage is very difficult, as was proved in last term's play, "The Physicists".

Margaret Ramsay and Christian Hodeige stood out in this production. Hodeige as the hunchbacked landlord was immaculate; Margaret, as the lady, was possibly the best actress of the evening. Her subtle and sophisticated gestures and modulation proved that one does not need to shout to act. Larry Kamener as Napoleon also deserves mention. The evening was very enjoyable and both production teams are to be congratulated. However, in view of production and artistic difficulties, I would advise against dual presentations in the future.

Alok Vajpeyi

form of interference spoiling the signal. To that end the whole body of the record player, the platter, its motor and the arm on its plinth may all be independently sprung and damped.

The shape of the arm, and its method of traverse, are subjects that excite engineers. Ideally, the cartridge's motion should always be at right angles to the tangent of the groove, since this is the way the original disc was cut. Conventional pivoting arms, whether straight or S-bend, do not produce tangential contact all the way to the centre. Some players are fitted with cartridges or arms on threaded spindles that move them straight across the record, but they are not cheap.

The biggest issue is that of the drive. Any motor of reasonable quality can spin at a near-enough constant speed, near enough not to upset anyone with less than 100% perfect pitch.

The three kinds of record player are, direct drive, belt drive and idler drive. The last of these is when a rubber wheel makes contact with the inside edge of the platter—good enough for cheap sets, but necessitating very accurate moulding, not good with heavy platters, and generally tacky. Belt drive enables the engineer to site the motor away from the arm and cartridge—preventing any electrical interference—and precludes the possibility of transmitted motor rumble affecting the cartridge. With modern, flat, neoprene belts, there is little chance of slippage or stretching and they are generally capable of top performance. Direct drive is mechanically simpler, and therefore in theory better. But it needs good motors and damping to prevent rumble. Top decks use both belt and direct drive and one should not be prejudiced against either.

Roddy Hallifax

ATHLETIC UNION

NET IN RAGS

AFTER fighting a valiant battle for the league title for the second year running, we were unfortunately beaten into second place by a vicious Bedford team. Sadly, we also managed to take second place in the league rally in which we usually excel.

The role of "seconders" continued with the unfortunate but narrow defeat by the football/rugby/Sergio team in aid of the RAG week appeal. The 13-12 score reflects the dynamic standard of the game and the determination of the "men" to win.

Many new players are needed next year as the vast majority of the team is now going out into the big wide world.

The Netball collective

Pull up the Dublin drawbridge

THIS article is written in the period just prior to the Rugby Club dinner and the dreaded tour to Dublin. The dinner is on Monday 10th March and if certain members recover they will leave for Dublin on the 9.13 pm boat train from Euston on the Thursday evening. Bank managers, BR employees and Irish immigration officers quake at this prospect as the glorious conquerors sally forth on the quest for the holiest pint of Guinness.

Worries abound about Pat Moon's sobriety and two unmarked decks of cards he has purchased for the train journey. Many doubts also exist about the drinking capabilities of many of the tour members. Will they actually be capable of getting on the train at Euston, let alone Ireland?

Our thanks go to Rathmines RFC, providing they do actually meet the few who arrive in Ireland at 7.00 am at Dublin station. Thanks also go to the Metropolitan Police Force who, on Thursday, kindly mugged Mike Quinn and stole £10 from him after damaging his head. After this, they gave him a bed for the night and a £3 fine for being found "drunk on a public highway".

Further thanks go to the Ambulancemen and the staff of MacDonalds (Strand) for saving the life of AU President-Elect, E. M. Walters. Is Westminster hospital north or south of the river?

This term, LSE RFC has been fairly inactive—nothing to report.

[If there is nothing to report, why the hell have you made us suffer this drivel?—Ed.]

Progress report: cup calleth....

THIS week the all-conquering football club is coming to the climax of an orgasmic season. The first XI is very sure of its first place in the premier division after its main rivals lost two games in succession, a feat which will also have left Royal Holloway in a bad frame of mind for the cup final against JGs Marauders. Still, they might get some consolation if "Vic" manages to kill Derek Thomas.

