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GRYPHON



SPRING 1961

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While the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference is debating the issue of South Africa's continued membership of the Commonwealth, let us remember that racialism in all its virulence is practised in the Southern United States even to this day.

The K.K.K., a Protestant artisan's and business men's underground organisation, like Verwoerd and his party members, is anti Catholic, anti Jew, and anti Negro. Our picture captures the spirit of 'good neighbourliness'; the enflamed crucifix reminds us of the cant and hypocrisy with which bigots attempt to defend economic greed, and racial intolerance.

The election of President Kennedy and the strong line taken by the de-colonialised negro members of the commonwealth raises ones hopes; at last, the prevarication and sanction of the Southern Senators, and the colonialists is being challenged.

This magazine despite its limitations is still the best known organ of Leeds Student opinion both in the U.K. and overseas. This issue should leave no doubts as to where Leeds' sympathies lie.



ZILLIACUS ON DEFENCE

NATO is a military alliance which wrecks the collective security system of the United Nations. For the latter can work only when permanent members of the Security Council co-operate through that body, that is, treat each other as partners in keeping the peace. In NATO, three permanent members of the Security Council (Britain, France and the U.S.A.) treat a partner (the Soviet Union) as a potential enemy. The USSR has retaliated by founding the Warsaw Alliance.

NATO also makes unilateral disarmament impossible, for it assumes a Soviet will to aggression and leaves our relations with that country on a balance of power. This policy makes us prisoners of a military logic, which

argues that to continue the arms race is a lesser evil than to agree to measures of disarmament so long as the system of control falls short of perfection. As perfection is unobtainable, that means no disarmament.

NATO and the converse alliances—CENTO and SEATO—are the military expression of the policy of containment of Communism, stepped up by the late Mr. Dulles into 'anti-Communist liberation.' This is the new Holy Alliance of the defenders of the old social and colonial order against the forces of social change and anti-colonial nationalism. The latter are identified with 'Communism,' and 'Communism with Soviet aggression. 'Defence' therefore becomes propping up unsavoury feudal, near-facist or

military dictators in Asia by policies going all the way to armed intervention to put down risings of their own oppressed peoples, on the pretext of 'defending' them against 'Communist subversion,' 'indirect Soviet aggression,' or 'internal aggression.'

NATO is being made the tool by the Adenauer Government of its policy of refusing to have diplomatic relations with Poland, or negotiate seriously with the Soviet Union, or even to recognise the existence of the D.D.R., and waiting until the Bundeswehr gets nuclear weapons before blackmailing Germany's NATO allies into supporting the policy of Dr. Adenauer and the dangerous men around him to overrun Eastern Germany and carve up Poland.

The repercussions of NATO in Africa are even more serious than its activity in Europe; apart from U.S. interest in Sahara oil and British imperial solidarity, both States have been conniving at France's long and savage colonial war in Algeria, because if they opposed it, de Gaulle would break up NATO.

The Belgian Colonialists who have systematically and deliberately sabotaged United Nations action in the Congo, reduced the country to a shambles, murdered its Prime Minister by proxy, and are trying to re-colonise it by violence and teachery, began by threatening to withdraw from NATO if their allies went against them. They have increasingly enjoyed a live French and passive American and British support, and these three powers have been responsible for damping down and distorting the directives and decisions of the Security Council about the Congo. The tragic and menacing situation today is the result so far of this policy. Its dire consequences in Africa and Asia, in the United Nations, and on relations between the Soviet Union and the Western powers, are still to come.

Britain's status in NATO, where the USA has more power and wealth than all her allies combined, a monopoly of the decisive weapons, bases on the territory of her minor allies and supreme command of their forces, is

that of a political satellite, an expendable base. Mr. Gaitskell admitted as much in the House on March 1st, 1960. On Feb. 19th, 1959 he told the House that he would drop Labour's policy for disengagement, if necessary, to preserve NATO.

Labour must decide whether we shall continue to take the mortal risk of basing our relations with the Soviet Union on NATO (because we falsely assume a Soviet will to aggression) or take our stand on the U.N. Charter, which assumes a Soviet will to peace. Labour's foreign policy, as the result of successive victories of the rank and file—led by the Left against the Right wing leaders at Annual Conference, looks to basing our relations with the Soviet Union and China on the U.N. Charter and treating them as partners in keeping the peace. The defeat of the Right at Scarborough in 1960 brought Labour's defence policy into line with its foreign policy.

The Blackpool Conference this year will, we hope, take the next step: combine the Labour's foreign and defence policies, relate both to the U.N. Charter, and show how, with this policy, a Labour Government could give an effective lead for peace.

In tackling that job we should take to heart George Brown's advice—which he has failed to take himself—always to remember that defence is but the arm of foreign policy. We should further bear in mind that our problem will be how to induce our capitalist and more or less reactionary allies (who disagree with Labour's proposals for disarmament, disengagement and political settlements,—which entail winding up the rival military alliances and replacing men by all-European collective security and international co-operation arrangements based on the Charter) to negotiate on our terms; and how to convince the Russians, who do broadly agree with our proposals—but do not take them seriously because they look on us as a satellite of the U.S.A.,—that we really mean business and will stick to and fight for our peace policy.

The strength of our position in tackling the job of bringing both sides together on the basis of the Charter is that (a) the mounting military failure and political disintegration of NATO, CENTO and SEATO are becoming as obvious as their growing threat to peace, and Western public opinion is becoming increasingly disillusioned and apprehensive about the constant danger of this dead-end policy (b) Britain's vote in the Security Council is as indispensable as that of the USA or USSR, and Labour's proposals for settlement would be overwhelmingly supported by the small states, particularly the un-committed nations, in the General Assembly. They would also be endorsed by large sections of American, West European and West German opinion. This opinion would grow rapidly in volume and strength of conviction if given a courageous and tenacious British lead, particularly when that lead met with a positive Soviet response.

To induce both sides to negotiate on Labour's proposals for disarmament and peace under such pressure from world opinion and the small states that neither side would break off the negotiations until agreement had been reached, it would not be necessary or even desirable to leave NATO. It would be quite enough, and better, if we interpreted our obligation in NATO, CENTO and SEATO, as we have a perfect right to do, to mean that we refuse to be committed to war by allies who will not come to terms with us on how to make peace.

In the last five pages of the CND pamphlet *Anatomy of a Sacred Cow* I described this policy at some length, and gave reasons for believing it would work.

I conclude this article by condensing this policy into a draft of the kind of resolution I hope may be adopted at the Blackpool Conference:

"Th's Conference,

"Noting that the arms race is kept going by mutual fear and suspicion

and neither side wants to attack the other,

"Convinced that the more both sides prepare for instant nuclear war against the imaginary danger of aggression, the greater becomes the real danger of an incident provoking a fatal accident,

"Decides that the Labour party must seek a mandate for the next Labour Government to repudiate the balance of power, and take its stand on the U.N. Charter in relation to both the USA and USSR, in order to give any effective lead for general disarmament and peaceful coexistence, and accordingly (a) reaffirms the 1958 Conference decisions on foreign policy and the United Nations, and the 1960 Conference decisions on defence,

"(b) declares that the next Labour Government should invite our principal allies and the Soviet Union to negotiate on our proposals for disarmament, and peaceful coexistence; make clear its readiness to negotiate on these proposals with the USSR even if one or more of our allies refused to do so, and our intention in that case to bring any agreement so reached before the General Assembly of the United Nations with a request that it be recommended as a basis of settlement; serve notice that any ally refusing to negotiate on our proposals after the USSR had agreed to do so, would not be regarded as a victim of unprovoked aggression if it became involved in a conflict, and therefore would not be entitled to British help under NATO, CENTO or SEATO." According to those treaties a member state may call upon its allies to come to its assistance only if it has been subject to 'unprovoked aggression.'

This is not a policy for 'neutralism,' 'pacifism,' 'isolationism,' 'contracting

Continued on page 12

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.

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

Continued from page 10

out of treaty obligations,' and the rest of the nonsense called by those who with unconscious humour or their tongues in their cheeks call unilateral reliance on U.S. H. bombs through NATO a policy for "multilateral disarmament and collective security." This is a policy which could unite and

put fresh heart into the Labour Party, which could unite with a bold Socialist home policy to win the support of the great majority of the electors and which would give a Labour Government the normal prestige, bargaining power with Governments and hold on public opinion in Europe and America, to end the cold war and make peace.



FOUR MINUTE WAR

There will be little warning. The sky will shout
 And eagles will know the blind fears of the mole,
 Both, be startled into a quick dust. Starless louts
 Have bought the sun. Our sun as its own anger.
 It will land like a kiss, melting all angles
 Into their essential similarity. The sharpest claw
 With the feathers of the swan will be single,
 Confused into a smell neither right nor wrong.
 No thing will be rejected as unclean. Although
 Life cannot bear such strong reality, spirits
 Will not be singed. Beyond disease and plough
 They will mingle, after pain, with dung and tree.
 On the periphery, some will not die wisely
 Who have felt their hands boil like milk
 Then spill upon the earth, to fertilise
 Its barren sympathies. They cannot now call
 Stop! Ugliness grows where nothing will. Fallen
 Limbs, warped chimneys, black wheat.
 Pollen will find no ovule—will be foreign
 An impossible stranger amongst friends.
 Those who hear the rumble only, will crouch
 And soil their silken underwear.
 Why did these children throw fire. Have their doubts
 Destroyed our loves like straw, my dying brothers?

by TERRY BRINDLEY

KENNEDY NEW-LOOK PRESIDENT

An assessment by

M. R. LAVAN

MR. KENNEDY'S statements on foreign policy during and since the presidential election campaign have been sufficiently general and various to steel the resolve of the most tough minded Red-baiter and to warm the heart of the tender-minded liberal. In his inauguration address he asserted that "only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed," a sound statement of the Cold War arms race; during the campaign he advocated U.S. support of anti-Castro forces both within and outside Cuba, which would amount to both aggression and subversion: yet he took a courageous and enlightened stand on the possibility of evacuating Quemoy and Matsu, and on the U-2; and his inaugural address exhorted both sides to "formulate serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms."

It is to this latter end that Mr. Kennedy's energies and our hopes will be directed. He has shown that he thinks of policy in concrete terms about clearly defined issues. He has had the resumption of the talks on nuclear tests postponed till late March when the U.S. will put forward the plans now being worked out by Mr. McCloy in the disarmament agency. It has been indicated that the U.S.



plans will form a detailed multi-stage programme over a period of some years. Whatever the Soviet Union thinks of such plans, we can be sure that they will be based on better information and research than previous (and half-hearted) U.S. plans, and that this administration is determined to do business. The release of the RB47 fliers is evidently the request of a deal by which both sides have made tacit admissions of guilt, the Russians over the RB47, the Americans over the U-2 flights, which the President has ordered suspended. While some deprecate this change to secret diplomacy, progress made point by point to break the deadlock is surely more helpful than the emotional appeal to a (dubious) international goodwill as practiced by President Eisenhower.

It is widely recognised on this side of the Atlantic that a marked change has come in the direction of U.S. foreign policy, that the torch has indeed been passed to a new generation of Americans. The question of the European approach to the new administration was no doubt the main topic at the recent de Gaulle-Adenauer

talks and will figure in the coming McMillan-de Gaulle meeting. "To those old allies whose culture and spiritual origins we share," the inauguration address pledged "the loyalty of faithful friends." But the old, easy relationship of Eisenhower - McMillan - de Gaulle, the former comrades in arms, has gone for good. The old boys' network enabled McMillan to telephone Eisenhower to associate his views on policy with an appeal on emotional and sentimental grounds. Yet even when Eisenhower assumed full control of U.S. foreign policy after the death of Mr. Dulles, it was evident that there were important misunderstandings, that the U.S. failed to make its policy clear to its allies, as in the case of Laos, when it was widely feared in Europe that U.S. was about to intervene on a grand scale. We can expect the Kennedy administration to be loyal as a faithful friend, but for more intelligent and realistic reasons, and with clearer aims. The President's cogency, pragmatism and precision will be assets in explaining his foreign policy to his allies. While he has a healthy estimate of the importance of Africa and Asia, most European observers expect that the administration will not underestimate Europe's role or its problems.

