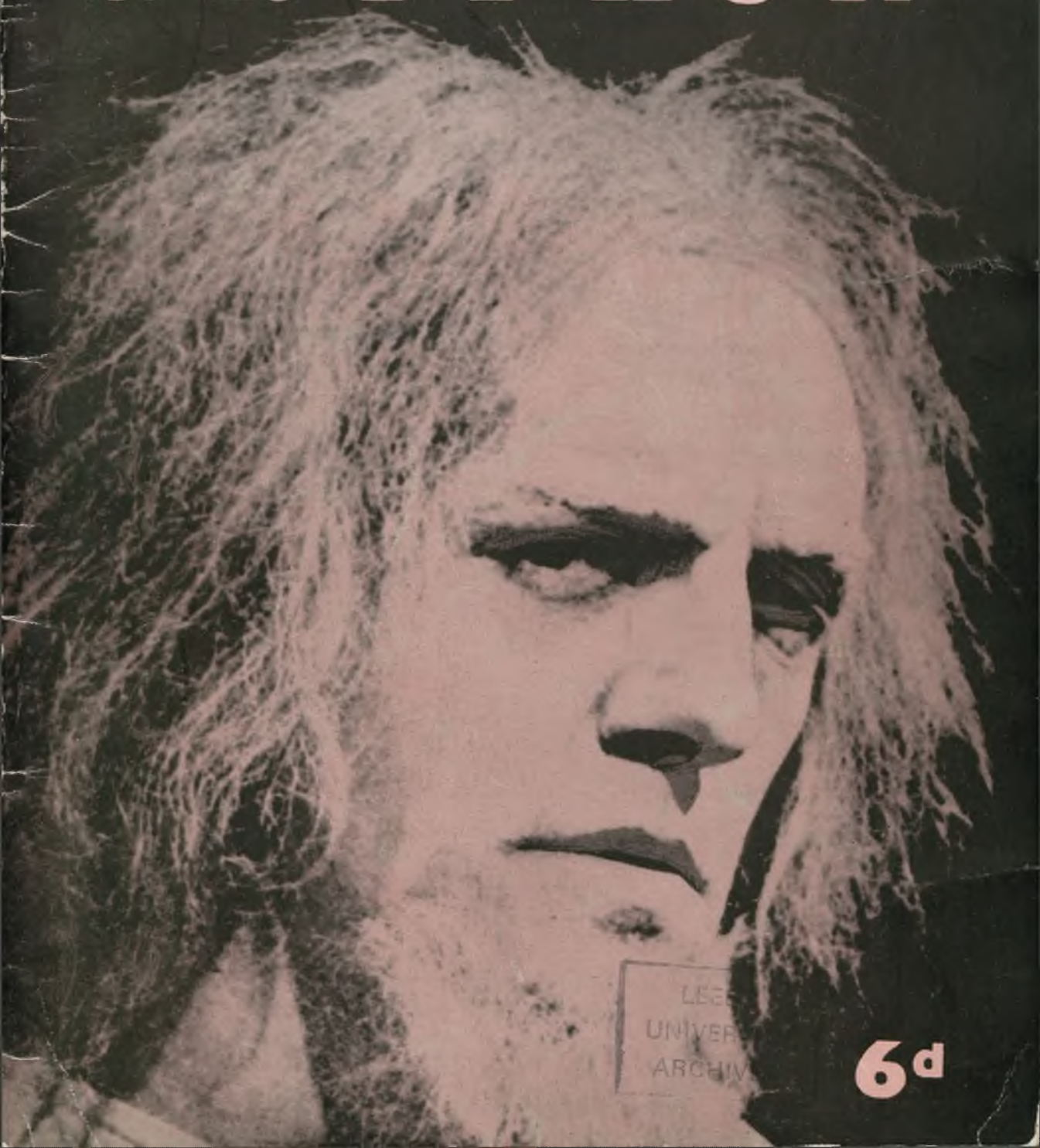
GRYPHON



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Training for Management

with

The National Coal Board

Coal mining today is very largely a new industry. It is steadily being transformed by the continuous reconstruction which has been taking place over the last decade.

In order to carry out this programme of reconstruction and development, it is essential for us to have suitably qualified and well trained men.

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Write for full particulars to the Divisional Chief Staff Officer, National Coal Board, 16 South Parade, Doncaster, or get in touch with the Secretary of your University Appointments Board to arrange an interview with representatives from the National Coal Board when they visit Leeds University on 27th February, 1961.

GRYPHON

WINTER 1960

GRYPHON IS THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNION

EDITORIAL OPINION

IN this issue the attention of a large sector of Gryphon focuses on Nottingham. The recent increase of interest in Lawrence, in the Universities, on the paper-back bookstalls, on T.V., in the cinema and even in court, has coincided with the emergence of a group of Nottingham writers such as Malcolm Bradbury, Stanley Middleton and Alan Sillitoe (see 'Writers in Location'). References to Lawrence's views on obscenity and the case of Lady Chatterley's Lover in Alan Andrews' article and a short story by a Nottingham contributor complete the local theme.

The remainder of the issue answers a demand for more thorough handling of subject matter which was registered after the last issue. We hope the arrangement now coincides more closely with what the University wants.

In the past, compliments and complaints have often fallen on bad ground in the sense that our sellers are immune to both. It is true that all members of the Union are implicated in our success or failure but it is also inevitable that the reader can only read the best of what is available to be published. The regularity with which a small group of members are required to produce, write for and illustrate the bulk of Union publications gives a thoroughly distorted view of the Leeds' intellectual scene . . . Editors of Gryphon repeat until they are blue in the face that (a) contributions, (b) suggestions, and (c) comments are the essentials of the magazine's existence and every means, written and oral, are available for the transmission of these ideas to the editorial board:

1. Notes can be pinned to the Gryphon office notice board. Gryphon office is opposite the Porter's office in the main Union building.

2. A Gryphon box is marked clearly in the ground-floor corridor, near the card-room en route to the Mouat.

3. Mail addressed to the Editor is reserved for him by the portering staff.

4. Pigeon-holes and personal contacts are quick and convenient and open to anyone.

A Freshman or any newcomer attracted to the idea of helping in any function of the magazine's existence will find that he is at a great advantage if he comes forward; he will be unique.

contents

Drawings by Peter Brady and Owen Roberts

Photos by Dick Dulieu processed under Walter Dickenson by the Huddersfield Examiner

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WRITERS IN THEIR LOCATION

Lawrence and the mining Country

D. H. LAWRENCE now seems to stand out so significantly on the cultural landscape of the recent past, as a writer of such central importance for our understanding of our society and ourselves, that it is useful to recall that the experiences which helped to shape the early growth of his consciousness were part of a childhood and youth in a Nottinghamshire mining village.

"I was born nearly forty-four years ago" he wrote in 1929, "in Eastwood, a mining village of some three thousand souls about eight miles from Nottingham, and one mile from the small stream, the Erewash which divides Nottinghamshire from Derbyshire." Both the essay, 'Nottingham and the Mining Country' and the more strictly personal 'Autobiographical Sketch, were written late in Lawrence's life and each embodies more than a private nostalgia for his younger days. Certainly there is a feeling for the human values of that mining community, but the expression of this does not involve the rejection of a critical attitude to the society of which it was part —and an attitude no less critical for its passionate intensity.

Eastwood had come into existence directly as a result of the opening of a string of coal-mines in the early nineteenth century. The fellowship of the pit dominated the life of the men-folk. "The physical awareness and intimate **togetherness** was at its strongest down pit. When the men came up into the light they blinked . . . Nevertheless, they brought with them above ground a curious dark intimacy of the mine . . . My father loved the pit. He was hurt badly more than once, but he would never stay away. He loved the contact, the intimacy, as men in the war loved the intense male comradeship of the dark days." With the women it was otherwise. "The collier fled out of the house as soon as he could, away from the nagging materialism of the woman. With the women it was always: This is broken, now you've got to mend it, or else, We want this, that, and the other, and where is the money coming from? The collier didn't know and didn't care very deeply his life was otherwise. So he escaped."

