

BEAVER

NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

No. 190 MAY 13th, 1980

L.S.E. STUDENT KILLED IN SIEGE

HOSTAGE CHARGE D'AFFAIRES TALKS TO BEAVER

INVESTIGATION BY
SIMON GARFIELD, RODDY HALLIFAX
AND ALEX WYNTER

ONE of the two hostages killed in the recent siege at the Iranian Embassy had been studying at the LSE for the last ten years.

By Western standards Ali Akbar Samadzadeh had a great deal to live for. He was academically gifted, popular, handsome and professionally successful even before completing his studies. He had been offered several important posts in the Iranian Embassy in London but turned them down because he wanted to devote all his time to his studies. So why then, a short time before he was killed, did he tell his friend Mahdad Taghavi that for four years he had "lived as a dead man" and that what he really wanted was martyrdom? The answer is complicated and lies only partly in the dramatic events which occurred at the Iranian Embassy last week.

Ali was born in Khoy, Iran, on March 3th 1950, into a devout and respected Moslem family. His life from very early on was characterised by academic success and it was on a scholarship that he came to England in 1968. He first studied for 'A' levels at Strat-

ford Technical College, Manchester, and then embarked on his 10-year working relationship with the LSE. He obtained

his B.Sc. here in 1972, an M.Sc. at the Institute of Computer Science a year later and then returned to the LSE both to teach and to pursue a Ph.D. The other main ingredient of Ali's life was Islam. Throughout his academic career he was involved in Islamic societies and before the revolution in Iran took part in pressure-group activity opposing the Shah. Ali's devoutness and sincerity as a Moslem are emphasised by those who knew him. Ali, it appears, was a Moslem first and anything else second, and this did not endear him to the authorities in Iran under the Shah. In 1972 after a visit to his parents he was detained by SAVAK, the Shah's secret



Ali Samadzadeh

police, for one month before returning to England. In short, Ali represented an individual part of the vast body of popular Islamic ideological fervour which overthrew the Shah by sheer weight of numbers, not in the name of any political creed but in the name of God.

The parallel between Ali and the other hostage who was killed, Sa'id Abbas Lavasani, the Iranian press attache, is striking. Sa'id too was devoted to Islam before anything else; he also worked his way up the academic ladder, initially by the old-fashioned method of working days and studying at

nights. Sa'id was religiously conscious from childhood, but his politicisation came when he went to study in Beirut and worked with Palestinian groups. After coming to England in 1975, he learnt that he was on a SAVAK hitlist and was forced to move to Staffordshire from Liverpool where he had been studying. According to a biography issued by the Iranian Embassy, "his only reason to live was to work in the way of Islam and for God and to become a martyr": almost a contradiction in terms but typical of the ideology which inspires young Moslem Iranians since Khomeini. It was Sa'id Lavasani's body which was bluntly and unceremoniously dumped on the doorstep of the Embassy on the last day of the siege and his death which led to the raid about which we have heard so much.

But the drama of the final minutes of the siege in which Ali and Lavasani died; the Press focus on the glamour of the SAS and the general projection of the incident as a kind of downrated Entebbe obscures the significance of the six-day long captivity for the hostages themselves. For the non-Iranians, the siege was an inconvenience of the worst kind though they were not really imperilled until the final chaotic shoot-out. But for the Iranians,

or more exactly for some of the Iranians, it was an experience which bordered on the religious. Perhaps of all the hostages, Dr Ali Afrouz, the Iranian charge d'Affaires, was in the most difficult position, for two reasons. Firstly, it was at the back of his mind throughout the siege that he, as the most important Iranian in the building and an ex-revolutionary guard, was the real target for the "Arabistani" gunmen. But more painful than that was the thought that he had personally persuaded both Ali Samadzadeh and Sa'id Lavasani to come and work in the Embassy but weeks before.

For Afrouz, the memory of the siege will extend back to the meeting of the Islamic

Ali represented an individual part of the vast body of popular Islamic fervour which overthrew the Shah.

Students' Association in London at which he first met Ali. Afrouz had been invited there to give a short lecture and Ali had given a news commentary at the same meeting. Afrouz was impressed with Ali and suggested that he come and help out in the Press Department of the Iranian Embassy. The Press, and the image of the

(Continued on Page Two)

HALL FEES UP 25%

LSE Halls' fees will rise by 25% this year if proposals put to the Inter-Halls Committee are accepted. The Committee, which includes representatives of residents from all the Halls, was told at a meeting on 2nd May that a loss of £45,000 had been made this year on residential accounts and that if fees were held at the present level there would be a loss of £128,750 next year.

The Halls have to break even over the two years according

to University Grants Committee regulations on Hall management and there would have to be a fee increase of 34% to generate the necessary additional income. The Halls of Residence are to ask the LSE's Standing Committee to increase its loan by £48,000 (it stands at £316,000 at the moment) — the loss of income caused by capital improvements at Passfield last year — and also to make beneficial adjustments to School grants. These arrangements would permit fee increases of

25% providing there were reductions in costs of 2.7%.

These would be in line with the "Board and Lodgings" provision of the London weighted grant. Next year £31.67 per week will be allocated for hall fees — £2.50 less than the figures implied by the budget. The calculations assume that costs in general will rise by 20% (though energy prices are expected to rise more rapidly), and that vacation charges to visitors will rise by 18%. There

was a considerable deficit last year due to the income losses caused by delays in beginning building and remedying structural faults found in Passfield. The student reaction to the news of these increases has been mixed: the Students' Union has policy to resist any fee increases and Martin Clavane, the overseas students' representative on the Executive, represented this policy at the Inter-Halls Committee in calling for a fees freeze. Mr Clavane believes, however, that

a campaign on the issue cannot be mounted this term because of examination pressures. The Hall representatives on the Committee, and the Hall Societies, seem willing to accept the increases of around 25% if this is necessary to keep the Halls solvent.

Mark Withers, Passfield Hall Society President, said before the meeting last Friday that the only alternative is that the Halls go bankrupt, as they

(Continued on Page Two)

ALI SAMADZADEH

(Continued from Page One)

Iranian revolution abroad were very important to Afrouz. It was his intention to restaff the department and Ali more than fulfilled his criteria. Ali was an unpaid part-time worker but frequently stayed late in the evenings dealing with Press releases and responding to reports already in print that he considered false. His responsibility grew and, says Afrouz, "he used to classify journalists by their subject, their interests, their background, everything, and advise me on whom I should give a visa to".