Defence, and economic aid to underdeveloped countries will be the matters on which Mr. Kennedy will reappraise the role of the allies. The allies will be asked to invest more in Africa and Asia. Since the United Kingdom already makes a substantial contribution and has its own balance of payments problem, the main effort of the U.S. representatives will be concentrated on the German government. Dr. Adenauer's government can and should divert part of its huge foreign exchange surpluses to the new nations, and improve the terms of the limited aid which it makes at present. German intransigence could strain allied relations, particularly when associated with Mr. Kennedy's prospective defence policy changes.

The President has ordered a review of the whole U.S. defence policy. The most likely change is towards greater reliance upon the "second strike," with the development of the Polaris and Minuteman solid-fuel rockets, (this must be welcome to all shades of opinion in this country since it reduces the need for armed, in-the-air patrols and destroys for years the possibility of a 'pre-emptive first strike' by the Russians, and therefore the need for such a first strike by the Americans, as held by some U.S. strategists).

The number of bases could therefore be reduced. This would enable the administration to achieve three important objectives: first, reduce expense, second, alleviate ill-feeling in the countries providing defence facilities and thirdly, give evidence of its peaceful intentions towards the Eastern bloc.

For Britain, this means that the Labour Party has a great opportunity to end its intense struggle over the British contribution to the deterrent and to close its ranks behind the unifying issue of disengagement in Europe. Even if the rise of second strike weapons reduces the danger of accidental war, the gravest threat remains the prospect of any conflict in central Europe becoming rapidly 'escalated' from tactical nuclear artillery to the I.C.B.M.s. While any British government would follow an American lead on disengagement, the U.S. would be sure to encounter tough sledding in gaining German agreement to such a plan.

Thus/therefore/so: What Britain ought to be doing is working out plans for disarmament or disengagement which would have much better prospects for acceptance by both U.S. and U.S.S.R. than would identical plans proposed by either side. This would be the most positive contribution that we could make towards gaining some solid achievement from the current tentative good will apparent on both sides.

BIG DEAL

WHAT became of the kids we left behind when we went to the Grammar School? Many of them, after their years in the Secondary Modern School, will have made careers in industry. What kind of deal did they get and what kind of deal are their followers getting now? We shall soon have an opportunity of looking at these questions more closely, for this year, as the bulge leaves school, an unprecedented number of young people will be thrown into the big wide world and we shall be able to judge for ourselves whether the nation is ready to provide them with the opportunities to channel their skill and intelligence into useful and satisfying jobs. On the whole, the immediate outlook is far from satisfactory.

University students may justly complain of anomalies in opportunities in higher education but the contrast in what society will do for the would-be student and the would-be apprentice is a glaring one.

The Government, we hear, is fully conscious of the needs of the kids who leave school at fifteen and it is inclined to show its interest on occasion with such statements as "In their own interests and those of the nation as a whole, young people must be given the best possible opportunities for technical education and training," which is taken from the introduction to the recent White Paper "Better Opportunities in Technical Education." Industry, too, frequently complains of a desperate shortage in trained young people, hinting that tremendous opportunities await the relatively intelligent young school-leaver. What, then, is the trouble?

A few years ago an Industrial Training Council was set up with the specific function of keeping appren-



ticeship and training arrangements in general under review. The Council was established as a result of a report of a sub-committee of the Minister of Labour's National Joint Advisory Council. The report states "In carrying out these functions the organisation (The Industrial Training Council) would be providing a service for industry and it is by industry that we think it ought to be established. What we have in mind is a small Council consisting of representatives of the appropriate industrial organisations who would be selected because of their knowledge of, and interest in, the training of young people . . . The Council would have no executive powers. Its function would be to help, encourage, and if necessary, exhort. But the responsibility for training in each individual industry would rest, as now, on the industry concerned." So far, so good; with the present structure of industry in this country the use of public funds in undertaking expensive training of young people for private industry would be quite unjustifiable. What everyone seems to have forgotten is the young potential trainee. His future and the future of others like him rests in the hands of the industry he is seeking to enter. It is this situation which should give us cause for some concern.

The Industrial Training Council has taken it upon itself to ensure that all young people with the ability should get the opportunities of industrial training so that each one may be able to work towards a satisfying job in industry. But the Council (a body which, it should be remembered, was established by industry itself) asserts that sufficient training places in industry will not be available to meet the 'bulge' unless conditions are created in which the economy can continue to expand. Or, more simply, if the present recession continues industry will not be able to afford to find places which will give young people the opportunity of developing their skills into a satisfying trade. And yet, we hear from time to time when

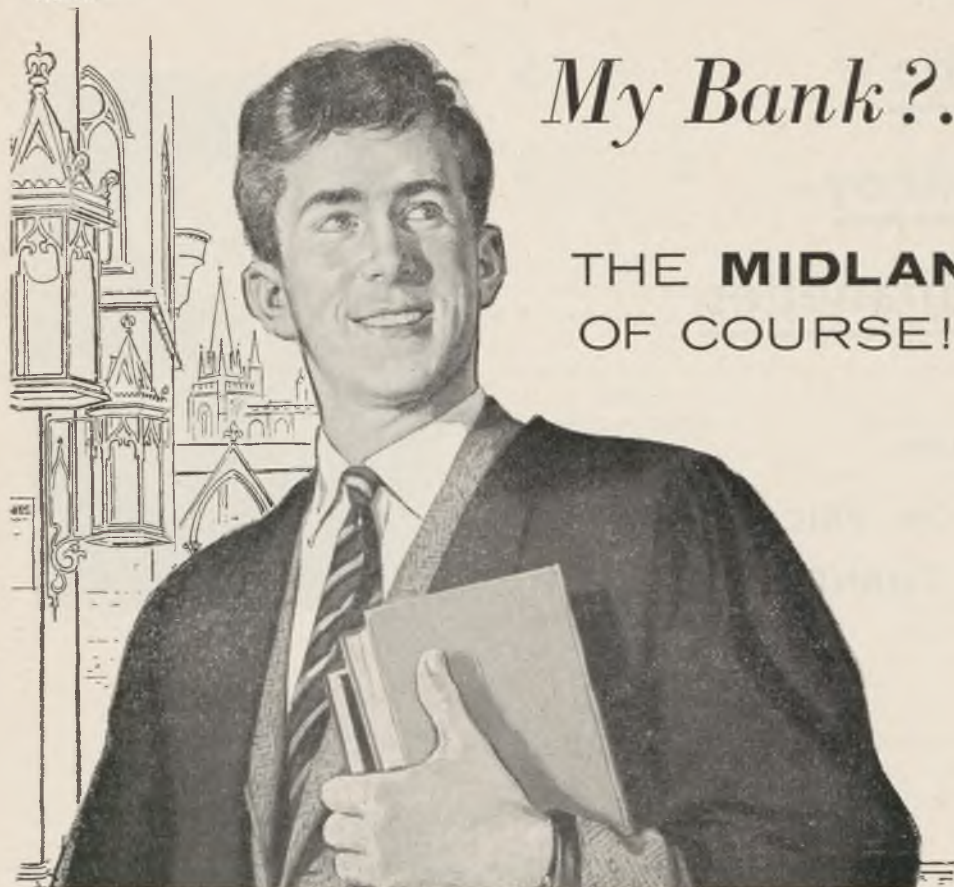
things are doing well that there is a desperate shortage of skilled workers.

It is clear that in some industries and areas the challenge is being met; but on a nationwide basis the response of industry has been most unsatisfactory. A survey in 1959 reported that 'little has been done to make serious preparations for the increase in leavers.' The Minister of Labour is reported to have misgivings about the situation and the 'Times' has shown that, so far, all published figures suggest that industrial leaders are letting the nation down.

The Government's attitude, on the whole remains the same. It is that training for industry is essentially industry's job. Occasionally we hear, however, dark hints and veiled threats. The Minister of Labour, Mr. John Hare in a speech recently suggested that Government action might be taken in the event of industry not fulfilling its duty, "But if industry fails to meet the challenge—if when the 'bulge' comes it is seen that enough young people are not getting the opportunity of skilled training—I foresee that there will be such a demand for Government action of one sort or another that the basic doctrine that the responsibility for training rests with industry may be subject to pressure that will be very hard to resist."

The situation, therefore is gloomy. On the whole it appears that private industry is failing the nation and it may well be that young people rejected now for training will hear in the future, when the economy is better, of yet another desperate shortage of skilled labour. It must be very encouraging to parents and the school-leavers themselves to know that their future is being so well looked after. To me, it looks one of the biggest risks outside Monte-Carlo. In a year's time we shall be able to judge the effectiveness of what seems one of the greatest 'we'll get by' schemes of recent years. But, more important, we can question now the doctrine underlying the present chaos.

E. G. SCHUMACHER



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The Kilroy Villanelles

by

W. PRICE

TURNER



KILROY was here and gone before we knew
the full significance of his great feat:
that he had bitten more than we could chew.

As boffin at the feast Belshazzar threw
his writing on the wall was the big treat.
Kilroy was here and gone before we knew

exactly what to tell the slick "Review"
or whether we could hash it for "Discreet."
That he had bitten more than we could chew

was quickly obvious: the story grew
so crazy that we didn't have to cheat.
Kilroy was here and gone before we knew

how many places he had travelled to
just to make every space he found repeat
that he had bitten more than we could chew.

Motionless, a man can begin a queue,
and one can write what thousands can't delete.
Kilroy was here and gone before we knew
that he had bitten more than we could chew.

2

From mortal suffering to mortal joy
the human problem is to find the link.
Kinsey forgot to interview Kilroy,

a man he had occasion to employ . . .
This is the kind of thing to make you think.
From mortal suffering to mortal joy

we pass, oblivious of much, like coy
Antony intercepting the sly wink
cute Cleopatra meant for young Kilroy.

That jump to rude conclusion must annoy
historians who are obliged to blink
from mortal suffering to mortal joy

and make deductions for the hoi polloi
who'd rather ogle starlets posed in mink,
paid for, of course, by sugar-king Kilroy.

Sorry to hark back so. Remember Troy?
A thousand Helens quiver at the brink
from mortal suffering to mortal joy
only to see the face of the Kilroy.

3

Historical research must be sincere .
Guessing objectively to bridge the gaps
how shall we ever prove Kilroy was here

if we assume the man to be a mere
popular figurehead the public claps?
Historical research must be sincere

in its detachment, probing without fear
the social warp, the private woof, the maps
professors wove before Kilroy was here
to chalk his cheeky message on the pier.

There's more to see than any tourist snaps.
Historical research must be sincere
in all its findings, as by now it's clear

logic's a sucker for those moral traps
we must evade to know Kilroy was here.
You need not move to see your shadow veer.

Does that prove anything, at all? Perhaps.
Historical research must be sincere,
but on the fly-leaf mark "Kilroy was here."

SWALLERIN

CONTEST

harold f.
branam

YEH, it shore is nice here under the falls, Mr. Arnold, in the cool of the shade. Sometimes I just come down here and set and set and let my bucket run over while I stare out through the little piss-streams of water coming down. I stare out at the big spruce pines perched on the cliff sides or the water swirlin' over them big rocks below. I just set and forget there is a world. I guess I could just set here and stare out through the water and the spray all day long and never get bored.