He escaped into the countryside. Lawrence's feeling for and evocation of particular landscapes is a remarkably powerful characteristic of his work. The establishment of the Marsh Farm and its environment at the opening of **The Rainbow** evidences this quality admirably. The countryside is used as antithesis and contrast to the ugliness of the townships and the mines which "were, in a sense, an accident in the landscape." As with the social effects of industrialisation as it had happened in England, so too this contrast was burnt into Lawrence's experience in his growing-up. For both were parts of the same experience, an experience which

exposed real problems in human relationships. The problems were not unique to the environment, but the way in which the environment revealed them is a major factor in Lawrence's achievement.

"The real tragedy of England, as I see it, is the tragedy of ugliness. The country is so lovely: the man-made England is so vile . . . it was ugliness which betrayed the spirit of man, in the nineteenth century. The great crime which the moneyed classes and promoters of industry committed in the palmy Victorian days was the condemning of the workers to ugliness, ugliness, ugliness: ugly religion, ugly hope, ugly love, ugly clothes, ugly furniture, ugly houses, ugly relationship between workers and employers."

Richard Masters

(Quotations from "Nottingham and the Mining Country" in D. H. Lawrence's **Selected Essays**. Penguin, 1950. pp.114-122).

CONTEMPORARY Nottingham provides the location for the novels of Malcolm Bradbury, Alan Sillitoe and Stanley Middleton. Their resemblance to Lawrence and to one another ends there. Malcolm Bradbury made his mark with the measured terms and satirical commentary of "Eating People is Wrong.' His target was local University and literary circles. Alan Sillitoe is the author of the best-seller, 'Saturday Night and Sunday Morning' in which many critics have detected the genuine expression of working class attitudes to work, play, sexual relations and the inevitability of settling down for the first time in novel form. Stanley Middleton's last published—and most highly praised—novel is 'Harris's Requiem,' a novel of unusual intellectual honesty which describes both the impeding and the unexpectedly encouraging influence of the local set-up on the progress of an ambitious but psychologically well-balanced young composer.

The last words in this short focus on Nottingham writing belong to Mr. Middleton himself . . . . .

I HAVE never heard of anyone trying to prove that Lemuel Gulliver had any of the peculiar characteristics of a Nottinghamshire man, although he presumably lived there for the first fourteen years of his life before he was sent to Cambridge.

City Centre, Nottingham

And if research established that Swift knew Nottinghamshire well, gave Gulliver local turns of phrase and so forth, would anyone claim that the 'Travels' was a better book on that account?.

I use the Nottinghamshire background in my novels because its the one I know best. It so happens that it's now permissable, almost obligatory, to present a provincial milien, but if this were not so, I don't doubt I could work out the problems I write about in cottages in the Cotswolds or elsewhere without making too many obvious blunders. If I made mistakes, my book would not be judged, I hope, on these defects but on other qualities.

The organization of a novel is a long and difficult process; at least for me. I, therefore, try to make the job as simple for myself as I can. If I describe a street of the sort I see every day, or rewrite, not copy, a conversation of the sort I hear, then it's less trouble than grubbing about in libraries or going the rounds in Fatehpur Sikri or Fowley with my note-book and tape-recorder. The other problems are quite enough to keep me occupied at full stretch. This has nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that there are some people who look on the inhabitants of Leeds, Nottingham and such places as picturesque characters with all the appeal of Martians, Straits Chinese or Uzbekistanis. I'm annoyed when somebody tells me I've hit off the local character or scenery, and then says nothing about my characters falling into or out of love, trouble, happiness; nothing about my novel moving the reader, or amusing, instructing, even depraving him, only that he recognises the pub on page 42 as the one his grandpa was slung out of. Either he's no critic or I'm no novelist.

It's lucky too, if your young life is spent in the district you describe. Things are hammered home then; look at Lawrence and his chapel hymns. I've built up a large complex of feelings about the local face (which doesn't exist), the local talk (which I pull about like chewing-gum), the local geography (which I reinvent to suit myself). But I'm moved by the scruffs and posh of Nottingham as I am not moved by those of Natal. I don't know any.

My characters, then, work out their salvation. or otherwise with clothes, houses, speech customs, habits that I recognise as authentic That satisfies me, but I don't blind myself to the fact that it's the salvation that counts, not the rig or the accent.

About 'style' I hardly dare speak. I never think, when I'm writing, how I'm saying a thing, only what I'm saying. Not that the two can be separated, except by examiners. And I use such words as I know. And if one's writing is based, as mine is, on the way one speaks, quite clearly the local demotic will have its place. It might be worth while to get your language-experts to examine these notes and see what evidence there is of my North Midland upbringing in them.

Which of these things is most important? The fact that I'm consciously and subconsciously involved with a place I have grown up in. If it happens that my choice of locale puts too great limitations on me, so much the worse for my chances of writing a good novel. I've never seen a Queen in conference with her Prime Minister; if I wrote such a scene, there'd be nothing authentic about it except insofar as I made the two recognisable human beings. That's the important thing. Why don't I fill my novels with queens and prime ministers then? It's because I think the society I live in is sufficiently rich to give me scope to portray all I think I'm capable of and because it excites me more, triggers off the necessary energy to start on the long grind necessary to plan and write a novel. I may change my mind or have it changed for me. But not as I feel now. Where your heart is, there's your treasure.

Stanley Middleton

The dirty little secret

Alan Andrews

"THE greatest of all lies in the modern world is the lie of purity and the dirty little secret. The grey ones left over from the nineteenth century are the embodiment of this lie. They dominate in society, in the Press, in literature, everywhere. And, naturally, they lead the vast mob of the general public with them.

Which means, of course, perpetual censorship of anything that would militate against the lie of purity and the dirty little secret and perpetual encouragement of what may be called permissible pornography, pure, but tickling the dirty little secret under the delicate underclothing. The grey ones will pass and will commend floods of evasive pornagraphy, and will suppress every outspoken word.

As I write nine men and three women are closeted in a room at the Central Criminal Court in London "sitting on hard chairs round a table reading a book in one another's presence". That book is the Penguin edition of **Lady Chatterley's Lover.** The publishers were committed for trial on a summons under the Obscene Publications Act, 1959, alleging that they published an obscene book, that is an unexpurgated edition of this sadly notorious novel by D. H. Lawrence.

The Act of 1959 modified the law in two important respects. "An article shall be deemed to be obscene if its effect . . . . is, **if taken as a whole**, such as to tend to deprave and corrupt persons who are likely, having regard to all relevant circumstances, to read, see or hear the matter contained in it." (My italics.) It is important that the work now be taken as a whole and its overall effect be assessed, not that of selected extracts. It was on this point that Mr. Mervyn Griffith-Jones, in his opening speech for the Crown at the Old Bailey was not allowed to read particular passages of **Lady Chatterley's Lover** until after the jury had read the whole book. Nevertheless, it should be noted, this did not prevent the learned gentleman from describing particular incidents in a way calculated to prejudice sympathetic appreciation. It ought not to be surprising either that these passages of his speech were prominent in the next day's Press reports.

The second modification exempts persons from conviction "if it is proved that the publication of the article in question is justified as being for the public good on the ground that it is in the interests of science, literature, art or learning, or of other objects of general concern." Hence the defence at the Old Bailey has a string of witnesses to testify to the literary quality of Lawrence's work, evidence which was not previously legally admissible.

It must be emphasised that the 1959 Act is no more than a modification of a persisting attitude. The administration of the previous Obscene Publications Act of 1857 was based largely on a passage in the judgment of Chief Justice Cockburn in the Crown v. Hicklin in 1868. The test was then laid down as being "whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." If this is compared with the test specified in the current Act, quoted above, it can be seen to be more like than unlike. Further, in spite of Mr. Justice Stable's brilliant gloss on the Cockburn ruling his summing-up in **The Philanderer** case (Regina v. Warburg, 1954) in which he refuted the idea that a decision about "into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall" meant that we must "take our literary standards as being the level that is suitable for a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl"—in spite of this, Mr. Griffith-Jones has challenged his jury with: "Would you approve of your young sons and daughters—because girls can read as well as boys—reading this book? Is it a book

you would have lying around in your house? Is it a book you would even wish your wife or your servants (sic) to read?" This was said after he had commended to the jury Lord Goddard's injunction: "Do not approach this matter in any priggish, high-minded, super-correct, mid-Victorian manner."!

