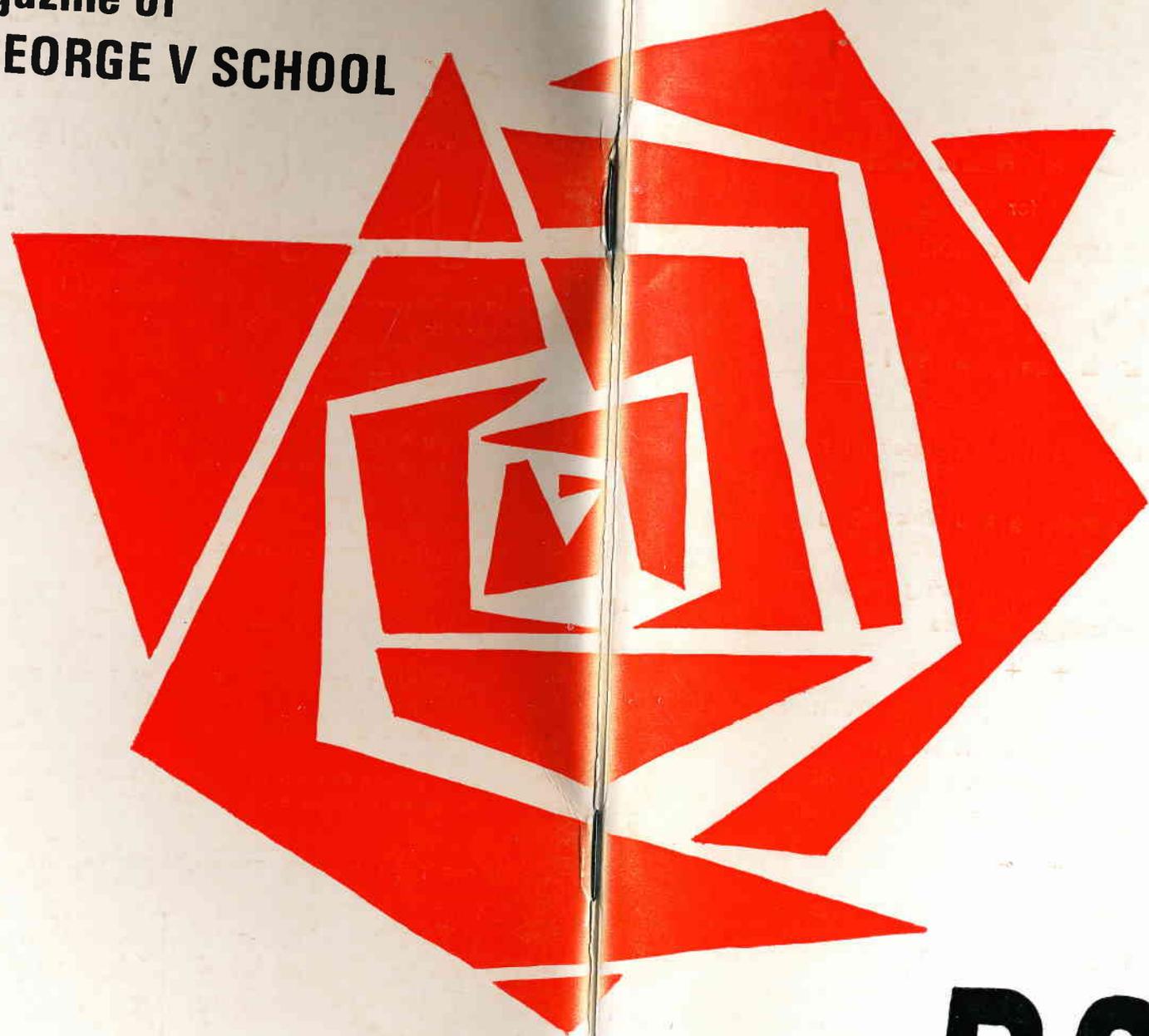


the magazine of  
**KING GEORGE V SCHOOL**



**Vol. XLIX**  
**No. 2**  
**MARCH 1970**

**THE**  
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**D**  
**ROSE**

# THE RED ROSE

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† Careers Master  
\* House Master  
§ House Tutor

## Salvete

J. A. Bowers, M. Farnworth, S. H. Marcus, C. P. L. Rawson, M. D. Stott.

### IMPORTANT DATES

Summer Term begins .....	14th April
Swimming Gala .....	15th May
Lower School Examinations begin .....	19th May
Lower School Examinations end .....	22nd May
Half Term .....	25th-29th May inclusive
G.C.E. 'A' level Examinations begin .....	1st June
G.C.E. 'O' level Examinations begin .....	8th June
G.C.E. Examinations end .....	25th June
Lower Sixth Form Examinations begin .....	19th June
Lower Sixth Form Examinations end .....	25th June
Official Opening of Long Rigg .....	27th June
Golden Jubilee Cricket Week .....	29th June to 4th July
Founders Day — Intermediate House Final .....	3rd July
Athletic Sports .....	14th July
Open Day — Junior and Senior House Finals .....	15th July
Term Ends .....	17th July

## VALETE

ROOKE, William S. M., U6MSc. G. 1962-1969 (G.C.E. A1, O5), Senior Prefect, Rugby Full Colours, House Captain, Cricket Full Colours, England Schoolboys Golf Team.

BALDWIN, Stephen A., U6SSch. G. 1963-69 (G.C.E. A5, O5), Senior Prefect, Open Scholarship in Natural Science to Trinity College, Cambridge.

HUNT, Charles D., U6SSch. S. 1963-69 (G.C.E. A4, O4), Open Exhibition in Natural Science to St. John's College, Cambridge, School Vice-Captain 1969, Senior Prefect 1968-69, Rugby Full Colours 1968-69, House Vice-Captain 1969.

INMAN, Petner B., U6ScSch. G. 1963-69 (G.C.E. A5, O4), Senior Prefect, Secretary of Scientific Society.

IVE, Graham J., U6MSc. R. 1963-69 (G.C.E. A4, O5), School Prefect 1968-69, School Bridge Team.

PRESTON, J. C., U6S R. 1963-69 (G.C.E. A2, O6), School Prefect 1968-69, Secretary of the Motor Club 1968-69.

STARKIE, John R., U6ScSch Ed. 1963-69 (G.C.E. A4, O4), Junior Prefect, House Almoner.

WILLIAMS, Colin H., U6MSch. Ev. 1963-69 (G.C.E. A4, O4), Senior School Prefect, Committee of Europa, School Librarian.

YATES, Christopher J., U5W S. 1965-69.

BLACKBURN, Anthony, L6Sp. M. 1966-69 (G.C.E. O3), Junior Rugby Colours, Intermediate Life Saving Award.

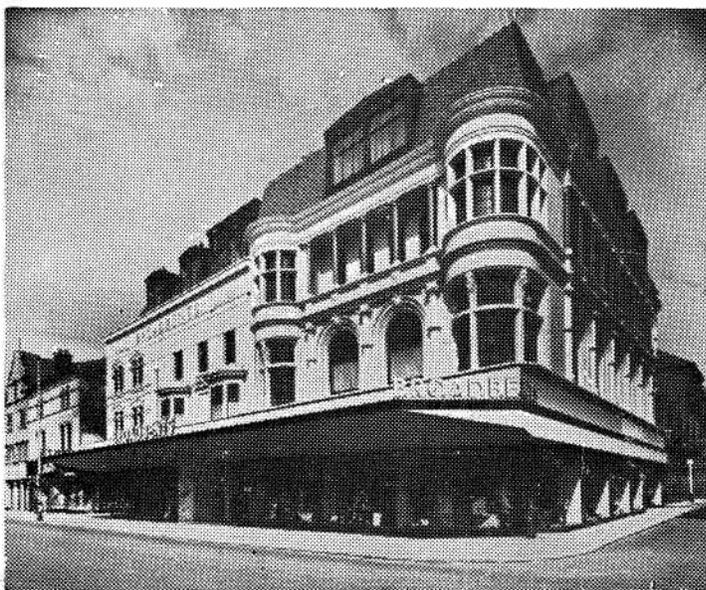
PERRY, Peter A., L6Sp. Ed. 1966-69 (G.C.E. O1).