Then sometimes on hot days while my bucket of water is catching I pull off my duds and climb down and stand under the falls and let the water cool me. On hot days, even, it'll freeze the hell outa ya. But you feel good after. Other times I bring along my fishin' line and go scamperin' down the big rocks below slidin' and skinnin' my arse on them slick bastards and tryin' to catch a minner without fallin' in one of them deep holes and drownin' my sad arse.

You see a lotta snakes here, too. Did you ever see many snakes here, Mr. Arnold? I reckon you have, as many times as you've been down here. I remember one time I come down here and here was a snake what looked like it had two tails and didn't have no head. I says to myself, "I never seed sich a crazy thing in my whole short life." Then I looks closer and sees what's wrong. It ain't no snake with two tails and no head at all. It's just one snake tryin' to swallow another. This one 'bout had this other 'bout half-way swallowed, too. They just laid there twitchin' and twistin' in the awfulest show, with sulphur from the spring all over them. It near made a feller sick. 'Specially when this one would swaller 'bout two or three inches of the other and then have to cough or puke it up or the other would wiggle back out with the slobber or somethin' all over it, you know. I reckon I set here and watched them struggle for 'bout a hour or so, and when I left this one still didn't have



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the other'n swallered. Some swallerin' contest, I'll clue you.

Do I like to carry water all the way from here to home? No, sir, I reckon I don't. That half mile from here to there four or five times a day is a mite too much for me. I guess you know what it's like. You didn't get your grey hairs standin' around. But I bet it's harder on me than on a old guy like you, Mr. Arnold, 'cause you're used to it. But I guess there's no gettin' around it. Why not? Well, Mr. Arnold, you know we used to carry our drinkin' water from across the road at the Owensens. Well, there was a quarrel 'tween them and us a while back and since then we ain't carried narry a bucket of drinkin' water from the Owensens.' Say, how 'bout a chew of terbaccer, Mr. Arnold. Thank ye, thank ye.

It all happened way back this spring. **Phfft!** You know how bad Jack Owens wuz wantin' to get him a bee-bee gun. Well, 'long come my older brother Clint's birthday—he was thirteen years old—and Dad bought him a bee-bee gun. That made Jack Owens so mad he couldn't see straight. So one day Jack comes up the road in front of our house and hollers in at my big brother Clint. Clint's settin' on our front porch polishin' the stock of his new bee-bee gun. Clint lays his bee-bee gun down—all fair and square like that, you know—and gets up and marches just as solemnly as can be out to the road, and they start layin' into one another.

You know how mad Clint can get. **Phfft!** Well, he got madder than that this time. Say, yore bucket's full, Mr. Arnold. Pretty soon it was plain as day that Clint wuz gonna beat hell outa Jack. He wuz knockin' Jack's b'g arse from one side of the road to the other'n. Then about this time, in darts this here little skinny bastard, Squirt Owens. He joins up with Jack and they start knockin' my brother Clint from one side of the road to the other'n.

You know a feller ain't gonna stand by and see his own brother get the stuffin' mangled outa him, so I grabs

the first thing that touches my eye, a broom, and runs out and joins in. This here little Squirt is bendin' over my brother Clint tryin' to gouge out his eyes. I comes back with the broom and dusts the seat of his pants with a lick that sends him for a abracadabra salamashazom fare-ye-well. When I hits him this second time he starts to run. But I'm hot on his trail, and I keep flailing him with the broom for half a mile up the road 'til I get tired and quit. He keeps runnin' on out of sight, the little bastard yellin' like all put-aut. **Phfft!**

When I get back to where Clint and Jack wuz tusselin', Jack has got up and run in their yard and is cussin' Clint and darin' him inside. "You shore as hell won't carry any more water from our well!" Jack is yellin'.

"Who says so" shouts back Clint.

"Just try and see!" Jack screams and goes in their house.

Well, in about a hour or so, Mom comes out on the porch and tells Clint and me she needs a tubful of water to wash with. Clint looks at me sort of out of the corner of his eye and says, "Let's go, Pee-Wee." We go get a washtub and head for the Owensens' house.

When we do, out runs Jack and this skinny Squirt into the yard to wait for us. And this time they've got that old bitch, Molly Owens—their mother, you know—with them. Here they are waiting for us with their hands on their hips and with their faces all screwed up like they've just been eatin' crabapples. Clint and me go down the path through our yard, out the gate into the road, and start in the Owensens' yard, carryin' the tub between us. **Phfft!**

Squirt runs up to their gate and says real mean, "Stay off our property." Clint pushes the gate open real hard and catches Squirt behind it before he can say another word. Then all hell breaks loose. Squirt puts up a squeal and Molly, that jaded old heifer—that's what Mom calls her—**Phfft!** she runs and grabs Clint, and Clint

drops the washtub. Jack and Clint start to sluggin'. That lean lanky old Molly—she's skinny as a snake—grabs Clint with a bony arm and tries to drag him off. By this time Squirt has loosened hisself from the gate, and he flies into Clint, too.

Well, you know a feller ain't gonna stand by and see his own brother get the snot beat outa him, so I draws back with the tub and lets sail at Old Moll. The tub catches Old Moll right in the middle and she folds up and shouts, "Halleeluuujah!" I don't know why she would want to shout "Hallelujah!" at a time like that, but Dad—he used to go with Old Moll back in their courtin' days you know—says she's a strange old slut, anyway. **Phfft!**

Well, when I see Old Moll ain't gonna cause any more trouble, I light into Squirt and flail him some good ones before Old Jess—that's their Dad, you know—steps out in the yard with a double-barrel shotgun and roars, "Desist or de cease," or something like that. I shore as hell didn't want to de cease, so I desisted. Old Jess is standin' there about to have a stroke, his eyes poppin' out and his mouth open so wide you'd think he wuz gonna swaller you. Old Jess yells, "Get off my property, you varmints you! And don't come back! You can get your filthy water some other place from now on!"

I swear if Old Jess hadn't of had that double-barrel shotgun in his hands, Clint would have lit into him right there. You know what a hellcat Clint is anyway when he gets mad. But them two black holes starin' him right in the two eyes held him back.

Clint and me picked up the washtub—it had a big dent in it now—and went out in the road. Then we stood there and dared them out. Old Jess waved that double-barrel and said "Git!" Clint and me got up in our yard and dared them from there. They all went into the house then except Squirt. He stood out in the yard makin' faces and pokin out his tongue until Clint let rip a sandstone that sent him scurryin' in the huse outa range. Then Clint stayed on the front porch all day singin' "You Don't Miss the Water Until the Well Runs Dry." And that's why we carry our drinkin' water all the way from the falls now.

The funny thing is, though, the Owensens have to carry their water all the way from under the falls now ever since a old tomcat fell accidentally in their well and corrupted the water one time while they was gone to Sunday School. Serves them right. The bastards! And you know, I never seen a tomcat as old as that un put up such a fuss drownin'. Some tomcat, I'll clue you. **Phfft!**

IMPASSE

FROM gutter voyages of match-box boats
the dreamer wakes to his demanding roots;
Land's End looks one days march from John O' Groats
if insight flashes seven-league boots .

The practical miss with her toy-shop scales
talks to her dolly and picks at her frills;
in sour experience sweet theory fails,
she sobs to suffer for forgotten skills.

Stranded on fact, his open needs are rife,
she weighs the riper seeds of pride, aloof;
with love that could fire the dull game of life
remote as a rag doll flung on a roof.

IN A CEMETERY

WHEN, among the graves, we see that shrivelled wreaths
 betray thin clever loops of twisted wire,
 these tributes appear trophies that Time seeks
 out as symbols on which to moralise.
 For whether the departed spirit writhes
 in expiation, or smiles for our sakes,
 reality soon seeps forward and seethes
 through the facades that grief deliberates—
 imagining an imminence of sighs
 or apparition of some cherished wraiths,
 when it is only the keen hush of scythes
 and the slither of tireless rakes.

A KIND OF COMMITMENT

How fierce in its loyalties is the beat of the heart,
 thudding and thudding, pistoned in faith;
 and what a desperate ethic devils us
 to soar through space,
 when all the mighty engines men construct
 to probe infinity's most abstract pores
 wait on the humours of the old blood-pump
 powering even our repose.

How free with its argosies is the pride of the mind,
 planning, explaining, fraught with campaign
 When progress founders or prejudice destroys,
 fresh lures prevail.
 On time's expense account the kinks uncoil:
 dynasties rattle down like dominoes
 while wheels and ladders theorise the void
 of the rule-grinders' monotone.

How long are the pillories of the justice we deal,
 shackles untackled, to be retained?
 Divorce's ducking-stool, and legislation's
 erratic snail
 strain from their slime in public marathon—
 but who, privileged to witness one slow
 gas chamber waltz, knowing the score, applauds
 the guillotine as metronome?

How madly determinist is the plight of the world,
 massively passive before decay;
 windmill politics pounding the bones of peace
 concatenate
 famine and harvest, and the price of beer.

The rice-grain peasant and the champagne bore
frown across columns of one magazine
where oblique colloquies explode.

How true of our apathy is the man on the cross:
 languishing anguish, hanging in grace,
or the squatting prince, uprooted from desire,
 how they translate!
As if the ravages of compromise,
convulsing shrouds to impregnate a ghost,
have primed a faith that heart and brain deny:
 a bastard truth, ashamed of both.

How sure of security is the breast in the hand,
 trustingly thrusting, moot for debate;
and what impermanent, randomly pledged debts
 these moods we slake.

The steady poisons of the flesh relent,
love floods its battlefields with heavy toll,
till each mind swims in rancours of regret
 for lost worlds with wills of their own.

How primitive now the ever-laborious heart,
 thumping and pumping blood to the brain.
Intellect's miserly budgeting inflicts
 lavish blockades:
so the old craftsman, curator of whims
today no body of men dare afford,
tightens the shutters on integrity,
 the doomed only trade that he knows.

THE LEGEND TAMERS

NOW, when the legend really lived and flew
 immaculate and majestic, through
the dreamer's clouds, nobody ever guessed
that the imagined beauty men pursue
so often could be goaded up from rest
to carry cultured hoodlums to its nest.
Nor that this eggless haven would enrage
the get-rich-quick ones who had thought to cage
Fame with a legend taught some parlour tricks.
Alas, the weary legend feels its age
Blind in a pond, maimed; wings in a fix . . .
Poked at by earnest scholars with long sticks.



Vivienne Welburn

A

LIGHT

FANTASY

YOU see it was really all a dream . . and I want you to get this straight from the start because some of you will think I'm just a crank otherwise, being dead symbolic and all that. I mean it's very nice if you can play with clever words or go all Anglo-Saxon like this Lady Chatterly bloke, but not me, I'm no tub-thumper, just one of these normal, fun-loving birds you see floating around.

It was early morning, damp and pretty cold, especially out in the empty streets which were each sealed off in their own little pools of fluorescent lighting . . . you know the sort of thing I mean. I'd just left a party, I can't remember who was holding it, Andrew or Jim—someone like that, anyway it was like all the others, booze and beds. I'd missed the bed bit and had got so sick of it I'd pushed off.

I'd walked along for a bit feeling pretty miserable and then, suddenly, I saw a hill in front of me and lots of people walking up singing hymns. I followed them and we went up the hill and it got steeper and steeper until I felt my lungs would burst, I'm not very fit you see, never took much to exercise—athletically speaking I mean. Anyway we came at last to a large sort of meeting-house and we all went inside.