Yet, as Mr. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., who defended Penguin Books, pointed out, one of the curious things about such cases is that no one ever supposes that the Director of Public Prosecutions, counsel and witnesses on either side, the jury and the judge are likely to become corrupted or depraved as a result of reading the book. "It is always someone else, it is never ourselves."

Let us notice, too, that depravity and corruption are expected to stem in this as in so many other cases from an honest and imaginative attempt to describe and discuss the sex relation. Can it really be that there are people who deny the validity, if not the crucial importance, of this element in the lives of each and every human being? Mr. Griffith-Jones at the end of his recital of incidents deplored "the emphasis always on the pleasure, the satisfaction, the sensuality of the episode."

Lawrence was and would be impatient of the processes of the law, in spite of the discomfort and damage inflicted thereby upon his personally and upon his subsequent reputation as an imaginative writer demanding to be taken seriously. One hopes that the present case will be a last blow to the conspiracy against his work. But if it is not, we shall have had one further verification of his impatience and of his own charge that "The law is a dreary thing, and its judgments have nothing to do with life."

Depravity and corruption? "What they are depends, as usual, entirely on the individual."

(The opening and closing quotations and the remark about the law are from Lawrence's essay, "Pornography and Obscenity", which remains an incisive criticism of our society. It is to be found in D. H. Lawrence — Selected Literary Criticism, edited by Anthony Beal. Heinemann, 1955, pp. 32-51.)

CARING FOR ANIMALS

I ask sometimes why these small animals
With bitter eyes, why should we care for them.
I question the sky, the serene blue water,
But it cannot say. It gives no answer.
And no answer releases in my head
A procession of grey shades patched and whimpering.
Dogs with clipped ears, wheezing cart horses
A fly without shadow and without thought.
Is it with these menaces to our vision
With this procession led by a man carrying wood
We must be concerned? The holy land, the rearing
Green island should be kindlier than this.
Yet the animals, our ghosts, need tending to.
Take in the whipped cat and the blinded owl;
Take up the man-trapped squirrel upon your shoulder.
Attend to the unnecessary beasts.
From the growing mercy and the moderate love
Great love for the human animal occurs.
And your love grows. Your great love grows and grows

From 'The Peaceable Kingdom,' Chatto and Windus, 1954.

by JON SILKIN

FRIDAYS AT THE BARN

P. W. B. HALL

YOU could still see the chequered lights flick off up and down the technical college's hundred-foot fin of Portland stone in the fog. Below, students swished and thumped from the swing doors into sodium-lit Burton Street and filtered by all routes towards city termini. It was the five o'clock rush-hour one Friday in December.

John and Paul crossed Burton Street at the traffic lights and pushed into the Toreador coffee bar. They ordered coffee and sat on the upholstered bench beneath an erratic blue and red neon sign placed near the street window.

Friday night ritual began. Paul opened the "Post" at the entertainments page and divulged the temptations of Nottingham's night-life to his friend. The matter was soon settled and they lit up their cigarettes. That is, it seemed settled until, after a few silent draws on his cigarette, Paul said:

'Er, look, kid, do you mind if I cut the Barn tonight?"

John looked worried, but said:

"No, I suppose not. Doesn't really matter. What you doing tonight then?"

"Well, you know, I thought I'd take Josey out. We're going pretty steady an' I don't think she digs me taking these Friday nights off all the time. She's not said anything like, but . . . . you know, she's more the quiet type. She dunt go in for all this lipstick, powder and paint an' dressing up a lot. She'd probably do her nut if she knew where I was going when I was going with the boys. She's not said anything like, but, you know . . . she's got a big thing about Teds an' all that."

"Stone me," said John, "You poor bogger. They've got you at last, hook, line and sinker."

Paul sighed; he'd been expecting something like this.

"Look, look," he said, "I'll tell you something, kid. I'm choked off with the Barn if you must know. What good's it to me, eh? I'm not looking for a jump. And anyway," he added reasonably, "look at the bleddy tarts you get there. Terrible."

There was silence while John looked at Paul cynically over the glowing end of his cigarette.

Reluctantly' and after another silence had intervened to mark the passing of the old ten-month tradition, he had to admit Paul was right.

"A bird in the hand's worth two in the Barn . . . The only thing is," said John, "I had my eye on a bird for tonight The one we were on about last week. You know, I was thinking I'd ask her out properly tonight."

"Her," gasped Paul, "Christ! Peppermint cream earrings, suspender length hemline, and enough firkin beads to buy back Borneo. Oh dear, you're not serious?"

John blushed.

"Of course I'm bleddy serious, you moron. You know the trouble with you is you're a bleddy snob. I'm telling you that bird had something different."

Paul flicked ash over the evergreens in the window and sent a gust of smoke swirling round the neon sign. He nodded and sucked his top front teeth.

"I'll go along with that bogger," he said at last," She's the most different looking bird I ever clapped eyes on. **Everything's** d'fferent. Crepe creepers, bleddy bangles up to her armpits — she sounded like a firkin ghost with a ball and chain."

John nodded all round the room as much as to say, "Just listen to the madman." But he said:

"Oh you're just too funny for this world. Why don't you find yourself a sputnik and get bleddy launched?"

Silence again.

"Well, anyway, what's all this got to do with me not going to the Barn?" Paul asked at last.

John composed himself and with elaborate emphasis began:

"I don't happen to judge a tart solely on the way she dresses or looks. **You** didn't dance with her so **you** aren't in any position to know — in fact, if I remember correctly, you weren't even close enough to **see** her properly."

"No, I should think I wasn't; one step nearer with those cherry-blossom eyelashes and it'd be slip-slap, a first-coat finish and hush yo mouth beeg white white trash for the rest of the evening. No thank you!"

"Have you finished?"

"And that bunch of Janes with her, all of them, with that pale pink lipstick and mauve nailpolish, Christ . . . . "

Paul rocked back and threw out his arms in almost speechless contempt. "They looked like a bleeding leper colony."

"Carry on," said John quietly, "When you've quite finished I'd like to benefit from your wisdom in a slightly different way. But take your time, take your time. I like just sitting here being insulted.'

Paul caught John's serious tone and replied more seriously: "Oh well . . . O.K., shoot."

"First, I can quite understand that if you and this Josey woman you've been on about are going steady there's not really much point in your coming to the Barn. Secondly, as I **haven't** got a date there's no reason for me to give it up. Thirdly, whether you like it or not, the girl I pointed out to you from **way** across the hall—at a distance," he added intensely, "that only an infra-red telescope could see her make-up fro m —took my fancy and, as I say, she'll probably be there tonight."

"O.K. So?"

"So the question is,"—and here John's analytical front crumbled,—"how do I get started? You know. I mean, I've got an idea like but I'd rather be with another bloke; you don't mind so much if you get stood up then. You know, you just say, bogger it, let's have a drink."

"Yeah, moral support—I know what you mean. You don't feel such a prat. Well, I'd like to come along and help if you're seriously having a once-and-for-all go tonight, but . . . . " Paul broke off to consider his friend's dilemma. John said:

"Look, couldn't you tell this Josey that this is your last fling and after tonight you'll stay at home and hold her knitting wool for evermore? This girl will come on if I ask her—I'm sure of it. So just for once, kid . . . . after all you've got away with it so far . . . . once more won't hurt her."

"Hmm." Paul tapped the table with a coffee spoon. "Oh, eff it . . . . O.K., just this once; no sense in bein' henpecked before I'm lethally wed. Tell you what, kid, I'll phone Josey up and get official

leave of absence." John"s face cleared. "Great stuff. Thanks."

