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# BEAVER

OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE  
- FEB 1980



## 70's

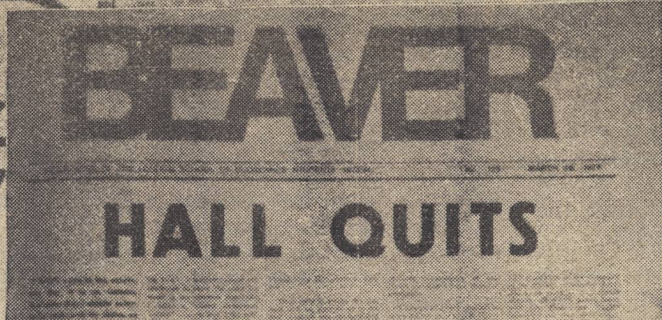
We look back...

**INSIDE OUR REVIEW OF THE DECADE**

MUSIC  
FASHION  
WORLD EVENTS  
DECADODOLOGY  
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**Plus**

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ALL USUAL ARTS, ENTS AND AU NEWS





# ROSEBERY—RENT STRIKE

RETURNING Rosebery residents, lurching back to London after the levities of the last weeks of the last decade, were startled to see a bland-looking notice in reception at the beginning of last week. Without any warning whatsoever, the authorities had unilaterally decided to put up the price of meal-tickets in Hall by about 10 per cent. The Hall Society President was ignorant of the increase and the Warden later claimed that he also had had no prior notice of this important change in terms of residence. Such was the feeling that a special Hall Society meeting was convened and a motion calling upon all members of the Hall to refuse to pay their termly rent fees was passed without any dissenting vote.

The feeling of the meeting was that two vital points of policy had been breached by the L.S.E. administration. Firstly, it was felt that to raise prices in the middle of the academic session, when students had no hope whatsoever of increasing their grants, was contrary to an equitable state of affairs, especially as there was no real possibility of the students at Passfield and Carr-Saunders being asked to face a similar charge as they pay on an all-inclusive basis and the arguments of inflation would seem a little hollow when applied

to them. Herein lies the crux of the issue: students at Rosebery feel they are being discriminated against simply because it is easier to alter the cost of meals, which are paid for separately on a voucher system whereby students only hand in tickets for meals which they consume.

Perhaps even more important in the speech of Brian Jenkins, who proposed the motion, though, was the fact that the President of the Hall Society, or any person whatsoever connected with the Hall Society, had not been consulted at any stage, which was a fundamental breach of the School's own negotiating machinery, which revolves around the inter-halls committee. Such autocratic action had to be opposed, said Mr Jenkins, and thus he proposed that the students make use of the only weapon available to them: withhold the rents for the Lent term.

This proposal was adopted by the meeting, and students are now being urged not to pay their fees until negotiations have been concluded satisfactorily. **K.H.**

## NURSERY NEED

ON Monday, 14th January, the nursery committee of the School accepted proposals that nursery fees should be increased by approximately 27 per cent.

Under the existing fee structure parents earning under £3,000 pay £9.50 and parents earning over £3,000 pay £17.50. The increases for both these will be respectively £2.50 and £5.

However, at the moment this is not the only issue under debate. At present the School runs a nursery for over-threes and the Union is proposing an extension of these facilities to under-threes, a proposal which, because the Union would also make a large subsidy, would leave the School's subsidy the same as it is at present.

Of course both these issues are being interrelated by the School, who are saying that an increase in nursery fees will be the incentive for the School to make an initial loan of £12,000 to set up the new nursery.

Of course the argument that the increased fees are the incentive for the loan is a blatant falsehood; the document outlin-

ing areas for cost saving directly mentions this area: it is intended to cut it anyhow.

Up to now the attitude of the School could be considered to be one of rationality, but is it really rational to impose hardship on individuals, when you have not even bothered to look for alternatives, which are currently being investigated by members of the Students' Union? Hardship, of course, makes the decision even more pusillanimous, since the money charged in increased fees will probably have to be found from the hardship fund.

One should consider this decision in the context of Union beliefs. The first is that all Union members who become pregnant should be able to make a free choice, insofar as is possible, as to whether they desire a termination or not. Lack of nursery facilities or facilities one can afford impose yet another constraint on this decision. One would be faced with the alternatives of discontinuing one's studies or an abortion, which must be a most embittering decision, and one

which could possibly affect all members of the Union.

Finally, I wish to point out that it is said that some members of the nursery committee are not in favour of nurseries. If this is so—and I have no firm evidence—then those people must consider themselves as either the most stupid or the most disgusting species of mankind (and they are predominantly male).

A nursery committee should be a body of people dedicated to running that institution in a manner that will advance the interest of users and their children and the interest of future users and their children: a body restricted only by outside financial constraints, against which they should actively campaign and not passively accept for lack of any real concern.

I would also like to remind members of the School that the Director has already given financial undertakings in respect of the nursery. Will he also fail to stand up for those undertakings or meekly bow to the hawks in the School yet again? **CHRIS FAULKNER**

## LSE DEMOCRACY?

THE fees have gone up—the grand sum of £2,000 p.a. is now the asking price for an LSE degree. Whilst the LSE Students' Union got involved in a foolish debate over whether the General Secretary should be kicked out, a plot instigated by the right-wing, quietly and without much ado, the Court of Governors at a meeting on 6-12-79 ratified the fees increases. It now emerges that Dahrendorf had already decided to increase the fees whilst maintaining the public stance of total opposition to increases and cuts.

The question now asked: "Who runs the LSE?" A body, over which we have no control at all, consisting of double-barrelled names and several titles, has now condescended to increase OUR fees to only £2,000. Who are these people? Who elected them? How have

they been invested with the right to determine our fees? What is this monolith? At the LSE as well as other colleges, students are denied control over their own lives: individuals with the same backgrounds and interests as the Governors of the LSE are found wielding the ultimate power.

The power structure of the LSE is intimately linked with the overall structure of British Society. We are now faced with the same situation as the Shop Stewards at Leyland and the BSC steelworkers: the right to control our own life situation.

It should be clear to all now that the idea that authority is on the same side as students has been proved wrong. Our power lies in our own hands. The authority's stubborn attitude has to be met with

equally stubborn resistance. It is important to understand that we are no longer the challenges, rather authority now challenges us and tells us we have no control over our own affairs. Although the opponent should be assessed, one should never tread in fear of him. The monolith has been moved before and direct action is the way to make it move again.

On the question as to who runs the LSE, we now have the answer—a clique of unrepresentative people. Isn't it about time that staff, students, teaching assistants and campus trade unionists reassessed their respective roles in this "democratic" institution of ours: the London School of Economics? What do we replace this monolith with? There is an implicit answer in this question—we can put ourselves in its place.

**Unmesh Desai (S.W.S.O.)**



Rosebery—a state of siege.

## NEW HALL FOR LSE

At a meeting of the G.P.C. sub-committee on accommodation, it was announced that plans are under way to build more accommodation for the 'eighties. Although the details are unclear at this stage, the discussions that took place last year on the student housing crisis have resulted in the School's finalising an agreement to take over property adjacent to Rosebery Hall in order to provide an as yet unspecified number of student places. This announcement was welcomed by the Committee in view of the fact that L.S.E. has a stock of only 750 places in its own halls, Carr-Saunders Passfield and Rosebery, and the addition of a new hall with 200-300 places would considerably ease the problem.

The accommodation problem is particularly acute at L.S.E. in view of the fact that L.S.E. students seem to fare badly in comparison with their contemporaries from other colleges in securing places in the inter-collegiate accommodation. In addition, we have a high proportion of overseas students who increase the numbers in the category of those who should be given priority in the halls. The committee also recognised the need to increase the stock of privately owned accommodation available. To this end, therefore, the committee agreed to expand and improve the arrangements of last year, whereby the School provided financial assistance to the Students' Union in order that assistants could be employed in the Welfare Office. It is hoped that funds will be available this year to assist in advertising and to run an accommodation office.

The communication between the accommodation office, the Registry and the Halls of Residence will continue and hopefully improve in order that homeless students may be taken into halls as soon as vacancies occur. The efficiency of the accommodation service will be vastly improved by the provision of one central office to take accommodation queries, offers of accommodation and to liaise with the Halls of Residence, thereby saving the confusion and frustration felt by students whilst searching for accommodation.

Whilst we cannot expect the new hall to be completed for the next two to three years, we face an accommodation crisis which looks like being even more grave than that of last year. However, the improvements made to Passfield Hall have meant that approximately 30 places will be available for next year's students.



# CUTS CUDGEL CHOPS

GOVERNMENT policies are about to bite. The L.S.E. is expected, by 1983, to recover at least 35 per cent of its costs from overseas students. If their fees are kept to the £2,000 which has been announced, the L.S.E. faces a cut of about a fifth of its income. The L.S.E.'s response has been to produce a list of cuts and economies, and schemes to make money.

The following are amongst proposals to save money:—

1. Raise target of 1980s Fund;
2. Freeze all vacancies for three/six/twelve months;
3. A 1% "Save the L.S.E." tax on prices in the Senior Common Room bar, Beaver's Retreat and Three Tuns bar;
4. Tenured staff to loan £500 interest-free to the School.

Other possible savings and cuts:

1. Reduce catering outlets.
2. Cut subsidies for nursery.
3. Reduce cleaning to two rather than five days a week.
4. Ban trunk calls before 1 pm.
5. Reduce entertainment.
6. Reduce fixed costs (eg. by disposing of one of our buildings).
7. Cut special emoluments for services to the School.

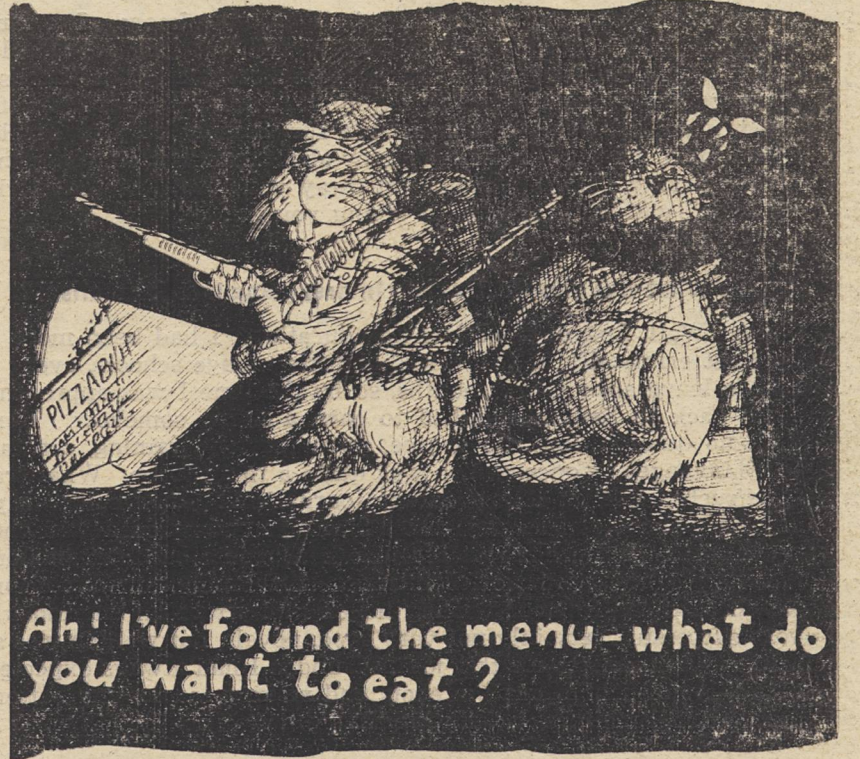
8. Cut unnecessary procedures and committees.
9. Increase income from outside conferences, etc.
10. Reduce part-time teaching budgets.
11. Rationalise technical services.
12. Get Treasury rules restricting our ability to earn income changed.

#### Possible Innovations with Financial Benefits

1. Set up an LSE consultancy company.
2. Charge consultancy overheads.
3. Introduce further (self-financing) courses (including evening courses).
4. Extension of Diploma courses.
5. Introduce a new MBA.
6. Introduce Certificate courses (eg. in Economic Studies).
7. Offer special programmes

for selected US universities.

8. Change teaching methods, including greater use of mechanical aids.
9. Reduce teaching input (larger classes, fewer classes but larger lectures, end certain courses).
10. Introduce structured, American-style graduate programmes.
11. Postpone sabbatical leave, encourage special leave.
12. Charge differential fees by subject/personal means.
13. Raise the fees for paying Research Scholars (? £1,000).
14. Charge fee for outside Library users.
15. Persuade alumni to leave money in wills.
16. Introduce two-year undergraduate course ("Licence").
17. Marketing of teaching material.



Ah! I've found the menu - what do you want to eat?