It was like a kind of ballroom, hot and stinking of sweat and smoke. People were dancing though there was no music, at least I couldn't hear any. At the far end of the room was a pulpit and choir stalls into which my hymn-singing mates all marched. I was pretty curious to see what it was all about and no one seemed to bother much about my being there so I followed them. Then a stout, stubby chap wearing one of those 'good' suits—Hepworths or something and with a white carnation in his button-hole, climbed into the pulpit and began to speak. And all the while these people went on dancing in the same old way, it wasn't even rock or jitterbug, just one of these one-two-three do's.

"My friends" said the bloke in the pulpit, "my friends, I am here today

to assure you that everything is as it should be. We can, indeed we ought to be proud of what we have achieved. Furthermore we must have faith, we must have confidence in all that is before us, we must believe in our prosperity and above all we must realise what a full future there is ahead of us."

There was a sort of clapping from the hymn singers who stood up and sang 'Land of Hope and Glory' which was very uplifting and the stout chap looked pleased and smiled at the dancers who weren't listening anyway.

"Easter" he continued, (after the singing I mean, he couldn't speak whilst it was on) "Easter" he said "is the time for looking back, but also it is the time for looking forward. Easter has brought us untold benefits, the Welfare State, better living conditions and a considerable rise of interest in animal welfare."

Here there was more applause.

"And" he went on, "what better time than Easter at which to look out and stretch the hand of friendship across the sea to our brothers in other lands?"

Now when he said this, this coloured bloke who'd been dancing by himself in a corner came forward and held out his hand, just like that. The speaker looked pretty annoyed at his speech being interrupted, and I mean it was a damned good speech, all that about animal welfare . . . and here was this bloody wog holding out his hand like he was Harold Macmillan himself or something. Anyway he just looked at him very hard and said,

"Across the sea, sir" and everyone laughed, even the dancers, it was so damned funny to see the look on that nigger's face when he said "across the sea" like that. Then the laugh rose into a kind of snarl and they all rushed at that nigger and tore and tore until he'd been torn to pieces. It wasn't very nice I can tell you, I mean it's alright on the pictures but not in a dance-hall. But my comrades didn't seem to mind so I supposed it was al-

right. There was blood and stuff all over the place. I wondered whether I ought to faint or not, but it didn't seem worth it, they weren't really gentlemen if you follow my meaning. Anyway one of the dancers gave the preacher some blood in a cup and he drank it, I suppose he didn't want to hurt their feelings or anything. Then he continued with his speech and the dancers continued dancing.

"We must unite and live together as brothers" he went on, and he really had a beautiful voice, soft and low and ever so cultured, "and this is what I would have you remember . . ."

I was a bit bored by this time and didn't want to miss my last bus, so I slipped out.

Outside I found this girl being held down by a gang of soldiers and they were all taking it in turn, if you know what I mean. It shook me though . . . I mean in public like that, and this one poor girl stretched open . . . don't get me wrong or anything, I mean I don't mind a bit of the old one-two in private, I'm not a virgin or anything old fashioned like that . . . but this seemed a bit different somehow. Anyway there was nothing I could do and it wasn't really any of my business so I walked past as quickly as I could with my nose in the air, pretending I didn't notice or anything.

I must have walked quite a way when I came to a mass of mud-huts with television aerials, but I didn't stop because I don't care much for T.V. and the sort of people who watch it are so narrow I always think. I was walking pretty fast now as it was a bit late to be wandering around and I don't like people to think I'm cheap.

So I came to a kind of market-place at the bottom of another hill and there was a crowd gathered here with a tall, thin bearded chap talking.

"We must act quickly before it's too late" he was saying . . . poor speaker I thought, harsh voice, but I listened for a bit because I respect the views of the minority so to speak.

"Any moment the world may be blown to pieces by irresponsible

tycoons" he shouted, "any moment human life will be exterminated by some trigger-happy Joe." "Rhubarb" said the chap next to me, "bloody Communists, you're all the same!" "What about the Welfare State" asked a long, thin youth.

"Do you seriously believe the Welfare State will save you from atomic radiation?" cried the speaker.

"Better than you can" replied the other at which there was a lot of laughter . . . a good reply I thought, made old beardy look a proper nurk.

Anyway it didn't seem to concern me, so I drifted off and started up the hill. Then suddenly there was a scorching flash and the earth began to shake violently. I was pretty frightened I can tell you and began to wish I hadn't left the party. But I pushed on up the hill and it grew hotter and hotter and I felt my skin begin to tingle and itch and then burn and I couldn't breathe, I just couldn't breathe. Then men soaked in blood came running down the hill past me, screaming like children and I could taste and smell burning flesh. I ran and ran to escape them all, to get away from the stench of those heaps of smouldering twisted bodies. At last I reached the top of the hill and there I saw this large black piece of wood silhouetted against the white sky and some poor devil was pinned to it. All isolated it was, almost like it had been forgotten, you know, left behind, and that chap, he seemed so odd and out of place up there, almost like he was watching something. It beat me, anyway I was too terrified to care much.

Then there was an enormous echoing noise which swept across the sky, almost like a fanfare of trumpets, the classy kind I mean, but I never found out what it was because everything ended there.

Anyway I told the gang about it and they thought it'd make a good story, so that's why I've written it down. I shouldn't get worked up about it though, after all, as I said before, it was only a dream.

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Acting for a living

By G. Wilson Knight
and Mike Brennan

THERE must be many members of our various university theatre groups in Great Britain and abroad that are wondering whether they should take to the theatre professionally; and how can we advise them?

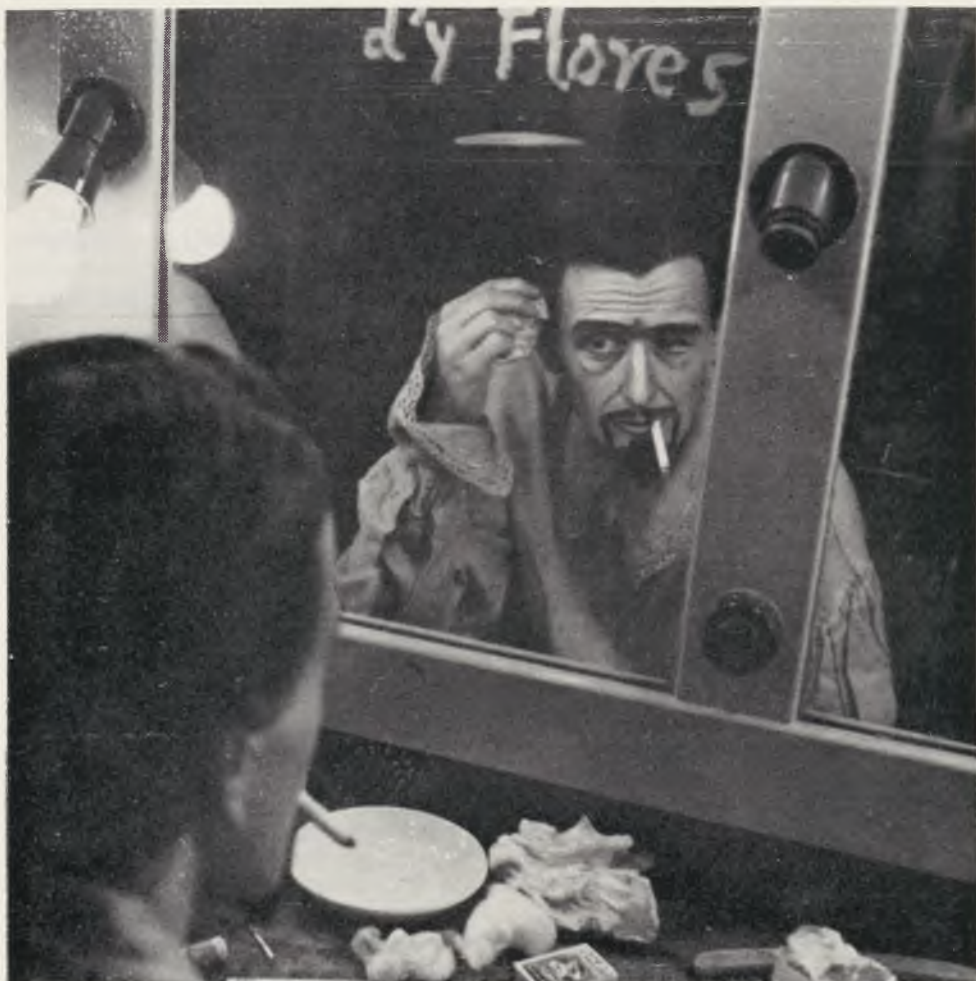
That such a career would be economically hazardous is fairly obvious. It is likely to be a series of adventures without any stability or rest. One would have to be prepared for a life spent in small provincial companies, which are themselves finding existence difficult; many have closed down already, and more may do so. London is for the few, and leading parts far fewer. Even at what may appear the extreme of achievement there are dangers: for, after all how satisfying is it to be a star in a West End success? The play is not likely to be one of weighty content, and despite the well-known argument that each audience, and therefore each performance, is always new, to go through it night after night for a couple of years or more may begin to seem a kind of slavery. Some of our most eminent actors have felt this: Beerbolm Tree, in the years before the 1914 war, though at the head of his profession and engaging in one exciting and richly compacted production of his own choice after another, used often to take off a play that was making money to avoid

boredom. Such independence is, however, seldom possible.

For myself, I should say that if one were at the top and a free agent with a public following, then the stage might be a wonderful life. As Shakespeare puts it, 'There is much virtue in "if".'

Today, though the theatre itself is facing difficulties, many other related mediums are open; the cinema, television, sound-broadcasting. These are more in the spirit of our time; they are natural growths of it, and a life given to one or more of them might be easier, more stable if never quite so satisfying. Modern techniques are developing with such rapidity that it is hard to forecast the opportunities ahead. For anyone with talent for production, particularly if he has an interest in the more mechanistic techniques, there may be openings of some promise.

What we have to consider is this: how far could a life professionally devoted either to the theatre or to one of its modern derivatives hold any real correspondence to the particular thrill and accomplishment, the free collaboration and creative devotion, above all the created and evanescent magic, that we experience and then lose in our brief university productions? Through them we enter, temporarily, a world different from our normal pursuits; a world of higher, more intoxicating and more magical, order. Can such experiences be made



Ronald Pickup makes up as Flores in "The Changeling."

the basis of our normal living Perhaps—to some extent; but only at the cost of many radical and severe changes in tone and quality. It is rather like marriage.

When I was young people used to refer to Mr. Punch's famous 'advice to those about to be married.' The advice was simple: 'Don't.' I fear that my own remarks in this note may appear to be equally uncompromising; but since a life-long success in any art depends, as in marriage, on the ability to accept and even welcome its attendant drudgeries, warnings may

be forgiven. The young producer or actor of potential genius will in any case pay slight attention to what I have been saying. Beyond its purely cautionary intent I am myself far from certain as to the value of my advice; and on re-reading it I begin to wonder whether I may have been doing no more than work out for my own satisfaction a number of arguments to absolve myself from not having, for better or worse, devoted my own life more unremittingly to an art which I prize so highly

Prof. G. Wilson Knight

The Student as Actor

HAROLD HOBSON, at the recent Drama Festival accused theatre groups of being too intellectual in their approach. This remark does touch upon a basic problem.

The student-actor is, more than the actor in any other sphere, aware of the dichotomy between the conception and execution of a part, between dramatic instinct and stage-technique, between the intellectual comprehension of a part and its theatrical representation. He has more opportunity than the professional to analyse his part intellectually. Apart from any other considerations, he has much more time to consider his part. He has only two or three plays to think about during a year. He moves, of course, in a world in which plays are performed for their intellectual appeal and are subject to intense intellectual scrutiny during rehearsal.