MELVILLE, Andrew D., U6B Ev. 1968-69 (G.C.E. O6).

WRIGHT, Peter L., 3X M. 1968-69.

KOCH, Felix, L6M G. Sept. 1969 — Dec. 1969, School Basketball Team.

SCHOLTZ, Reinhard M., L6W W. Sept. 1969 — Dec. 1969.



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### SCHOOL NOTES

We congratulate the following five boys who obtained Open Awards at Oxford and Cambridge:

- S. Baldwin, who was awarded an Open Scholarship in Natural Science at Trinity College, Cambridge.
- R. Barwis, who was awarded an Open Scholarship in Science at Oriel College, Oxford.
- D. Hunt, who was awarded an Open Exhibition in Natural Science at St. John's College, Cambridge.
- H. Jubb, who was awarded an Open Scholarship in History at Pembroke College, Oxford.
- A. Russell, who has been awarded an Open Scholarship in Natural Science at Christ's College, Cambridge.

In addition to these five, eight other boys gained admission on the results of the Scholarship examinations, a total of thirteen being a record for the school.

We should also like to congratulate R. Mantin and J. C. Everett on being chosen to undertake a year's Voluntary Service Overseas from next September. For a number of years we have had boys who have applied for this service, but nobody has been successful until this year. It is particularly gratifying that two pupils of this school should be chosen in the school's Jubilee year.

Next term's Red Rose will be a Golden Jubilee number. It will be four or five times the usual size and we are asking boys and parents on this occasion to pay the sum of 5s., which is an extra 3s. 6d. The expenses of producing this number will be well over £1000 and we propose to sell copies to Old Boys and the general public at 12s. 6d. Even so we shall be fortunate to break even on the venture. The magazine will contain articles of interest about various periods in the school's life. It will also contain a resumé of a report to the Governors on the school's first 50 years as well as biographies of many hundreds of Old Boys. It should be a book of permanent interest and value to all those in the school who receive it.

We were very sorry indeed to lose the services, at the end of last term, of Mr. R. P. Wilson. Mr. Wilson has been a distinguished Head of the Music Department at this school for the last six years and has done a great deal to improve the general level of musical activity in the school. He has produced some outstanding Concerts of which the one given in the Floral Hall, in conjunction with the High School in 1964, will long be remembered. His original composition of the music for the lyrics for 'She Stoops to Conquer', the School Play in 1964 were most pleasing and showed his flair for originality. We wish him every success in his new post in Surrey.



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We were also very sorry to lose, at the end of the term, the services of Mr. R. H. Hardwick, who has done useful work in the school in charge of Religious Education, as well as being House Tutor of Edwards' House and giving us a great deal of leadership in voluntary service, as well as useful assistance in climbing activities. We wish him every success in his new position at Balshaws' G.S., Leyland.

We welcome Mr. J. P. Dootson who, at very short notice, temporarily took over the Music Department, in Mr. Wilson's place, and also the Reverend M. D. Whyte who, at equally short notice, came in to take over temporarily from Mr. Hardwick.

## LONG RIGG

The hostel has not been used much this term but we are making plans to take large numbers of boys up there for short courses in the summer and first half of the Autumn Term. With the generous help of the parents' Grand Draw in the Autumn Term we now have enough money to go ahead with the addition of the games room at Long Rigg. A suitable type of building has been selected and the foundations have already been levelled by the sixth form. Planning permission is now being sought and we are hoping, though time is short, to have the additional room available in time for the official opening of the hostel which we hope to celebrate on Saturday, 27th June.

## GOLDEN JUBILEE DINNER

Arrangements for this celebration banquet, which is to be held in the Prince of Wales Hotel on 24th April, are now almost complete. Only very few tickets remain unsold and we expect to have an absolutely full house. The principal speaker will be Lord James of Rusholme.

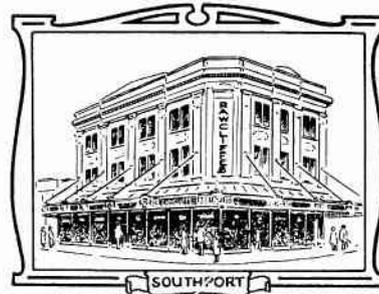
## CRICKET WEEK

The Golden Jubilee celebrations continue with a Jubilee Cricket week at the end of the Summer Term. Games against the staff, a former Captains' XI, Manchester Grammar School and Southport and Birkdale Cricket Club are being arranged for the week.

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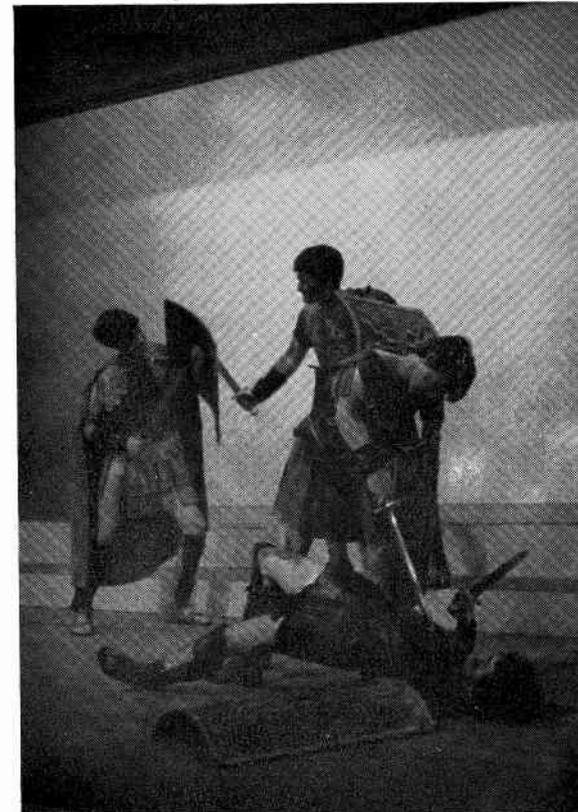
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# JULIUS CAESAR

It is for the common people of Rome that the conspirators act — not only in the sense that they stab Caesar for the good of their country; they also have to **act** in such a way as to convince the people of their rightness in murdering the ambitious statesman. The speeches of Brutus and Antony in the forum are speeches of men using their utmost powers of persuasion — and it was a commonplace in the Renaissance that oratory and drama were closely linked. There are significant references in the text of this play to actors and acting. The commons of Rome are an Audience, then, but they are also the people who have to fight the bloody civil wars which the politicians bring upon them. In **Julius Caesar** Shakespeare is making a comment on the nature of politics — on that form of acting which treads uneasily and

hazardously between the ideal and the actual. Brutus' ideals cause him to act the stoic, to put into practice those virtues which his family has taken pride in since the days of the tyrant Tarquin. Cassius, a thinker too, pushes Brutus to an action which seems the consequence of high-mindedness — perhaps it is, but Brutus' actions are tinged with a certain vanity which proves the downfall of the conspiracy. In the argument with Cassius over tactics before Philippi, Brutus takes a certain delight in humiliating and manipulating his fellow triumvir.