## ATOMS FOR PEACE?

LAST month the Government decided it would order 10 new nuclear reactor power stations, one to be built every year from 1982. These stations would probably be of the American Pressurised Water Reactor (P.W.R.) design, the kind of reactor which went wrong at Harrisburg.

There should shortly be coming up at a U.G.M. an anti-nuclear motion; and on Saturday, January 26th, at 1 pm, there is a march and rally against the transport of nuclear waste through London starting at Primrose Hill Fields playground. This article is an attempt to get your support for both these moves.

Nuclear power is costly, unreliable and unnecessary; it is also bad economics for Britain at this time, dangerous and would continue to send our society in a direction which, if not unrealistic, is very undesirable—that is, in the direction of greater centralisation, the further curtailment of civil rights and the wasteful throw-away society.

The Government's programme will cost, it says, ten billion pounds. Tony Benn thinks it might be twice



### BEING PHASED OUT?

intended completion, is still not producing electricity. Neither do any of our other A.G.R. plants perform very well. Our older Magnox reactors are in fact doing better than the newer A.G.R.s, but corrosion of their parts is now reducing their effectiveness and will shorten their lives.

Britain has said that she will study the P.W.R. to see that it meets our safety requirements. This may involve re-design. In addition, we have no experience with this type of reactor at all and in fact all through all the world only 21 years' operating experience has been built up. It is easy to see that the path ahead will be far from smooth.

It is interesting to note that in the U.S. support for the P.W.R. has declined quickly. Its safety record is not very good; worse than that of the A.G.R.s, and its only real advantage is that it is cheaper. A lot of Americans, however, are not very impressed by this aspect

any more and the nuclear industry is getting into very great trouble. In fact only one reactor has been ordered in the U.S. over the last two years. Hence, I might add, the sales drive to ourselves.

When people talk about the low cost of nuclear electricity, they are often just talking of running costs. This is a distortion, because it ignores the huge cost of construction of the plant and, in particular, the cost of transporting, treating and guarding nuclear waste. It also assumes that the stations will be reliable, whereas few, if any, nuclear power stations ever live up to their expected (let alone hoped-for) performances.

Nuclear power is unnecessary. It is supposed to be filling an energy gap between our electricity requirements now and our requirements by the end of the century. In fact Britain's consumption of electricity has not increased much since the early seventies—about one or two per cent per year as opposed to

## Palliatives

The closing date for applications to the Students' Union Hardship Fund for the second term was Monday 21st January 1980, but late applications may be considered under exceptional circumstances. Application forms are available from S100, and replies should be placed in pigeonholes.

E.E.

a forecast of 6 per cent p.a. If there is an effort both to conserve energy and to use it more efficiently, it may well be that Britain will not be using much more energy in the year 2000 than she is now. But, in any case, there is no need for a possible gap to be filled with nuclear energy—it could be filled with the "clean" alternative sources now being developed very rapidly (but with very little Government funding—£16 million as against £155 million for nuclear power in the last three years). These alternatives include wind, wave and solar energy. In the end these would provide the only long-term prospects for energy supply anyway—although it is true that the fast breeder reactor (F.B.R.), if it is successfully developed, would be able to provide energy for a long time (though only electrical energy).

The F.B.R. is not what Mrs Thatcher has ordered, although future development generally in the nuclear industry is concentrating around the F.B.R. Unfortunately so far in the world there is no successfully "breeding" reactor anywhere. The technical problems are very great and so are the safety problems—for the F.B.R. produces in significant quantities one of the most deadly substances known to man—plutonium. Plutonium is also the substance used for making nuclear weapons.

Moving quickly to other points, nuclear power is bad economics for this country at the present time, because of its job creation possibilities (or rather lack of them). For example, the proposed A.G.R. at Torness would cost more than one billion pounds and create 500 jobs; that is £2 million per job.

Dangers arise because of the radioactive elements the industry

uses and produces. A serious accident at an F.B.R. could make it explode like a nuclear bomb. However, it is true to say that other industries are dangerous too but the dirtiness of industrial processes in general is not an argument for introducing the dirtiest process of all. Rather it is to be hoped that the debate about the nuclear industry will set off a general concern about the bad environmental and social effects of industry and lead to a general cleaning-up operation.

The nuclear issue thus poses in dramatic form the question: What kind of society do we want? The development of nuclear power helps create greater centralisation, the curtailment of civil liberties and the wasteful, throw-away society. To expand on these points would probably require another article, but I hope that this piece has at least indirectly indicated, by stating a few of the facts about nuclear power, how this society might come about.

Finally, one might ask, if there is so much against nuclear power, why is the Government going ahead with it? The truth is the Government has not really considered the issue: it is just taking the advice of the Central Electricity Generating Board (the C.E.G.B.). The C.E.G.B. obviously does not want to change direction—it has invested a lot of money in the nuclear programme and would look very silly if it did an about-turn now. God forbid, some people might even lose their jobs. In addition, it knows (or it thinks it knows) that, whatever happens, its product—electricity—will be paid for by the government and by the consumer. That means you—and should give you the impetus, as well as the right, to take part in the nuclear debate now.

## NUCLEAR POWER COMES UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF ECO-FREAK SUE WILLDIG

that much. Costs for nuclear stations tend to escalate greatly because of the long time they take to construct; delay and extra expense also occur if any re-designing has to take place, or if there are any mistakes in construction. Continuous re-designing in particular held up Britain's earlier reactor programme based on the Advanced Gas-Cooled Reactor (the A.G.R.) such that no-one ever knows the final cost of these monstrous failures—which do not even work properly now. The infamous Dungeness B plant, 10 years after its





# JAMES CAMERON: *in conversation with Alex Wynter*

**Q: You've expressed a lot of frustration with journalism as a profession. Why is that?**

A: There's a lot of humbug in that, you know. I mean, one does go around saying, "What's the point of it all?" largely to console ourselves for doing such an absurd job in such absurd company, but there's no doubt that it can be very, very frustrating if you let it. On the other hand if you absolutely insist upon not being frustrated it's surprisingly easy to break through. An awful lot of journalists, I don't know about now but certainly in the past, were always saying, "Oh, I couldn't get away with that", or "This will be too much for them", without ever actually trying, you see.

**Q: What was your motivation in first going into journalism?**

A: Well, first of all, I had no education. I had been more or less brought up most erratically in this series of little village schools, every one of which I had to leave after a few months, so by the time I was approaching 16 I had to come back to Britain and had to earn a living somehow. Here was a bloke with no qualifications, no degree, no university training, virtually illiterate in two languages at once, which was quite a thing to be. What trade would ever take such a useless fellow except journalism? It was the only thing I knew anything about and in any case I'd always had an idea that one day I'd finish up that way because my father who had been a barrister in London—probably the world's most unsuccessful barrister—had finally turned to a sort of journalism which took the form of writing novels: he wrote an enormous number of not very successful, certainly not very good, novels, but writing was sort of a family thing. When he got me this job in Dundee I had always expected it, but it was a beastly job just filling pastepots and making tea for my betters, and running around the place doing nothing at all.

**Q: What was your first Fleet Street paper?**

A: The Express. It was the Express that brought me down to London. I joined the Express in Glasgow—the Scottish Daily Express. The war was on and I hadn't got called up but almost everybody else had, and they were so desperately short of chaps that they had even to bring me down. That was the reason I came because really everybody else was going away all the time.

**Q: And there began your relationship with Lord Beaverbrook. In an obituary of him you wrote that he used the Express as a political platform. Have you ever been guilty of that?**

A: I'm guilty of it myself, but also I had to write that thing in about twenty minutes the very day he died and I was not at all sure how his death was going to be received and I didn't want to get myself knifed by one of the Beaverbrook Mafia who abounded all over the place. But you know I couldn't stand him. In many ways I thought he was really a pretty evil man. But at the same time, he was so much more, as it were, dedicated to the production of this sort of object than any of the other ones. I mean compare him with Thomson or Rothermere. I mean he really did read the paper, every bloody word of it—dictated most of it! And he was terribly interested in the product. As he told the Press Commission years and years ago: "I've got all the money I want anyhow; I produce the newspaper solely for propaganda." And the funny thing was that every cause he espoused fell to bits. Everything he tried hardest to do politically didn't work: Empire Free Trade came to nothing; India became free despite him; everything. And he admitted in a final speech he made before he died: "I have made an enormous success of the newspapers except in every way I wanted."

**Q: What would you say has happened to the age of the "professional eye-witness"?**

A: It has come to an end, long ago. We are the brontosauri of the business. First of all, we were really pretty damned expensive. I don't mean that we were paid a lot but we cost a lot to ship around the place and papers are now so poverty-stricken that they can't afford it. When I was first in India during the independence negotiations there was a corps of foreign correspondents of 370 in New Delhi alone. You'd have a terrible job to raise half-a-dozen now. That's from the whole world! I mean, of course, we have been supplanted by the other media, which do it better. For all the hundreds of thousands of words that were written about Vietnam it took the television to bring it home to the Americans that this was a crazy business. I think if there hadn't been that medium that the war would still be going on.

**Q: So would you say that Vietnam and Watergate were in some sense journalistic achievements—the exposure of them, I mean?**

A: I think Watergate was, to a very great degree. Those two chaps certainly worried away at it most assiduously and diligently. Probably Nixon might still be there had it not been for Carl Bernstein etc. But I don't think Vietnam was: Vietnam was a victim of its own contradictions, wasn't it?

**Q: Can we talk about two countries with which you have been particularly closely involved: India and Vietnam? How, for example, did you meet Nehru?**

A: It came about in a rather funny way. When the conference about Indian independence moved up to Simla from New Delhi—the heat got too much—where motor-cars are not allowed and the only sort of vehicle you could travel in was a four-man rickshaw, the altitude is so great. And I couldn't bring myself to travel in one of those things; these exhausted, sweating, panting men—it was too awful for words. Well, nonetheless, Gandhi put up his headquarters in an extraordinary little villa called "Chadwick" of

all things, which was about five-and-a-half miles outside town and the only time he'd ever receive anybody was at five in the morning. Well, I didn't know what the hell I was going to do. So I bought a horse for thirty rupees—I sold it at the end of the thing for twenty-five so I didn't lose on the deal, terrible old nag it was—in order to get out to this place. And the only other person who had this same idea was Nehru, who was a dedicated equestrian. And he and I took to going out to Chadwick together at dawn—it never occurred to anybody else—and that was how I got to know him. Afterwards, I got to know him personally fairly well, and he sort of gave me the run of his family.

**Q: And you're not too keen on Mrs Gandhi, are you?**

A: I don't think much of Mrs Gandhi and what's much more important she doesn't think much of me. She excluded me throughout all her emergency. I did in fact see her though, after she'd been kicked out. I sort of steeled myself: it was the most fraught encounter. But I do go to India quite often because my wife is Indian and I have Indian in-laws—every time I can afford it.

**Q: Was it especially exciting to cover Indian independence?**

A: Yes, and also it was the first one. I mean that was the first thing pulled out of the structure of the Empire. After that it just fell to bits. Also it was a very important historical punctuation mark, certainly for India and also oddly enough for me. So I think that's how my involvement began. Had it been China or Malaya, probably it would have had the same effect.

**Q: And why was it that you became so attached to India itself?**

A: It could be that it was because that was the first place I ever did an important story from by myself, among other things, like having an Indian wife. Also, you see, when I first went to India with this lavish thing the Daily Express behind me, prepared to do anything for you, I had no means of knowing that I'd ever go back after this job so I spun it out as long as I could. I didn't know, I thought let's get to know it, and I covered that country, almost every inch of it, in about a year. I managed to make the story spin out about that long. And so it was the first Asian country I had ever worked in.

**Q: In the 'sixties you were one of the first western correspondents to be allowed into North Vietnam. Why did you go?**

A: I went to make a film. But of course nobody would sponsor it and if they had done the North Vietnamese would never have let me in. So I had to finance it myself, doing it on a shoestring of course, but nonetheless I borrowed about seven or eight thousand pounds to hire a cameraman and get there and all that sort of thing, and when I came back nobody wanted to show the bloody film—absolutely nobody, so I was stuck with having to pay back this money and I just did it by mad journalism. I wrote for anybody and everybody about Vietnam, but of course they were glad to get it because nobody else had written about Hanoi. And after three years I managed to clear my indebtedness and I myself had in fact made a profit of eleven pounds and three shillings.

**Q: How did you convey your support for the North?**

A: Possibly it was left for implication. I mean it was self-evident that there were faults on both sides but the faults of the Americans so enormously outweighed those of the Vietnamese, who hadn't asked anybody to come and invade them. No, the point was that I did not denounce them as a shower of chickenshit bastards, which was the popular thing to do in America at the time. They were all writing from Saigon. And it was a bit of a novelty in that the New York Times who took this series, which I must say was a godsend to me because they paid about twice as much as anybody here would do, were on the phone almost every day saying, "Look, we know we agreed to publish this unsubbed and so on but do you think we could just take this one out?", and I said no you can't, and they didn't, and that was what annoyed Johnson so much.