The second moved confidently after a string of defeats to their final, and, on current form, will certainly need your support down there. So come! There will be free travel to the ground! Do your patriotic duty and you might get a glimpse of John Pittalis's legs, if he takes his body stocking off!

Acker's hackers move closer to their divisional title when close season signing Dave Squires nipped in to score five ace goals in their loaded 10-0 victory over UC V. Meanwhile, their player on loan to the second eleven—Kaiser Blundell—proved his effectiveness in defence as the seconds fell 2-0 to UC Seconds. Still, even his feet were outclassed by RHC II who, despite leading 2-1 against our II, managed to score two own goals to help us to a 4-2 victory. That brings their tally to six own goals against LSE in three games. This may be the reason "Vic" wants "a word" with Derek. Go to the cup final to see the fascinating development of the intriguing Derek v "Vic" saga.

ELECTED . . .

Nominations were opened for posts on the new Committee a few weeks ago. The following were elected unopposed:

President: Stan Walters
Internal Vice-President: Jill Harris
External Vice-President: Martin "Poser" Lunn

Elections were held for the posts of General Secretary and Assistant General Secretary, and the winners were:

General Secretary: Mike Quinn
Asst. Gen. Secretary: John Pittalis

The committee has since elected Matthew Taylor as Treasurer.

Castaways

BATTLING against appalling conditions, the Sailing Club continues to achieve the near impossible. On 23rd and 24th February, the LSE entered a team in the Castaways Cup, a tournament organised by ex-members of the University of London to establish which London college excels in sailing.

Despite intense training since October, it wasn't the LSE, but we fought to the bitter end. Perhaps this was a fortunate strategy because of our seven matches sailed, we took five to get a grip of the situation. However, our sustained effort led us to a fine victory in the final two matches over Kings College and Kings College Hospital.

Members of the team: Phil Robin (capt), Neil Ericsson, Bob Thompson, Mark Nieman, Terry Richard.

LATE NEWS EXTRA

LAST Thursday saw a Union General Meeting which had something for everyone, but it was certainly not family entertainment nor was it true that the proceedings were conducted in the civilised manner for which one would hope. For the first time in the present Executive's term of office, the decision of that body was overturned, and it seemed at one stage that mass resignations would be forthcoming and at the time of writing the position is definitely unclear.

The long saga started the previous afternoon when the Executive, after a meeting of the Executive Elect to try and determine posts for the coming year, discussed the problem of the literature of Mr William Kelly, which might be considered racist and sexist, and thus perhaps against Union policy. During the discussions, the Rag Mag was mentioned and the issue was put on the bottom of the agenda. When the topic was reached, there was a somewhat heated debate, the decision to ban the publication from further sale being taken by six votes (Maharaj, Desai, Kirby, Fawcett, Benfield and Gallant) to two (Hampson and Shackleton) with one abstention (Withers). A further motion to make the Rag Committee pay for the losses was defeated by six votes to two.

It was clear from the start that the Union meeting held in Rag Week would be somewhat lively, and the appearance of an emergency motion in the name of Mr Steve Dawson, the Rag Week Treasurer, which sought to overturn the Executive decision, was circulated during the meeting and was duly moved, having been put to the top of the agenda. The motion having been moved by Mr Dawson, Mr Mark Kirby opposed, and was subjected to much heckling from the floor. He persevered, despite the jeers and paper darts, and was succeeded by Mr Rob Hampson, seconding the motion. Mr Hampson forsook his usual style of frivolity and spoke shortly and to his point. Ms Helen Fawcett also spoke against, and was given a somewhat intemperate response. When the vote was eventually taken, the emergency motion was carried by a large majority and the Executive decision duly overturned.

Whatever the arguments about children, racism, sexism and Union policy, there can be no doubt that the meeting became very unpleasant, with threats of violence and physical moves being made in at least two cases, as well as generally uncivilised verbal and ballistic behaviour. Whilst the Committees on Anti-Apartheid and Diego Garcia were reconstituted, there will be further debate on the crucial issues of racism and sexism, hopefully without anyone being assaulted.

BEAVER

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Beaver is an Open Collective.

Any comments or contributions
will be most welcome.

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