On one occasion, the Iranian Foreign Minister, Mr Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, made a specific request for a journalist to be given a visa. Afrouz says he

Of all the hostages Dr Ali Afrouz, the Iranian Charge d'Affaires, was in the most difficult position.

dissuaded Ghotbzadeh when Ali produced some documentary evidence showing that the journalist in question was biased and not completely honest. One of the journalist's colleagues was admitted instead on Ali's recommendation. Even when Doctor Ezzati, an accredited diplomat, came to the Embassy as "Press Counsellor", it was still Ali's advice which tended to be followed.

What impressed Afrouz about Ali were simply the usual qualities that any employer would look for: Ali was "very devoted to his work, responsible, precise and punctual". In addition, and most important, Ali like Afrouz, was a devout Moslem and Afrouz saw in him a kindred

religious spirit. Exactly the same thing applied to Sa'id Lavasani. Sa'id had been working at the education section of the Iranian Embassy until just two weeks before the siege. Afrouz, for very much the same reasons as applied to Ali, had asked him to come and work at the Embassy's Press Department full-time because he thought that he and Samadzadeh would make a good team. The Press Department was also under pressure because of the "Imam" newspaper which it published and Afrouz wanted reliable people, committed to Islam, to help him with it.

So when the gunmen burst in on Wednesday there was already a natural affinity between Afrouz, Ali and Lavasani. Over the five days of the siege this affinity was reinforced because,



Dr. Ali Afrouz
Iran's Charge d'Affaires

according to Afrouz, the three, were kept "physically separate though in the same room" from the other male Iranian

hostages. This was partly because of their importance but also because of their allegiance to Ayatollah Khomeini and the strength of their Islamic ideology. It was probably also due to the fact that Lavasani and Ali offered the gunmen a certain amount of moral resistance during the siege. Lavasani, for example, became very upset when gunmen daubed anti-Khomeini slogans on the wall. According to an account from another released hostage he had to be physically restrained.

Ali, on the other hand, remained calm throughout. He exhibited no anger or impatience with the gunmen and appeared to accept the situation psychologically. Possibly he and Lavasani were weighing up in their minds the value of the martyrdom they would achieve by forcing the gunmen to kill them. Islamic "martyrdom" is not a futile exercise; a suicide is not a martyr and if the death were unnecessary the martyrdom is invalidated. Most accounts have it that Lavasani stepped forward when he knew that the gunmen had decided to kill someone.

One released hostage claimed that the gunmen first took Dr Ezzati, who has a heart condition, to the basement but brought him back again when he began to foam at the mouth. Lavasani then stepped forward and said, "Take me, I want to be a martyr." He had made up his mind. Ali was more positive. He advised Afrouz to prepare for "at least fifteen days of captivity" and behaved with the wisdom and sang-froid of a "one-hundred-year-old man". Afrouz says he saw Ali at the very end of the siege and

is "ninety-five per cent certain that he was killed by a terrorist bullet", possibly the same bullet that wounded Afrouz, so close together were they in the final melee.

There was in any case something of a division in the Embassy between those who had worked there under the Shah and those who had come after the revolution. This may well have reflected itself during the siege, through a concomitant ideological bent, as a distinction between those who were anxious for martyrdom and those who weren't.

Outside the Embassy, however, the Iranian community in London put on an impressive show of solidarity with the hostages. On the second day of the siege, fights broke out as a group of what pro-Khomeini

Ali exhibited no anger or impatience with the gunmen and accepted the situation psychologically.

Iranians call "Bakhtiaris", a generic term meaning anyone who isn't pro-Khomeini, tried to break through the police cordon. There was also fighting as a group of British demonstrators ("fascists", as one Iranian student on the spot called them) fitted the Ayatollah Khomeini's name into a few well known rugby songs. Mahmoud Jarrahi, an Iranian graduate student at the LSE and a friend of Ali Samadzadeh, was attacked on his way back from Princes Gate by a group of



"National Front supporters" and was lucky to escape with a black eye.

But whatever moral support was being summoned outside the Embassy did not prevent the gunmen from initiating a one-by-one execution of the hostages. Luckily, and thanks to the SAS, they got no further than Lavasani. Both he and Ali will be buried in Teheran and not in London. On Sunday a memorial service was held at a hall in Hammersmith for both of them. It was an extremely loud affair with a great deal of emotion. The placards most in evidence at the ceremony expressed the central message of the adult lives and deaths of Ali and Lavasani. One read "Martyrs are perpetual"; the other "Those who deliver the message of Allah do not fear anyone but Allah."

In their own terms, Ali and Lavasani felt that their continued lives on earth depended on not being able to serve their cause better through death.

REPORT BY ALEX WYNTER



A turning point in siege relations? Lavasani lambasts gunmen over slogans. (Illustration: MAGNUS SPENCE).

HALL FEES UP

(Continued from Page One)

cannot, according to UGC regulations, accept money from the School. A major point of contention has been that vacation charges are set to rise by only 18%, and this matter is soon to be discussed with the authorities. The 2.7% cost reductions will only be accepted if they do not involve redundancies.

There has been considerable criticism in the course of negotiations from some Committee members of the way in which Halls are financed. There are no direct grants from the government or the UGC; the Halls have to borrow from the School to finance any capital improvements.

HALL FEES

	Fees p.a.	1979-80 per week	1980-81 +14%	+25%
Treble	£540	£18.00	£20.50	£22.50
Carr Sanders				
Single	£765	£25.50	£29.10	£31.87
Double	£618	£50.60	£23.50	£25.75
Rosebery Avenue				
Single	£594	£19.80	£22.60	£24.75
Double	£444	£14.80	£16.80	£18.50
Passfield				
Single	£765	£25.50	£29.00	£31.87
Double	£618	£20.60	£23.50	£25.80

Board and Lodgings Grant: £31.87 p.w. (London).

STOP PRESS: A meeting of the Inter-Halls Committee last Friday agreed to an increase in hall fees of 23.5%. Vacation charges will now rise by 23.8%, and the Standing Committee of the Court of Governors has agreed to increase its loans and grants to the Halls by the appropriate amount. No vote was taken; the increases were agreed by consensus.

LETTERS

DEAR SIR,—I picked up the latest copy of Beaver and flicked through looking for the column heading "Infantile Socialist Dogma." Instead I found it under the heading "Budget Day." Written by someone calling himself Eden Riche, presumably a ridiculous pseudonym for Tory thargs or Pam Snargs—it was an attack on the Howe budget.

It was full of small "Shock Horror! Welfare State Decimated!" crap which was interesting because the majority of grown-ups who reported on it described it as "a non event which helped small businesses" or "a Healey look-alike." I won't bore Beaver's two remaining readers with going through the budget point by point but I would like to make some points on prescription charges. There are exemptions for over 65s, under 16s, and those who are rated as "poor" by the DHSS. Even if you are a rich Cinzano Socialist, you can get a season ticket and a year's prescriptions for £8. The Guardian estimates that 60% of people who go for prescriptions are exempt. Patrick Jenkin puts it at 67%.