A. C. Halliday's subtle and moving performance as Brutus brought out admirably these features of the character. His soliloquy in the orchard (the last place to sit during a storm, but that's the stage direction) before the arrival of the conspirators, was particularly fine and he has an impressive stage presence.

G. V. Rawlinson as Cassius did not balance Brutus adequately. Although his acting was always imaginative and intelligent, he had a tendency to throw lines away by increasing his speed of delivery whenever he became passionate. In his speeches alone and with Brutus he showed good attention to the variations in tempo that Shakespeare demands, but too often became inaudible. Consequently, his Cassius was too erratic a man, rather more of a paranoiac than a politician in his recounting of Caesar's weakness. Perhaps Shakespeare hints at this, but I'm not convinced that he would wish it to be so overt. But Cassius does have grave self-doubts, and lacks Brutus' self-confidence, and this was interestingly apparent in Rawlinson's performance.

Of the other conspirators, Casca (R. N. Suffolk) had the most difficult part. His first appearance, as a sardonic, laconic, 'blunt fellow' was well-handled, but his little piece about the rising sun is a perplexing passage to interpret at the best of times. Casca knew what it meant, and the audience knew what he meant, but no-one can be certain why the speech is there and what Shakespeare expected to gain from it in terms of dramatic effect. But Casca carried off the speech as well as could be. Of his performance in general there is little to say, other than that it was excellent. Of all the conspirators Casca is perhaps the least neurotic, and his staidness was evident.

The other conspirators (N. J. Barnett, S. J. Coombs, C. Pickles and N. S. Whiteley) acted well, but there is little to be found for them in the text which would distinguish them as individuals.



Caesar himself (M. J. Beazley) was very good indeed. He had the right imposing presence, together with the suggestion of uneasiness beneath the imperial façade — an uneasiness which was well developed in his scene with Calpurnia (M. J. Taylor). Calpurnia was not as convincingly played as Portia (N. Joce), but Caesar's wife, like Portia, conveyed well the way the dramatist uses the domesticity of these women to offset the semi-ideal world in which the statesmen move.

Strutte's Mark Antony was impressive, especially in his forum speeches, when he was controlling and (to a certain degree) controlled by the crowd of citizens. He didn't bring out any of the leanings which in this play prompt the line "Antony who revels long a'nights is notwithstanding up" and cause him to be described as a rake. As these habits are the prime movers of the tragedy in **Antony and Cleopatra**, I couldn't help feeling they ought to have been hinted at in Strutte's performance. Perhaps this is demanding super-subtlety. Certainly he acquitted himself very well, given that Antony is a little too much of a noble goody-goody in this play, and that it is this which deceives Brutus into letting him escape death when Caesar is killed.



Among the *Senatus Populusque Romanus* Procter and C. H. Morris played their dual roles with ease and confidence, while D. F. Moor showed the necessary air of authority as the somewhat enigmatic Octavius and M. D. G. Fitton suited perfectly the part of Lucius.

Of the other parts, Cinna the Poet, the Soothsayer, the servants, citizens and the soldiers, I won't say anything about individuals. The crowd's dramatic effectiveness overrides any individual attributes the actors might give their parts. It doesn't matter what character you give Cinna the Poet, he exists solely in order that the crowd might murder him, and give a display of mindless frenzy such as the citizens of London showed in 1914 when they ran riot smashing and looting shops with Foreign Names. The crowd and the soldiers make the all-important dramatic point of bloody and wearying carnage. The boys in these parts acted in this production with an almost professional attentiveness and enthusiasm, and a great deal of the play rests with them. It is only in the context of a well-managed and intelligently deployed mob that **Julius Caesar** succeeds. Mr. Holland is to

be congratulated on this fine production, in which the dramatic resources of the school were developed to their greatest effect as is Mr. Douglas who arranged the fights. The grouping of the actors on the stage, and the movements of the crowds were suggestive of any number of those facets of the text which are not immediately evident in reading. This showed that a great many ideas and a lot of hard work had been put into the production. The simplicity and economy of the set by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Long and the efficiency of Mr. Fryer's lighting, complemented the excellent stage management of Mr. Comfort. The greatest care was taken to make sure that not only did nought go wrong, but that all went as right as possible. This includes, too, the front of house management of Messrs. J. Clough and S. Smith.

In all respects this was an absorbing and successful production — it fitted admirably Shakespeare's absorbing and successful political tragedy.

RUSSELL JACKSON,

(Debating Society Chairman 1966-1967).

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## RAILWAY SOCIETY REPORT

• **President:** Mr. D. Radcliffe

**Chairman:** G. Constantine      **Secretary:** G. M. Sanderson

**Committee:**

J. Whitehead, D. R. Geering, N. George, B. Moyle.

Despite two resignations from the committee this term, we have still managed to hold two very successful meetings (one slide show and one film show). The trips this term have been of a more ambitious nature, involving industrial installations in the North of England. Support for both trips was overwhelming, with the result that some people had to be disappointed, as we were only running the school mini-bus. We hope to be able to satisfy these people with further trips to out-of-the-way industrial workings next term or in the near future. The first of a full programme of meetings will be in the first week of next term, as this is the only time we can acquire the B.B.C. documentary film "Giants of Steam", as this film is in constant public demand. We are hoping to run a full coach trip to a preserved line next term also.

Any further suggestions for meetings or trips should be given to the chairman or myself.

G.M.S.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This term we have handed over to the sub-committee who are performing their services very efficiently. We have made quite a moderate profit on the sale of play photographs leaving our financial situation in a healthy position. Although the membership fee has been increased we hope it will not prevent people joining this now thriving society.

V.O.C.



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**THE JOINT SIXTH FORM HISTORY SOCIETY**

The History Society has now at long last become linked with the High School, albeit tenuously. At present it seems to depend more upon personal attraction between the committee members than a genuine historical interest. However, time **could** change that.

We have had only one meeting at the time of writing, although we hope for two more this term. The meeting, which was in the girls' Sixth Form block, was on "the causes of the American revolution". We are sure it was very good, unfortunately no-body could hear the lecturer, whose quiet voice was effectively drowned by the noise of the High School heating system. However, he came free of charge, so we did not have to resort to the indignity of asking people to actually **pay** to be lulled asleep.

Future policies are still undecided. If any historian has a suitable idea for a future meeting, please let us know, otherwise it is going to be a trip to "Six Yorkshire Castles". And nobody really wants that.

**FOX SOCIETY REPORT**

The debates this term have been of the science fiction type the first two debates being entitled "This House Believes Space Exploration is a Waste of Money" and "This House would Welcome a Completely Automated Society". The third debate is as yet undecided upon at the time of writing.

Four new members were initiated into the society as speakers and or committee members, namely Goggin and Mawdsley, added to the committee of Dailey, Whitworth and myself, this being the committee for this term. Also, Price and Edwards were initiated as speakers, who made interesting speeches, and from whom we expect great things in the future.

In keeping with the science fiction theme, a new innovation has been made in the world of debates, namely pre-recorded speeches, played back to the audience. Whitworth had this idea and, although there are still some defects in the system, the taped speech could replace last-minute changes when a speaker is unable to come to a debate. Of course, this does not mean that the Floor will be faced by an army of electronic devices; recorders will only be allowed to be used for special effect, or the emergency mentioned previously.