**Q: And I don't suppose you got much sympathy on your subsequent lecture tour of the US?**

A: It was really absolutely horrible. I mean it got to the point where I would sit in some bloody hotel bedroom in Cincinnati or somewhere and literally cry: "I can't do it again!" I was humiliated and abused, everything, and indeed there was a friend of mine who used to work for Reuters in the US and who is now Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, a great survivor—I met him on the Bikini episode. He worked for Johnson, Nixon, Ford, anybody. He's a man of terrific industry, great gifts and no principles whatsoever. Anyhow, he came through here on his way to Iran and looked me up a few days ago—I hadn't seen him for many years. He said, "Do you remember that lecture tour which followed publication of your stuff in the New York Times?—you came to Washington and you never called me up." So I said well first of all I didn't have any time to call you up and secondly I didn't think you'd want me to. He said, "You're dead, goddam right. Johnson said to me, Joe, you're an old reporter, do you know this son of a bitch who's coming around? I said No sir, I never heard of him in my life." I mean the cock crowed thrice, by God! He told me with a great big grin on his face, "I betrayed you with a will."

**Q: Lastly, you were often accused of being pessimistic. Did that bother you?**

A: No. After all, at the time when I was working, there was very little else to be.

**Q: Is there now?**

A: Well, I wouldn't say there is particularly. In fact, I would say that we're going to hell in a handcart.



Seventies . . . . . Seventies . . . . . Seventies . . . . . Seventies . . . . .

# Beaver's review of the decade

ALEX WYNTER

## IDEOLOGY BOWS OUT

IT'S plausible to suggest that the world took a sharp turn somewhere between 1968 and 1973. A period of disillusion began with the failure of the student uprisings of '68 and was consolidated by the economic depression which followed the Middle East War of '73. The themes which various writers have chosen for their decadectomies reflect this: Tom Wolfe's "Me Decade," for example. And the 'seventies have seen the ideological conflict of the Cold War give way to the more relevant and crucial contest between the rich and poor nations of the world.

Whatever disagreement there may be on how to interpret what has actually happened in the past ten years, it should be possible to concur that the decade has been one of unfulfilled promise, especially when looked at from a Left-wing point of view. Not only have the rather empty and spurious peace agreements in Rhodesia and the Middle East failed to bring stable and peaceful conditions to the respective areas, but there have also been a series of revolutions and Left-wing victories throughout the world which have failed utterly to better the physical lot, or brighten the prospects of populations who supported them.

Looking at the world through media-tinted spectacles, there is the impression that the clean-cut issues of the 'sixties have been transmogrified, blurred out of all recognition. The media supervillains of the decade, for example, have been mostly from the Third World: Muzorewa (for the Left), Amin, Bokassa, Pol Pot and Somoza. The students occupying the U.S. Embassy in Teheran have achieved the almost impossible feat of making large numbers of people feel sorry for the United States and have probably succeeded in distracting attention from the atrocious nature of American behaviour in Iran over the last few years. Meanwhile, in the U.S. itself, we watched for a while the rather alarming spectacle of President Carter, whose main fault is his "goodness", trying to resist calls for him to "Nuke the Ayatollah". Compare this with the popular images of President Johnson and Ho Chi Minh in the mid-'sixties.

The world's first TV-revolution which took place in Iran last year has turned sour not because it has violated the vague and rather civilised concept of "diplomatic immunity" but because, when it felt its interests threatened by Kurds, Azerbaijanis or prostitutes, it behaved no differently from any other

cruel and amoral régime. The Iranian people have got rid of the Shah but some of them have yet



The end of anti-Communism (in Vietnam)

to get rid of his methods.

Situations in South East Asia at the beginning and end of the decade present the most dramatic of all contrasts. We are faced at this juncture with the incredible spectacle of U.S. military advisers "filtering" back into Thailand, while China, allegedly, prepares for a second invasion of Vietnam who in turn is occupying most of Cambodia and is accused (by China) of killing civilians there. Combined with Pol Pot's atrocities and the refugee exodus from Vietnam, what more grotesque developments could the students who demonstrated and died at Kent State University in 1970 have envisaged?

Towards the end of last term, the Vietnamese Chargé d'Affaires in London took advantage of an offer to come and give his side of the story to L.S.E. students. Not surprisingly, it all turns out to be a Peking revisionist plot—the refugees and the occupation of Cambodia, that is. But what was interesting about this event was not the rather predictable excusatory stance of the Chargé d'Affaires—

who offered not an ounce of sympathy or explanation for the refugees but simply delivered the party line on the Sino-American reconciliation—but the hostility, bordering on disrespect, with which he was received by the student audience. It seems sadly ironic that Vietnam, the focus of so much sympathy and protest ten years ago, almost a *raison d'être* for the Left is now put in dock alongside South Africa and accused of racism.

Elsewhere in the world the issues have fuzzed or appeared to fuzzi. In South Africa, the new Nationalist Government attempted to pull the wool over our eyes (and succeeded in some cases) with a few cosmetic touches to apartheid, mostly concerning such non-vital issues as inter-racial dating and the status of park benches. They managed also to get a black American boxer to visit their shores and a "mixed" rugby team into Britain. One gets the feeling that the South Africans are trying to superficially ameliorate their frightful system while maintaining the underlying colossal rip-off of the "homelands", which is what it is really about: "13% for them, 87% for us".

Meanwhile, the public image of nearby Rhodesia was confused by the P.R. stroke of the decade: the "internal settlement" for which the present British Government and the U.S. Congress nearly fell, and the nature of the war in which, increasingly, blacks killed other blacks. The recent developments

are hopeful, although in a talk at the LSE last term, for example, the General Secretary of Zanu, was less than enthusiastic about the settlement his party had just made. In State Department jargon, Rhodesia has only been "deconflictised".

In the Middle East, the October War of 1973 had the effect of bringing Egypt and Israel closer together when, four years later, the unlikely event of the decade occurred. President Sadat visited Israel and, among other things, kissed Mrs Meid on the cheek. At other points, the governments of Syria, Lebanon and Jordan all engaged in military action against Palestinian forces in their midst. In 1980, Israel is very definitely off the hook.

In the 'seventies, even Cuba, that hopeful little country, the Sweden of the Communist world, briefly jumped on to the international chess-board with its abysmal intervention against somebody else's revolution in Eritrea.

The "lesson" of the 'seventies, it seems, is that governments, no matter how popularly, heroically or "gloriously" (to use a word from the official vocabulary) they came to power, will relentlessly pursue what they perceive to be their own self-interest, regardless of ideology, colour, religion or any other affinity. The past ten years have been filled with examples of them doing just that, in the teeth of any previous predictability, based on the above criteria.

Throughout the period from about 1956, the time of Suez, to 1975, when the Americans finally pulled out of Vietnam, we were deceived by a temporary coincidence of big guys with bad guys. There were the monstrous interventions in Hungary, Algeria, Suez and Vietnam to remind us that, big, powerful countries were prepared to ignore morality. Once Stalinism was dead, the socialist dream seemed to have real meaning and maintained throughout the '60s. Now, the very concept of human solidarity is faltering and ideology, especially Left-wing ideology, has all the zest of a football team four-nil down in the last minute of the game.

"International Communism" drips with Cambodian blood; the "Sino-Soviet split" has become a power game; American ideology, such as it is, staggers after the knock-downs of Watergate and Vietnam;

the idol of the EEC suffocates under an apple mountain; the eastern bloc rumbles as it attempts to digest a Polish Pope, Afghanistan and ever-lengthening meat queues; Pan-Africanism and Pan-Arabism never got further than Nkrumah and Nasser. Because of all this, the approach in the '80s must be ambi-political, issue-specific and pro-human.

### GLOBAL

That ideology is deceased is evidenced by the most significant event of the decade—the Sino-Western rapprochement. However one feels about "Revisionism", Chinese or American, the two countries' "revision" of their attitude to each other is of vital importance in the '80s. Firstly, a combination of Western technology and the Chinese attitude to work is very likely to provide the West with the most severe, most abundant economic competition it has faced since Japan rose from the radioactive ashes. Secondly, if abused, the new relationship may drive the Russians even further into paranoia and caused them to lash out at other small powers or even precipitate a final global conflict. There is this negative side to the motivation behind the rapprochement—that of teaming up against the Russians—and it should not be allowed to dominate.



Finally, in its attempts to combine the importation of Western technology and culture with the preservation of tradition, the tentative movement towards democracy and openness in government with the basic collective spirit of a communist society, China is taking on an unusual and courageous social experiment. Whether it succeeds or fails, it will have a considerable effect on the contest which is likely to become the most widely felt of the '80s: that between the rich world, in chronic decline, and the poor world poised to take over.

## AN ARAB IN THE DESERT (a modern allegory)

ONE hot day in the middle of the twentieth century some poor but determined men, and a few children were attempting to cross a desert, when their water ran out. With less than half the desert crossed, they were faced with death. In despair they dug for water, when they noticed damp sand. They dug harder in anticipation, but were grief stricken when

some dark, greasy and thick liquid gushed out instead of water. Death stared them in the face. But miracles do happen and when they noticed a rich merchant's camel train in the distance, they thanked Allah and ran up to the train. They told the rich merchant, called Uncle Sam, their story. Uncle Sam listened eagerly and promised to take them safely across the desert in return for the dark liquid he called OIL. The men happily agreed.

Time passed. The poor men now became rich oil sheikhs and barons and started doing their daily shopping at Marks and Spencers and Harrods. But they still had not come to terms with their good fortune and were amazed at Uncle Sam's and his other friends' foolishness to pay money for useless oil. Uncle Sam and his friends laughed at the oil dealers' stupidity,

for they realised the enormous value of oil to the people in their own countries, who consumed it like water. But all situations are subject to change.

The oil sheikhs and barons seemed to realise the value of oil and agreed to sit together regularly, in an oasis, to talk and debate about their future. They called the oasis OPEC. Uncle Sam did not take any notice at first and continued consuming more oil until the oil barons said, "enough! we want more dollars for our oil". The rich still did not heed the warning. In 1973, the oil sheikhs and their friends had a big fight with their neighbour. The fight was called the Yom Kippur War, in which the Arabs started losing. So the oil sheikhs told the rich merchants, who were friendly with their enemies, "since you like our oil, and we don't like your friends, we will raise the price of our oil".

Uncle Sam still declined to reduce his consumption, so God became displeased and sent down two dragons, inflation and recession, to teach them a lesson. The dragons fed and grew very strong, with further increases in the price of oil in the mid 70's. Demand still increased and the oil merchants now thought that today's underground oil is tomorrow's increased gold. One of the oil barons, called Iran, had a severe internal disturbance, resulting in mental change. Iran grew anti-Uncle Sam and reduced his supply of oil. He influenced others like Libya and Algeria to do the same. So in 1979, prices of oil almost doubled.

In the meantime, the recession-dragon grew stronger, and started creating havoc in the rich man's home, helped by his brother inflation. However, some wealthy people evaded some of the effect of OPEC and the dragons, through oil of

their own. Britain found oil in her swimming-pool, which should allow her to become self sufficient in oil soon. Nonetheless everyone suffered to some extent; apart from the oil owners.

This was the story of the Seventies, which is not yet finished. For it has spilled over into the Eighties as a natural consequence of the Seventies. It now seems that the oil rich people want to destroy their OPEC oasis. So as an economic force, it may soon be dead. Nevertheless the story tells us that within international economics there is no certainty about the future.

A magic lamp and ring allowed Aladdin instant access to wealth. Similarly the oasis OPEC gave the poor men who were earlier attempting to cross the desert, untold power and riches. But its shade was limited, in a desert which suddenly became excruciatingly hot.

Alok Vajpeyi



# Seventies . . . . . Seventies . . . . . Seventies . . . . . Seventies . . . . .

## The Iron Maiden cometh

THE Seventies can be characterised as the decade of the economic pundit; where no-one can evade such phenomena as inflation, stagnation and recession. The country became resigned to crisis following upon crisis and became jaded by endless forecasts of an imminent Armageddon.

In 1970, the Heath government came to power promising to tackle the economy by maintaining the recession, squeezing company liquidity and allowing companies to go to the wall. By 1972, Barber had introduced a reflationary Budget aiming at 5 per cent growth.

Inflation, rising imports, and an increasing deficit on the balance of payments led to the notorious 'U' turns. Prices and incomes policy was implemented and such prestigious "lame ducks" as Rolls-Royce and the Upper Clyde shipbuilders were rescued. The government made money available to industry, but unemployment remained high, investment remained low. Whilst these problems brought gloom at home, Heath set about negotiating Britain's entry into the E.E.C. De Gaulle's resignation removed the obstacle that had thwarted Labour and consequently, at an estimated cost of £1,100 million (to be weighed against the "substantial" advantages which membership would mean to the economy) we prepared to enter. The terms were not over-generous, the Common Agricultural Policy and the contribution to the E.E.C. budget were applied in full, but Heath managed to push the terms through a Parliament whose attitude towards entry had hardened.