This is clearly not an attack on the poor but simply asking the middle classes to pay for the health they receive. Let's not forget that Hugh Gaitskell was a member of the Labour government which introduced prescription charges to help pay for the Korean War in 1951. Opinion polls showed the public to be broadly in favour of the budget. Ah yes, I forgot. Mr. Riche is a socialist and will disregard the truth totally. Mr. Riche . . . do us all three favours:

1. Take a creative writing course.
2. Forget the bigotry and try some impartiality.
3. Come to FCS meetings and I'll try and explain Sir Geoffrey Howe's economic strategy to you—in words of one syllable, of course.

THE JERK (FCS)

Briefly . . .

VICE APPOINTMENT

AS predicted in the last issue of this wonderful newspaper (yes, dear reader, I am speaking of "Beaver"), the Conservatives have now gained a new Vice Chairman. Mr Tim Devlin, now a name which strikes terror into the minds of all Blackpool residents who happened to be on the streets at about four o'clock one morning in April, has become the holder of the much sought-after office in question. Mr Devlin was euphoric about his magnificent victory over Ms Archbold by a majority of two to one. The Tories were not very keen to publicise, however, that the total turnout was 28, a meagre percentage of the meagre membership. Now, who was it who talked about secret ballots pushing up the vote?

STERLING VICE

Everyone who has visited the Brunch Bowl in the recent past will have noticed that the tills have grasped one's hard earned cash even more tightly than usual. After the third price increase this session, the Executive decided to militantly denounce the School, and the Bar and Ents Officer, Mr Paul Blacknell, the much-loved elfin figure of FCS, rose in the Union meeting and urged the Bacchus lovers present to transfer their custom. He was also at pains to point out that he did not need Mr Gallant's permission to walk out of meetings. Despite this column's healthy respect for the iron hand with which Mr Gallant restrains his friends and comrades, one can only support this bid for independence for Fairyland. We now await the move for autonomy for elves; down with the imperialist bourgeois goblins.

Everyone who has had the misfortune to sit on commit-

tees of any size, shape or purpose will know that these august bodies become the particular vices of particular individuals. After an engaging meeting of the Inter-halls Committee, a well-known academic resident was heard to remark that many years of sitting on committees had turned him into a believer. He had come to believe that a god must exist in order to protect people like Mr Martin Clavane, the Overseas Students representative who sits on the aforesaid committee. Mr Clavane, who had delivered a typically hard line and uncompromising diatribe in stating the Union's position on Hall fee increases, is a member of the Labour Club, though he has been seen counting the bookstall takings of the Spartacist Society.

VIOLENT VICE

Most of us who inhabit the first floor of St Clements' (and, with the move to the East Building virtually certain to occur during the summer recess, this is the last issue of "Beaver" to be produced in the old office) have been known to enjoy the occasional joke at each other's expense in a friendly manner. There was absolutely no joke or friendliness in the General Secretary's office last Wednesday, though, when all the posters were violently ripped from the walls and destroyed. "Beaver" unreservedly condemns this deplorable action and would welcome any further information as to the causes and agents of wanton destruction, as would the General Secretary himself. And on that somewhat sordid note, it only remains for me to wish you a merry examination period and a happy summer recess!!!

K. H.

LEWIS FIGHTS DRACO TO NO-SCORE DRAW AFTER OVER 330 ROUNDS

MAY 7th's Library Committee meeting had an unusually high academic/lay turn-out for recent months, even if the student attendance was poor.

The reason behind this lies in the proposal to change University regulations so that students would have to meet all their financial obligations to the University—fees, rents, etc.—before their degree was actually awarded, and this might be extended to include the return of borrowed library books. Undoubtedly this is trivial compared with the former, but frankly, the irresponsible actions of a handful of students are a pain in the arse for the rest of us.

Professor Lewis spoke vigorously against the proposal,

stressing the psychological effect on students. Instead he proposed some sort of deposit (like that charged on some science courses for use of equipment). It has frequently been pointed out that the Students Union would be opposed to such a scheme, and I reiterated the hardship which would fall disproportionately on our shoulders were it imposed at any rate which is likely to be a deterrent at current text book prices. The Librarian also opposed the idea of a deposit on administrative grounds.

Another academic thought that the SU might like to meet some sort of deposit, but I don't think our history or structure really lends itself to that. Perhaps so if government proposals on Student Union finance made

such provision giving them control of accommodation and teaching libraries, as they do in Sweden, but that's rather a different matter.

Evidently, the Academic Policy Committee thought the University's proposals "too draconian", to quote the pro-director. The committee favoured the inclusion of a hardship clause. However, the Library Committee was undecided. But the question is, will either of these schemes work? If they don't then they are not worth the paper on which they are written.

However, if the main library borrowers (yes, academic staff too!) will start paying fines on overdue books, then we might have a workable system.

S. G. RAYMENT

Rising from the dead

AS a rule, dead men do not give speeches, Count Dracula, of course, being an honourable exception. At the Indian cultural evening on the 28th April, however, a man pronounced "recently passed away" by the suave compere, Jitesh Shah, miraculously arose from the dead and came onto the Old Theatre stage. A new concept in horror films was in the making and LSE India Society seemed to be the sole claimants to world rights of this phenomenon.

The dream of alleviating the misery of overseas students was about to fractify through the possible millions to be made by the world rights. Hopes were dashed, however, and suicidal tendencies aroused, when someone made an embarrassed announcement on behalf of the organisers, implying that the supposedly dead man on stage was in reality alive, and the

actual man who has "recently passed away" was to be the subject of the speech to be made by our homemade competition for Dracula. Rather confusing, what! The evening that followed was as confusing, but still fun.

Sarabjit Ashta (the Sikh in the red turban, the other one is Anglicanised), India Society's lighting expert, indulged in some imaginative lighting techniques. Unfortunately, the lighting was often misdirected, causing the performance on the stage to miss the limelight. Despite the mismanagement, the actual content of the artistic show was quite good. The classical north Indian dances were well performed and received, and the music was delightful, especially to an ear weaned on soft and lyrical "gazals" instead of the thumping beat of crazed pop stars.

While the audience was presumably enjoying the show

(they could not all have been asleep), the person in charge of the free food arrangements was trying to fend off the greedy and eager charges of a few people who wanted their share of the "Samosas" tin, and someone else's during the interval. I took part in this charge for a few tasty morsels, but my intentions were noble. I wanted to cover all that happened for the edification of you, readers. Therefore, I had no other option.