M. R. SELLARS, Secretary for Lent term 1970.

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## EUROPA SOCIETY REPORT

Germany itself is a topic that has always been wondered at or discussed at great length by many eminent speakers in the past, with the decided ultimate effect of boring the listeners, who finally have the inevitable, but 'O so true' impression that nothing nor no-one good or sane can issue forth from there. None more so than Winston Churchill, predominantly so the years 1939-1945. Yet last term, to everybody's utter amazement, and completely astonishment, in many cases even to say shock and confusion, we discovered that this is not always the case however — not always! For last term, we received an excellent discussion upon Germany's present-day economic and political contentment. This naturally came from our dear German Herren — Felix Koch and Reinhard Scholtz who notably enlightened us 'poor misguided and ill-illusioned souls' as to the true face and character of Germany. We learnt how admirable German methods as regards education and politics were, as well as the regional aspects of the districts where these acquaintances of ours originally arose from.

As regards the society itself, morale was certainly boosted as there were many new faces, presumably Germano-philes who wish to be further re-assured and guided as to where their true objectives lay in their concepts of Germany, Germans and all the necessary aspects surrounding them all. These new faces, as I mentioned earlier, came from the UV's and the LVI's which is indeed a gratifying sight, since formerly, faces of this kind had not been seen amongst us. It is certainly to be hoped that in future events and meetings of the society, definitely these faces, and indeed many more, will come and so be re-vitalized with the atmosphere of a new Europe and a changing, if not tantalizing, new and exciting future awaits us all — we hope!

Owing to unsurmountable circumstances, Mr. Cowburn was not able to preside over this invigorating and enlightening meeting. To our most heartfelt gratification, Mr. Smith kindly stepped in and presided over us all. Our thanks to him! A vote of thanks which surged up like a tempest ravishing the shore, rose from our beloved chairman, Mr. J. Willerton. On the whole, it was rather an enjoyable meeting!

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## CHRISTIAN UNION

Whilst meditating on what to write about the activities of the Christian Union, one notable meeting springs to mind, which, by the time this report is read at the end of term will have probably been forgotten by most. Towards the end of January we were greatly honoured by the presence of four members of staff openly discussing their beliefs concerning the existence of God. With a full lecture theatre an extremely interesting discussion ensued in which many members of the audience were able to participate, until eventually we had to be turned out of the school by the caretaker. One can only wonder how long the discussion may have continued, but it can be considered a success in that for some days after the arguments continued amongst the members of the school (and possibly amongst the staff?).

Another important meeting which will have taken place by the time this is published is the Joint Rally with members of other Southport Schools. At the time of writing a great deal of work and preparation is being put into the organisation of this meeting, so we can only hope that it will be (or was) a success.

Finally, I must thank all those who have taken part in any of the meetings this term and hope that they have proved worthwhile to all concerned.

J. K. C. FITTON, Chairman.

## DEBATING SOCIETY

Chairman: P. Kay

Secretary: J. K. C. Fitton

"There will be a meeting of the Debating Society on Friday at 4-10 p.m. in the library . . ." — a notice perhaps that is all too familiar? Maybe our subjects for debate are not controversial enough! Yet those who attended the debate on Euthanasia seemed to enjoy the high standard of the debate, that is, until that poor goldfish was maliciously slaughtered on one of the library desks! This action obviously turned the sympathy of the audience to that side of the House supporting Euthanasia (as they at least kept their arguments serious!). You see what you missed by failing to come!

Nevertheless, we must apologise for the fact that the debate had already been postponed once owing to the mysterious disappearance of one of the speakers.

However, at the time of writing our plans have just been disrupted by the Trials examinations, but once our programme is resumed we hope to stage a debate between the History Society and the Debating Society. By the time this is published though, that meeting will be a glorious relic of the past! Meanwhile, come what may the Debating Society meetings will continue. We look forward to seeing you next term.

J. K. C. FITTON.

## COMMUNITY SERVICE REPORT

**Chairman:** Mr. D. E. Radcliffe

**Secretary:** H. G. Herbert

**Treasurer:** G. Cohen

This term, owing to the departure of Mr. Hardwick, the Community Service has been left in the very capable hands of Mr. Radcliffe.

The aluminium foil collection this term has been very poor compared with last term. Therefore I hope that your support will overwhelm us next term. Might I also add that cigarette paper will under no circumstances be accepted.

We regret that practically no gardening jobs have been done this term because of dark evenings and bad weather. This we hope will not occur next term. If anybody wishes to help us with any gardening jobs we will be glad to find them a job.

As you know we have shown a few films this term in connection with The Guide Dogs For The Blind Association. Your support would be most welcome when we show some films next term.

Also next term we plan to have a joint Sponsored Walk with the High School.

G. COHEN, L.V.M.

## THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE LVB FOOTBALL TEAM

This term the team has had a more successful season and won two of the games they played. The team found it quite an experience winning a game and feel all the better for it. In order to accomplish this, the board found it necessary to increase the team pool and our first match against L.V.S. produced a number of new recruits including 'Prince Ali' Barber who was a fine addition to the defence.

Although our centre-forward "Big Toe" Evans was under the constant surveillance of the referee owing to some of his actions last term, the team managed to overcome all the odds to gain a 3-2 victory. The goals were scored by H. Walmsley, G. Whitehead and winger "Tiny Pim" Pimlott who, the team suspects, is beginning to grow. A slight advantage was obtained during the match when an opposing player was sent off for maliciously shooting three of our players.

The second game was a little duller. Despite a much improved defence and a brave fight throughout the first and most of the second half, the team went down 0-2 to L.V.M. Once again, a helpful and energetic performance was given by your captain and centre-half "Bony Tony" Lymath who served his team well after recent successes with the Transylvanian international team.

A notable performance was given by the team's fourth goal-keeper of the year R. Caunce, in our match with L.V.S. A new addition to the staff this term was "Karate" Col Hilton the club's first official linesman; despite slipping and half drowning in the first match, Colin returned to drown like a hero during the second.

A large gap was left this term when the team was without its 'jack-of-all-trades' Stephen "Cat" Briggs. As he had had an argument with the Chairman and owing to the fact that nobody wanted him in the team anyway, "Cat" was abandoned and left to join a Lonely Hearts Club. However, his presence was felt during our match with L.V.M. when he took to distracting goalkeeper Rigby's attention by standing on his head.

This team's injuries include Stephen "the electric" Fann who managed to get himself chosen for the team on four occasions and didn't turn up to a match. His injuries will take place at the end of term in room 15. (All boys welcome). The other serious injury of the term was that of D. P. Farrington, a member of the so-called Stonewall Defence. Owing to a phase of miskicking during a match, D. P. was unable to sit down for many weeks. This injury was the cause of a considerable amount of pain for D. P. and was the cause of a considerable amount of laughter in the changing-rooms after each game.

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In mid-January, the team's microscopic mascot, G. S. M. Whyte suffered a gruesome death when he was run over by a pair of low-flying football shorts. The funeral took place the minute we were able to find the body.

We once again would like to thank Mr. Mawer for supplying enough football and enough laughs to keep us alive and kicking through the cold weather.

L.V.B.: Pld. 2, Won 1, Lost 1. Goals for: 3, Goals against: 4. Total Match attendance: 5½.