The troops moved into Ulster in 1969 after the violence of the previous year. At home Heath was faced with the intractable and bloody question of Ulster. In 1971, internment without trial was introduced—a measure which only provoked more violence.

On January 30th, 1972 (Bloody Sunday), a civil rights march resulted in 13 people being shot dead. The continuation of the troubles in the presence of 20,000 British soldiers and the withdrawal of the principal opposition from Stormont, led to direct rule and Whitelaw's release of a number of internees was bitterly opposed by various Protestant groups; nor did IRA violence subside.

In 1973, elections were held to an assembly consisting of 80 members on STV from which an executive would be selected to perform all the functions of Stormont, except those of maintaining law and order. The first meeting ended in uproar. At the end of 1973, Operation Motorman occupied the "no-go" areas of Londonderry and Belfast.

All party talks were held at Sunningdale and ended in agreement and the setting up of a Council of Ireland. By the end of 1974 direct rule had ended. Whether power-sharing would work was yet to be tested.

At the end of '73, the Conservative government entered their last and most bitter battle over Stage Three of the counter-inflation policy, which with the conflict between the miners and the Heath government led to the government's defeat in February 1974. The confrontation was exacerbated by the Arab-Israeli war and the subsequent oil embargo. The miners pressed for an eight per cent cost-of-living increase which was blocked by the Pay Board.

In 1973 the miners banned overtime in support of a pay claim in excess of Stage Three. The deteriorating fuel situation was aggravated by a ban on out-of-hours working by the power workers. In November a state of emergency was declared. Successive attempts to resolve the dispute failed. The TUC offered to declare the miners a "special case"; if the dispute was settled they would ensure no other union would use the same argument, but the formula was rejected. The miners went on strike in February, and Heath

went into an election on the question of "who governs the country?" The subsequent election meant that whoever did it was not to be him.

As private armies regrouped and the Press predicted with varying degrees of hysteria impending disaster, a Gannex raincoat was hung once again in 10 Downing Street, and Wilson deftly retook the stage.

The whole '74 parliament was dominated by the prospect of another election. Wilson went ahead with his programme knowing that any rebuff in the House would be met with an appeal to the country. He was confident that the other parties would be reluctant to force an immediate election. However, once a coalition had been ruled out, an election was always imminent.

Within a few days the miners' strike and compulsory wage restraint were ended. It was Heath's handling of the economic crisis which had brought Wilson back to power and it would be Wilson's handling that would decide whether Labour would stay in power. Under Labour, a prices and incomes policy was instituted which would rely on the co-operation of the trade unions in a voluntary pay policy.

In return for food subsidies, and a rent freeze, the T.U.C. co-operated in a programme of wage restraint known as the "Social Contract". In this way it was hoped to avoid the strains caused by a formal incomes policy, which had always appeared to trade unionists to leave them without any role to play in bargaining about wage rates.

The future of the government was dependent upon winning the battle of the economy. In 1974 inflation was running at 24 per cent and Wilson had failed to achieve his main policy tasks: adequate economic growth, full employment, a stable balance of payments and stable prices. Moreover, wages policy via the Social Contract did not appear to be working. After the 1975 Budget, wage increases were limited to £6 a week. However, unemployment was still rising and in 1976 the government faced another sterling crisis, but the oil factor and a natural upswing in the world economy were to aid economic recovery under Callaghan.

The Labour Party's manifesto had promised that the nation should decide through the ballot-box whether Britain should stay in Europe. This formula left the options open between a referendum and yet another election. The government decided on a "Yes" vote although the Cabinet was split. But Wilson neatly resolved the problem by allowing dissident ministers to campaign on the issue. The country voted in favour and Wilson, by his astute tactics, had appeased the left of his party and kept the country in Europe.

In the years 1975-76 the political leadership changed. Heath was ousted, Thorpe resigned, and Wilson retired, leaving behind a dubious Honours List.

The Lib-Lab pact came into being in 1976 to bolster the government's diminishing majority. The government had most to gain from the deal, buying time for the economy to improve and for devolution to be piloted through the House. It was caricatured as Steel holding a pistol to Callaghan's head and shooting himself.

The most difficult legislation Callaghan inherited was the Devolution Bill. Some urgency had been added to the matter by the gains of the Scottish Nationalists in 1974. If Labour lost its electoral base in Scotland it could not form a majority government. There was to be a referendum on the subject and assemblies were to be established with legislative powers in Scotland and Wales. The government suffered many setbacks as the legislation moved slowly through the Commons but by the end of 1978 it was on the Statute Book.

After the winter of discontent Callaghan lost a general election in 1979 and a failed tax barrister from Grantham entered No 10 wielding an axe.

## THE HUNTING OF THE QUARK Science and Technology in the Seventies

THERE has already been more than enough comment about the ubiquitous silicon chip, the computer-run delights of the future, and there are other products, processes and general discoveries that have appeared in the '70s that may be, in the long run, even more important.

In pure science, the trendiest subject is probably nuclear physics, the world of particle accelerators, meijons and quarks. The Holy Grail of physicists is the Unified Field Theory, whereby a schematic link will be found for all the four basic types of energy—electro-magnetic, gravitational and the weak and strong nuclear interactive forces. It now looks as though a relation between three of the forces (gravity accepted) has been found. This is immensely exciting and when a mathematically verifiable Unified Field Theory is discovered, it will be the biggest event since Einstein worked out the theory of relativity; or maybe even since Newton's explanation of gravity.

There have been other important events in pure science in the last decade, such as the development of the Black Hole Theory, and the strong confirmation that this is an infinitely expanding universe, but none as significant as the work on the U.F.T.

The subject of nuclear (fission) power has received enough partial publicity, except perhaps the fact that fission, with the shortage of uranium, and the finite supply of every suitable fuel, as well as the perhaps insoluble problem of waste disposal, is recognised to be imperfect. The world's nuclear research scientists have long been working on nuclear fusion, which does not rely on limited supplies of exotic minerals but on abundant substances like sea-water. The big stumbling-block in fusion research is the achievement of a high enough temperature, some 350,000,000 degrees Centigrade, necessary to start the process off.

Work through the years has raised the test temperatures to about sixty million degrees, but it may depend on further advances with anti-matter, lasers, plasma technology and conventional fission to find a suitable "trigger". However, there is confidence that the barrier will be broken and we may see the first prototype fission power stations in the next twenty years.

Other types of energy generation have received publicity but not on the scale of the nuclear. Solar energy is not really a workable solution for the energy gap, especially for cloudy but high-level consumers such as Britain, except in limited applications like domestic water heating. The trouble is caused by the collector, the conventional converted radiator type being inefficient, and no good at all for electricity generation. Present photovoltaic cells such as those used on calculators and Skylab are horrendously expensive which can be produced at a fraction of the unit cost of conventional "grown" crystal cells.

Wave and tidal powered development is proceeding and the latest trials off the Northern Irish coast with wave-powered wind-turbine buoys is very encouraging. Geothermal and wind power is already being used, but there isn't all that much more potential in the former and the latter creates big problems with TV signal interference and, while not to be sneered at, can never provide a very high proportion of demand in heavily industrialised countries.

Ultimately the energy needs of the future will have to be met by the combination of all these methods of generation, but there is hope that all that basic research in physics, especially on quarks, may lead to some thus far undreamt-of energy sources.

**Medicine:** Cancer became the best publicised disease, smallpox became extinct without a single cry from the Brigitte Bardots of bug-support. Laetrile came out of an apricot stone to cure cancer and is still fizzling out under pressure from the Food and Drug Administration. Lithium arrived to cure apparently everything and really did, with other developments in pharmacology, do a lot to help millions of schizophrenics lead more normal lives. Open-heart surgery, the re-grafting of severed limbs and kidney transplants became a commonplace, and microelectronic prosthetics were a long-awaited and relatively successful development. Heart transplants finally seemed to be working.

For the future, we can hope for portable artificial kidneys, pre-natal sex determination, a decision on whether or not cholesterol is bad, and further development in drugs for the mind (pharmaceutical and adapted for leisure) and cancer treatment, improvements in tissue-matching techniques and anti-rejection drugs. The laboratory growth of graftable skin may greatly increase the chances of survival for serious burn victims.

**Communications:** Fibre optic lines carrying digitally-encoded laser pulses promise a big improvement in the quality of the long-distance transmission of audio and video signals. The video cassette and digitally-recorded record are only stop-gaps until we get the videodisc, already on limited sale in the USA. But will they manage to achieve some sort of standardisation among the half-dozen modes now in production? Will the big consumer electronics companies have the courage to spend time perfecting the laser-read disc rather than sticking with the conventional, less-than-perfect stylus disc? All these questions and many others will be answered in a few years. Three-d cinema, better quality wide-screen TV and infra-red connected telephones are some of the other delights facing us.

RODDY HALLIFAX



# Seventies . . . . . Seventies . . . . . Seventies . . . . . Seventies . . . . .

## Looking at looking at the seventies: Decadology

AFTER spending the last weekend of the Seventies reading through a collection of Reviews of the Decade, the only consideration I found relevant was which wrist to cut first. And suicide, whether individual or collective, is probably the most logical conclusion of an inward-looking, self-obsessed and almost intolerably miserable and disastrous period of time. As we move into the Eighties, the Daily Telegraph, thinking itself vindicated, calls on President Carter to abandon SALT as Soviet combat troops direct the traffic in Kabul where are parked 'acres' of tanks, troop-carriers and helicopter-gunships. 'Helicopter-gunship'—where have I heard that before? The Seventies—a ghastly stew of economic decline, Proxy War, genocide and apathy have drawn to a close, and the decadologists get out their scalpels for the autopsy.

At such times, there pours forth from the journalistic media a wave of ten-year roundups, the authors of which are often overcome by the mental strain of the task they impose on themselves. Recounting all that bad news in one go is a little anxiety making and liable to send them scurrying to their analysts in good decadal style. One notable survivor of this decennial journalistic junket has been our own director, Professor Dahrendorf, who, incredibly, managed to strike a note of optimism writing in the Sunday Times.

In a rather vague delineation of Britain's hopes for the Eighties—what, for example, is "the social democratic phase of social development", apart from para-alliterative?—Professor D. suggests that it will be Britain's special qualities which save us in the Eighties. Even now, he says, we are too inclined to deprecate ourselves and are the "envy, indeed the dream of many all over the world". The envy, that is, of those who are further up shit creek than we. And it is exactly our special qualities—our obsession with class, pedantry, licensing hours, rigor mortal holds on tradition, civil service run by Oxbridge lobotomies—that have got us into this mess. They will not get us out. For a liberal intellectual like Professor D, surely, the outlook is mesmerizingly gloomy: sexual equality, expansion and improvement of education, entitlement to health care, to name but three marks of civilized society are pruned by a Conservative Government which has "lost its inhibitions", as they say. Still, I salute his lonely stand.

Keith Waterhouse, writing in the Observer Colour Supplement (a periodical well known for biting the conscience of the owner of the hand that feeds it), probably felt the worse for compiling his collage of the decade, entitled, ironically, "A Profile of the '70's person". In fact, so painful is the retrospect that Waterhouse was forced to resort to surrealistic, present tense picture painting in order to capture its full despair. Take this paragraph, for example:

'A townscape that looks like a vast but deserted National Car Park, bisected by cobbled roads that need weeding. A jogger in a

blue track suit is running on the spot at the crumbling kerbside while a funeral procession cruises at fifteen miles an hour past him and towards the flat horizon.'

Jogging, notice, bugs the decadologists, as does Whole Earth-ism, psychoanalysis and I Ching, all of which are signs of '70's narcissism and self-obsession. I Ching, for example, has become a combination of Delphic Oracles, Old Moore's Almanack and Stars On Sunday—a kind of morbid retreat from the future by technological Personkind. But, if you still have anything left in your stomach after Waterhouse's emetic review, you might go on to Peter Conrad's direful decadectomy in the Observer proper.