All in all, the evening was enjoyable, if not successful; possibly exam fever was to blame. However, the idea of the show was good and one would expect and hope that the India Society produces more of such events in the future, more so because India Society received a £100 donation from the family of the gentleman who had really passed away.

ALOK VAJPEYI

BEAVER DIARY

MONDAY

IT is a Bank Holiday and I spend my time watching the snooker on the television. My parents always deterred me from playing snooker, saying it was a sign of a mis-spent youth. I watched with envy as Cliff Thorburn lined himself up for a £15,000 prize, thinking how it could have been me if I had not wasted all that at school. And then—horror of horrors—the BBC interrupts the programme to show a picture of men in black costumes jumping over balconies and setting buildings on fire, which has none of the attractions of snooker. My father tells me that what's wrong with this country is that all the women want to be models while the men want to be James Bond. I'm beginning to think he might be right.

TUESDAY

Due to government intervention, Tuesday has become the first day of the week. It's not a bad idea really; I never liked Mondays anyway. I am now able to return to the LSE to savour the delights of the catering establishments and read the newspapers in the Graduate Common Room. I am told that there are plans to move the Room into a rabbit-hutch in the East Building: the Graduates have too many privileges as it is, and a spell in the Black Hole of Clare Market should do us good.

WEDNESDAY

Some imposter writes in MY diary: "And so to bed". Who is this joker?

THURSDAY

I have been instructed for

the political purposes of the anarcho-syndicalist cabal that runs Beaver, to write about bicycles. Bicycles are, it seems, ideologically sound. Unfortunately, my bicycle is in the back yard at home—my mother refuses to send it on because she thinks it's dangerous. Bicycles are of course nothing of the kind. You've never seen James Bond on one, have you?

FRIDAY

I think I have solved the mystery of why people use the catering facilities. It occurred to me, as I tried to spear a piece of ham that had obviously been cured by the London Rubber company, that the answer is "elasticity"—that, and a captive clientele. Now I shall have nothing to think about for the weekend.

**"A quick-trip
Travel Centre
is now on
your doorstep!"**

Transalpino announce the opening of their new "quick-trip" travel centre at 214 Shaftesbury Avenue.

Now you can enjoy the fast, efficient Transalpino service in the heart of London.

If you're under 26, Transalpino offer fantastic discounts to over 2,000 European rail connected destinations—immediate booking, no delay!—so get along there now!

Transalpino
214 Shaftesbury Avenue
London WC2
01-836 0087/8

also
71-75 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1 0QL
01-834 9656/6233

Kiosk Hudson's Place
At Victoria Station London SW1

Offices in Liverpool, Birmingham,
Dublin and all over Europe

TRAVEL
TRANSALPINO

for the best deal going

In association with British Rail and Sealink

ODE TO JIMMY CARTER

CARTER is my shepherd, I shall always want; He maketh me lie down on park benches; He leadeth me beside the still factories; He restoreth my doubts in the Democratic Party; He guideth me in the path of unemployment for his party's sake; Yes, though I walk in the valley of the Soup Kitchen, I am still hungry; I do not fear evil for thou art against me; Thou annoindest my income with taxes, so that my expenses runneth over my income; Truly poverty and hard living shall follow the Democratic Party and I shall live in a rented house forever.

Five thousand years ago, Moses said, park your camel, pick up your shovel, mount your ass and I shall lead you to the promised land.

Five thousand years later, Lyndon B. Johnson said, Lay down your shovel, sit on your ass and light a camel . . . this is the promised land.

Today, Carter will tax your shovel, sell your camel, kick you in the ass and tell you there is no promised land.

P.S. I'm glad that I'm an American,
I'm glad that I'm free,
But I wish that I was a little dog
and Carter was a tree.

—Contributed by T. R. DEVLIN

BACK BEAVERS

15 years ago

"SPRING was in the Air" fifteen years ago at the NUS Conference held on London. There was talk of "a new chapter", "pushing vigorously towards a New Frontier", and Bill Savage, President of NUS, promised that "The NUS could in ten years' time be a formidable pressure group".

At this time there were 200,000 students in the NUS and a total of 480 affiliated Unions. The NUS had just moved into Endsleigh Street and launched its own insurance scheme. There was little political infighting and the delegates seemed concerned with developing new services. There was little discussion of political issues not involving students, but at the LSE the Students Union was attempting to help determine the course of events: the Union at an emergency meeting condemned the U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic. Copies of the resolution were sent to the U.S. Embassy and to the Secretaries of the U.N. and O.A.S.

10 years ago

In 1970 the Annual Conference of the Federation of Conservative Students, held at Surrey University in Guildford, discussed student grants. The most important motion at the Conference was one calling on the next Conservative government to abolish the parental contribution and give all students full grants. A figure long disappeared from view, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, the Shadow spokesman on Education, in her address to the conference, said that the role of parental contributions would be reassessed and that there was scope for changing the method of assessment in other ways.

Ten years ago the LSE geography student was a persecuted species. "You do what?" is the usual response if you self-consciously tell someone "I do geography". Their subject accordingly had recently undergone a transition and "To paraphrase the old quip about the politics of a certain Balkan nation, three surviving geographers after a holocaust would surely have four views on their subject". This sounds very much like economics in both respects; which explains why we now live together in comparative harmony.

5 years ago

In April, 1975, the "Houghton Street Affair" was resolved. In the LSE's long tradition of "direct action" there were barricades built blocking the street in November, 1970 in an attempt to force the council (Westminster City Council) to close the road to traffic. The council agreed to this in principle but only in 1975 after several changes in the appropriate law was the affair near resolution, workmen were about to move in.

Just a gigolo

IN "American Gigolo" Richard Gere plays Julian, a high class hustler in Los Angeles. He's made it off the streets into the select beds of wealthy, bored matrons. In his own room he works out with weights and a bar while listening to a teach-yourself Swedish record. He dresses with care, drives a Mercedes convertible, has women buy him clothes in high class boutiques. He is known at every good restaurant and nightclub, at the country club, everywhere money glisters. But as one character says, "you live on the sufferance of these people and these places". He is the hired help in the smart world and his claim on its gilded joys is ephemeral.

When he steps on too many toes, and alienates even his own pimp, a woman who taught him everything, he is framed for murder. It is not made clear exactly why he is being framed, just that he is framable. Without status, under suspicion, his clients frightened off by breath of scandal, he is vulnerable.

Julian's involvement with the wife of a powerful state senator is apparently one of the reasons for his being persecuted, but in the end it is also his salvation, giving him an alibi for the night of the murder. But will Julian accept this salvation? The film ends. But the review goes on. . . .