The problem of the average University actor is that he lacks the technique to turn his intellectual insights into something theatrically effective. Unfortunately, there is no one to help him with this problem. Few student-producers have the experience and understanding of acting technique to be able to correct the errors of their actors, even if they do recognise them. In fact, quite often the keen producer loads an extra burden upon the actor's shaky technique by asking him to achieve near impossibilities. For instance, it is not unknown for the producer who has found a variety of meanings in one line to ask the actor to communicate them all to the audience. Here the producer has failed to look at the performance from the point of view of theatrical effect. On the other hand, a producer sometimes

asks for a certain effect without having any idea how it is to be achieved. In both cases, the fault lies in his ignorance of acting technique.

However, the student-actor's lack of technique does have some advantages. Because he has to struggle with his part more than the average professional needs to, he can sometimes produce an interpretation which is more stimulating and exciting than the professional's polished performance would be. The temptation for the professional, especially under the soul-destroying conditions of repertory work, is to use his smooth, easy-flowing technique to give a competent performance which has no heart to it.

An example which will illustrate this point is the use of gestures. Most people have some idea of how to act vocally, for we use our voices every day. But most of us do not use our hands and bodies to help express our thoughts. Thus, the amateur actor is liable to find, when he gets on the stage, that he does not know what to do with his hands. But if he approaches the problem intelligently he may end up by finding solutions which not only remove his sense of discomfort but add meaning to his performance.

Recently, I saw a well-known actor twice within a short time, once on stage, once on T.V. Out of interest, the play, in both cases, being bad, I studied his technique, especially his gestures. These, I found were beautifully fluent and nicely integrated into his performance as a whole, but they added no extra dimension to it. They were meaningless.

Where the student has no substitute for the professional's smooth technique is in the performance of plays of an extremely naturalistic type or

those in the polished style of, say, Restoration Comedy. Here the poise must be unwavering, the timing exact, the illusion total. The audience cannot, with equal benefit, grant that indulgence to a student group performing Congreve which it might grant to the same group performing Shakespeare: the indulgence of ignoring the minor faults of the players and their obvious youth for the sake of the major insights which they are communicating.

In performing much modern experimental drama, the student-actor has, perhaps, an advantage over the professional, for the latter has to divest himself of his inappropriate conventional technique. With plays which have no acknowledged style, a student group can create its own style, based upon the capabilities and limitations of its members. The play is moulded to fit the group. An example of this kind of play is Anne Jellicoe's *The Sport of My Mad Mother* which had been performed successfully during the last two years, by the Durham Colleges and Leeds University.

In choosing a programme of plays for any year a student group should take into account, then, both those works which it can perform most effectively and also those from which its members will draw most benefit in development of technique. The student group can rarely hope to emulate the professional company in performing for instance, Ibsen or Restoration comedy. Nevertheless, it must submit itself regularly to the disciplines of such drama in order that the technique the technique of its members be given rigorous exercise, even though its most valuable contribution to the above as a whole, lies in its performance of more experimental drama.

**Mike
Brennan**

S O N G S A T W O R K

"THERE are no nightingales in these songs, no flowers—and the sun is rarely mentioned; their themes are work, poverty, hunger and exploitation. They should be sung to the accompaniment of pneumatic drills and swinging hammers, they be bawled above the hum of turbines and the clatter of looms for they are songs of toil, anthems of the industrial age."

This is how Ewan McColl introduces his "The Shuttle and Cage," a book of industrial ballads. For years people have been attempting to hammer the last nails into the folk song's coffin, claiming that metamorphosis has set in to render the ballad a thing of the past. But these people forget one thing—that whenever man feels his situation then the folk song thrives. The ballad, like the poem, is a flexible tool in the hands of humanity, forms may change but the moving factor will remain. And so we witness the rise of the English industrial ballad. "If you have hacked with a small pick until every muscle in your body shrieked in protest—then you will know why these songs were made."

Poverty, hunger and exploitation are not the pleasantest of subjects for contemplation but for some people this is all that life can offer. For men who live constantly in danger there is a need to sing about it:—

The fireman's reports are missing,
The records of forty two days
The colliery manager had destroyed
them

To cover his criminal ways.

Down there in the dark they are
lying,

They died for nine shillings a day
They've worked out their shift and
now they must lie

In the darkness until Judgment Day

In the same way we see the every-
day life of the miners and the
smaller tragedies that mar his work-
ing day:—

O marrer, O marrer, and what do
you think?

I've broken me bottle and spilt all
me drink;

I've lost all me tools among the
great stones,

Draw me to the shaft, lad, its time
to go home.

But there are greater troubles in
store for the man who steps out of line
or gives way to the strain of his
environment. The law is quick to
move. Listen to the patter in the ballad
"Durham Gaol":—

Thats the place to gan if you're
matched to fight. They'll fetch ye
down to your weight if you're over
heavy. They feed you on flour
broth ivery meal an' they put it
down at the front door o' the hoose
you're livin' in. When the turnkey
opens the door, put your hand oot,
an' ye'll get a had o a shot box wi'
wee lid, an' varry little inside o' it;
its grand stuff for the fomen-filks
to paper the walls with. It sticks
to your ribs, but it's not made for

a man thit has to hew coals. Bide
away if they'll let ye.

However, although the situation is
chronic now, the future is brighter:—

There's still a pinch in the old top
boot

As everyone will allow,

But things are getting better, boys
We've got the Union now!

The same themes emerge from the
early Negro blues of America, the
plaintive workaday songs of the chain
gangs and work camps. Loneliness,
exploitation, and love relationships

mixed with poverty and hunger, dom-
inate the feeling of the blues. They
spring from the time when the
Negroes had access to few instru-
ments, and the ones obtainable suited
the melancholy mood of the singers.
Unconventional and naive, the blues
came to the rest of the world assured,
by their very humanity, of success.
The Negro wastes no time in subtlety,
he tells his tale briefly and his meta-
phor is obvious. He has a sense of
humour but it is a plaintive one.
Simplicity is the watchword:—

Niggers plant the cotton

Niggers pick it out,

White man pockets money

Niggers does without.

Like the industrial ballads of
England the Negro blues hits out at
the society which forces him to be
the underdog and suffer at the hands
of exploiting bosses. There is a con-
flict between existing conditions and
a desirable aim, between social en-
slavery and peaceful freedom:—

Got nowhere to lay my weary head,

O my babe, got nowhere to lay my
weary head.

Folk blues are often criticised for
their crude simplicity, but they are
vibrant. They are often nothing more
than snatches of Negro thought, which
express his desire to escape from the
trap of servility and unhappy love.

The appeal of the folk songs will
never lie as long as people are able to
appreciate the distaste of class or
racial oppression:—

Thirty days in prison, six long
months in jail,

Thirty days in prison, six long
months in jail,

Now they got me in trouble, no one
to go my bail.

Now please Mr. Jailer, unlock this
door for me

Now please Mr. Jailer, unlock this
door for me

The jail-house full of blues, an' they
done come down on me.

MALCOLM TOTTEN

THE strength and vitality of little magazines in the Union at the moment adds greatly to the attractiveness of our cultural activities. This mushroom growth is based on a solid foundation built up over the last few

years. The editors of **Gryphon** decided to ask the editors of four well-established periodicals to contribute to this issue, and we are also reprinting some of the material previously published by them, which is in some danger of being completely lost.

OUT OF PRINT

Scope

In one sense, **SCOPE** is now in its sixth year. It began in 1956 as a magazine devoted entirely to the film and, within that frame of reference, the bulk of its content was made up of film reviews. It very quickly gained a reputation for the uncompromising way in which it dealt with the vast majority of commercial films, so much so that its relations with local cinema managers became strained to a degree that still echoes today. In a word, the editors of the first four volumes of **SCOPE** were dedicated to the principle that the film is an art and to maintaining the magazine's standards on the basis of that principle.

In another, and equally real, sense **SCOPE** is only two years old. In the last two years, it has broadened its range immensely. No longer is it purely a film magazine; it is now concerned with the theatre, with the visual arts generally and* above all,

with the immense issues involved in the relationship between culture and society. What has happened to **SCOPE** in the last two years is exactly what has happened to many other activities in Leeds University—it has become caught up in the radical upsurge which has swept through the Union in the last year or so. It is no accident that this issue has happened. The radical's concern for society does not acknowledge the limits of narrowly political or economic attitudes.

The problem for this feature was to find an article that would be representative both of the earlier **Scope's** emphasis on the film and of the present **Scope's** concern with broader cultural and humanist issues. Fortunately, the choice was made easy by the appearance in the fourth volume of a review by Jon Silkin of **THE BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN**. There is no need to comment on the way in which it represents both the past and present concerns of **SCOPE**—it

speaks for itself. But it also manifests something beyond this. It shows that the quality of writing in this University is good enough to stand comparison with that produced in **any** University in the country. All we need to equal the standards set by Oxbridge are proper technical facilities. I believe that **SCOPE**, six years old—a remarkable record in a transitory society for any magazine not supported in any way by a Department—has shown that this University has the writers. All it needs now is the opportunity to use them.



SCOPE EDITOR ALAN DAWE

Battleship Potemkin

An Example of the Film as an Art-Form.

In a recent lecture, Allen Tate pointed out that art is a violation of nature in that without abstracting from, it omits part of, reality so that it may impose its pattern on events, and in this way, evaluate them.

All art is selective, and in this sense, the violence of art is governed by the dimensions of its themes. Eisenstein's 'Potemkin,' which was shown to the Union Film Society recently, instances

this unavoidable violence, since it is impossible to convey the total suffering of the Odessa community, from the first, and what was shown was, necessarily, a selection of incidents.

Consider, too, how art violates suffering. To recreate pain is, in varying degrees, an intellectualizing of the human predicament; to conceptualize pain is to harden one's sympathies, and callouse one's responses; violence is done when the misery of one is recreated to excite the imagination of others. 'Potemkin,' though labouring with these massive dispensations, succeeds, partly through its humility. The film has no cinema stars, and avoids hero-worship. No attempt is made to evoke pity through partisanship. The murder of the Odessa community is participated in by soldiers and townsfolk with individual anonymity. Even hatred of the soldiers is a missing emotion at the time, for one is too overwhelmed with horror and pity. 'Potemkin' has structural simplicity in that no precocious or idiocyncratic concentration on detail impedes its narrative, and what is minutely observed (the woman's clenched hand, and the suddenly dropped handkerchief) precludes the townspeople's decision to support the crew of the Potemkin, so that the repeated detail is beautifully built into the total pattern. It is an uncomplicated pattern: Oppression and revolt of the Potemkin crew; sympathy of the Odessa community, and the subsequent massacre of it by the revengeful authorities—in this case, Czarist regime; the triumph of the Potemkin in persuading the crews of other battleships to revolt, though they had been sent to destroy the rebel.

It is the humility of method and concentration of purpose that make the film an aesthetic and moral, and so an artistic, triumph. And the details, the naive courage of the mother, whose pram bumps down the sweep of steps, and the mechanical, untiring, inexorable execution by the soldiers; they haunt one.

JON SILKIN

Poetry and Audience



P. & A. EDITOR

DESMOND GRAHAM

P. and A. has been printing six or seven poems a week, a fair proportion of them good ones, for eight years. It is the only considerable magazine devoted to poetry in England that does this—and it only costs a penny, not because it has an academic subsidy (it hasn't) but because of postal subscriptions and non-financial help from the department of English. We make this falsely modest charge of a penny and come out regularly (the unforgiveable sin) because we want the Audience of our title to be able to obtain poetry of quality outside the expensive lit. mags. and collections. Our other business is attracting young poets in or out of the university by sympathetic consideration and a distinguished audience from almost all English-speaking countries. P. and A. has attained the dignity of serious treatment by TLS and other reviews, and a large number of our regular contributors have stature well outside the confines of Leeds—in fact, it would be difficult to find a national antho-

logy or a BBC poetry programme without one or two at least of the names you will have seen in P. and A. This has disadvantages, we find so many ex-editors won't give us poems because it is so easy to sell them, but the comparison our dual role invites is often very salutary for the undergraduate poet who suffers under it.