This was one of two reviews which were especially impressive, and certainly the one which captured most figuratively the period through which we have just had the misfortune to live. In an excellent piece of journalese, full of juicy words like 'tumescent' (with reference to Arnold Schwarzenegger) and 'nympholepsy' (with reference to Woody Allen), Conrad uses vocabulary like belt ammunition to shoot down the gurus and idola of the '70's. Even Woody Allen, the period's parodist-in-chief, is not spared: "This wizened dwarf", cries Conrad, "is actually in love with the remote recollection of his own youth, for the Seventies is the decade in which those who were young in the Sixties began to creak, limp and wrinkle". Not a profound statement, to be sure; more like an arithmetical platitude. But Conrad is really drawing attention to the fact that the '70's is the period in which the marchers, rebels and flower children of ten years ago Copped Out. Having failed to improve the world, we vainly try to improve ourselves: then anti-war demonstrators shouted, "Hell no, we won't go!"; now slimming groups declare, "Hell no, we won't grow!" We also flock in droves to see films like "Apocalypse Now", which, for Conrad is the "last and deadliest insult" of the '70's to the '60's. Far from thinking about affecting the future, we moronically try to escape from it by wallowing in nostalgia ("Grease") or looking upwards for some modern equivalent to the Star of Bethlehem ("Close Encounters").

A second especially biting wind-up appeared at the beginning of the year in Time Out, written by David Widgery—an "Inner City Marxist". In a dirge for the Revolution which never quite happened, this caustic member of the Socialist Workers' Party laments the failure of the 60s to fulfill their promise and his plea now is for the Left to wise up to modern issues like homosexual equality and feminism. For it seems that the Left has been temporarily stunned by a "swing to the right which was almost audible some nights". Trotskyism is alive and well, but only down in the Student Union bar, and the Communist Party continues on the ideological slalom from "formal Stalinism" to a "species of chummy left reformism". All true enough, but, talking about the "winter of discontent", Widgery makes a fatal error in thinking that there was something revolutionary about the strikes. Allowing a hint of optimism to creep into an otherwise gloomy piece, Widgery says "something is stirring". Something is, but it's only *saive qui peut* as the ship slowly sinks.

What about Des Wilson writing in the Illustrated London News, of all things? Well, if you can find it amidst the adverts for Aquascutum



"70s PEOPLE"

and Coutts & Co. his piece recounts the sad, and by now familiar story in penetratingly interpretive terms. "Bomb explosions and gunfire", we learn, "have become a common occurrence in Ulster". All the photos in the general section of the review are of scenes of violence, except one which is of President Nixon saying hi to a little Chinese girl. Wilson, like a ghoulish passer-by peering through the blackened windows of an ambulance into which has been placed the victim of a car crash, charts the "Savage Seventies" with obsessive thoroughness. He even manages to include the crowd disaster at Ibrox Park in 1971—hardly a geo-political event, but it contributes to the deathlike atmosphere of the review.

There was a slightly less shock-horrific account of the decade in the Guardian, by Geoffrey Taylor, full of nice journalistic simplifications and edge smoothing. In the

US, for example, the cry ten years ago was, "Up against the wall, motherfucker!"; now it's, "Have a nice day!". I was also left wondering if Taylor had forewarning of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan because he calls his review "The Gathering Storm". He also refers to General Sir John Hackett's providence-tempting "The Third World War", which is something we seem closer to than at any time since the Cuban Missile Crisis. With the Russians putting everything into Afghanistan except Alexandrov and the Red Army Choir and the US on the verge of a military alliance with China, the clouds are indeed gathering.

From Newsweek one gleans that the '70's have been a decade of change. My God! So that's what it is. A bland, vaguely optimistic review in what a friend of mine calls "that completely useless magazine" might dissuade you from can-

celling your life insurance policy and taking out some foolish loans. In America, the outlook is never entirely gloomy and, as it emanates thence, Newsweek maintains this tradition. For them, the image of the '70's is a jogger, obsessed with the sound of his own breathing and wearing a smile button. Do you know any pessimists who jog?

In spite of isolating a few trends which one can identify from one's own experience of the last ten years, this new discipline of instant history—decadology—fails to catch the historical developments as they actually happen. One of the reasons that the decadologists have had such a field decade this time is that, in 1970, if I remember rightly, very few people predicted accurately the sort of things that have happened since. Let's hope that the present crop of gloom-mongers are proved wrong.

Alex Wynter

## The 1500 metres slouch

POOR Jim Ryan, I'm still convinced they tripped him up. There was I, a pre-pubescent 12 year old rooting for my hero in the 1500m at the Munich Olympics, and, it was in colour, and what's more, it was the first time I had seen a colour television! The smell of fresh plastic and the all pervasive luminescence of the screen are still there in my mind. A decade or so later I'm not really asking whether he was tripped any more, but if it was all worth it.

Images of laughter, sadness, deep thought and banality are all conjured up when I think about television since that fateful day in August 1972. It is to some extent coloured (if you'll pardon the pun) by other, perhaps more significant events of those times, but essentially it is through the medium of television that most of it was succinctly packaged and presented.

In retrospect, little, if anything has changed. Humour remains bound by convention with the bold, exciting frontiers created by "TW3" and "Beyond the Fringe" now leaving a sour taste in the mouth. Aberrations like "Not the Nine O'clock News" succeed in provoking only one emotion in me, and it isn't happiness. Bad taste can be hilarious, but bad bad taste is just

plain annoying. It seems that along with popular music, the trends that propelled television in those exciting early days of the 70's have pushed it off the edge of a cliff, and like the character in a Bugs Bunny cartoon it struggles in perfect impotence just long enough for us to catch its doomed expression before plummeting earthwards. But Bugs Bunny is alright in the next scene so what about television?

The ever-increasing abundance of American Cop shows is significant only because of that: their abundance. I used to like Charlie's Angels/Kojak/The Rockford Files, but after the 822nd episode to use screaming Ford tin cans, helpless beautiful blind girls, hyperintelligent psychic labradors and karate-chopping Private dicks, the eyes glaze over, the heart stops beating and I'm down for suspected coma.

The trouble with violence ad nauseum is that you forget it could be real people getting very hurt. When you hit someone on the jaw so hard that he falls over a table you don't walk away dusting off your fingers. You call for an ambulance and an undertaker. The latter is for him and the ambulance for you. As the programmes become more consumer-orientated they begin to resemble the other junk pro-

duct of the seventies; food. Homogenised, pasteurised, sterilised, monosodium - glutomised, the superlatives just keep on coming. I could continue waxing lyrical but that would really gum up the works.

BBC Shakespeare shows us all how it should be done; badly. It's all so tired, so "been done before". We see theatrical actors acting theatrically; it's great for theatre, but television? The intimacy of theatre—the actual people projecting themselves into other actual people—is all but obliterated by that gently curved glass. There are too many well-known faces for it to be intimate any more. It all boils down to a question of pedantry. Do we dictate our tastes to television, or does television dictate to us?

It is now that the question really needs answering. After a decade of extension and "improvement" the ultimate in TV technology has arrived with a sickening thud. On our "boxes" we can have all the programmes plus news, sport, literature, art, video films and so on, and so on. With a tiny flick of the thumb the world is your coffin, and if you're really lucky you don't even have to move an eyeball. Before very long there won't be any more Jim Ryans left.

Eden Riche



Seventies ..... Seventies ..... Seventies ..... Seventies .....

# WHEN COMMERCE CALLS

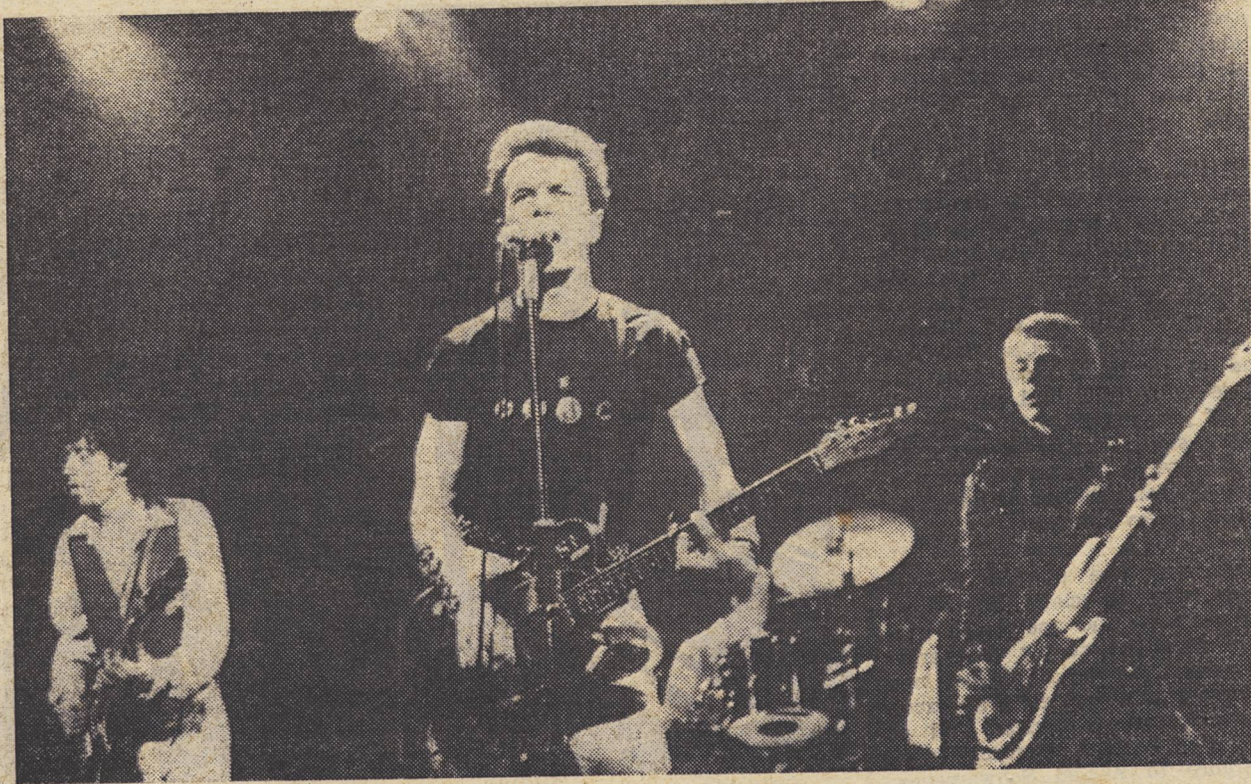
## MUSIC AND THE SEVENTIES

"I could do with the money, I'm so wiped out with things as they are, I'd send my photographs to my honey, I'd come on like a regular superstar."

(David Bowie)

NO matter how one tried, it was hard to enjoy inwardly all the various types of popular music in the seventies, and especially so in the era which saw the appearance of the numerous "teenybopper" idols, "Glamour Rock", varying forms of Disco, the frenzy of Punk and the Mod and Ska revivals. It appears that largely due to increased commercial exploitation, the seventies stand alone as a period of musical movements and often cheap, fashionable trends.

Almost all were shortlived and none have survived the ten-year span without considerable transformation. Wherever one was in the early seventies, at home, in shops, pubs, parties or dances, there was no escaping the sweet tones of the Osmonds, David Cassidy, Gary Glitter and later The Sweet, Slade and the Bay City Rollers. Thousands of hysterical pre-teen kids screamed for their idols, with everything from their signet rings to their tartan jeans inscribed with the name of their hero. As soon as company executives saw the possibility of exploitation, there would be rows and rows of



## THE CLASH:

### MELLOWED FOR COMMERCIAL SUCCESS

identical fan memorabilia — be it glittering high-heeled shoes, two-tone suits or bondage trousers.

Initially at any rate, Punk did away with the need for big businessmen. Anarchy outlined complete individualism and independence; by doing away with convention one could dress as one pleased—anything as long as it shocked.

The movement offered the opportunities of cheap gigs and do-it-yourself records, and again

stressed the dissatisfaction with the existing company monopolies. The Buzzcocks' "Spiral Scratch" EP was the first such "home-made" disc to achieve any amount of recognition and titles such as "Boredom" and "Breakdown" reflected well the common Punk feeling.

Most bands were faced with an impossible dilemma; either they signed to small independent labels to avoid vast company manipulation, and thus reached a strictly limited audience, or they "sold out" to

big established labels in an effort to get their bitter views across. Only recently has the problem been overcome with the emergence of the Mod and Ska revivals. However transient, bands such as Secret Affair and The Specials owe their success to their own independent labels — success which ensures the availability of far more alternative types of music in future years.

Only Disco has retained a fairly consistent form throughout the period and remains the

most important form of music in terms of mass enjoyment — and clearly enjoyment is the most crucial criteria of all. Change is vital, but no-one should be shunned for liking one particular type of music and not another.

After their initial success, groups had to develop musically or be forgotten as soon as the prominent bands from another movement took their place.

The Sex Pistols couldn't compromise and split up, the Clash mellowed and now enjoy considerable commercial success. Only David Bowie has survived the days of Glam-Rock and with others such as the Who has realised "the gift of sound and vision" and expanded into the film industry.

There have been many memorable individual records; few can forget Rolf Harris's "Two Little Boys" or Benny Hill's "Ernie". The numerous nagging chart hits of Abba, Blondie and Wings are already considered as "pop classics," and the fact that the Pistols' "God Save the Queen" reached number two in Jubilee Week and that a Ska version of "Tears of a Clown" is now a top-ten hit almost exactly ten years after it was first written has provided the chart fanatic with many an interesting statistic.