S. M. MANNING.

### **HOCKEY CLUB**

The hockey team have continued their run of good performances this term and have continued to show promise for the future. Up to the present date, this term, the 1st XI have played 3 won 3 (Wirral, Blackpool and Merchant Taylors) and the 2nd XI have played 2 won 2 (Wirral and Blackpool). Other fixtures have been cancelled owing to bad weather.

We have been fortunate, this term, to have had the services of Mr. P. Walker, who is a qualified hockey coach and our thanks go to him for all his help.

The club's impressive run of representative honours continues with the selection of Andrews and E. Smith for the Lancashire Schoolboys hockey XI and the selection of old boys Campbell, Thomas, and Walker for Lancashire 'A' and Presidents' XI. Our congratulations to these players.

Once again we thank all members of staff for their assistance with the hockey teams.

## CROSS COUNTRY REPORT

After a promising and hopeful start to the season, the performance of the cross country teams this season, in terms of the number of matches won, has been disappointing after last year's success. It is difficult to give a full analysis of the teams before the end of the season, but though on the whole we have lost more matches than we have won, interest in the sport has been stimulated. The majority of last season's team members have been lost — most members of the Senior and Under 16 teams leaving school, and many of the Junior teams being selected for the rugby teams — and fixtures always clash. Although most of the teams were strangers to competitive running, completely new teams in two cases, there has been little change in the teams' membership throughout the season as they have shown considerable potential, particularly the Under 16 team, which has gained in experience and with more training, constant participation and enthusiasm will be even more successful as the Senior team next season.

Cross country can be the lonliest and most individualistic of sports, but at the same time the first six members of each team to finish count towards the result. The essence of cross country therefore is to pack. This season the team members are very evenly matched. If the pack would just move a little up the field near losses would be turned into convincing wins. Because it depends upon the team as a whole I shall refrain as much as possible from mentioning names though Everett deserves thanks for his efficient secretarial work and captaining, and the fine example he set to the teams.

The season will end on March 21st with a Road Relay Race organised by the Cross-Country Club at Southport to celebrate the Jubilee Year, for which the schools we regularly compete with have been invited.

It remains for Everett to thank the teams for their full support throughout the season in which team spirit was excellent, for the extending of congratulations to all the runners for their support and achievements, and for the teams to thank the members of staff who assisted us. We are pleased to welcome parents' regular support and the small but growing number of boys who support.

To leave one word in the minds of next year's teams together with our hopes for their success — Training.

## INTERVIEWS

After publishing an interview last term with Mr. D. McEvoy, then manager of Southport F.C., the editor has received a number of requests from boys wishing to carry out interviews of their own. We therefore publish two of them this term, and would like to thank both Mlle Fabre and two anonymous police sergeants for allowing themselves to be harassed in this way.

### AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POLICE

(by G. S. La Court and N. P. Cornish of 4B)

#### Why did you become a policeman?

I became a policeman because I had a liking for the outdoor life and I wanted a job in which I could help people.

#### Do you think the Lancashire Constabulary is undermanned considering the problems they face?

Yes, the whole of the Constabulary is completely undermanned. We are always looking for new ways of making our force more effective and utilizing our men to the full. We are always looking for new recruits.

#### How many men do you actually have in the force?

We have about seven thousand men at the moment in the Constabulary. This, however, is not nearly enough as not all of the men are on patrol. We should really have all these men on patrol but police stations have to be manned and someone has to do the paperwork so this is impossible.

#### How high is the crime rate in Southport compared with that of other towns of about the same size?

Southport has a very low crime rate compared to other towns. We have a small amount of crimes because our detection systems are good.

#### How are modern means of communication helping the police?

The police have improved tremendously with the addition of modern communication systems. The most important of these is the two-way radio which is carried in police cars and by police men on the beat.

#### Do you think the police-force should be armed, as in other European countries?

I, personally, do not want to be armed, and neither do other policemen that I know. There, however, is an exception, and this is when we are hunting an armed criminal.

#### Do you think hanging should be brought back for police killers?

I thought that hanging should never have been abolished in the first place. Considering the recent murders of policemen I think that hanging should be brought back for killers of policemen and for murderers of civilians.

#### How can you prevent vandalism in Southport?

In this case we require the co-operation of the public. If they see something suspicious they must report it to us

immediately and in this way we can deal with the incident much sooner than otherwise. The same applies to house-breaking.

### AN INTERVIEW WITH THE FRENCH ASSISTANTE

MLLE. M. A. FABRE

(Interview by S. M. Manning and C. C. Wooding of L.V.B.)

**Int.: What do you think of the English people?**

M.A.F.: I haven't been to other parts of the country but while I have been here, I think they have been very nice. They are open and friendly and much less suspicious than the French.

**Int.: What do you think of the English weather?**

M.A.F.: Well, Southport has got quite good weather and since I have been here, there has not been bad weather. I wasn't cold and I expected a lot worse.

**Int.: In what ways do English schools differ from those in France?**

M.A.F.: You have many more societies in England. In France, the teachers are not as keen on it.

**Int.: Were you nervous about coming to a boys' school?**

M.A.F.: I was nervous I had never done it before and I wondered what I could do with them.

**Int.: Have you found it difficult to adjust yourself to the English way of life?**

M.A.F.: The first week was difficult because of the differences of food; I still can't get used to drinking tea all the time.

**Int.: Do you like English food?**

M.A.F.: I like it very much; my favourite is fish and chips with parsley sauce; I also like apple pie.

**Int.: What do you think of the school meals?**

M.A.F.: I don't think they are very good. We can eat them — but that's all. The dinners are better in France. One of the first words I learnt at the school was 'stodgy'. When I nearly choked over some of the school pudding in one of the earlier dinners at the school, a teacher remarked that the food was stodgy so that was one of the first additions to my English vocabulary.

**Int.: What are you studying at present?**

M.A.F.: I have been at the university for two years and I have been studying American Literature, English and Italian but English is my main subject. This year I have to prepare an essay on English industry in Lancashire and I have to study some great American men. My job at K.G.V. is to speak with the boys and it helps me when the boys are willing and we find something interesting to talk about. I don't find it as easy when the boys don't speak and are not interested in anything. I think that while they have the opportunity to speak to me, they should take it.

### OUR ROAD

A Sparrow flutters by; in vain —  
He tries to catch his shadow below,  
I see his tiny body there,  
Shining in gold against the sun.  
The buildings in all their glory stand,  
Such as it is in this dismal land —  
Of brick mountains and metal hills,  
Of collieries and cotton mills.  
The promenade set out before me,  
I remember when there was golden sand.  
And all the people that used to bathe there.  
But they too are now victims of an industrial land.  
But we are lucky as some may say,  
For many people have starved this very day.  
But I for one cannot abide,  
To watch the generations subside —  
Into machines and computers, that will never know —  
Just what it's like to be washed by the tide.

A. SHANNON 3M

### STORM

The whaler sailed,  
The clouds gathered,  
The storm broke.  
The North wind howled around the ship,  
The waves battered against the cliff,  
The whaler capsized and sank.  
The rain pelted,  
The waves grew larger,  
The lifeboat set out.  
The sea was so rough that without a sound,  
A crewman fell overboard from the deck,  
And silently, silently drowned.  
The rain stopped,  
The sea calmed,  
The storm died.  
As quickly as it had come it disappeared.  
The sun shone brilliantly on the sea of calm  
And the crew of the whaler returned in the lifeboat,  
Silently, silently.