The board changes each year, it is internally very varied, and most of the members are poets, at some stage of development. We have nothing to do with religion or politics as a body, though board members are active in both and these seem to survive well, for the exercise of studying pretty well every kind of poetry cuts down on our blind spots without demanding that we become tolerant of evil-mindedness or bad writing. We are always in a precarious position, depending on the quality of each new poem that arrives. Our finances are usually purely technical, though recently they've mattered much more as the P. and A. Anthology has demanded all we had. This anthology will cost 10/6, cover the first seven years of the magazine's life and contain much of the finest poetry of the '50s. Some of the poets (no more than four poems are used from each) are known nationally, others have developed in conjunction with P. and A. A large proportion are graduates of Leeds.

We have other problems, mainly to do with the kind of poetry being written here and elsewhere and how we can be useful (according to our lights). We may seem to be wasting our time by worrying about what to say to a young and serious poet and how to pull him out of his private sloughs (these can include automatic writing, sacred inspiration, ah-but-you haven't-seen-the-girl-ness, superficial complexity, excessive poetic diction, compoundings and alliterations "the Gush" and style-worship). These matter to us.

If you really want to read poetry, both really expert and merely (?) promising, and you don't intend to read only the poets that fit into cer-

tain rules of your own, except the rule that they be good, then P. and A. was designed for you.

I have been asked to add a very tiny selection of poems, all from past years (which effectively prevents my printing one of my own), and I claim no representativeness for these, except that all are good poems. None of them are being used for the anthology, whose various excellences I hope you will appreciate.

MAN AGAINST THE VIRUS

T. W. Harrison

The viruses have hold;
I would be better, love,
But I have cold.
Towards the sun I'd fly,
Escaping human cold.
There I would die.
In Arctic wastes I'd strive
To be what I am not
And yet alive.
Too cold or very hot
The virus cannot live
And I cannot.
If still—though I have told—
You'll have me human, love,
You will have cold.

SIMPLE AVEU

G. W. Ireland

I could have a happy time
Jingling words to make them rhyme
If every subject that I touch
Did not hurt me quite so much.
This despite the vulgar error
That he knows not pain nor terror
Who does not plead, protest or curse
And spread himself in bad blank verse.

FROM THE PARK

Thomas Blackburn

As short, blunt letters set
Upon a yellow page,
What suburb and maisonette
Were impotent to hide,
And need and crooked rage,
Red handed and red eyed,
Come to this shabby glare,
It is the wound of life
Itself the imprint lays bare.
I read of a woman, her child
Torn like a gag at the foot
Of a tree I have often passed,
Not knowing what lay at its root.
They have not found the man
Who dried his hands on the grass;
Through tears through a blurred glass
All things are seen through tears,
But there in the fumbling park,
That simpering woman, her child,
By the human, fathomless dark,
Torn like a rag, I must drop
My reason into the night,
It has come to its final stop,
To the cessation of light.
How can light comprehend
Even that prest beside
The boy they say he touched,
Splitting vocation wide,
With the wafer of a hand;
It cannot understand.
I must go down to the dark
Benches and twittering trees
Of the man-handling park,
The blank uncertainties
Where my reason ends, and catch
At the flare mere blackness gives
After a scraping match.

LAPPED

F. J. Bradley

I once knew a man who
Had a tree growing in his ear.
Trees do not discriminate,
They will grow anywhere.
It is of course true
That the man in question
Was a stained green statue,
But this does not alter the fact
That trees will grow anywhere
In the least little crevice or crack.
On dark billowing nights
The cuddled cat fir
Whispers to the tufted oaks
Of the farmer's fields and his fear
Of the trees who on every windy
Night edge a little nearer.
In his dreams are a regiment
Of slippery smooth-rooted trees
And hedges whose branches meet
And part with acquiescent ease.
And often you come unaware on a wood
The distant echoes of roars of laughter
Whisper of fibrous jokes about the
greater good;
Even reason hastily agrees
That these overstill awkwardly
Poised black moonlit trees
Have suddenly ceased, in surprise,
A sinewy cellulose orgy,
Observing the silence that must
At all costs be kept in front of man.

Geste

IT always takes a considerable time to establish a magazine and this is specially true in a students Union where potential readers are ignorant.

GESTE is established after six years of publication, appearing at first monthly and, for the last two years, regularly every fortnight. And if GESTE is established it is because it has a 'face' of its own which is welcome because it is required. GESTE has a function. At first the magazine was associated closely with the French and Spanish Societies and the Department of French. Editors have always been reluctant to **impose** a face on the magazine either literary or political. GESTE has been allowed to develop a character of its own. It freed itself from the marked 'French

GESTE EDITOR JOHN EDWARDS



Look' of early days and left original and creative work in both prose and verse to other periodicals who were, and still are, providing ample outlets for it. GESTE now has found its 'face' and fulfills its function as a magazine of criticism while being at the same time more than a book about books. It attempts to introduce and stimulate interest in lesser known writers and to focus attention on the better known in such a way as to restate the case in a fresh light. Nor does the magazine avoid the problems arising from the literature of our day but attempts to treat them as fully and as impartially as possible and in a way that might help the reader to work out his own viewpoints. GESTE, by keeping its standards high, also stands for professionalism and integrity.

GESTE is recognised on account of these features outside as well as inside the university, and interest and encouragement have come from as far afield as the U.S.A. and even Oxford.

Although at times we feel as if GESTE is recognisable as a bundle of stapled sheets all too ready to fall apart, yet in so far as this is a symbol of the hard fight to exist in poor conditions, we may even be sentimentally attached; it is time that the Union's periodicals were in a position to have an outward appearance more in keeping with the quality of their contents.

ALBERT CAMUS A MODERN SISYPHUS

ALBERT CAMUS was killed in an auto accident on January 4th. He was 46, and although he had already received the Nobel Prize, many of us felt that his best work was still to come. The shock and sorrow which his death caused in France, and indeed throughout the world, was more than the reaction to the unexpected death of an important literary figure. For Camus was an author one seemed to know personally. Although he was extremely reticent in talking about himself and although his work is seldom directly autobiographical, the man's moral and literary search for body of his writing constitutes one

truth in the midst of the confusions of modern life, and as we read Camus we become increasingly involved personally with this search. He lived through many of the central moral and political crises which have affected the lives of his and of younger generations, and the honesty and sensitivity of his reactions to them made him a moral guide for many of his readers. Camus himself frequently disclaimed the ability to direct anyone's conscience, arguing, as is true, that his work is a continual exploration of moral problems without reaching any conclusions. Nevertheless, although he never erected a moral system, although he was in fact opposed to any attempt to make systems by which to live, one finds in his work a fundamental attitude which gives life a meaning and a moral dignity, without positing any transcendent value in the world. For Camus' experience began with a recognition that for modern man God is dead, that life has no ultimate meaning, that death makes a mockery of all man's plans, and that even within the daily world of experience we are never sure of anything. Men want clear concepts, an ability to understand things, other people and themselves; but the universe is so ambiguous that this knowledge is impossible. Such a view of the nature of the world is, of course, common to many modern writers. Camus, however, felt that the world was not simply a source of anguish. The world was also the source of very real, though temporary, pleasures; and from his youth, Camus sought an accord between himself and the physical world, finding in the experiences of the senses something to counteract the anguish of the mind. This view he termed 'Mediterranean' in contrast to the ideal he felt common to both Christians and Marxists that the world is only a place of sorrow to be transformed. It was this acceptance of the dual nature of the world which distinguished Camus' conception of man's condition from, for example, the 'nausea' of Sartre. We are only, Camus felt, anguished that we cannot sufficiently possess and understand the world because it is not

nauseating but beautiful. Camus also had great respect for man, and for his ability to create a style of living for himself in the midst of the chaos of the universe. For Camus, 'absurdity' was not simply the despair of man in a world without meaning. It was an almost joyful confrontation of man and this world, in which man—opposing his desires for rationality, for love and for life itself to the hostility of the Universe—found happiness in the struggle itself, even while being conscious that he would be ultimately defeated by death. The effort to give one's own life a meaning, while believing that there is no fundamental meaning or purpose in the world itself, was, for Camus, an adventure which made life worthwhile and which he believed was within man's capacities.

In his moral essays, Camus explored the challenge of life in an 'absurd' world, and the temptations to abandon this challenge which man makes for himself. The individual is tempted to succumb to a theological or rationalistic explanation of the world, to explain away the fundamental tragedy of life. Men in society similarly delude themselves into believing they can build a political system which will overcome the nature of the world; and thus their revolt is turned into a systematic revolution, destroying the present values of individual life in the name of an impossible future perfection.

The importance of the individual and the difficulty and dignity of his task emerge most clearly from Camus' novels and plays in which he describes the tragic condition of modern man. Camus' characters are placed in extreme situations. The world around them is incomprehensible and often hostile: a world of violence and suffering and social injustice. Communications between men are difficult, and personal relationships are ambiguous. Men strive for a precarious balance between their desire for solidarity with others and their need to search for

individual happiness. They are caught in insoluble dilemmas about guilt and innocence in a world where complicity with mass murder and violence is hard to avoid. At the same time, however, there are possibilities for temporary satisfaction in love and in the appreciation of the natural world. Camus creates a world filled with ambiguities and difficulties, and characters who, in spite of their limitations, have a personal integrity. Camus never belittles man's dignity by a contemptuous attitude towards his characters as is so common in much contemporary literature, but he does not suggest that they are men of impossible heroic stature, or that their problems can ever be solved.

Because he was concerned with important problems of contemporary life, readers looked to Camus' work for a solution to these problems, and were tempted to read various of these into his work. Thus he was misinterpreted and attacked by both left and right wing critics for not advocating a practical philosophy, a task at which he never aimed. Camus, himself, was well aware of the necessary limitations of one man's attitudes. His moral essays were personal explorations, not systematic philosophy. There is deliberate humour in the situations in his novels, and an ironic mocking of his own attitudes and those of his characters, so that his work portrays modern sensibility without being in any way moralistic. His only purpose was to make the reader aware of the tragedy of life and of the individual possibilities of protest against it.

Camus lies within the tradition of great French moralists. His essays, although occasionally lacking in rigorous logical development, are important reaffirmations of basic human values and dignity, within a modern climate where transcendence is no longer acceptable. His novels are written with great formal mastery, and in one of the finest prose styles of modern

literature; he felt that the creation of artistic order was to protest against the lack of order in the world. It is possible to criticise the extreme stylization and lack of imaginative breadth in some of his creative work. But his tendency towards abstraction is balanced by a sensitive description of the physical beauty of the world; and he avoids the dangers of writing moral fables by a pervasive ambiguity and irony. Camus considered his work only begun, and was, at his death, in the midst of writing his first long novel in a more traditional form. But he had already created, in his best work—**Caligula, L'Etranger, Le Peste**—powerful and sensitive images of the metaphysical and moral predicament of modern man; these bear witness to the dignity, intelligence and human sympathy with which a man can face this world.