No matter how much one either enjoyed or despised a particular singer, band or movement in the seventies, there has never been a more diverse, stimulating period for so many types of musical taste.

Simon Garfield

# GLAD RAGS

THE golden age of the fig leaf is long gone. With the advance/retreat of the next/previous ice age the demand for a more comprehensive covering has been met with more/less imagination in the past decade.

Commercial designers pour out retrospective revolutions until something sticks, then sell it for all it's worth. (A notable flop, the mini, has failed through popular demand despite heavyweight support). Punk rather surprised the blue chips, but proficient practitioners of band-wagon jumping don't lose out for long. Bondage was in with chain and safety pin (large nappy size, coincidence?) accessories and slashing was no longer confined to vandals.

Unisex and immortal, the blue jean is another decade older. With a zip busting sense of tradition a million bums ooze into denim as flares (wouldn't be seen dead in straights, dharling) slowly tapered out. Loons were a scream — then they weren't and the all-concealing smock has been rele-

gated to Mothercare. The remaining relics of the cheap and classless hippy culture boost Indian Exports and ex-adherents retire to Kashmir or Price Waterhouse.

Mind you "ethnic" still has a place. The communist threat was brought closer as fifth columnist secretaries wore padded Chinese jackets. The odd Apache sounded their wary cry down the King's Road and booted ten-gallon Texans arrive in the nick of time for the Selfridges' sale. Mucking about in dungerees was a practical pastime — predictions have to favour the boiler suit, an appendaged form of the former. Ecology and flatties, leather and tweed — all rather boring but useful for those long country walks to feed the ducks in St James's.

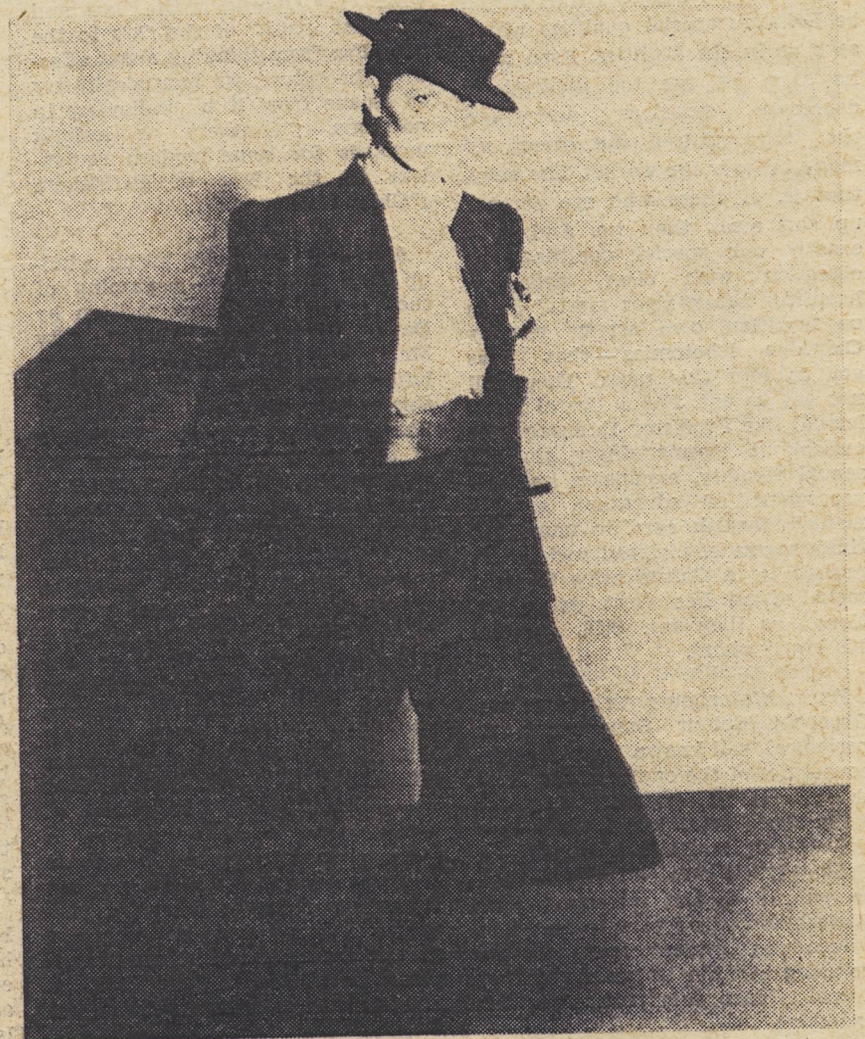
The children of the '70s have been a hatless generation. The rich, extroverts and the bald have stayed the course but for the remainder it was a time for nudity. New wave over-compensation for this deprivation with pink spikes and green streaks (not the Lord's "spectator" type) negate the need for

a lid. Down below the road to deformity has been well trodden by platforms and plimsols, stilettoes and stacks, US sneakers and brothel creepers. In between skirt lengths have bobbed up and down. The mini (for sexy read sexist), midi and maxi were buoyant in turn and the decade ends with a just-below-the-knee compromise. The wrap over, once a multicoloured swirl, has returned, silky and chic (or a Dorothy Perkins version, nylon and nasty).

FOR millions of women their prayers have been answered by Ayatollah Khomeini and his trend-setting enthusiasm for a simple yet feminine outfit sure to please your man. Of course equality does have its drawbacks. Maggie meets QEII over a quick curtsy in same period piece. We, according to the Palace, don't notice that sort of thing.

So farewell to this backward looking decade of the masses. Maybe those 'forties fetishists, fifties flirts and sixties swingers might turn around and enter an original 'eighties.

Rowena Whelan



FASHION'S AGE OF CONFUSION



# CENSURE MOVE FAILS

SITTING nervously in the balcony of the Old Theatre, I felt tremendously apprehensive as a great sense of power and authority was significant only in its absence. Gazing down towards the fore-stage my eyes settled on the Union Executive; those altruistic angels, working their collective hearts out for my benefit. Lucky me.

Suddenly, sounding as though someone had overwound his clockwork mechanism, Curtis Baker began a gabbled tirade against our General Secretary. I didn't actually hear most of what he said, and I'm not sure that he did either.

Curtis, obviously a little carried away seemingly forgot he was addressing people whose presence owed much more to the prospect of joviality than serious debate.

Talking about administration and leadership, he roused the seething militant crowds into an even higher state of apathy. Before long, Curtis had finished his speech to a standing silence. The Chairman, nonchalantly whipped the microphone from the American's sweaty mit, and passed it to the man himself.

Krish Maharaj paused for a moment before speaking, beckoned to his faithful few to stop throwing paper darts, and began to utter deep, meaningful, completely inaudible noises. Sometimes I managed to catch a phrase or two. I noted his denial of being a careerist politician and most im-



Krish Maharaj

portant of all, his schizophrenic personality traits indicated by his exposition on Krish the General Secretary and Krish the real man. One may ask; when is a Krish not a Krish?

A well known blond-haired member of the Executive seized the microphone and announced the support of the Executive for Krish. Rapturous applause was heard. For there it was: the fatal body-blow to the proposed Baker-Raphael coup had been struck.

Next, Harris Raphael, trying desperately to wriggle out of a situation he had not counted on, refused to look at the UGM whilst talking and concentrated on a piece of wood about half-way up the stage-surround, and inevitably Harris fell victim to steadily increasing cries of "Go away."

At first I thought I was imagining it. Then I realised that it was all part of the scheme of things. The fire bell was ringing, and we evacuated the Old Theatre. It was a false alarm. The break served to cool tempers, and deplete numbers. When the meeting was resumed, the motion of censure was put to the vote and overwhelmingly defeated. **Eden Riche**

## 2 A Christmas Carol DECEMBER

A DEPARTMENTAL party, which is a jolly affair; people are sitting cross-legged on the floor, passing round a home-made cigarette with an exotic aroma. It is a sign of the times that students cannot afford their own tobacco nowadays; I must tell Professor Macrae about it.

They are behaving in a curiously light-headed manner; I suppose they are showing their relief from the stresses of academic work. Then they all form a conga and dance around the room, but their natural restraint and good breeding prevail, and the party breaks up when someone tries to lead them into a corridor. I haven't enjoyed myself so much since my stay at Butlin's.

The term ends with the traditional Beaver party. Unfortunately, it fails to live up to my expectations of a Bacchanalian revel, and so I snuggle down in the corner with a bowl of peanuts. Huw Williams is eager to find out who "Pooter" is, and quizzes Steve Mogano, Robert Minikin and Paul Spicker. Alas, he is asking the wrong people...

## JANUARY

I hate New Year. In my part of the country, there is the barbaric custom practised of "first-footing", which means I am thrust out in the biting cold with half the week's groceries tucked precariously under my arms, and have to stand like a

turnip, freezing while the people inside are singing "Auld Lang Syne" and celebrating with a drink and a quick neck behind the sofa.

I come back to the LSE early, my head still reeling from the festivities. The place is deserted; the corridors ring with a sinister, hollow noise, and for a moment the place reminds me more of the set in "the Birdman of Alcatraz" than of "Alice in Wonderland". I take a pill and the illusion disappears; now it is like "Tales from the Crypt".

# BEAVER DIARY

In the spectral mist, I catch a glimpse of the Phantom—a gaunt, tormented creature who wails pitifully and hurls his hands in the air before lurching away in the darkness. I understand he has something to do with the economic history department.

## MONDAY

I am faced with grim reality, the first class of term. Although people really want to spend their time telling each other what they did in

their holidays, they are forced to sit and gather their frustrations through a session in which they are supposed to be refreshed, alert, and responsive. When they get outside the conversation erupts into details of the pair of knitted socks they got from Gran and how much weight they gained.

Let me forestall your enquiries by revealing that I got two Christmas cards, a bottle of sherry, my horoscope for 1980 and some chocolate money, and only out of five pounds.

## WEDNESDAY

In the normal course of events, an academic at a departmental meeting is a little like a Venus fly-trap—there is a loonngg pause, a snap when a tasty morsel comes in range, followed by another pause, and another... But this occasion has all the tension and suspense of "Jaws". Beads of sweat are forming on furrowed brows; someone has whispered the word "cut" into their ears and now there is an unseemly scramble to find fee-paying students.

There might be an interesting experiment here: if only they were wired to a polygraph, I am sure we would detect the frissons of anguish surging through the electrodes. After all, it worked on Aunt Mabel's begonias.

I am shocked to discover that the price of a meal with coffee in the Robinson Room has increased to 98p, at which price even Wright's Bar seems cheap by comparison. I shall complain to Mrs Thatcher when I see her next.

Pooter

# BRIEFLY

## Cards discarded

It has come to our attention that the present card index system in the library is to be phased out and replaced by a V.D.U. reference catalogue. This should speed up operation and save space, but one dreads to think of the problems involved in the changeover, when some books will be on cards and some on microfiche!

## Tuns transformed

Much to the delight of Mr T. Rose, the garrulous and gregarious social secretary, the Three Tuns bar has had a face-lift, having gained red walls and alternate furniture (?!), together with red lighting which successfully masks whatever one is eating and drinking.

## Dahrendorf derided

LSE's dedactic director, Professor Ralph Dahrendorf, has just published another book of his wilfully wise words, copies of which may be obtained from bookshops priced exorbitantly. Unfortunately, Professor Bernard Crick, writing in the "Guardian", was less than enthusiastic and expressed opinions which would hasten the death of "Life Chances".

## Successful Statesman

To celebrate the sale of 1,111 copies of the "New Statesman", the Labour Club presented the purchaser of the

1,111th copy with a book-token value £5. Pictured below are Mr Jeremy Spencer (left), the lucky winner, Mr Francis Wheen (centre) and Mr Christopher Hird, both of the journal in question. Just who is the best statesman is unclear: the winner just happens to live in the same household as Mr Steve Dawson, the Labour Club Treasurer, who organised the competition!

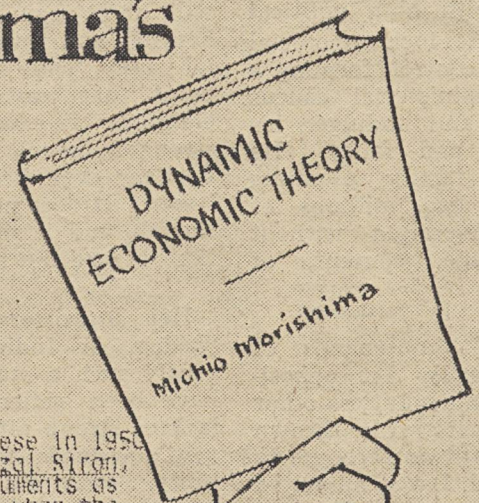


Photo: Fiona Sudworth

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# LSE 1980's FUND

## Chairman Morishima's Little Green Book



Originally published in Japanese in 1950 with the title *Daakuteki Keizai Siron*, this translation contains arguments as relevant in 1980 as they were when the book first appeared.