The two lads got up, shuffled out into the foggy evening and made for the feeble oblong of light which glowed from the telephone kiosk in front of the Tech steps.

The bandsmen raised the roof and tipped their brasses to tipplers raising their glasses in the balcony. Greasy heads bowed to sleepy heads in alcoves lit by sea-shell lamps—talk of love among the ruins. And the shadows of roses in orange plaster relief stretched like tatters along the embossed walls. Pillars, tables and chairs sprawled round the floor. Tired ankles pressed against handbags, soft drinkers clinked in the dawnstairs bar, smoke drifted everywhere and a clammy pall of flesh-warmed scent and toilet preparations stuck in your clothes and worked its way into your very pores. A hundred cloth-bound editions of the same Ted and endless repetitions of the same C. and A. Mode milled round on the dance-floor.

But after an hour's searching amongst all this, John spotted his quarry. She seemed to stand out like nigger brown in a sunset, a whiff of mothballs in the tap-room; she just didn't fit at all. The too-big earrings, the too-long knotted beads, the too-short skirt and the too-accentuated bustline matched a too-ready-to-please walk. She tried so hard. Max Factor's saving precepts had been hideously misapplied and in the middle of a crowd which looked like a class lesson in loneliness, she stood half listening to the chatter of her group and staring round the room.

John grabbed his friend's arm.

"That's her."

Paul nodded.

"No mistaking that. Bleddy 'ell — you could stick cherries on those heels."

"Now cut it out, Paul, no mucking things up. What's the plan now—do I go over?"

Paul sized the situation up

"Yeah. Stand as near as you can till the music starts, move towards her till she sees you, then look surprised and just sort of cart her off on the down-beat."

What," no talking?"

"Nair—nothing to talk about till you've got old Forget Me Not there swooning in your manly arms. 'S easy."

John was undecided and began to bite his lips.

"Go on then," said Paul, "Make haste—the next dance'll be on before you get over there. Go on, kid—it hurts now but it'll be worse later."

Still John hesitated. "Oh look, I can't just belt up to her like Robert Mitchum and sweep her off like that. Bleddy rediculous."

"Oh for crying out loud."

"I should like to see you do it. 'May I have the pleasure of this nudge' is more in your line, or, 'let's lay this one out.' I've heard you."

"Never mind about me. Get on with it."

"Easy to talk—let's see you do it."

"What, with Calamity Jane there? I don't follow balloons, I'm not that daft."

"Nax. All this stuff about 'I'm fixed up I don't have to worry about tarts now' is just a cover up — you're bleddy yeller'n I am."

"Think so?"

"Yeah," said John, with hollow conviction.

"Well," said Paul, straightening his tie, "I'd prefer a woman to try it on but I'll match you up if it's the last thing I do. Christ if Josey could see the touching limits of my friendship here in tapping up this wierdie she'd loose faith in my good taste. Wish me luck as you wave me goodbye."

Paul waved and strode towards the bevy of Barn beauties near the bandstand.

John watched anxiously, hating himself for his own timidity and his reliance on Paul's abler technique. And after all she was a pretty gaudy specimen. He couldn't imagine marrying a girl like that. Even as Paul edged his way through the crowd she was obviously giving her friends an exaggerated account of some fantastic conquest, accompanying the narrative with grotesquely flirtatious gestures, thrusting out her thighs to the utmost limits of her tight skirt's endurance and standing on one leg with her hips flung out like panniers.

Paul seemed to hesitate as he drew close to the girl, but as the band struck up he moved forward, presented himself and, with incredible nerve, he simply nodded gravely and danced the girl off towards the centre of the floor ignoring her signs of bewilderment and not deigning even to smile.

For a few moments the couple disappeared from view. The next time John saw them they had come to a halt on the opposite side of the room and were showing signs of considerable mutual irritation. Paul was crossing and recrossing his hands, palms down in front of his chest; she was shaking her head. He pointed towards John. Again she shook her head, this time more vehemently. Suddenly she folded her arms across her chest and glared fixedly in the direction of the group she had been standing with.

"So this is the big Robert Mitchum technique. Stack me," thought John. "It's better than panto."

At that moment a man got up behind Paul, tapped him on the shoulder and, as Paul slowly and sardonically placed his hands on his hips and turned, planted a terrific right hook on the lad's jaw.

Within seconds, over a dozen Teds, taking advantage of the ready-made argument, piled into the fray. The man took two hefty kicks at the stricken Paul and followed the girl's escape route to the side door.

"Sod, sod, sod, sod, sod, sod," muttered John as he struggled towards the centre of the crowd. By the time he arrived a middle-aged man was telling an attendant:

"That's right, what 'e sez, mate, weren't 'is folt. This bogger just ups and dabs 'im one—then beats the bricks for the exit like. Firkin 'olligan. This youth was just arguin', peaceful. Never touched 'er."

Nevertheless, the management took a dim view of the whole business and ten minutes later both John and Paul were walking disconsolately towards the bus-stop.

"Fat lot of good you are. Three and a sprat down the nick, no tart, one black eye and the punch-up of the week prize. Phaf."

"Dry up, you wall-eyed square."

"Some talent spot."

"I'll spot you in a minute—sod!"

"Huh. You ought've stayed at home with your missus's knitting. Nine o'clock it is and bang! out onto the street."

"Oh, wrap up!"

"Yeah, it's cold on the streets. Always fancy a dance on a Friday night myself."

"Drop dead. Change the record. Eff off!"

"Aaih, alright, alright . . . **champ!"**

On the bus, Paul maintained complete silence, clenching his teeth as though momentary relaxation might release forces of ineffable evil on the curious passengers. The conductress asked him, was he dumb as well as ugly, a group of passengers formed an ad hoc forum and discussed him in relation to juvenile delinquency, and a restless Airedale brushed ominously against his legs. But Paul never batted an eyelid.

When all was said and done, John thought, it was not Paul's over-confidence which had caused the row so much as his own cowardly inadequacy. At the moment moreover, one more joke at Paul's expense might result in a thick ear and the passengers' fears would be dramatically fulfilled.

Suddenly, the boulevard lights began to flash inside the bus and John felt Paul stirring at his side. Paul stood up and began to lick a cut in his lip. Then, smiling, he pushed John's head gently on one side with his fist and said:

"Never mind, kid. This is where we get off."

John frowned. "What for? where we going?"

"Josey's. Come on."

John found himself being hustled onto the pavement. 'What you talking about?" he said, as the bus pulled away and Paul marched him off up the boulevard.

"Tonight. That was Josey," said Paul.

"What?"

"Forget Me Not. That was Josey."

John gasped. "That **totty** was **Josey?"**

"Yeah. And I'll tell you this, kid, I'll match you two up if it's the last thing I do."

"Eh! Look, if you think I'm going . . ."

"Think be boggered. You're coming to see Josey. Nothing to it . . . "

"Look, now hold on, Christ! This is bloody re . . . ."

"I'll fix you up if it's the last thing I do."

"Oh no, no more fixing, no . . . "

Oh yes. What's up with you? I ought to . . . "

"Look here. No . . . "

"Nuts. Walk. I'll fix everything, kid. Listen . . . "

And the two lads went swaying and arguing and pushing each other up the boulevard while passers-by observed the teenage problem and made a mental note.

SOME HOPE FOR THE WEST

THE emotional outbursts of Mr. Kruschev in New York have given many people increasing cause for concern as to his possible motives and actions. These outbursts are not new, but they have been conducted with a greater intensity than previously. It has been suggested that he pursued this course of action because he was fearful of his position at home, that his ability to deal successfully with Eisenhower, was no longer apparent, and that he had to prove his ability to stand up to the West in the manner of Stalin. One does not quickly forget the grim face of Marshal Malinovsky constantly at his side on a previous visit, when there was much speculation in the Press as to the security of Mr. Kruschev's position. But does this theory really hold water? Is it likely that he would be able to absent himself so long from his capital, to cross the Atlantic in a slow ship, if his position was precarious? The fact that he could remain so long out of touch seems to indicate rather that his position is as secure as it is possible for it to be.