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## REPORTS TRANSMITTED FROM BULD TO BLYBORG ON MARUPITER

### Sirius 82/4

After materialising on planet Earth, grid reference 148, 211 I concealed myself to await molecular change. After about five dydons I had changed into what I presumed to be a human and set out to accomplish my mission. I stood up and walked, staggering at first but I soon acquired balance. I have located a group of humans and will study their behaviour and report back.

### Sirius 82/10

I have been here a londock now and it is evident that there are four types of humans — children, hippies, men and women. The children become hippies who then develop into men and women.

I was accepted without question by the community. The neck tie is apparently a passport recognised by the males of the town. (Please relay all information concerning K.G.V.S., possibly a place of knowledge transmission).

### Sirius 82/15

Information concerning K.G.V.S. received. I have discovered that their methods of teaching are very primitive; the system is to send the children to a place of knowledge transmission as they have no system of injecting knowledge and experience into the embryo — the young ones have facts told to them. They learn to add, subtract and do things with numbers and write essays which are a waste of time when they can talk to each other. Much of the knowledge so acquired is speedily rejected.

### Sirius 82/21

They take nourishment by consuming large quantities of flavoured substances and also by pouring liquids down their consumer hole. They have special houses for drinking certain types of liquids. The first of these that I saw was the "Flying Horse" named presumably after one of the four-legged creatures they ride which could fly. I will search for one of these when I have completed my survey of the human race. When I began to eat my vitamin tablets some people began to look at me as though suspicious. One of the hippies showed concern for my welfare, enquiring if I had a purple heart. I told him that it was a normal red and he walked away looking confused. (Please relay all available information concerning the human terms, 'National Health', 'drop outs' and 'L.S.D.').

### Sirius 83/7

Information received but not completely understood. Perhaps meanings have changed since the computer Syndar was built?

I am continuing my research in a communal dwelling known as 'Hotel' — containing many objects of fascinating historical interest, such as their telephone, which is a primitive version of the blyborg I am using.

Their transport systems are slow and unreliable. The humans are always grumbling about them but, as yet, no one has discovered the simple molecular transport and materialising system.

### Sirius 83/12

Please issue warning to all space agents not to materialise on this planet when using spherical capsules, as all humans are roused to a frenzy by the sight of any balls. They kick them, hit them with bats, sticks or mallets, while crowds stand cheering them on. Has this any ancient tribal origin? When they are tired of the balls they throw them away and small four-legged creatures bring the balls back.

### January, 1970

I have now moved to room in "Flying Horse" to conduct further behaviour study. In order to avert suspicion I now take in their food and find it very pleasant. Results of enquiries show that human males have definite ideas on how to improve their country. They would do away with the Credit Squeeze, Income Tax and Harold Wilson and bring back Hanging and National Service.

I will not be returning to Marupiter yet as I have further research planned.

I have secured a position in a local engineering firm where my knowledge is proving very useful.

### February, 1970

Sorry, old man, I won't be back for a while yet, one of the chaps has promised me a Cup Final Ticket — can't miss that! Must go now will call later, over and out — Buld.

I. WRIGHT, 2M.

### POEM

I sit (as the poets say) in my room  
And look into the scene like a photographer  
Hungry for light and perspective.  
Old men crawl past with shopping bags full of time,  
And wonder if the rain will stop.  
I read somewhere that all suburban houses look the same;  
They don't, at least they don't drip the same.  
(Did you know if all the drips in Chapel Street were laid end  
to end they would stretch 250 times round Marks and  
Spencers?)  
The gutters choked with leaves  
Overspill into saturated entries and bedraggled flower beds.  
A toffee paper struggles against the whirlpool of a hungry  
grid  
And I imagine a toffee paper existence  
Among drains, grids and gutters.  
(“Trouble brewed yesterday when 2,000 Hollands toffee  
papers clashed with East End skinheads. No arrests  
were made”).  
The roads and pavements look uncomfortable  
Under the strain of a natural showerbath  
As cars splash by with their drivers  
Sitting amazingly comfortable and relaxed inside,  
Windshield wipers pivot backwards and forwards  
And toy elephants in rear windows  
Wish they were back in India.  
Is this the same rain that stops play in cricket matches?  
Is this the same street Gene Kelly danced along in “Singing  
in the Rain”?  
Is that the same wall I lay against during summer days (and  
evenings)?  
Perhaps.  
But cricket, Gene Kelly and summer have all gone,  
The pounding rain remains.

P. CLARE. U5M

### WHERE POETRY ENDS

Thoughts and views;  
nature's ecstatic sensations;  
inexpressible in man's expansive tongue  
cut poetry short . . .  
Left to gape at the undescrivable majesty  
of sights beyond compare.  
Words cannot portray these beauties;  
That is left to nature.

S. M. MANNING LVB

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## ODE TO THE ABBEY

(Written at Kirkstall)

Your air of mystery still prevails,  
Unshrouded by your veil of age.  
Your sacred nobility  
Has survived the desecration  
Of turmoils past and present.  
Derelict — Deformed.  
You stand  
Without purpose, without form.  
Time has crushed you.  
You lie, at rest,  
Comparatively unnoticed — insignificant . . .  
I leave you with an air of majesty, holiness, supremacy:  
The thought shall never die.

S. M. MANNING.LVB

## AUTHORITY

What to,  
What to do, and what to see  
What to think, and what to be  
What to say, and what to know  
What to feel.  
When to,  
When to stop, and when to go  
When to 'yes' and when to 'no'  
When to spit, and when to spew,  
That's what they tell us all to do.  
What to love, and what to hate  
When to touch, and when to mate.  
Are we all fools, can't we see  
That this all stems from authority?  
They teach us this, but is it wrong?  
We shall know, before too long,  
Whether freedom means just the same;  
And did people think like this  
Before  
We came?  
Then what went wrong?

N. J. BARNETT, L6W.

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Morning sun blisters the blistered black skin  
"Goodbye darling, home at five"  
Vacant sombre faces look at a plate  
The Tony Blackburn Show  
Protein nil; vitamin none; death by starvation imminent  
Things go better with big, big Coke.  
Begin to eat, planes above, graves drop.  
Office girl looks OK, perhaps she will.  
Bodies fall and scream — black blood drips in the mud.  
Lunch at the Savoy, a guinea the lot.  
Undergrowth and bush hide the disgrace.  
Afternoon off, too hot to work.  
Suicide raid, fifty dead;  
Charities send money; where does it go?  
New plane brings new arms where from?  
Home at five, out for golf

◇ ◇ ◇

Man lands on moon in white suit,  
White ball holes in one,  
White girls do, black can't.  
After golf evening out  
Mosquitoes and bullets are their treat  
New plane brings new arms, where from?

B. SEARLE, L6M.

## APPEARANCE AND REALITY

The room was in darkness  
Except for the lingering death,  
Which flickered in black and white  
Across the cold pink walls.  
**The blinds were slightly open.**  
**A quiet, skilful light crept in,**  
**Illuminating the actor's face**  
**The patient recognised him:**  
**He usually died.**  
**The faithful priest was there,**  
**Vaguely focused in the false background.**  
**And in the foreground**  
**Her hand lay softly on his.**  
The light caught the steel spokes  
Of the onlooker's constant companion  
And he saw his distorted shadow  
Falling across the pink wall  
And he saw Reality.  
He lay in an empty room,  
Cold and grotesquely square.  
A chilled, veined hand lay stiff  
On the warm coarse bed-clothes;  
Covered with crumbs and empty tobacco tins;  
And a long disused pipe.  
**And she clutched his hand,**  
**And the music began softly.**  
**A tearful, grey eye filled**  
**The quivering screen.**  
All alone,  
Except for the newspapers  
Which fell through the metal flap,  
Which banged against the wood,  
Which left a draught.  
It was not his death;  
He wanted the Appearance.  
But that was how it should be.  
He knew.  
**And the music got louder.**  
**The actress looked at the priest,**  
**Desperately, falsely.**  
**A million tears would start to fall!**  
His bleary eyes were fixed  
On the yellow light bulb,  
Which slowly dimmed.  
And the heavily veined hand went limp,  
Touched the pipe, fell;  
And smashed on the wooden floor.  
**And there was an appropriate wrench.**  
**He had lost hold:**  
**Was gone.**  
**The hero had left his audience,**  
**And the music played on.**

J. G. LIDDLE, L6W.

## C O N T A C T ?

The following is a tale of early Union. It is preserved as a warning to those races who would attain Union Status.