*Dynamic Economic Theory* combines Samuelson's dynamic stability analysis with Hick's sequential analysis of temporary equilibria. It also examines dynamic paths of economic development. It gives general equilibrium analysis of dynamic propagations of monetary policy effect. The book will be suited to theory orientated undergraduates and M.Sc. or research students.

Professor Morishima says: "The profit from the sale of this book will be given to the 1980's Fund. A reasonable price would be something like £3.00, but I am charging £5.00 for it. What I am asking is that those interested in buying this book will agree with my intention, and pay the extra £2.00 as a donation to future students and friends at the School."

The book is obtainable from Prue Hutton at ICERD, (Tel. 242-3388).



# INDIRA AND INDIA

by Alok Vajpeyi

THIRTY-THREE months after she had been voted out of power, Mrs Indira Gandhi made a spectacular come-back in the seventh Indian General Election last week.

Though the political pundits had tipped Mrs Gandhi to emerge victorious, the decisive nature of her victory, which gave her more than a two-thirds majority in the lower house of parliament, took everyone by surprise. The Janata party, which had formed the previous government, lost with less than 10% of total seats to its name. The marxist Communist Party and the Lok Dal were elected the largest opposition parties in parliament. The Indian electorate had once again shown its highly unpredictable nature.

In 1975 Mrs Gandhi was disqualified as a member of parliament by the High Court, for malpractices in the previous general election. But, instead of resigning as Prime Minister and MP, Mrs Gandhi created the State of Emergency, with effective power in her own hands. Then started a two-year period of dictatorship. Mr Sanjay Gandhi, the younger of Mrs Gandhi's two sons, emerged out of impending business insolvency with high political ambitions. He took unofficial but effective control, forming a high level ministerial caucus around him, and indulged his every whim and fancy. He launched a family planning project and had millions of people vasectomised without regard to age, consent, or health.

Under the Maintenance of Internal Security Act opposition leaders and countless other people were arbitrarily thrown into prison with no recourse to judicial appeal. Large inhabited slum colonies were levelled out by bulldozers, to make the landscape look neater. There was rule by terror.

In 1977 Mrs Gandhi surprisingly released all political

prisoners and announced the sixth general election. She was confident of victory against the Janata, a hastily merged umbrella party formed with the sole aim of destroying Mrs Gandhi and her son. But senior members of her own party left her to join it, thus tilting the balance away from her. Her party lost that election, and she suffered the further humiliation of personal defeat in her constituency. Her son lost his battle for parliament as well. Indian democracy had been emphatically re-asserted

The Janata party, an amalgam of extreme Right wing and Left wing parties, came into power. But its inherently weak base could not withstand continuous infighting. It resulted in social, economic and political chaos in the country, of which the irrepressible Mrs Gandhi took advantage. In late 1979, the Janata party lost a motion of confidence in parliament, which paved the way for Mrs Gandhi's triumphant return, which she now claims is a vindication of her strong and stable term in office.

In some ways the return of Mrs Gandhi is timely, for India needs a strong and stable government; especially today when inflation is rampant, law and order is deteriorating, and violence is the way of life. Also, with the development of Russian influence so close to India in Afghanistan, an efficient leader is needed; and there is no doubt that Indira is efficient. The question, however, is if she will once again bow down to her son and revert to dictatorial rule. The signs seem to point that way, with Sanjay Gandhi's re-emergence as a strong influence in her party. Perhaps even he has learnt a lesson. It does not seem likely, though, and it may be a long time before the next election.

Her supporters believe that "Indira is India". Until recently such a statement would have been ridiculed; but the lack of strong alternate leadership now lends this belief credibility. Why did Congress (I) win the elections? The answer can be found in a rejected ballot paper on which a dejected voter had scribbled, "What is the point in voting—they are all crooks". Mrs Gandhi seemed to be the best of the bunch.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

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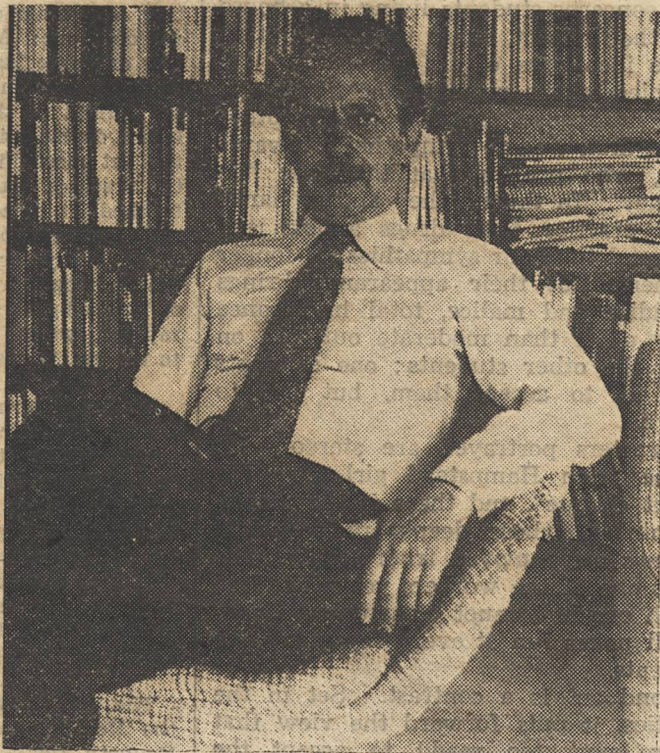
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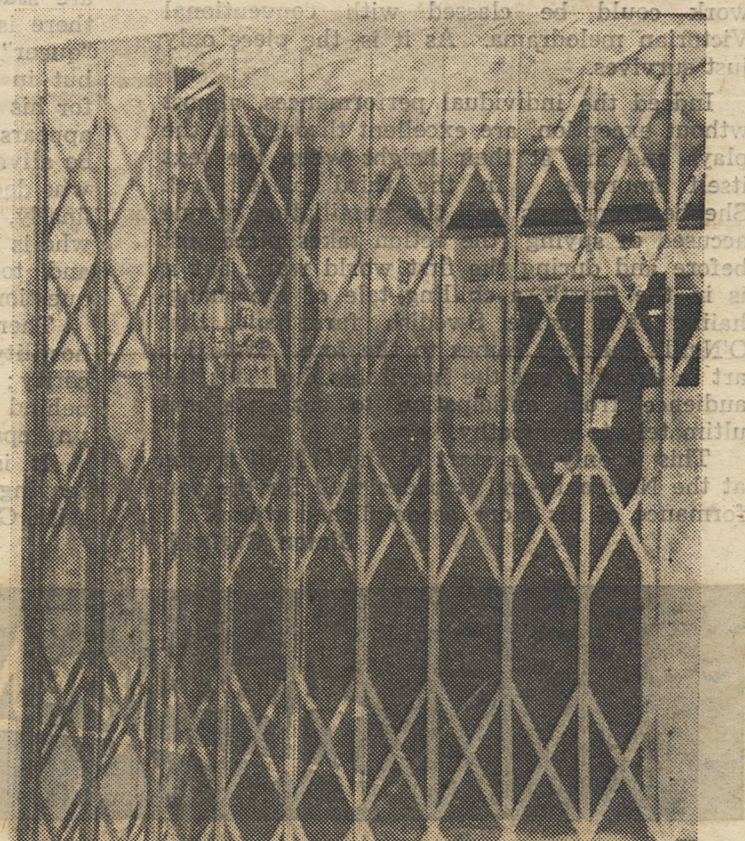


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# THE LONDON ARTS

## The long voyage home Macmillan's Mayerling

JOHN LAHR writes in the programme notes that "before Eugene O'Neill, America had entertainment; after him, it had drama" and, although this is not O'Neill at his best by any means, there is still much in this grouping of four early plays to substantiate this statement. In the same way as August Strindberg found it necessary to base the majority of his drama on autobiographical events, in "The Long Voyage Home" at the Cottesloe Theatre, O'Neill draws on his own personal experience to create a collection of diverse and moving short plays of the sea.

In doing so, he attempts to dispel all popular myths of mystery and romanticism and presents life as cruel and full of tragic human suffering. O'Neill wrote these plays at different stages of his career—we see his very first play here—and while each of the four is concerned with different themes, unity is maintained by the reappearance of several characters in each.

The first is the least convincing and, concentrating as it does on monotony and loneliness of life at sea, stresses the men's dependence on alcohol and local girls—recurrent themes in much of O'Neill's work. The second shows a slow death below deck, yet teeters dangerously close to the hackneyed slush that O'Neill tries to avoid. (It is no mere coincidence that John Wayne stars in the film adaptation of this play.) Had the acting in this production been of an inferior quality, O'Neill's work could be classed with conventional Victorian melodrama. As it is, the piece only just survives.

Indeed the individual performances, almost without exception, are excellent throughout the plays and are at their height when the text itself improves. In the third piece, Jack Shepherd portrays well the humiliation of one accused of spying (the action takes place just before and during the first world war), but it is in the fourth, a chilling tale of the shanghaiing of a naive Swedish farm-hand, that O'Neill's mastery comes to the fore. With his art in drawing out the inevitable, he leads the audience from anticipation to suspense and ultimately to sympathy.

This is only the start of the O'Neill season at the National—and it bodes well for the performance of his more accomplished works.

Simon Garfield

"HEROES", by Doug Lucie Theatre at New End, Hampstead.

"HEROES" concerns students living in a house in Oxford; the first act, set in the late 'sixties, explores the ideologies of six people.

Two hippies take a room in the house and immediately it arouses hostility in the other residents; at first, we are sympathetic towards the hippies, who profess that they are "on another planet". In theory, they appear harmless but, in practice, their drugs almost lead to a killing and thus our sympathies no longer lie with them. But their appearance brings about prejudice and malice, total intolerance on anything other than moderate outlooks on the part of the other students; one attempts to understand, to accept them, but has to admit failure.

The characters portrayed are stereotypes: there is the "rich Hampstead girl, awaiting daddy's next cheque", and there is the ideologist, the thinker, whose deeply philosophical socialist views are removed from reality, who thinks he is one of the workers yet when face to face with one he cannot communicate, cannot cope. It pokes fun at every representative of the students.

The second act is a contrast. Set in the late 'seventies, it puts forward the view that students are now too ready to accept the status quo, with their views continually becoming more conservative. No longer, it appears, are students prepared to accept individuals—there is a reference to a "black". There is a "queer" who wants to be accepted by society, but in his apathy does not go out and fight for his rights; there is the trade unionist who appears to be the only character prepared to be alive and active; there is the mixed-up girl who declares that she cannot cope with life and, finally, there is the scientist, sponsored by ICI, who is besotted with his molecular experiments and too ready to accept life as it comes, questioning nothing it brings.

There does not appear to be as much hostility in the second act, but there is insincerity; people are wary of each other, hiding behind their brick walls in their insecurity, unprepared to accept each other.

It is a very significant play and perhaps moving; the performances were good all round, with Geof Atwell giving the best one.

Jeremy Rosenblatt.

THE Royal Ballet's revised production of Swan Lake, presented over Christmas, was rather disappointing. The main change was a very welcome one: Ashton's passionate and dramatic last act replaced the Sergeyev version, which was much too formal in the build-up to the lovers' double suicide. Unfortunately the act most in need of revision, the first act, was left virtually untouched. It is a disaster, dramatically, merely postponing the start of the story for half-an-hour, and the choreography is a hotch-potch of pieces by at least four choreographers, which doesn't do justice to the great music.

Of the ballerinas attempting the almost impossible double role of Odette/Odile (the true swan princess and her wicked double), both Jennifer Penney and Marguerite Porter showed promise as Odette but failed to convey the quite different character of Odile. Neither came near Lesley Collier's complete interpretation. Dowell was predictably supreme as the Prince.

The ballet being performed by the Royal Ballet during January, Kenneth MacMillan's Mayerling, is also concerned with a double suicide, but that's where the similarities end. The ballet depicts the life of Prince Rudolf from his forced marriage to a Belgian Princess to his double suicide with the 16-year old Mary Vetsera the latest in a long line of mistresses. Rudolf's relationship with various women—his mother, mistresses and wife—make up both the dramatic and choreographic core of the work through a series of contrasting pas de deux. The one at the end of act one, in which Rudolf rapes his wife on their wedding night, is one of the most terrifying pieces of choreography ever devised, and the

others (and indeed the rest of the choreography) are almost as remarkable.

'Mayerling' shows the Royal Ballet at its best, and all the cast are superb, but I would pick out Collier's Mary Vetsera, Merle Park's Countess Lavinia and all the Rudolfs (Wall, Eagling and Jeffries) as truly great performances.