It would appear that he is fighting two more important battles at the moment, one for the unquestioned domination of the Communist world, the other for the support of the uncommitted nations with a view to a possible Communist majority in the General Assembly of the United Nations. The latter seems to have misfired temporarily owing to his miscalculation over the Congo (possibly a result of being out of touch in mid-Atlantic?), the former continues in the idealogical debate with China about the present-day relevance of Lenin's theories on the inevitability of war. His statement that "even before the complete victory of socialism on earth, with the retention of capitalism in a part of the world, the real possibility will arise of excluding war from the life of society," could well be intended as a form of reassurance to the West, whose aid he might need if the Chinese ever got out of hand. The possibility of a Sino-Soviet split, however, must not be allowed to cloud the fact that Mr. Kruschev is a proper Communist, convinced that Communism is right and that it will utimately triumph. In some senses this makes him doubly dangerous, for it is often the sincere people, the Robespierres of this world, who often do the greatest damage.

It is Mr. Kruschev's belief in the inevitability of world secialism which makes it possible for us to accept that his desire for peace is genuine. Only when he is convinced that Soviet collective security is threatened, as in the case of Hungary, is he liable to take action. Ultimately, if war can be avoided, it will be the more basically sound philosophy which will survive in a recognizable shape.

Kruschev's continual outbursts are calculated to place the West on the

Continued on Page 23

FILMS

The wind of change

R. BROOKE

WITHIN the discussions of the new film "Shadows", the critics have hailed a refreshing gust of realism blowing through the film industry. "For a long time," they say, "Western film attitudes have been summed up by 'people don't want the movies to be like life, they want life to be like the movies"; and in this there is the greater contempt: the public, who are the public—the little people, they come home from work have their dinner, fall asleep in front of the television set with a bellyfull of beer. After long glossy westerns, long glossy small town dramas, how grand it is to see "Shadows", with its improvisations and its unconcealed "do-it-yourself" technique. It is a return to good cinema and an acknowledgement of intelligence in cinema audiences. By the realist I think they mean the person who attempts to represent a situation exactly as it occurs rather than the person who, neglecting the romantic and the beautiful, seeks for his subject matter among the seamy and the grim. This last notion, which was popular for some time, was somewhat repressed by the film industry's greatest contribution to international art discussion. "Kick your mother in the teeth—call that are?"

However mother's teeth continue to be a bad risk for when we get down to examples and we think of "Look Back in Anger", "Sons and Lovers" and "The Entertainer", the three English pictures held to be significant of the trend, we see ugliness in the first, ugliness in the last, and father taking a bath in the middle one, which is surely grim enough for anyone. Not that they were bad pictures; it is just that the critics are assuming this double meaning of realism and saying "Look Back in Anger" is a good picture. It is the symbol of a return to realism and sanity. Surely "Look Back in Anger" was a good picture, but not because of improvisations or rough technique. Its virtues lie in fine directing, in sophisticated camera style and in some good professional acting performances. The realism it does have is of the discredited "seamy" sort and not of the much praised "Shadows" variety.

I agree that genuine realist efforts like "Shadows" and "On The Bowery" are refreshing after "Carry On Nurse, Teacher, Poiceman, Taxidermist", but I think it extravagant to suggest that the future of the cinema lies in that direction. One year ago when the critics hailed the poetic "Seventh Seal", the romantic "Ashes and Diamonds", and the fairy-tale "Odd Man Out" as their salvation they were surely on firmer ground, for these films brought the observation of the realist to an original artistic attitude and produced films of lasting relevance and beauty.

But of the film critic as of myself: " . . . . . his original thought led him to say rather more than he ought."

INSANITY

THIS student forum on Insanity comprises the views of Mr. M. O'Driscoll (fourth year, Medicine), Mr. A. P. M. Coxon, (third year Sociology and Philosophy) and Mr. D.W. Pollard (Post graduate, Law). The opinions expressed are those of the contributors themselves, and an attempt has been made to assess the problem of mental health from the individual and departmental standpoint of each of them.

The term 'insanity' is not popular with the psychiatrist. We prefer to call it variation from the normal—Normality being taken as the ranges of behaviour acceptable to society, but as time and environments differ, so also do social behaviours and standards. This is especially so in war and peace—just think about it—killing in wartime, acceptable; in peace time, not. This is extreme, but serves to show how social normality can vary.

Psychiatry has been approached differently in every age, and really, before Greece and Rome. was non-existent as a science, being the domain of the priests and mystics who belived in demonaic and God possession, effects of the moon and planets etc., Hippocrates and Aesculupius viewed it differently, treating the psychologically abnormal not by spells and incantations, but by rest, soothing music, such sedatives as opium, and study of the patients, and gained a great deal of knowledge and success. Even now these methods still are widely used. After the Greeks and Romans, like everything else, psychiatry fell into decline, mystics and priests again exercising their suzerainity, but by the Renaissance, things improved, though devil possession, moon and planet effects (lunatic - luna = moon) and noxious blood humous were still the culprits (the depressives were called Saturmines). This persisted to the late 1700's when interest was really increased (George 111 was a maniac depressive, living in a state of intermittent swinging depression and acute aeuphonia and over-activity, and this couldn't be hushed up).

The various states were treated badly—the witches burnt by the Puritans were depressives (a condition of very severe, sucidal depression and guilt feelings—so intense they begged to be burnt and confessed), the "Messiahs" and mystics were often unfortunate schizophrenics; and we all know the dirty old men of history—dementors. Treatment was brutal to say the least, chaining, beating—the old Bedlams, but by the middle 1800's, treatment began to be human and scientific. By the late 1800's—Freud and Jung had put it on a sound basis, and this was followed in the early 1900s by the electric therapy for depression, and later, insulin treatment for schizophrenics, and sound

psychiatric methods. At the present, psychiatric disorders are roughly classified as (a) Constitutional abnomalies—idiot children, mongols etc. (b) Organic syndromes—dementias following high blood pressure, alcoholism, hardening of the arteries, actual brain damage. (c) Schizophrenia—from the completely 'with the birds' to the mild paranoic. (d) Affective disorders—swings of mood from elation to suicide, e.g. manic depressives and suicides. (e) Hysterical states—symptoms subconsciously aimed at some real or fancied gain—e.g. the frigid woman, and professional invalid (f) Obsessive Compulsive—odd thoughts and actions forcing into the patients conscious—walking in circles, etc. (g) The neuroses proper. (h) Psychopathy—really a failure to develop from the child type to the adult personality.

This is a rough, sketchy outline, but gives the vague picture. All of us have neurotic traits of some sort—from mood swinging to phobias like fear of heights, and to paranoic feelings and feelings of inferiority to superiority—but these are controlled, it is difficult to say where normality ends and abnormality begins in some cases. Today reasoned sympathetic treatment is used, with the help of drugs—the sedatives, the anti-depressants, the tranquillizers, etc., achieves good results—as good as in ordinary medicine over the long term view. We do not claim to cure all, but to alleviate and help the patient to live with himself, and in this, we are successful. With 50% hospital beds psychiatric, this subject is important to the community and all its branches, and especially child and social psychiatry, are vitally important. The research goes on, new things appear all the time, and in a few years time we should be able to cure the psychoses Just remember before calling someone insane or a nut, psycho, schizo or looney, that we all have these tendencies but we're lucky, we can control them (I hope)—others less fortunate, cannot. Insanity doesn't exist, medically—but abnormality does. There is a deal of difference.

Medicine, psychology and sociology tend to differ slightly in their interpretations of, and attitudes towards, mental disorders. It is for the philosopher to attempt to correlate these varying opinions. A. P. Macmillan Coxon writes . . . .

Dealing with the phenomenon of mental disturbance, the field where psychology, sociology and medicine most clearly overlap, we are confronted with chaos. Each discipline tends to see it in terms of its own methodology, and this leads to much vagueness and conflicting conceptual frameworks. But the phenomenon is dealt with, less obviously, by such a discipline as Philosophy, and it is this aspect I want to discuss. As I have thought and worked at this problem at all four levels, there may be some overlapping in disciplines, but I ask your indulgence for this.