ADELE KING

Icarian



Co-editor JAMES COCKBURN

ICARIAN performs a unique function in the University Union. It is the only magazine (apart from GRYPHON), which tries to cater for the general interests of students, which tries to produce a magazine attractive to Science and Technology students as well as to those of the Arts Faculty; for, its articles do not require any specialist knowledge on the readers' part, as, for example, the criticism of literature demands: each article explains itself in its own terms. Politics, jazz and student organizations have been among the subjects featured. The editorial board has given strong emphasis to drama, as we believe that the theatre is the only art form in which students can create, within the present context. The hope of receiving original work of any worth has long since turned to despair: so, while some good poetry has been published, most poems have appeared on the strength of their ideas, because we have felt something worthwhile was being said. Short stories, even bad ones, are rare birds indeed.

The danger in producing a magazine of general interest is for the editorial outlook to be based on the lowest common denominator: ICARIAN has attempted to appeal to the highest, while remaining financially viable. And this is the problem: high-brow magazines are born losers and while it is commendable to try and write for an audience of mixed cultures, few non-Arts people buy your magazine. Attempting to bridge the cultural gaps between Faculties is almost impossible under the existing system; hence, it is vital that ICARIAN and its like should be subsidized until such time as the education machine develops a high moral seriousness in both readers and contributors.

by GERRY LYNCH

Galileo Galilei

THERE were, it is said, over 100,000 people at Trafalgar Square: 100,000 people protesting against the threat of wanton destruction of human civilisation, of life itself, and against the

insane deployment of human and technical resources in a race for nuclear supremacy, while millions of human beings all over the world for whom life could begin for the first time, were these resources used for their benefit, are condemned to an existence scarcely worthy of animals. Watching the long chain of marchers winding their way through the countryside one wondered where this story had begun. Not in 1945, when the United States exploded the first atomic bombs over Japan. Not in 1938, when Otto Hahn succeeded in splitting the uranium atom. Nor even in 1905, when Einstein announced the equivalence of mass and energy in his *Special Theory*. No, it is a story that begins with the rise of modern science, and goes back to the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries in Western Europe, when for a few moments it had seemed possible to turn the newly discovered sciences directly to the task of 'the improvement of man's estate.' In Francis Bacon's vision: 'The true and lawful goal of the sciences is simply this, that human life be enriched by new discoveries and powers.' (*Novum Organum*, 81).

Three hundred intervening years have turned us into hard-bitten cynics, and each one of us has a theory about where (and when) things went wrong. Some would venture to say **what** went wrong. Some time between 1938 and 1939, Bertolt Brecht wrote what is undoubtedly one of his greatest plays, **The Life of Galileo Galilei** dealing with precisely this question. It is a play whose richness it is difficult to exaggerate, full of a maturity of insight and an understanding of human life and human beings of an almost Shakespearean kind.

But it is necessary, before going on to discuss the play, to deal with some 'misinterpretations' (to put it no worse) of the play. These are all of the form: 'The play is not **really** about what it clearly seems to be about.' There is first what one might des-

cribe charitably as the 'cold-war interpretation' of the play. This kind of interpretation is applied, incidentally, to the rest of Brecht's plays, and for obvious reasons: to be able, by a few 'critical' manoeuvres, to turn the Communists' prize exhibit against them is a strategical advance of no small magnitude. Thus **Die Massnahme** (*The Measure*) is 'a prophetic insight into the nature of Russian Communism' (or Stalinism)—years before the facts emerged. **Galileo Galilei**, on this account, is an allegory about Brecht's own 'predicament': how to conform in a totalitarian system and at the same time to preserve his artistic conscience and intellectual integrity intact. The money-dominated commercial Republic of Venice of the play, happily free from the Inquisition's terrors but wretchedly underpaying its employees, is a symbol of capitalist Europe (not America, since by 1945, when he came to translate the play in collaboration with Charles Laughton, Brecht could hardly have had any illusions about 'intellectual freedom' in America); Florence is (perhaps) East Berlin—or better, simply 'a satellite,' distinct from but under the thumb of Rome, which, needless to say is Moscow. The great Galilei is, of course, none other than Brecht himself.

The trouble with Brecht is that his plays are hardly 'art' in the liberal-romantic sense of that word; they amount to a constant **instigation** to stop merely interpreting the world in different ways and to get down to changing it. This involves him in analyses of what the world is like which are on the whole extremely difficult to accept with any equanimity. His work is an irritant foreign body in the flabby tissues of Western culture, which must be covered over with some kind of protective coating before it can be assimilated into the system and become 'accepted.' (This is widely recognised as a fatal disease to which artists in bourgeois society are peculiarly liable: 'death by respectability.') Somehow these plays must be shown to have a meaning which does not in this infernal way prod one's conscience so."

Now autobiographical and topical interpretations of literature are not rare, and some times, as with Dryden's **Absalom and Achitophel** for instance, this kind of interpretation may actually be relevant. Yet the 'mystery' of Hamlet can scarcely be solved by suggesting that it is a hidden portrait of the Earl of Essex, nor does it help one to make much sense of the play. Certainly Galileo is Brecht in an important sense: the sense in which Hamlet is Shakespeare, and Satan is Milton. But not even that hard-bitten Royalist censor of the press, the Rev. Thomas Tompkinsh, who looked over the MS of **Paradise Lost** for subversive material, dared suggest that **Paradise Lost** was 'really' an allegory about Milton's personal political predicament. He may not have known how to tell good poetry from bad, but at least he had enough respect for literature not to trivialise it. But then critical standards aren't reliable enough to bear the banners of Cultural Freedom.

The other kind of interpretation is less obviously crude: it is the kind of interpretation that finds its supreme expression in Mr. Martin Esslin's book,

Brecht: A Choice of Evils. Brecht's plays (again, interpretation extends impartially over the whole corpus), we are told, are not really about their ostensible subjects, however much 'poor' B.B.' may insist that they are. The central conflict in Brecht is the conflict between Reason and Instinct (or Emotion—we are never clear which). 'Galilei, the hero of science, thus becomes the embodiment of reason in all its splendour, ruined once more by its inability to overcome the base, instinctive, inarticulate side of human nature' (p. 227). To which all one can say is that anyone who finds this kind of explanation satisfactory or helpful stands in need not so much of explanations as of therapy. This is the apotheosis of insanity.

If I have taken up so much space with these absurd views it is because it is peculiarly difficult, when ideological thunder-storms make even normal communications impossible, to get across the most obvious remarks. Indeed the more obvious the comment, the more resistance it is likely to meet. This is, perhaps, a gauge of the intellectual achievement of our age;

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CLARENDON ROAD

LEEDS 2

A. N. Whitehead once wrote, in **Science and the Modern World**, 'it requires a very unusual mind to undertake the analysis of the obvious.' Granted that the truth is never simple; but that too is not quite so simple, and in an age befogged in its own 'double-think' the assertion that some truths are simpler than others is likely to be taken as yet another specimen of 'double-think': wherever we look, we see our own faces.

It is necessary to insist that **Galileo Galilei**, is a **historical** play, not a political allegory, and it is a remarkably successful historical play, as anyone with the slightest acquaintance with the history of the period can recognise. This does not mean that it has no contemporary significance. On the contrary, the mark of a successful historical play, its very *raison d'être*, is precisely its ability to illuminate contemporary problems by reference to past history, and conversely to deepen one's understanding of history by revealing the manner in which the present is encapsulated within the past. The inspiration for those two finest of Brecht's plays, **Galileo** and **Mother Courage**, came to him from Shakespeare's historic plays. In one section of his version of **The Poetics**, the **Kleines Organon** (Little Organum for the Theatre), he wrote:

'Shakespeare's great solitary figures, bearing on their breast the star of their fate, carry through with irresistible force their futile and deadly outbursts; they prepare their own downfall; life, not death, becomes obscene as they collapse; the catastrophe is beyond criticism... Human sacrifices all round! Barbaric delights! We know that the barbarians have their art. Let us create another.' (Section 33, quoted John Willetts, **The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht**, 121).

'Let us create another.' Whatever one might think of this as Shakespearean criticism (and Brecht was not writing criticism), the statement here of intention is pretty unambiguous. The play is not a 'dramatic version of the Galileo story, for, like the rest of Brecht, it is not 'dramatic' at all. There

are no artfully constructed scenes working up to and culminating in an explosive climax which leaves the spectator purged and exhausted. It is episodic: fourteen scenes strung together with doggeral lyrics written by Brecht and set to music by Hanns Eisler. The unity, if one wants that, is in the story it tells, not in its artistic construction or patterns of imagery. It begins *in medias res* in the year 1609, when:

In the year sixteen hundred and nine
Science's light began to shine
At Padua city, in a modest house
Galileo Galilei set out to prove
The sun is still, the earth is on the
move.

Scene 1 shows us then Galileo Galilei, Professor of Mathematics at Padua, badly underpaid and discontented, talking to Andrea Sarti, the ten-year-old son of his housekeeper, his non-paying pupil, about the Copernican hypothesis of the solar system and its implications: 'Walls and shells and immobility. For two thousand years man has chosen to believe that the sun and all the host of stars revolve about him. The Pope, the Cardinals, the princes, the scholars, captains, merchants, housewives, have pictured themselves squatting in the middle of an affair like that (the Ptolemaic model of the world). And now we are launching out, Andrea. The old age is over and now we have a new one. And the earth rolls gaily round the sun, and the fishwives, the merchants, the scholars, the princes and the Pope are rolling with it . . . Yes, the millennium of faith is ended, this is the millennium of doubt . . . The sayings of the wise won't wash any more. Everybody at last is getting nosey. And I predict that in our time astronomy will become the gossip of the marketplace, and the sons of fishwives will pack the schools, and they will like the idea that the new astronomy says the earth is on the move too.' But, as Mrs. Sarti, the housekeeper remarks, 'I only hope we can pay the milkman in this new era, Mr. Galilei,'

and while the intellectual revolution is on its way, money must be made. He accepts a new pupil for private coaching, a rich young nitwit whose only interest in science is that it furnishes material for polite conversation. The Public Procurator comes to inform him that his petition for an increase has been rejected, and refuses to show any interest in his manuscript on the laws of falling bodies. 'Now that should be worth the extra five hundred scudi,' says Galileo. 'I am sure it is worth *infinitely* more, Mr. Galilei,' replies Priuli. 'No, not *'infinitely'* more. Five hundred scudi more, my dear sire.' 'Why,' says Priuli, 'why don't you invent something that will bring (the city businessmen) a little profit?' Galileo remembers a piece of gossip retailed to him by his new pupil a few minutes before: of a new gadget in Holland, a 'tube affair with two lenses which enables one to see things five times as large as life. Mr. Priuli, I may have something for you,' he says in reply.

No one's virtue is complete:

Great Galileo liked to eat.

You will not resent we hope,

The truth about his telescope.

Galileo presents to the Senate his 'optical tube, or telescope, constructed, I assure you, on the most scientific and Christian principles, the product of seventeen years patient research at your University of Padua.' He gets his rise. Galileo is no paragon of virtue, and if, as the Florentine iron-founder, Matti, remarks, 'it is a pity that a great republic has to seek an excuse to pay its great men their right and proper dues,' the great men must in the meanwhile find excuses to make a living. Galileo is not over-scrupulous in the matter of patents. 'How can I work,' he says to his scientific collaborator, Sagredo, 'with the tax-collector on the doorstep? And my poor daughter will never acquire a husband unless she has a dowry, she's not too bright. And I like to buy books—all kinds of books. Why not. And what about my appetite? I don't think well unless I eat well. Can I help it

if I get my best ideas over a good meal and a bottle of wine?'

While the Senators congratulate themselves on the new 'feather in the cap of Venetian culture' and speculate on the uses of the telescope in business and war, Galileo turns it on the sky.