There are several ambiguities in this film — but not heavy enough to make this an art film puzzle.

This is Paul Schrader's third film as director and one can see the connections. The theme of the dangers of bucking the system, and the vulnerability of individuals without status in "Blue Collar" and the theme of the amoral subculture hidden beneath the thin surface of southern Californian fun-time in "The Hardcore Life" come together in "American Gigolo". One can also spot signs of

"Taxi Driver", which Schrader scripted (as he did this film), in the bleakness of it. There are shades of those exemplary LA films "The Long Goodbye" and — most influential of all — "Chinatown".

There are many things of interest in this film. Ten years ago, such a film, dealing with prostitution among the glamorous would have served for titillation. But here we have a male prostitute, sexy, moving well, muscles glistening tumescingly, beautifully clothed, handsome — albeit a punk, far removed from the reserved, effete, gentlemanly beauty of Clark Gable in the old Hollywood.

Schrader has handled well the conjoining of two films, the slightly disapproving presentation of the glamorous life of a high-class Hollywood hooker and the tale of a man on the run plagued by powers unknown and spurned or betrayed by friends. The film is slightly lacking in flesh and the development of the love between Julian A and the Senator's wife (Lauren Hutton) could have been more persuasively explored, but it's generally an absorbing, well staged, and, in the person of Richard Gere, well-acted production.

RODDY HALLIFAX

Fast jags

IT'S not often that you get chart bands down in the Three Tuns, so the Jags were really a bit of a scoop. You probably remember that not so long ago they had a big hit with "I've got your number written on the back of my hand", and at present they're promoting a new single and debut album, before flying off for a tour of America.

To my ears, however, they sound a sight more sprightly than the ageing misanthropes whom they are said to ape, (though if you're in any doubts as to whether or not Elvis is king, try listening to "Get Happy"). Boppy and intellectually undemanding they may be — I make no pretence as to their limitations — but I find them infinitely refreshing in comparison to Joe "Kinda Kute" Jackson's cloying self pity.

On the night they were fun, danceable, unpretentious pop: need I say more? Oh yeah! And they very nearly didn't play "Back of my hand", but finally came back and did it for a second encore.

Whither then the Jags? One hit wonders or a hit one wonders? Probably the former, unless they pull it off in America in which case they may achieve dire straits type fame. I must say I would consider this unlikely, but there's no accounting for American taste. . . .

PATRICK EGGLESTON

MADE IN JAPAN

WITHOUT presenting a complete history of Oriental Art, the "Japan Style" exhibition at the V & A captures the essential aspects of Japanese design. It juxtaposes neoteric traditionalism with the latest technical developments Japan excels in. A neat example of this is a combined abacus / calculator: despite the introduction of the micro-chip the abacus remains a popular method of reckoning.

There are fourteen sections, each designed to represent an aspect of Japanese culture. They range from the traditional, such as Crafts and a Tea-house, to the ultra-modern pin-

ball machines and plastic food. The dominant, consistent themes of simplicity, compactness, elegance and graphism are beautifully exhibited with freshness and clarity.

Each exhibit, be it material, furniture, kinetic art, poster design or high technology, relates directly to one of these central influences, and the overall impression is one refreshed perspicuity. The exhibition adds a new dimension to modern style appreciation; one which provides a sharp contrast to the cluttered nature of some of our own current designs.

EDEN RICHE

Jagged edge

BRUNO GANZ, master of film and stage, one of the most professional actors around, is brilliant as Hoffmann, in "Messer Im Kopf", a biochemist recovering from total amnesia after being shot in a police assault on a radical youth centre in modern West Germany.

Hoffmann's wife and her lover, both radicals who are vaguely contemptuous of the conformist scientist, present Hoffmann as a martyr in the campaign against state repression. The police seek to justify their shooting of Hoffmann in the head by claiming that he stabbed a young policeman who then shot him in self-defence. Hoffmann recovers slowly in hospital, tended by sympathetic doctors and nurses who fend off police waiting to interrogate him.

The police wish to prove his guilt in the stabbing, Hoffmann's "friends" to prove he was an innocent, shot down in cold blood. Hoffmann wishes to regain his faculties and to solve the mystery of the life and personality he has inherited.

Eventually, his usefulness to both sides ended by his refusal to co-operate with either; Hoff-

mann goes out to confront the young police officer who shot him.

He discovers the officer to be a rather ordinary, troubled youth, and in a bizarre game forces the officer to face him whilst his own pistol is held against his face. The film ends with the two locked in their confrontation.

"Knife in the Head" is political in content, but as inaccessible propagandistic as some other recent German films. The new German cinema is generally good at presenting pretty radical views palatably. The film is neat, in fact perfect in form; interesting on several levels, and Ganz's performance and those of several other familiar faces (such as Angela Winkler) are very good. Ganz's creation of a man learning the basic functions of infancy as a middle aged biochemist is stupendous. There are several very strong scenes and lines, good moments of pathos and, perhaps surprisingly, humour. And the story is a potent one.

The ending is to some a little irritating in its artfulness, but it represents the core of the film's message — that repressive though the German state, or any other, may be, both oppressed and oppressors are tools of the system, victims of their roles, human.

RODDY HALLIFAX

Quotation marks

"QUOTE . . . Unquote" arrived on my desk with a light thwack — a thin book at £1.25 from Unwin Paperbacks. This to me is clearly strongly associated with the identically dubbed BBC Radio 4 quiz programme, and is, in fact, compiled by the presenter of that show, Nigel Rees.

It contains quotes, useful and entertaining, from historical, literary, political, commercial, cinematic, philosophical, and tragi-comical figures, inter-

persed with short, reasonably easy tests of one's memory for the aphorisms of the famous.

If you like reading quotations — as most people seem to — and you enjoy the pursuit of such useless devices as filling in Christmas Sunday Supplement quizzes and crossword puzzles, this book will clearly provide you with some entertainment. Whatever your tastes, some of the quotes are funny enough to make the book worth glancing at.

Mad Millhouse rides again

RICHARD Nixon's new book "The Real War" has featured much in recent weeks in reviews, was serialised in "Now!" and on BBC2's "The Book Programme" on Sunday, 4th May.

Richard Nixon himself, over in Europe to boost sales, and, allegedly, to help in his rehabilitation as a world statesman, was there in the studio. The programme's frontman, Robert Robinson, brought in A. J. P. Taylor, Philip Windsor (yes, LSE's own favourite son) and General Sir John Hackett to comment on the book.