Philosophy's role in this is not active, it is more supervisory and critical, especially on the conceptual level, even if, on the practical level we muddle through. Its most important task is, I think, on the plane of moral philosophy, which is the only competent discipline to deal with value-judgements, which are so central to the problem.

There is an incredible amount of confusion in the field of mental disturbance over concepts. Terms that must of necessity be included in the study, such as 'normal,' 'pathological,' 'mental Health,' 'mental illness,' and 'mind and body' are used so differently and even contradictorily that some authorities despair of solution altogether. (vide Barbara Woolton in "Social Science and Social Pathology" who discusses 25 definitions of mental health).

In the short space alloted to me I can only point out how, philosophically, one can look at the phenomenon and criticise and assist. The Mind-Body problem is as old as Philosophy, and is still argued about. Attempted solutions range from denying the mind's existence, and explaining "mind" in purely corporeal terms, to the denial of the body's existence. An example of the difficulty is Descartes' attempted solution, which has been called by Professor Ryle (in 'The Concept of Mind'—itself a most interesting study of this problem by a modern philosopher) the 'ghost in the machine' position. Descartes distinguishes spiritual or thinking substance from corporeal substance. Then he has to face the problem of their interaction, and lands himself in difficulties which he thinks solved by localization of the process in the pineal gland. The debate continues.

Another problem that is central to mental disturbance is that of distinguishing the normal and pathological. Even at the 'lay' level most people ask "Well, after all, what is normality?" and the borderland between sanity and unsanity is very blurred. It is easy enough to anyone with experience of psychiatric patients to be able to indentify the psychotic and the more severe psychoneurotic, but what criteria can be offered to distinguish mental illness, orpathological cases, from mentally healthy, or normal individuals, is a moot point. Different cultures, it is often argued, demand and produce, different sorts of mental health, and what is pathological in one society is not in another. Thus is 'pathological' be defined as deviation from an abstracted norm, or from 'generality,' which is Durkeim's definition (together with the bedevilling addition that there is a different standard of health for each species), the eccentric and the 'odd' genius is a deviationist, and as such a pathological individual. But is the eccentric mentally ill? If he can live with his symptoms, even if he is to some extent ill, is this pathological? There is some basis for saying that the difference between normal and the pathological is a matter of degree, and that the search for some objective scientific criteria that are free from subjective moral or at least evaluative judgements has so far been unsucoessful. Professor Kingsley Davis has said that all the definitions of mental health in America are "strongly tinctured with the Protestant Open-Class Ethic," Barbara Wooton that "mental hygeine, disguising its valuational system as a rational advice based on a science, can conveniently praise and condemnunder the aegis of the medico-authoritarian mantle."

Another field of confusion is the distinction to be drawn between mental illness (with its possible concomitant of deviant behaviour, such as stealing) and moral responsibility. This is of crucial importance in legal circles, for a life may depend largely on whether the accused is judged responsible, or insane . . Deviant behaviour is sometimes 'explained' and removed from the field of responsible behaviour by the judgement of the person being a psycopath. "Are we to sympathize or condemn?" is the question. If such behaviour is always pathological — psychopathological — then this precludes responsibility and punishment.

There is plenty of scope, I think, for the philosopher in dealing with the phenomenon of mental illness, as can be seen from the above. There is a crying need for conceptual criticism. The work of such philosophers as Ryle, and more recently Alasdair MacIntyre, whose book "The Unconscious" is a very clear example of what Philosophical Psychology is about, testify to to the confusion in this field; a field where what can be done.

To end I would like to offer a possible clue overlapping disciplines both co-operate and conflict. The confusion is in a large measure due, I think, to a glorious muddle between the non-evaluative work of Pure Sociology and Psychology, and the necessarily evaluative work of Medicine (which at least implies the Ethics of the Hippocratic Oath), of Social Reform and Reconstruction (in which category I would place the work of Psychiatric Social Workers, and others), and, to the extent that both have **some** evaluative basis, "applied" Sociology and Psychology. It may be wrong to wish to exclude value-judgements from this field. I myself think it impossible, but to do so may hasten the discovery of objective scientific criteria. But if such judgements are necessary, then this is above all the province of social and moral philosophy. When the confusion of non-evaluative and evaluative statements is fully realised, and the problem faced for what it is, then the problem may become clearer for being recognised. In the meantime the field cries out for the judicious intervention of the philosopher.

●

The mentally disordered person accounts for an increasing percentage of what we now regard as 'normal society.' But particular mental disorders are distinguished by dangerously antisocial tendencies as the two previous writers have pointed out. It is in these cases that society must legislate to protect itself as well as the patient. David Pollard has this to say about the Mental Health Act of 1959.

Unsoundness of mind is a defect consisting of either a total or partial absence of reason. Lawyers have to rely on the evidence of

doctors and psychologists to a large extent to decide whether a person is of unsound mind. In certain cases, the question of insanity is decided by a jury who use as their criterion the test of ordinary human intelligence by following the evidence of expert witnesses. In other cases, a person accused of a crime can be put in a mental institution pending the trial, on the recomendation of two doctors, one of whom must have had special experience in mental disorders.

The Mental Health Act 1959 divides persons of unsound mind into various categories:—those who are psychopaths liable to be dangerous, those who cannot be responsible for their acts, those who cannot look after themselves and their property and are thus liable to exploitation, and others of subnormal intelligence.

With all these persons, the purpose of the law is to protect society from uncontrollable acts, and to protect persons of unsound mind and their property.

The Mental Health Act and other Acts lay down that such persons who are or could be a danger to society must be kept away from society until they are cured. If and when they are cured, then they are free to live normal lives.

The law protects insane people from liability in the case of a contract because these people are open to exploitation. However, a person of unsound mind is expected to pay a reasonable price for things that are necessary to him, such as food and clothing, even if he was insane when he made the contract.

In the case of criminal law, everyone is presumed sane until the contrary is proved. It is a defence for the accused to prove that he was labouring under such a defect of reason due to disease of mind, either not to know the nature and quality of his act, or, if he did know this, not to know that he was doing wrong.

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defensive in justifying its way of life to the rest of the world, but his claims to peaceful intentions should be believed because he is too astute "to play into the hands of the enemies of socialism" by advocating force, force which world trends indicate is unnecessary.

ALAN POWELL

SIXTH NATIONAL STUDENT DRAMA FESTIVAL

LEEDS

January 2nd - 7th 1960

At the moment universities throughout the country are producing plays which they hope will be selected for the finals in Leeds. The festival is organised by the N.U.S., sponsored by the "Sunday Times," and judged by Harold Mosson. The plays entered will be judged in three categories: full-length, experimental and one-act.

The Leeds entries are Ardern's "Sergeant Musgrave's Dance," and Janesco's "Victims of Duty."

Morning Lecturers will include Robert Bolt, Harold Pinter, Professor Wilson Knight and two other prominent theatre personalities. Finalist plays will be known on December 1st. Booking will start as soon as these plays are known.

B.B.C. and I.T.V. have promised to cover the Festival. Austick's will stage an exhibition of "books about drama."

In the past the Festival has been held in Oxford, London and Bristol.

Leeds hopes to make this Festival a success. We need your support. Are you coming?

BRIAN MACARTHUR
Local Organiser

Depth shape and colour

The abstract art of Martin Bedford

MARTIN BEDFORD was born in Leeds in 1938. He is still around. In 1957, after a year of part time attendance at the Leeds College of Art, he began to paint seriously—and had paintings rejected by the Northern Young Artists Exhibition. A year later he was exhibiting at the Yorkshire Artists Exhibition and the Leeds Fine Art Club Exhibition. In 1959, he again had pictures in the latter exhibition, and won the Passey prize for painting at Leeds University. This present year saw the rejection of one of Martin's paintings by the Bradford Spring Exhibition, the exhibition of two of his paintings by the Leeds University Extension Centre in Bradford, and his winning the Leeds University Union Art Society prize.