Two highly enjoyable Verdi operas are being performed in London at the moment. The ENO is presenting the long but always entertaining "Force of Destiny". The action-packed story is hard to summarise, but it ends with the usual plethora of bodies—two of the three leading characters in the revised version and all three in the original version. The last scene may sound a little melodramatic, but in fact it's the highlight of the opera, and very moving as sung by Josephine Barstow. The other outstanding member of the cast is Nell Howlett, one of the few British baritones with an Italian ring to his voice. He plays the heroine's brother, who kills his sister in the last scene, having just been mortally wounded by her lover.

The much more concise and even more tuneful "La Traviata" is on at Convent Garden during January. Kiri te Kanawa is a beautiful Violetta, but she could be more moving in her death scene. Stuart Burrows is a rather over-age and unconvincing Alfredo (Violetta's lover). The star of the evening is Renato Bruson, the great Italian baritone, as Alfredo's hard-hearted father who forces Violetta to give up Alfredo, and thus effectively hastens her death (from consumption).

J. D. Johnson

## Apocalypse Now

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA'S "Apocalypse Now" arrived amid media hysteria and a serious critical acclaim hitherto unknown to the makers of straight forward war epics. Billed as the last word in combat simulation, it was a guaranteed box office smash given the States' "Nam" obsession and an audience with a heavy penchant for sensationalism.

Brando plays an ex-West Point superstar, the renegade Colonel Kurtz, while Martin Sheen portrays the silent Capt. Willard who, while journeying up river to terminate the Colonel's command, discovers that even burnt out pros have moral convictions.

Episodic encounters line the anabasis. The bizarre Colonel Kilgore (Robert Duval) launches his legendary chopper attack to Wagner's triumphal "Ride of the Valkyries". Play-

mates perform to over excited GIs and bemused locals who continue eating rice on the wrong side of the fence. The "arsehole of the world" turns out to be an anarchic battle for control of the Do Lung Bridge, the last American base on the river. And beyond this hell...?

From here on in Coppola embraces Conrad, proffering a primitive world with Brando as a murderous God and crude alternatives to the military sophistication of the war. From his temple compound, Kurtz's barbarity spills over the Cambodian jungle and his Montagnard followers watch passively. Yet it is here, at the supposed heart of the film, that Coppola founders. Confusing breadth for depth, he wallows in mysticism and literary obscurities. Willard confronts the moralising Kurtz whose physical concealment is contrasted with his all pervading

ego. His utterances are a tribute to the total dedication of his enemy and the message by no means unique to the Vietnam war. Lashing of T. S. Eliot and ritual sacrifice make for cinematic not intellectual climaxes.

Technical excellence disguises superficiality. Through the expert eyes of Vittorio Storaro's camera-work, the war is glorious and grandiose while Michael Herr's narration is coldly authentic. It seems a shame that the so-called definitive war film of the decade should be imprisoned in the American idiom. The Vietnamese are treated as camera fodder, whole populations being recruited as extras in the great Hollywood tradition. "Apocalypse Now" entirely ignores the civilian tragedy which is the continuing epitaph to American intervention.

Rowena Whelan







## NEW LOOK FOR TUNS

AS many of you may know there is an under-used bar in the basement of the St Clements Building run by the Students' Union. It is regarded by most students as a place to avoid if you want to have a good night out.

Well, I don't propose to change that this year, at least I realise it would be difficult to remodel its entire image by June 1980.

But in the next two weeks a real effort is being made to brighten the place up—we're repainting it Florrie's green and moving expensive Swedish furniture. Sorry—I mean we are repainting it a tasteful colour and searching

for some robust furniture which can be reused in our new site. Because, as you may or may not know, the Bar will have to close in its basement site this year when the licence runs out due to the environmental health regulations. Hopefully a new site will be arranged in time so we want to give it a good send off.

Meanwhile the Three Tuns is going to be "spruced up" with additional lighting, replacement furniture and a lick of paint. Alongside these measures there will be more socials held in the Bar with attractions such as cheap beer, darts matches, pool tournaments etc. If any society wishes to hold a social in the "new" bar please contact Toby Rose in S118 or Chas Holines in the Bar.

## RAGWEEK REPORT

Rag week is progressing well with more events being added as time goes on. Sponsored "Space Invaders" has been suggested so organisers/participants would be most welcome. Call into Rag HQ S118 at anytime to offer your services.

Help is needed for work on stalls, publicity, and on displays: so volunteers come forward: basically anyone is welcome to help in whatever way they can.

We are opening entries for the Bed Race to be held on Thursday, 6th March (route still being arranged with the Metropolitan Police). Please contact Henry Stewart via S118. Valuable prizes to be won.

The 4-a-side football tournament is getting underway so or-

ganise yourselves into teams and present yourself to Sergio Pellegrinelli in E65.

The Rag Committee takes pleasure in announcing the bill for the 1980 Rag Ball subtitled Nostalgia night. Childhood memories will come flooding back during the set of the one and only Gary Glitter, you won't be able to stand still to Desmond Dekker, and we'll have a disco, films, late bars, food, raffle and many other surprises, over the week including (subject to confirmation) an all-niter.

Just to remind you of the other events planned; there will be a sponsored Tube Trek on Sunday, 2nd March, Pie Throwing 3rd March, Welly Throwing 4th March, Children's Party on 5th March. If you want to help this year's charity effort just drop into S118 anytime and we can give you a job.



## THE SMIRKS: making dancing compulsory

THE LANCASHIRE BAND RETURN TO THE L.S.E.. THIS FRIDAY, APPEARING IN THE THREE TUNS BAR AT 7.30.

## BAR GAME CHAMPS

### Darts

TEAMS of 8 are required for the darts and names should be handed into Kevin Morrice behind the Three Tuns Bar.

The first prize is a trophy donated by Sam Smiths and the runners up will receive a trophy from Charringtons.

### Pool

Contact Mark behind the

Three Tuns bar if you wish to take part in either:

Pairs: the prize—a trophy donated by Brighthouse games. Individual: prize of two pool cues to be donated by Brighthouse games.

The heats will take place between now and the 4th March when the final will be held at the start of Rag Week in the Bar. Entries to be received by February 1st.

## L.S.E. band talent

THE LSE "Co-op" is a recently-formed group of musicians who are trying to encourage new bands to form and perform within the LSE. The backbone of this formidable group is made up of "The Jive" and "Alien Culture" but there are other groups already interested and also individual musicians.

The services which membership of the Co-op will provide are considerable. There is a pool of equipment which can be loaned out for use on the premises and under the supervision of one of the owners. Also, there is rehearsal space available each weekday night, but it needs to be booked in advance.

This term on 20th February there will be an LSE bands talent evening in the Three Tuns, where a band (over 50% LSE student membership) will be chosen to represent LSE at the London Student Talent Contest at City University on Friday, 14th March.

If you want to join up with other musicians at the college with a view toward an eventual album or even recording studio or even record label or... or just to have a great time...

## YOUR RAG MAG NEEDS YOU . . .

ANGELA BENTON and her devoted crew are already embarked on the production of this year's Rag Mag, but still require vast legions of insane volunteers to assist in the compilation of this magnificent volume.

If you can either write, design, or know any (original) jokes please call into the Beaver Office, S116, where Angela will welcome you with open arms. A more tempting offer would be hard to find.

## COURT CIRCULAR

Friday, 1st February—  
THE SMIRKS  
(see above)

Friday 15th February—  
ROSEBERY DISCO

Wednesday 20th February—  
LSE BANDS TALENT  
CONTEST, Three Tuns.

Winner represents LSE at London College Finals.

Friday 7th March—  
RAG BALL:  
NOSTALGIA NIGHT.

Garry Glitter, Desmond Dekker, Films, Food, Disco, etc.



THE RAGWEEK COMETH . . .



# ATHLETIC UNION

## COSMOS

The 1st XI rejuvenated by Nigel Brynner and Slick Squires began the new term with renewed verve, vigour and venom with a vicious mauling of the once famous LSE Cosmos. This game saw 10 goals mercilessly pounded past a feeble uninspiring Cosmos side, with their first choice 'keeper taken off with jetlag after a whirlwind four-goal blitz in the first seven minutes.

Continuing this firebrand artistry they then trounced highly-rated Kings 1st XI. A devastating spell mid-way through the first half saw Mad McIntosh grab all four first-half goals, completely demoralising the visitors.

With Dave Bailey bulging out of his shirt and also showing some delicate touches on the right wing, the boys then decided to turn the screw.

Glennon was a dejected

figure after missing his second open corner of the game midway through the second half.

This disappointment was alleviated with two further goals from Pittalis and Lewis—with the seventh goal thundered into the net from the narrowest of angles by stand-in captain Dave Squires. The game was nicely rounded off by the first-hand ball of the season.

We would like to congratulate the third XI on their deadly accuracy from the penalty spot (missing three in one game). We would also like to wish the Rugby Club luck in attempting to arrange a fixture during the coming term. The 5th XI managed a devastating win recently, masterminded by their mentor mighty Boyle—they defeated a full strength 3rd XI 7-3.

People from the 1st XI.

## JUDO AND KARATE

THE LSE associated as it is in the popular imagination with peaceable loonies of the academic sort seems a strange place for the martial arts to flourish. And yet between six and seven on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the Gym fairly resounds with Kiais (a Kiai I should explain is the fecocious shout that accompanies every attack in Karate).

The type of Karate taught in the school is Shokotan karate which emphasises speed and power. The instructors are all black belts and are masters of technique.

Karate is both an excellent method of keeping fit and a highly effective form of self defence. It has the further advantage of not demanding any special physique. Women in particular are under no disad-

vantage. So much so that two of the instructors are women.

For those who find Karate too strenuous or too lethal a pleasant alternative is Judo. The first few lessons may leave you with the feeling that it little deserves its title of "the gentle way" but with practice you will begin to enjoy it. Judo incidentally is taken by Mr Balmer, the statistics lecturer, this ensures the alternation of bouts of laughter with bouts of fighting.

Judo sessions are held every Wednesday between four and six in the Old teaching library. A separate self defence course for women is held on Thursdays. This is also taken by Mr Balmer. It is not too late to join either Judo or Karate. All you have to do is turn up at any of the classes.

## U.S. students boost basketball

THE basketball team is currently competing for the University Athletic Union Championship. Building upon a few seasoned veterans, the team was infused with the fresh blood of new students, "NA" in type. (North American). The World Sports Council has awarded the team the honour of most promising team of the 1980s.

In the preliminary round of the UAU tournament the team achieved average victory margins of over twenty points. This weekend the team is travelling to Colchester to play the University of Essex. The last weekend in January the Beavers will be trying for the English Crown. The second weekend of February the magnificent twelve in Manchester will play for the United Kingdom championship.

With any luck, LSE should have its first all UK champions.

## TOURISTS TROUNCE LSE

The visit of the Irish National Squad to London last week may have been rather unsuccessful, but national pride was salvaged to some extent by their countrymen, Rathmines College, Dublin, who beat L.S.E. by a convincing 20 points to six.

Literally "straight off the boat (train)" the visitors went straight to New Malden and proceeded to humiliate L.S.E. in what was described in playing circles as a "hard but fair game."

After a small celebration, the visitors were taken to Rosebery Hall where they doubled the numbers at the Disco and doubled the take on the door.

Rosebery residents have expressed surprise at the high standard of the tourists' behaviour. "We didn't even know they were here. Rugby is obviously a different ball game in Ireland." Unfortunately that is not the view taken by the Rosebery Administration who did not welcome the visitors sleeping on the television room floor and have written a letter of complaint to the A.U.

It is to be hoped that Rathmines College do not harbour grudges or share L.S.E. views on hospitality when L.S.E. travel to Dublin for a return fixture which is to be timed to coincide with the Wales-Ireland fixture on March 15th.

The Rugby Club attributed the reason for their defeat thus:

"Unfortunately the Rugby Club has not yet got itself together. This may have something to do with the fact that our gorgeous chubby Geordie Captain is rumoured to be in hibernation deep in the Mill Hill area. We await news of him with hope in our hearts."



Rugby sub given a helping hand.

## APOLOGY

AS keen alert readers are already aware, this is the first issue of Beaver to appear this term. Following the Christmas break, all of the collective arrived back in S116 happy, refreshed and eager to construct yet another controversial and witty issue. Despite all the good intentions, tempers are now somewhat frayed and due largely to the gaping inadequacies of British Rail, the issue appears roughly two weeks late. Having not only mislaid the original copy for a day, they decided to lose the proofs altogether—and even now an uncorrected issue of Beaver could be anywhere in the British Isles.

Above all we wish to thank our faithful printers for coping with all the inconvenience and delay. The next issue, British Rail permitting, will be out in a couple of weeks, and any articles, as always, will be gratefully accepted.