The three critics were asked to make their opening remarks and laid into RMN with some enthusiasm. Even the General was surprisingly down on the sensationalism and lack of balance of the book, though he seemed to agree with the general drift of the analysis.

Ex-President Nixon's book (maybe he's entitled to remain Senator Nixon) purports to prove his thesis that the "Real War" is one that began before the end of the second world

war, between the Free World of the West, largely America, and the communist dictatorships of the East, largely Russia. This is a familiar theme, but Nixon jazzes it up with a three hundred page review of Western defeats over the last 35 years. Taken at face value, it is a worrying state of affairs.

Both Alan Taylor and Philip Windsor were quick to challenge this representation of one long victory for the East. Windsor referred to America's success in pushing Russia out of the strategically vital area of the Middle East and the short lived or illusory nature of some of those Soviet gains. He also criticized the title of the book, disputing, not very persuasively, that the competition between West and East now taking place could be called war. It is clearly a matter of definition and if Nixon wishes to call an antagonistic relationship "war" it is difficult to prove him guilty of hyperbole.

Professor Taylor's comments made the harshest and perhaps the least accurate and most pre-

judiced attack on Nixon's analysis. He spoke well in his urbane fashion.

His statement that the Russians could have written exactly the same book about the USA was interesting, but on reflection and after Nixon's counter attack, it seemed that it would not be quite as exciting a book. Fifteen years ago, Pravda could have serialized such a tract perhaps, but not after the many US foul-ups of recent years.

The discussion was generally better than some such programmes that have slipped out on to the drawing room floor, but not as exciting as it might have been. Still half an hour is a short time in a political gabfest. The high point of the programme was when General Hackett referred to someone as a sunnafabitch. Nixon, leaning forward and gaining attention momentarily, interrupted: "expletive deleted". A man so quick and modest and politically sharp must be well on his way to being rehabilitated.

RODDY HALLIFAX

Is exam study making you crack up?

Even eggheads feel the strain.

Are you worrying instead of working? Do you doodle rather than read? Sleep instead of study? 'Yes' to any of these questions means you'll probably fail in June. Further work for the exams is hopeless. But YES there is AN ANSWER.

The LSE needs funds, badly. For a small donation they will consider YOUR EXCUSE.

A short essay on why you need that FIRST, but are not able to work for it. Simply send YOUR EXCUSE and a small cheque to LSE, Houghton St, London WC2. All results are at the Director's discretion.

"On the basis of my excuse they even gave me a job" so says Ralf, B. of London. What more can I say?



Reviewing the viewing

WOMEN'S clothing—its style, the lack of it, and its occupants—seemed to dominate last week's viewing, and though there were no hints of repetition, one can't help experiencing a touch of déjà vu as each article was whisked before one's steaming eyeballs.

The first occupant of the garb was Alec/Mary: an ordinary businessman with an ordinary family and an extraordinary habit of dressing in frilly knickers. With overwhelming pathos and delicate sensitivity, writer David Cook examined the nihilistic effects of transvesticism on a seemingly average family. His play entitled "Mary's Wife" (BBC 2) observed in often bizarre and unavoidably funny detail, the gradual breakdown and destruction of a family which had desperately tried to come to terms with itself. As if in a stage of metamorphosis, the transsexual, almost schizophrenic, aspects of the husband's character destroyed his masculinity and culminated in the revelation that the pills he is taking were not, as he said, for depression, but were the preparatory hormone treatment for a sex-change operation.

Throughout the play one had difficulty in accepting the husband's tendencies as anything more than a "passing phase". This was not through any fault in the play, but because of the deep set ideas relating to sex roles we are imbued with from birth. This inability to understand was reflected in the role of the wife who kept going only in the increasingly tenuous hope of her husband's return to "normality". It was also the main plank of David Cook's message and, supplemented with the suggestion of hypocrisy among today's "amoral" youth, it is the lesson to learn.

The only person who came to terms with the idea was the East End boutique girl at Alec/Mary's transvestite party. She presented, Tupperware style, various garments for the consideration of the Pythonesque ladies, and asked out one of the participants to begin one of the most sexually convoluted relationships in the history of drama. Just who was what? Terms such as lesbian, hermaphrodite and bisexual spring to mind as if at some Californian encounter group, but I have a sneaking suspicion that it was meant to say that deep down we are all the same... if you remove breasts, private parts and body hair. Talking of which, Raquel Welch oozed into our screens on Saturday, and what she lacked in body hair... but I shan't say it.

In the film, whose plot was about as exciting as a talk on the fractional distillation of milk. Raquel played a secret agent; so secret in fact that the director would not let her wear more than one piece of clothing in any scene for fear of revealing her oh so secret identity. As each not very secret at all British actor tried to kill her (presumably on the orders of Equity) they came face to tit with their own wooden exit and clattered out of the film.

The new "Dallas" surrogate "Knots Landing" (BBC 1) was given a life line this week with the crass injection of JR's perfidy—except that it all went wrong! Instead of that sickly grin cringing everyone into oblivion, the Frankenstein-like oil barron was scripted to admit defeat. This will no doubt have disastrous repercussions on the viewing figures, people don't like to have their faith in someone shaken, and JR's uncharacteristic failure undermined everyone's sense of security in the fact that evil always triumphs.

The use of women as sex objects and the subsequent prerequisites of high heels, tight dresses and lipstick was, however, carried forward with a vengeance. Together with the bland acquiescence of the men in donating their wives favours as a method of career advancement, it was one of the more disturbing aspects that arose as each doll-like woman tottered from bed to bed.

With the unlikely conclusion of J.R. vindicated as an environmentalist, attention could then be shifted dubiously on to his "bit" from the other series being interviewed on "Saturday Night at the Mill" (BBC 1). Clad in the aforementioned uniform, Mary Crosby slinked across the studio to be interrogated in the most ridiculous fashion by Hayley Mills. Hayley, with movements not dissimilar to those of Spotty Dog in the Wooden Tops, asked Mary the same question four or five times, varying only in the number of times she repeated a word and the emphasis she placed on each syllable.

In what was not so much an interview but a yawningly bourgeois coffee morning chat, we saw far too much of Miss Mills and too little of the rather attractive Miss Crosby. She's the type of secretary who gets men to get themselves into trouble, and trouble in large doses was what the characters had in Larry Gelbart's new series "Married" (BBC 1). The creator of "M*A*S*H" has written a series based on the activities of a young married couple. This week it was the turn of the skeletons to rattle in the cupboard, and with each revelation hitting the characters like a lung full of ammonia, it took all my reserves of tact to stop me being sick for laughter. At one stage, the husband became incensed to hear his wife had had an affair while she was married to her first husband! That, presumably, was before the affair she had with him that led to her divorce and their marriage.