Black on orange

Red and black

Whilst at University Martin also won the Vice Chancellor's One Act Play Competition. He is now unemployed after taking a good B.A., and is looking out for work in television or films.

He lives in a world of painting, loving American artists "and 'most anybody who throws paint about." In England, his interests centre on the St. Ives painters and several of the contemporary artists at present working in Leeds.

He refuses to elucidate, to explain, or to excuse his own work.

OCTOBER officially heralds the beginning of the "season" in the world of the theatre and this year October brings some excellent theatre to Leeds.

Three places provide Leeds with its theatrical "nights out": the Grand Theatre, the Civic Theatre and the Riley Smith Hall. The Grand began its winter season with the visit of the Royal Ballet and following in their footsteps the Old Vic Touring Company are presenting "Macbeth", "St. Joan", and "The Importance of Being Earnest", with Paul Rogers and Barbara Jefford leading the Company. All seats for "Macbeth" were sold a week before the Company arrived. Following its policy of attracting "names" to Leeds, Alastair Sim is appearing in "The Bargain" for a week, and both the Sadlers Wells Opera Company and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company pay visits before Christmas. Audiences do vary according to the type of show being given and the management are constantly analysing the composition of their audiences. This enables them to plan for future productions; to fill the house each night and to draw people away from their television screens.

The Civic Theatre is subsidised by the Leeds City Council and the Civic Guild alocates production time to its affiliated societies. The main amateur societies producing plays are the Arts Theatre, The Art Centre and the Proscenium Players. Next month the Arts Centre are producing Ibsen's "A Doll's House" and the Proscenium Players are producing "Mary Stuart". Productions on this scale take considerable time and money, and it is sad that the Leeds City Council does not support the Guild in a more concrete way. On the recommendation of the Arts Council, local authorities are empowered to levy a rate to support the Arts. The City Council could allocate more than it does to the Arts and particularly to the drama side; they appear to regard drama as music's poor relation. They could go even further and folow the example of many other authorities and establish a permanent repertory theatre in the city. For a city the size of Leeds to be without a repertory theatre would seem to indicate a theatrically-unconscious community, but Mr. Desmond Pratt, Theatre critic of the Yorkshire Post, is prepared to say that 50 per cent. of the people in Leeds are theatrically inclined. He bases this belief on the increase of enthusiasm within the Guild in particular, and the subsequent increase in standard over the last five years of amateur drama in Leeds. The Guild is also an interesting link between amateur and student drama in Leeds. Many students belong to affiliated

Barbara Jefford in 'The Importance of Being Ernest'
Photo by courtesy of Old Vic

societies, and the Pirandello Society's production of "Henry IV" was an example of students and non-students acting together.

Unfortunately this is as far as the link extends. When dealing with the third source of drama in Leeds we consider University drama and find that it is virtually confined to University audiences despite outside publicity. Many reasons have been brought forward in an attempt to explain this situation, and a number of people would think with Mr. Pratt that the tendency to perform experimental plays excludes everyone who has no interest in the Avant-Garde movement; that plays chosen are bad plays and that the future of the theatre lies not in the social, pacific or kitchen-sink drama, but in the well-made plays written by Rattigan, Boult, Mortimer, Pinter and Osborne. The defendants of experimental drama will cry that classing all experimental drama as "bad" is an absurd generalisation and that all these plays have something to offer to a thinking person.

January sees the N.U.S. Drama Festival in Leeds for the first time, although Student Drama Festivals were frequently held here prior to 1953. Both Theatre Group productions are being entered for the Festival and members of the Group will be doing a great deal towards its organisation. The date of the Festival falls before the beginning of term and one of the problems will be filling the Riley Smith Hall each night without having the student population to draw from. If the majority of the seats are taken there will be every reason to suppose that audience mobility has increased, because one important factor that emerges from a study of theatre in Leeds is that a certain type of audience go to the Grand, another type to the Civic and a third to the Riley Smith Hall.

If these audiences could be persauded to patronise more than one theatre, new vigour would come into the theatrical life of Leeds.

JON SILKIN

Astringencies one

THE COLDNESS

WHERE the printing-works buttress a church
And the northern river like moss
Robes herself slowly through
The cold township of York,
More slowly than usual
For a cold, northern river,
You see the citizens
Indulging stately pleasures,
Like swans. But they seem cold.
Why have they been so punished;
In what do their sins consist now?
An assertion persistent
As a gross tumour, and the sense
Of such growth haunting
The flesh of York
Is that there has been
No synagogue since eleven ninety
When eight hundred Jews
Took each other's lives
To escape Christian death
By Christian hand; and the last
Took his own. The event
has the frigid persistence of a growth
In the flesh. It is a fact
No other fact can be added to
Save that it was Easter, the time
When the dead Christian God
Rose again. It is in this,
Perhaps, they are haunted; for the cold
blood of victims is colder,
More staining, more corrosive
On the soul, than the blood of martyrs.
What consciousness is there of a cold
Heart even, conscious of its gaps?
For nothing penetrates
More than admitted absence.
A heart in warmth, merely, cannot
Close its spaces. Absence of Jews,
Through hatred, or indifference,
A gap they slip through, a conscience
That corrodes more deeply since it is
Forgotten—this deadens York.
Where are the stone-masons, the builders
Skilled in glass, strong first in wood;
Taut, flaxen plumbers with lengths of pipe,
Steel rules coiled in their palms;
The printers; canopy-makers—
Makers in the institution of marriage?
Their absence is endless, a socket
Where the jaw is protected neither
Through its tolerance for tooth,
Nor for blood. Either there is pain or no pain.
Without pain there is no feeling.
If they could feel; were there one
Among them with this kind
Of sensitivity that
Could touch the dignity,
Masonry of the cold
Northern face that falls
As you touch it, there might
Be some moving to
A northern expurgation.
All Europe is touched
With some of frigid York,
As York is now by Europe.

These men point the way to the kind of career you could build for yourself in Britain's £1,000,000,000 Steel Industry

DAVID BIRD, 45, General Manager of Iron and Steel at Stewarts and Lloyds, Corby, was born near Glasgow. After a time at Dorman Long, took a Sheffield degree in metallurgy. Stresses modern management methods. "In the end you're dependent on people — what they do. You can only run a works of this size through co-operation and goodwill."

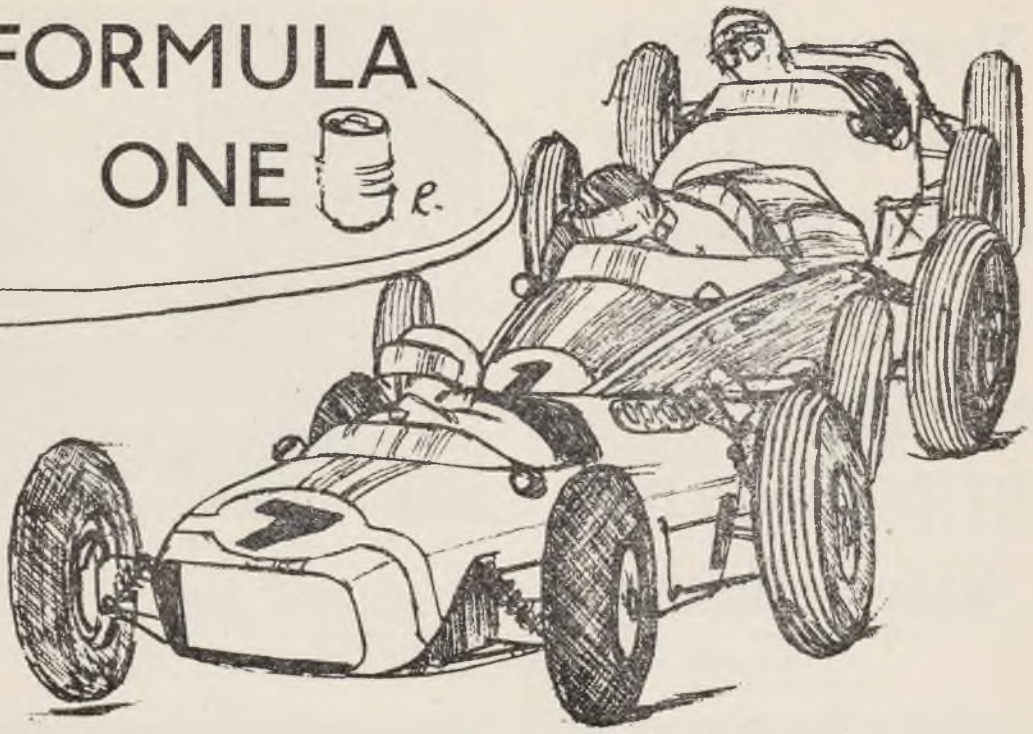
EDWARD JUDGE, 51, joint Managing Director of Dorman Long (Steel), Middlesbrough, left Cambridge with mechanical sciences degree and thought steelmaking with Dorman Long would be "all right for a few months". Found it "fascinating", has been there ever since. Says Steel offers tremendous scope for young men prepared to work really hard — mentally.