January ten, sixteen ten:

Galileo Galilei abolishes heaven runs the doggerel. He has discovered that the moon is not smooth and polished like marble, as the Aristotelians had thought, but has mountains and valleys like earth. The Milky Way is made up of a lot of stars. He has not quite shown that the earth goes round the sun, but he has seen four little stars that seem to go round Jupiter, so Jupiter cannot be fixed to a crystal shell. 'There is no support in the heavens. Sagredo senses that heresay is not far away. 'Where is God then?' he asks.

Galileo: What do you mean

Sagredo: God? Where is God?

Galileo: Not there! Any more than he'd be here—if creatures from the moon came down to look for him!

Sagredo: Then where is He?

Galileo: I'm not a theologian: I'm a mathematician.

Sagredo: You are a human being. Where is God in your system of the universe

Galileo: Within ourselves. Or—nowhere.

Galileo may be unprincipled and unscrupulous in matters of patent, but we are not allowed to forget that he is also the great humanist that legend brings down to us. Human beings are neither wholly scoundrel nor wholly saint, they are more complex than that. He believes in reason, and the only faith he professes is faith in human beings: 'I believe in the human race. The only people that can't be reasoned with are the dead. Human beings are intelligent' . . . I believe in the sweet rule of reason.'

Scene 4: 'Galileo left the Republic of Venice for the Florentine Court.' No

longer content with his conditions of work at Padua, Galileo dedicates the new stars he has discovered to the nine-year-old Cosimo de' Medici Duke of Florence, calling them the 'Medicean planets.' The sweet rule of reason, however, has not yet extended as far as Florence, and the court scholars there, Aristotelians to a man, refuse even to look through his telescope: 'Why should we go out of our way to look for things that can only strike a discord in this ineffable harmony?' The Court Philosopher is perplexed: 'Where is all this leading to?' **Galileo:** 'Are we, as scholars, concerned with where the truth might lead us?' **Philosopher:** 'Why Mr. Galilei, the truth might lead us **anywhere!**'

Galileo's theories are referred to Rome, where Christopher Clavius, Chief Astronomer of the Papal College upholds them. A little monk says to Galileo: 'I heard Father Clavius say: Now it's for the theologians to set the heavens right again.' To all appearances Galileo has won: reason rules, even in Rome. But

When Galileo was in Rome
A Cardinal asked him to his home
He wined and dined him as his guest
And only made one small request.

At Cardinal Bellarmine's house in Rome, Galileo is informed that 'the Holy Office has decided that the theory according to which the earth goes around the sun is foolish, absurd, and a heresy!' He protests: 'Do you realize, the future of all scientific research is . . . ' **Bellarmino:** (cutting in) Completely assured, Mr. Galilei. It is not given to man to know the truth: it is granted to him to seek after the truth. Science is the legitimate and beloved daughter of the Church. She must have confidence in the Church.

Galileo accepts the decree. Once before, in Padua, he had continued to teach the Ptolemaic theory even though he himself had believed that

Copernicus was right, because he had no definite proof. Now he has proof and yet he acquiesces in the condemnation: it may, in long run, be more profitable to continue his investigations in silence. Scholars all over Europe seek his opinion on the sun-spots (first observed about December 1610, by Fabricius, the Dutch astronomer, and Thomas Hariot, the English mathematician). His assistant, Federzoni, asks him: 'The question is whether you can afford to remain silent.' Galileo replies: 'I cannot afford to be smoked on a wood fire like a ham.'

In the midst of his experiments news comes to Galileo that Pope Paul V is on his death-bed and that Cardinal Barberini, himself a mathematician, is expected to succeed him. A scientist in the chair of Peter: 'This means change,' exclaims Galileo, 'We might live to see the day, Federzoni, when we don't have to whisper that two and two are four.' He begins observations on the sun-spots.

Eight long years with tongue in
cheek
Of what he knew he did not speak
Then temptation grew too great
And Galileo challenged fate

Galileo publishes his findings. But when he goes to the Court to present it to the Duke, he is informed that 'the Florentine Court is no longer in a position to oppose the request of the Holy Inquisition to interrogate you in Rome.' Galileo's fame has spread, and in unexpected quarters. Matti, the iron-founder, assures him of his backing: 'I am on your side. I am not a man who knows about the motions of the stars, but you have championed the freedom to teach new things . . . They are against iron foundries because they say the gathering of so many workers in one place fosters immorality! If they ever try anything, Mr. Galileo, remember you have friends in all walks of life! The crowds in the marketplace begin to be restive; a Ballad Singer sings:

Good people, what will come to pass
 If Galileo's teachings spread
 No altar boy will serve the mass
 No servant girl will make the bed

Galileo disclaims any part in all this: 'I have written a book about the mechanics of the firmament, that is all. What they do or don't do with it is not my concern.' But the representatives of the Church are more preceptive. The Cardinal Inquisitor is heard saying to the new Pope Urban VIII, the former Cardinal Barberini: 'These men doubt everything. Can society stand on doubt and not on faith? "Thou art my master, but I doubt whether it is for the best." "This is my neighbour's house and my neighbour's wife, but why shouldn't they belong to me?" After the plague, after the new war, after the unparalleled disaster of the Reformation,

your dwindling flock look to their shepherd, and now the mathematicians turn their tubes on the sky and announce to the world that you have not the best advice about the heavens either-up to now your only uncontested sphere of influence. This bad man knows what he is doing, not writing books in Latin, but in the jargon of the market-place.'

Galileo is summoned to Rome. He is not tortured, for the authorities are intelligent, and they know that he is a man of the flesh who loves his pleasures of life. Barberini insists, 'It is clearly understood: he is not to be tortured. At the very most, he may be shown the instruments.' **Inquisitor:** 'Mr. Galileo understands instruments.' 'That will be adequate, Your Holiness. June 22nd, 1633:

She sets a high standard, so...

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'Of all the days that was the one
An age of reason could have begun.'

Galileo recants. His associates are horrified at his cowardice. His former pupil, Andrea, cries: 'Unhappy is the land that breeds no hero.' Galileo replies: 'No, Andrea: Unhappy is the land that **needs** a hero.'

From 1633 to his death in 1642 Galileo remains a prisoner of the Inquisition. He is allowed to continue his studies, but not to reveal them. 'My superiors are intelligent men. They know the habits of a lifetime cannot be broken abruptly. But they protect me from any unpleasant consequences: they lock my pages away as I dictate them.' But in secret he has committed to paper his **Discourses on the Two New Sciences**, and when one day Scarti visits him on his way to Germany, Galileo hands him the manuscript to smuggle out of Italy. The last scene shows Andrea going through the Italian customs house with the manuscript. A group of boys are playing about outside the house of an old woman. They are convinced she is a witch, and want to steal her milk. They point to her shadow on the wall where she stands stirring a pan. 'She is stirring hell-broth.' Andrea lifts one of the boys on his shoulder to make sure. 'Just an old girl cooking porridge, he says slowly. The Boy looks over his shoulder and back and compares the reality and the shadow. Then

Boy: The big thing is a soup ladle.

Andrea: Ah'. A ladle! You see, I would have taken it for a broomstick, but I haven't looked into the matter as you have . . .'

But as he goes through the barrier, the boy changes his mind and kicks over the woman's jug of milk. 'She is a witch! She is a witch!' he shouts. Andrea, going out, replies: 'You saw with your own eyes: think it over!' The age of reason is still a long way away, but it will come, if one uses one's own eyes—thinks!

The Case For Summer Soccer

THE Soccer revolution has begun.

The reactionary attitude of the Football League administration has started to disintegrate and instead the players have been given a new deal, freedom, a chance to negotiate their own contracts, earn the money they

merit. They will be able to live and play under conditions relevant to 1960.

This progressive attitude must now be brought to bear on the standard of play. One hopes that the recovery begun this season is the start of a long run of success which will culminate in England winning the World Cup next year.

The standard of English soccer in recent years has left much to be desired. There is, however, one very important factor which must be taken into consideration. The English soccer season covers the winter months when the grounds are, for the most part, wet and muddy and conditions do not really encourage or foster the style of play which characterises South American football or that, for instance, played by the World's top club, Real Madrid. The idea of playing soccer in summer months must therefore be very seriously considered.

The advantages of summer soccer are obvious. Grounds would be in much better condition and very favourable to the 'push and run' style of football—in contradistinction to the 'large boot,' the 'kick down the middle and hope' attitude of many teams today. In addition, it would be far more comfortable for the spectator to watch a sparkling game of football on a warm summer's evening rather than on a wet, dismal Saturday afternoon. Maybe then the "missing millions" would return.

Of course, the cynics say that football is essentially a winter sport and that if it were to be played in the summer it would be out of its context. J. M. Kilburn of the *Yorkshire Post* argues that "fish don't live out of water, horses decline to drink when they are not thirsty." His assumption is that the professional presentation of summer soccer would break down. It is not sufficient to consider soccer as pure entertainment he argues.

I would dispute this. I believe that play in better conditions would improve the standard of English foot-

ball immeasurably. The trend this season, with teams from Tottenham Hotspur in Division 1, to Crystal Palace—a fine footballing side in Division 4—is to play football as it really should be played. The English national side itself, has been in the midst of this revival. The brand of football that England displayed against Spain at Wembley earlier in the season was, considering the pitch was covered in inches of water, superb. If this kind of football can be played in such appalling conditions, the prospects of football played in dry, warm, sunny conditions must be magnificent. I believe that with the consequent rise in standard there would be a parallel increase in entertainment value and summer soccer would not break down, but flourish.

Saturday, the traditional day for soccer, is becoming more and more the 'family' day, the day to shop, the day to take the family out in the car or sit at home and watch television.

I would suggest that there are two alternatives to this. Summer soccer could either be played on a Sunday afternoon or mid-week evenings thus avoiding a direct clash with cricket.

In view of declining attendances and the game's dwindling popularity, it would be in its best interests to scrap the present system whereby cricket is played on a national scale six days a week, and hold matches which are played mainly at week-ends, as in Australia. The way would then be clear for soccer to be played on mid-week evenings and both sports, I am sure would benefit.

However, it seems unlikely that 'six-day' cricket will be abolished for a long time, but what does seem to be much more imminent is the conception and birth of summer soccer. The clubs' administrators, the Football Association and a survey of readers of the *'Daily Express'* overwhelmingly favour the idea. I don't think we will have long to wait.

BOB BURROWS

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MALCOLM TOTTEN. Second year Theology. Very long distance runner and debating wit.

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tělēscōp'|īc, a. Of, made with, a telescope, as *~ic observations*; visible only through telescope, as *~ic stars*; consisting of sections that telescope, as *~ic funnel* (of steamer), so *~īFORM* a. Hence *~ICALLY* adv. [-IC]

těl'ēsēme, n. System of electrical signalling including annunciator, used in hotels etc. [f. TELE- + Gk *sēma* sign]

těl'ēvision (-zhn., n. A system employing mechanical, photo-electrical, & wireless processes for reproducing scenes, objects, performers, etc., visually at a distance; vision of distant objects obtained thus. Hence **těl'ēviewer** (-vūer) n., one who uses a *~ receiver*, **těl'lēvise** (-z) v.t. & i., transmit by *~*, **těl'lēvisor**² (-z-) n., *~ apparatus*. [TELE-]

těll, v.t. & i. (*tōld*). 1. Relate in spoken or written words, as *~ me a tale, a story*. 2. Make known, divulge, state, express in words, as *~ me what you want, ~ me all about it, will ~ you a secret, ~ it not in Gath* (let this news not reach & gladden the enemy, usu. joc. w. ref. to 2 Sam. i. 20), *~ that to the (HORSE¹-)marines, told him my candid opinion, ~ me your name, ~ TALES (out of school), cannot ~ you how glad I was, ~ FORTUNES*. 3. Utter, as you