conflict between art and commercialism, and expecting that most students in theatrical desciplines, whether front-stage or back-stage, would have their eyes firmly fixed on the main chance. This being so, it was slightly puzzling to find no work-shops on, for example, the economic aspects of management — in which, one would believe, far more opportunities exist than are ever considered, and which might provide for far more creative people a back-stairs way of utilising the many skills this festival brought to light. Stopping traffic is all very well: stopping the rot might be better.

## Decisions, decisions . . .

Though the Festival was more concerned with satisfactions and rewards than with competitions and awards a night of judgement inevitably arrived — nicely handled, incidentally, by a sort of instant company called F.O.L.D.S. who pleasantly parodied the *Evening Standard*'s Drama Award ceremonies at the Albert Hall; not, of course, that the *Evening News* one of the sponsors of *this* festival would have acknowledged anything like that.

What students are expected to make of the final choices by the distinguished judges must depend on their knowledge, their enthusiasms and the 'schools' to which they adhere. Who, after all, would quarrel with the serious, seriously-worried and disarmingly humble comments of the playwright



Phase Four Theatre Company, Agamemnon by Steve Berkoff.