The scenes on the Cardian surface have been reconstructed as accurately as possible from all available data.

The Galactic Cruiser "Explorer" had been some two years away from its home world of Sention, when it entered a small system towards the rim of the Galaxy. On the charts of Navigation it was simply shown as a G-type star with an unknown planetary system and given the code number XP 20.

Captain Craddock had seen innumerable such systems in his lifetime. He himself had, in fact, been born in just such a system and these, together with the blue suns, were in the majority in a galaxy with those solar unfortunates the novae, supernovae, white dwarfs, and red giants in the minority, to say nothing of pulsars, quasars, and neutron stars.

Captain Craddock in the "Explorer", with orders for a full survey of each planet was now wondering if it was not too late to change course and by-pass XP 20, for full surveys were long and tedious things to complete. Still, he thought, there was always the slight chance that there might be some primitive life forms on one of the planets or even, perhaps, intelligent life. No, that was going too far, what had the odds against finding intelligent life been the last time he'd looked, 3,000 - 1 or 3,000,000 - 1? He would have to check again some time. Never mind, whatever the odds, anything was possible in this universe. Far greater odds than those, whatever they were, had been beaten. Why, only the other day . . . No! he must decide what to do about XP 20. First reports should be coming in any time now.

He leaned forward and passed his hand over the panelset in the control face and said, addressing Brain, "Present data on XP 20." His voice, a deep baritone was coded into the computer oral banks and there was no need to identify himself. A panel at eye-level lit up to display the information; the number of planets, their individual masses, distances from the primary, and atmosphere; also the number of satellites complete with the same data.

When he had absorbed these details they were dismissed with a wave of the hand. Nine planets, that was rough, he thought. The survey could take six or seven months. The possibility of life was perhaps the greatest on the 6th, 7th and 8th planets although none had really ideal conditions of temperature and atmosphere.

After three months Craddock and Brain had surveyed the five outer planets and their satellites and were on their way towards the 6th. It was as he was nearing this that he received on his data board the information; "TWO ALIEN CRAFT APPROACHING 6th PLANET UNMANNED. ORIGIN — SEVENTH PLANET. TARGET — SIXTH PLANET. OBJECT — PHOTOGRAPHY OF SURFACE AND TEST OF ATMOSPHERE. ACTION?" After two years of loneliness and boredom Craddock was not exactly in peak condition but his reaction time was still only fractionally slower than normal and he was able to assimilate the data and come to a decision in 4 microseconds — "Draw alongside one for inspection" was his command to Brain.

"It has hardly been worth the trouble", thought Craddock. "The machine was a highly primitive affair, simply an array of photo-electric cells for power, aials for communications and cameras for the survey, a sort of early explorer. Right! Planet 6 would have to be by-passed. Life! At last I have found intelligent life, my name will go into Union annuals as the first to find another advanced life-form."

"Set course for 7th Planet" — this to Brain.

As "Explorer" accelerated from the primitive craft sending it spinning as the pulse-thrust hit it, Craddock was way ahead wondering what form the life would take. He did not expect it to take exactly Sention form naturally, but it was bound to be at least vaguely similar if only in having its main sensory organs high up. The wait seemed interminable but in actual fact, it was only a few hours, and eventually "Explorer" landed on the only satellite of the planet. But before touch-down Brain had already informed Craddock that it was littered with automatic craft and that apparently only a short time ago a manned craft had landed and returned.

Craddock listened in to T. V. and Radio networks and began to achieve a fairly accurate picture of the alien society. Most of it was irrelevant, but one item did stand out in his mind. It was from a news programme and stated: "The American space probe Mariner 7 which was sent out of control yesterday, probably by a meteor has now been successfully brought under control again. It will follow Mariner 6 to photograph the Martian surface and it is hoped that it may show signs of primitive life forms on the Planet."

Craddock looked and listened for six weeks at the end of which time he was in a position to start contact procedures.

He told Brain to make planetfall in the capital of the most advanced country in Cardias, the name he had given to the planet, reasoning they would accept him more readily for what he was. Not having sufficient data, Brain presented three choices and Craddock picked one at random . . .

Lt. Joe Slattery sat in the Radar room in the massive mountain fortress which was the defence centre for the United States of America. It was growing late, and he was looking forward to getting out of the concrete and steel prison when suddenly the alarms rang and the many hundreds perhaps thousands of missiles, (only the top brass knew the exact number) were automatically armed by Central Computer. There, sure enough, coming in over the East Coast was just one missile. It certainly was not a meteorite, the path was definitely controlled and guided. It could not even be a satellite in a decayed orbit. Of course, C.C. would never have sounded the alarm had it not considered these possibilities and many others.

It looked as if it had finally come. The Lt. in a daze, inserted a key in the prescribed slot and turned, together with three other men in different parts of the fortress, and then, hardly looking at the buttons he had to press, he moved his hand and depressed first the green, and then the red studs, in quick succession. He imagined he could feel the A.B.M.'s thundering from their concrete silos, first Spartan, then if those were to fail, Sprint would take to the air as the last line of defence. But, what if even those failed? Of course, that couldn't happen, at least not with one target . . .

Brain hardly had time to throw up the screens before the first missile struck. These people might still be barbaric in many respects, but this kind of barbarism could overload the screens and severely damage the ship. Hardly had Craddock thought this, than Brain dropped the screens for a nanosecond and the mountain fortress which guided the missiles was no more. Instead there was a vast crater overflowing with molten rock . . .

With the destruction of Central Computer the various command posts across the country, not knowing what had happened, let loose with every missile at their command. I.C.B.M.'s spread across the globe towards Russia, and the Soviet Bloc, and Red China, over the Pole, through the ionosphere, across the Atlantic and Pacific they sped like a swarm of angry, supersonic wasps.

Deep in the Urals Comrade Kruchenkov in a steel and concrete bunker beneath a thousand feet of rock inserted his key and pressed his buttons.

Captain Craddock of the Galactic Cruiser "Explorer" stared in melancholy silence as he watched, from his orbital refuge, a planet die.

M. SHELDON, L6W.

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The huge pearl lies there,  
Surrounded by countless small gems,  
Shimmering on the black velvet background.  
My vision is through a  
Greatly magnified glass.  
Of course, as you will probably  
Have guessed,  
I am looking at the sky at night.  
The moon hangs motionless — dormant,  
Occasionally obscured by clouds,  
Drifting sluggishly through the cool  
Night air.  
Thousands of stars help make the scene  
More complete, spectacular, awe-inspiring.  
Those minor planets, so far away  
That we can only discern gleaming,  
Sparkling lights.  
What lies beyond that dark void?  
What fate might befall those intrepid  
Astronauts,  
Who endeavour to penetrate those dark,  
Sinister dimensions?  
Nobody knows.  
While I am pondering on that mystery,  
A drop of rain alights upon my cheek.  
It is followed by another and another,  
Until it becomes a torrential downpour.  
Maybe the rain is falling to prevent  
Me from further thoughts.  
I'll never know.