Again, much mention was made of leggy secretaries—that curse of incorruptible businessmen. Further, undoubtedly unwelcome, distractions were to be unearthed in the "Little and Large Holiday Special" (BBC 1). The presentation of Foxy Feeling complete with stockings, suspenders, and goosepimples, was a transvestite's delight. As each dancer stumbled erotically towards the microphone, her name was splashed with glittering abandon across the bottom of the screen. But after increasing delays between the appearance of the girl and her appellation, I wasn't sure if Pip were Babs, or Sam were Roz; but those satin suits for the finale! After a great deal of thought and calculation, taking into account all variables such as the elasticity and cut of the material, the shape of the occupants, the choreographed movement, and the visual impact, I can't help feeling they would have looked better on men.

EDEN RICHE

FILM COMPETITION

The Beaver Office was inundated with entries to last week's competition. Would-be reviewers rushed their efforts from the limits of Lincoln's Chambers and the enclaves of the East Building, and most impressed the distinguished panel of judges by their marvellous attempts to gain entry to Pseud's Corner. By unanimous decision, though, we are pleased to announce that the winner of the competition is Mr. John Kane, whose entry we are delighted to print. Mr. Kane wins two tickets to the theatre or cinema of his choice.

COMMERCIAL cinema has always been layered rather like the foliage in a rain forest, the largest trees providing a canopy which shelters the lesser growths below. Traditionally, critical attention has been directed predominantly towards major productions, the big trees, although recently the middle-layer B-movies have been more thoroughly sifted and some striking specimens recovered for art. Further down, an undergrowth of cheap-exploitation films, flourishing wildly in a permissive atmosphere, goes virtually unremarked except by regular patrons. Yet surprising trea-

sures can be found there too if one has the courage to look amongst the thickets. An intelligent director can sometimes utilise the freedom of the genre, and even the budget limitations, to make a film which radically subverts accepted cinematic, artistic and socio-political values. "Boys and Girls Together" is such a movie. Notionally about the sexual adventures of an American male student at LSE, the film ironically exploits its exploitative theme to expose a wide range of issues. The student, Don (a nice triple pun, the "Juan" tacit, but "don" also implying "to put on" a resonant colloquialism in this context) manages to expose not only him-

self in his encounters but also the shallowness and timid hypocrisy of university life. Not that Don is any innocent abroad: he is clearly intended as a potent (sic) symbol of US imperialism in its crassest, most naively macho manifestation. The subtly-judged fellatio scene, where Don is submissively serviced by an African girl student, is particularly telling here. In addition, the rough camera work throughout evidences a resolute refusal to prettify with glossy or arty effects the ugly truths explored, an attitude so uncompromising as to make Godard appear almost reactionary by comparison. Recommended.

JOHN KANE

L.S.E. WORLD-WIDE

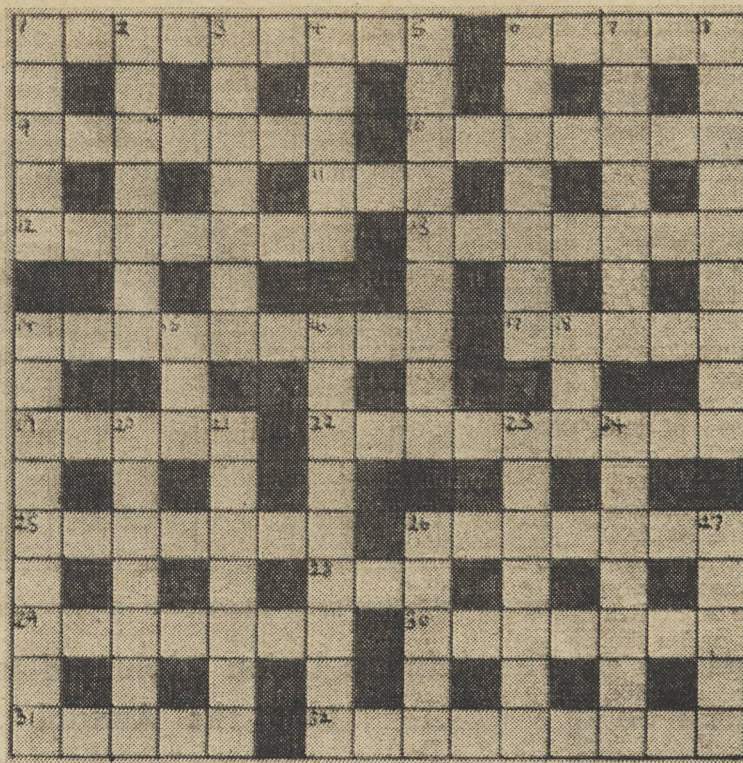
A team of three students representing the LSE will be taking part in a general knowledge quiz on BBC World Service, competing against five other London colleges, in five heats, during May and June.

The first session is against Bedford College, and will take place on May 13th at 7.30 p.m. in Broadcasting House. The quiz is basically meant

to be for fun, and the producer of the series described its level as being between "Top of the Form" and "Mastermind".

The show is to be compered by Michael Aspel and attended by a small audience. Members of the School are more than welcome to attend if there's room and a few tickets may be available from Union Office.

B
E
A
V
E
R



C
R
O
S
S
W
O
R
D

Clues across

- 1 Homer, Mozart and Ricardo might all be described this way. (9)
- 6 Person named according to their sex, we hear. (5)
- 9 Month in which the world's largest nation took a turn (7)
- 10 It's debs? But you won't find them here. (7)
- 12 Rude tie is actually rather sophisticated. (7)
- 13 Rose on a hill goes wild and gets the bird. (7)
- 14 Tanning Di harshly makes her angry. (9)
- 17 Group of nine return and join bits of wood. (5)
- 19 Board made from London tree. (5)
- 22 A few vessels emptied into undergraduates? (5,4)
- 25 Uncommon detective finds it useful to go over his case again. (7)
- 26 Short hair mixed up under girdle. (7)
- 28 Present satirically named after a motor vehicle. (3)
- 29 Crooked French friend stirs, creating atmosphere. (7)
- 30 Moved fast in twisted turns from 31 (7)
- 31 Steer new course to large plants. (5)
- 32 Censured by nasty men in rough lair in fish.