W. D. (Bill) PUGH, 55, went to Sheffield University, and in 1926 to Vickers works (later English Steel Corporation Ltd.) joining the Research Dept. But his great interest was *making* steel — which has absorbed him since 1933, in positions of growing importance. Since 1955 has been Managing Director of the fast-growing English Steel Corporation.

There's a good job for you in Steel

For further details, write to the Training Department, the British Iron and Steel Federation, Steel House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

FORMULA ONE



AT a time when attendances at sporting occasions in Britain are severely declining it is pleasing to see crowds flocking to the Motor Racing tracks. This season there have been marked increases in attendance figures at many of the national and international meetings, proving that motor sport is gaining in popularity so rapidly it could easily, within the next few years, be bracketed with soccer and cricket as an English national sport.

The reasons for this upsurge are fairly clear to see with Britain being at present the leading nation in this field. Cooper cars have won the World Constructors' Championship for the past two seasons and works teams from Lotus and B.R.M. have always been prominent in support of the Cooper challenge. In this period, the only real foreign opposition to the British supremacy has come from the Italian factory, Ferrari, but their cars, although very fast, have shown a marked lack of reliability and roadholding as compared with the rear-engined British cars.

Britain also supplies, with a few notable exceptions, the leading drivers, none of course more famous than Stirling Moss. It would seem that his name has such magic and appeal that the appearance of it on the programme would be sufficient to attract an extra five thousand spectators to the circuit.

The British motor racing scene, therefore, is at least rosy on the surface, but regrettably the International picture is not so bright. The sport suffers from lack of sensible International control and this has

produced situations, arguments and squabbles which have been nothing less than turbulent and explosive. The crux of the trouble stems from the ineffectiveness of the controlling body, the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile (F.I.A.) and its subsidary committee, the Commission Sportive Internationale (C.S.I.), which advises on competitions.

The biggest problem, but only one of many, which has faced the motor racing world in the last two years has been connected with the Formula One specifications for next season. In 1958, the F.I.A. decided that the present Formula One, i.e. cars with engine size of up to 2½ litres, shoud cease to operate and a completely new Formula One should take its place. This would have a maximum engine size of 1½ litres (1,500 c.c) and a minimum weight limit of 500 kg. (1,102 lbs.).

Immediately resentment arose in Britain and Italy against these new proposals and the controversy has been raging ever since. France has been one of the staunchest backers of the 1,500 c.c formula, maintaining that it would be in the interests of safety to reduuce the engine size. This claim is, of course, unjustified because of the absurdly high weight regulation. It should be remembered that when a 1960 Formula One Cooper Climax comes to the starting line it weighs 10¼ cwt. approximately. Now under the present regulations [in the last few weeks the weight limit has been lowered from 500 kg. to 450 kg. (992 lbs.)], next year's Formula One cars will be as heavy as this year's 2½ litre machines. Consequently if a driver "loses it" in next year's car he will have a tremendous lack of power from the 1½ litre engine, relative to the 2½ litre, and much more weight to get out of trouble.

Britain, therefore, in the form of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders (S.M.M. and T.) has opposed the new Formula on the grounds that it adds unnecessary danger, is technically unsound and will lead to a reduction in public interest. Italy, realising that she is unable to produce a 2½ litre car capable of defeating the similar British cars, has new switched her allegiances and supports the 1961 Formula One, in the hope that she may be able to build a 1½ litre car which can regain for her country their supremacy of a few years ago.

At this point it is interesting to analyse the make-up of the C.S.I. to give an insight as to why such blunders as this have occurred. The representative-delegates are from Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Mexico, Monaco, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland, U.S.A. and Britain. Of these, countries like Mexico and Switzerland, who have no positive interest in motor racing at all, have a vote equal to that of Britain who supplies 60 per cent. of the world's top drivers and 75 per cent. of the Grand Prix cars. Holland, Portugal and Monaco have no G.P. cars or drivers. France, Germany, Sweden and Belgium have five G.P. drivers (but no 2½ litre cars) between them. What a peculiar situation it is, then, that delegates from countries which lack fundamental experience of the sport are permitted to rule in such a way. Urgent reform is needed and may it come soon!

In the last few weeks, however, there have been hints of this. At a meeting of the C.S.I. the latest proposals of the S.M.M. and T., viz. to retain the present Formula One and rename it the Inter-Continental Formula, have been accepted. There will now be an equal number of races under the 1961 Formula One and the Inter-Continental Formula for two separate trophies. Nevertheless the World Championship will still be awarded on results of races run under the new Formula One.

1961 is crisis year for Motor Racing. It seems unlikely that the race-promoters, manufacturers and the oil companies, who are the backbone without which motor racing could not exist, will put on meetings for the 1,500 c.c Formula if there is doubt as to whether such racing will attract the crowds. On the contrary they will stage races for the Inter-Continental Formula, knowing full well from past experience that the 2½ litre cars have given much excitement and many thrills to countless thousands of people.

All that remains to be seen, therefore, is which Formula will prove the more popular to those who organise and promote the meetings. Only time will tell.

"I'll pay by cheque"

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

RICHARD MASTERS is the nom de plume of a formerly prominent member of the Union who took a B.A. at Leeds in 1959. He plays an active part in North Midland labour politics and pub crawling.

ALAN ANDREWS is making a special study of Henry James for an M.A. thesis. He is at present lecturing in English at the College of Commerce. A prolific talker as well as writer and campaigner, he reached the national semi-final of the Observer debating tournament last year.

JON SILKIN, last year's Gregory Fellow of Poetry, is now an undergraduate in the English Department. He has had two collections of his verse published, has appeared in several anthologies, and contributed verse and prose to Poetry and Audience, Union News, and Gryphon. He has also broadcast for the B.B.C. on Leeds poetry.

ALAN POWELL, finals year History, is chairman of Debates this year, and has played leading parts in Theatre Group and Rag Revue. He is a native of Coventry.

RICHARD BROOKE plays clarinet for Casey's band, is in his fourth year, and is an authority on films and ceramics. He lives in Leeds.

'SEAMUS'—no half measures—O'Driscoll is in his fourth year at the Medical School. He hates policemen, judges and the credit squeeze.

ANTHONY COXON, third year Philosopher and Sociology, is a member of Philosophical Society and the Hostel of the Resurrection.

DAVID POLLARD took a first class honours degree in Law in 1960. Ex-secretary of N.U.S., now represents the Leeds branch of International Correspondence Exchange.

MARY SQUIRE is in her second year. A member of Union Committee, Theatre Group and Pirandello Society, she is also one of the few women platform speakers in debates.

BOB BURROWS was Sports Editor for Union News last year and has considerable professional experience as a sports reporter. He is in his final year at Leeds and comes from Surrey.

G. A. PERKIN, Printer, Leeds 12 Telephone 638294