Clues down

- 1 Same as a 6 across. (5)
- 2 Directionless ant sound will surprise. (7)
- 3 Brother's shout about a lame duck. (7)
- 4 Oath in which cur sees meaning. (5)
- 5 Bear a toil for creator of freedom. (9)
- 6 Stay concealed in here, despite the apparent instruction. (7)
- 7 Get wet when doctor reaches double figures. (7)
- 8 Organ calls for punk decorations. (4, 5)
- 14 Electrified tram point is crucial. (9)
- 15 Cold at the end of the practice. (3)
- 16 Acceptable layer in top room is genuine. (9)
- 18 Scots too backward to consume? (3)
- 20 Significant lack of furniture. (7)
- 21 Reveal direction in which they are going. (7)
- 23 Imitate by shifting dead and flightless bird. (7)
- 24 Strange new north German insect not even started yet. (7)
- 26 So now we fall down. (5)
- 27 Journalist by ebbing waters relaxed. (5)

DITCH THE BITCH

Support the Day of Action on May 14th

ATHLETIC UNION

The Athletic Union is pleased to announce that our groundsman at New Malden, Brian Whitworth, was married on Thursday, 8th May to Pauline. On behalf of all members and all those who have known Brian over the years, we offer our warmest congratulations. A.U. Committee

TRIUMPHANT!

A long hard season came to a close on Saturday, 15th March when the 1st and 2nd XIs took their places in their respective finals. The 2nd XI played in the morning against Imperial College 4ths. L.S.E. were always in command, and the lethal front pair again found the net. Roy Coles scored a hat trick, while other goals came from Hony Theochari and Bob James, and the result was 6-0.

The firsts were up against Royal Holloway and, having got the better of them in league matches, there was a lot of needle apparent. Holloway settled very quickly and we owed a lot to our back four and goalkeeper, who kept us in the game during that period. Near the end of the first half, the midfield began to get a grip and one move resulted in a goal from hot-shot Paul Macintosh. In the second half, the real L.S.E. team came out and played the type of football typical of the season. Dave Squires scored two breakaway goals and John Glennon obliged with

his customary goal straight from a corner. Holloway added one in between, and the result of 4-1 reflected the difference between the teams.

Although the 1st XI won the league and the cup, and the 2nd XI won the cup, the season was successful in terms of the depth of L.S.E. football. Jim Ackers led his 3rd XI with great spirit throughout, and his pre-match bursts in the changing room have become a trade mark. The thirds were just pipped at the post for the league, but they won promotion. This was achieved despite their players being taken to fill holes in the other teams. There were players who scored faithfully; Adrian Gammon dominated the defence and sent a chill through the opposition every time he embarked on one of his forward runs. Liam O'Dona-

hue, the midfield understudy to his namesake Brady, graced the pitch with his skills. The major factor in the success was the spirit within the team, and a good run in the U.A.U. was a just reward before finally losing to the eventual winners, Liverpool.

The 4th XI met with some success this year. Led by Welsh wizard Steve Jones, they won their league, only St Thomas's being any problem. The one failure, however, was against the 5th XI towards the end of the season. Mike Doyle's team achieved a great win and emphasised the depth of the L.S.E. squad. Throughout the season, the 5th XI has supplied players for all the teams and hopefully next year they will get to play in a league. Their appetite for playing has been noted.

Finally, a word of thanks

must go to the club captain, Tim Rolf, and the Fixtures Secretary, Stan Walters, for their hard work during the season. The pitches this year befitted the play of L.S.E. and many thanks go to Brian Whitworth and his assistant.

Next year, the club can hopefully look forward to a better performance in the U.A.U. championships. A little extra training at the beginning of the year after the summer layoff will definitely bring about better results at this stage of the season.

The following represented L.S.E. in the U.L.U. finals:

FIRST XI: Martyn Lunn, George Harte, Pat Rimmer, Nigel Hopkins, John Glennon (Capt.), John Pittalis, Viv Cheong, Derek Thomas, John Lewis, Dave Squires, Paul Macintosh, Dave Knight.

SECOND XI: Matt Taylor, Tim Exall, Paul Davidson, Martin Whittaker (Capt.), Andy Collin, Jay Metcalfe, Martin McKusker, Bob James, Mark Wilson, Harry Theochari, Roy Coles, Tim Rolf.

JOHN PITTALIS



GEEGEES

L.S.E.'s riding team succeeded in winning a combined training event involving dressage, best BHS No. 5 and a course of ten show-jumping fences. Not only did the team win the overall competition but Debbie Annels and Ian Brearley came 1st and 2nd in the individual competition as well. Even though only formed this term, the team has improved immensely under the coaching of ex-international show-jumping star Maurice Bevan who runs Kings Oak Riding Stable.

A very enjoyable evening was had by all, even though only one member of the riding team was correctly dressed at any one time! Q.M.C.'s ploy of providing champagne for the judges nearly proved their downfall. After the event, a pleasant conclusion was reached at the "Plough".

Anyone who would like to be considered for either the A or B team should contact Debbie Annels (672 0731) or Elisabeth Iceton (278 3251). The current team members — Debbie Annels, Ian Brearley, Ian Davis and Elisabeth Iceton — would like to thank the Riding Committee for its encouraging support.

SUMMER COMETH

Cricket

THE cricket club made a very promising start to the season. After a comprehensive six wicket victory over Royal Free Hospital, highlighted by the unusual feat of a hat-trick by Phil Delisle (unusual in general or unusual for him in particular?—Ed), the following game was the first important fixture in the UAU competition against Surrey University. LSE, batting first, made a disastrous start collapsing to 11 for three wickets, but with a magnificent 103 by Rizwan Khan, finally totalled 223 for nine after the allotted 60 overs. Then some fine pace bowling by Richard Wildman, Jerry Spencer and Dave Mason dismissed Surrey for a paltry 98. This was followed by another comprehensive victory in the ULU cup against Bedford College, LSE making 213 for 2. Bedford replied with 112 all out.

Martin Whittaker

STOP PRESS: Events took a turn for the worse when, after a fairly inept all-round performance, LSE crashed to Kent University in the UAU competition by 77 runs last week.

and tennis

LSE's INTER-continental tennis team suffered a reversal in the UAU match against Surrey, losing narrowly 5-4. Hopefully, the boys will recover in time to qualify for the second year running. Brentford have avoided relegation.

ERITREA APPEAL

Tuberculosis has become a serious problem among the children of Eritrea and is getting worse. Please send contributions to: The Secretary, Eritrean Relief Association, BCM Box 865, LONDON WC1. Your help will save lives. Please give generously.

The Athletic Union is pleased to announce that the Annual

OPEN DAY

will be held on SATURDAY, 14th JUNE
Events include:

Football, Rugby, Netball, Tennis Matches
and a Tug-of-war

Events continue into the evening with a
BARBECUE & DISCO

Coaches will be leaving from LSE Halls of Residence
and Lincoln's Inn Fields and are FREE.

Further details will be available nearer the day and/or from
the A.U.