P. CUNLIFFE 2S

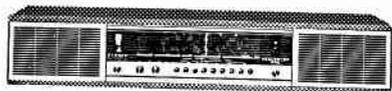
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## PAUL SIMON

I first met Paul Simon way back in 1963. He was hiding behind a rather worn copy of "Bob Dylan's Songbook" in Aldriges. I smiled when I saw him, and took him home with me, and learnt all the songs he knew, and have loved him ever since.

What beauty some of those early songs have! Listen to Paul singing his "Songbook", for instance; some twelve songs with just his voice and his acoustic guitar. There is his "He was my Brother", a hard, unpretentious song cast in The Dylan mould of the Time. Written in 1963 it is still just as fresh today, for its theme of racial hatred —

"Freedom rider, They cursed my brother to his face, Go home outsider, Mississippi's gonna be Your burying place" — is just as pertinent now as it was in the days of Little Rock. His message is so innocently optimistic.

"And he died so his brothers could be free, Dear God, he died so all men could be free!" — it is obviously the work of a young man. All the songs in "Songbook" bear this stamp of vitality; "April come she will", for example is Paul's adaptation of a children's skipping song. In the short story "On drums and other hollow objects" which he wrote for the Songbook, even old men have the ability to become young again. It was while he was writing these early works that he developed his philosophy of songs. "I'm not a 'cause' person" he said. He concentrates on **people** rather than on problems, and tries to arouse feeling by getting the listener to associate with the people in the song. Hence "On the side of a hill" does not attack war directly, rather it asks "what is a child's life worth?" In "A most peculiar man", an epitaph for a suicide, he both creates compassion for, and spotlights the causes of, suicide, speaking eloquently for one unable to speak for himself.

And all the people said  
What a shame that he's dead  
But wasn't he  
A most peculiar man?"

Similarly in "I am a Rock", a song of neurotic isolation, by simply giving expression to his isolation he helps break down the barriers of isolation which caused it, and thus exerts a healing effect on sick minds. To this extent he fulfils the wish expressed in "The Sound of Silence".

"Hear my words that I might teach you,  
Take my arms that I might reach you".

"The Sound of Silence" will probably become **the** song of the Sixties just as "Rock around the Clock" has become the special song of the Fifties. Ever since it was written in 1964 it has had a universal appeal; it has become a sort of passport; the first song any budding guitarist learns to play. There are several interpretations of it; but all are agreed it is basically about the inability to communicate.

"Fools, said I, you do not know  
Silence like a cancer grows . . .  
But my words, like silent raindrops, fell  
And echoed in the well of silence".

It was recorded with Art Garfunkel (whom Paul had met at the University of New York, and decided to keep on as a rhythm guitarist) as a folk song, but the producer added electric backing to it, and it became a number one hit in America. Paul was set as a national figure, and as "Simon and Garfunkel" they toured all the American campuses (I'm treading the long road from Cornell to Berkeley"). It was between America and his first engagement in England that he wrote his other major work, "Homeward Bound" (1965):

"Sitting in a railway station,  
Got a ticket for my destination . . .  
But all my words came back to me  
In shades of mediocrity, like emptiness in harmony" . . .

It assured him of his fame in England, although he did not become a household figure until "Mrs Robinson" reached number three back in 1968. Why Paul failed to catch on in England for so long is hard to say, possibly poor record releasing policies by C.B.S., possibly because Paul's British tours were always short and infrequent. Yet the songs show his strong attachment to England; it is "where my heart lies". He wrote "Blessed" in St. Paul's Cathedral. Above all, England is the house of Kathy, Paul's illusive lover, as mysterious as the "dark lady" of Shakespeare's sonnets. "Kathy's Song" is one of the great love songs of the last decade, equal at least to Donovan's "Catch the Wind" or Dylan's "Lay Lady Lay". To her Paul has made the greatest sacrifice any thinking man can make.

"And so you see I have come to doubt  
All that I once held as true.  
I stand alone without belief  
The only truth I know is you."

He may write songs to others, like "Emily", and "Cecilia", but never again will he make this supreme gesture of giving up his entire mind to a woman.

After "Songbook" came "Sounds of Silence", an L.P. which continues to sell in vast quantities even after five years; on it was little great new material (except for an excursion into hard rock with "Richard Cory"), mostly old songs given an electric treatment. Then came "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme", a far more substantial work. He put out feelers in various directions — into Olde English Folk rock for "Scarborough Fair"; into beat music for "A Hazy Shade of Winter"; into self-analysis for "The Dangling Conversation".

"And we speak of things that matter  
With words that must be said  
Can analysis be worthwhile?  
Is the Theater really dead?"

On "Silent Night/6 p.m. News" he recorded the plaintive Christmas carol with an ugly fantasia of news behind it, telling of the Chicago Nurses' Murder, and the war in Vietnam, and the repression of free speech in America. Now he began to move away from his acoustic guitar, and turn to other instruments — for example, the piano in "To Emily" or electronic effects — like the phasing in "At the Zoo".

Like Dylan, Paul tried to avoid the worst excess of psychedelia, and "Fakin' It" and "At the Zoo" tracks are truly "out of this world", while the Beatles, for example, became drowned in their own surfeit of love and flowers. "The 59th Street Bridge Song" is a typical product of the cheerful mind at this time—

"Life I love you, all is groovy!"

"Bookends" appeared in 1968. There was some frothy escapism — "Punky's Dilemma" — and some outright pretention — "Voices of Old People" — but there was also some good. "Save the life of my child" has a frightening intensity; the wails of the crowd as produced by electronics are curiously realistic. "Old Friends" is a frightening, yet at the same time serene, look into old age.

"How terribly strange to be seventy."

But above all towers his "America"; the search for lost liberalism, the lost America of his boyhood dreams, where people could laugh on buses, and play games with true faces, and not be trapped, as he eventually is, on the New Jersey turnpike, surrounded by cars also looking for America.

And then came "The Graduate", and "Mrs. Robinson," and suddenly everyone was talking about Simon and Garfunkel, and they even became a joke on Laugh-in. Paul, perhaps surprised, or possibly offended, gave us all his own story in "The Boxer".

"I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told,  
I have squandered my resistance  
For a pocketful of marbles, such are promises . . ."

And we follow him into railway stations, running scared, down Seventh Avenue, into the clearing of New York in winter.

And now there is "Bridge over troubled water", nearly all electric and piano, and Art Garfunkel singing like a woman. How will it stand? It is too soon to say. Obviously Paul will not stand still; the L.P. is a bridge, just as Dylan's "John Wesley Harding" was a bridge between the electric "Blonde on Blonde" and the country style "Nashville Skyline." Will Paul too bridge the troubled waters between folk music and electric music? Well, whatever we think, he will play — his music —

"Here is my song for the asking  
Ask me and I will play so sweetly  
I'll make you smile . . .  
Take it, don't turn away  
Ask me and I will play all the love I have inside".

J. P. A. BAIRD U6M

## AT RISK

Charlès Wood walked slowly down the badly lit streets still kicking that paper cup he had come across. To put it mildly he was bored. Bored with his job, his few friends and most of all, he was bored with his nagging wife, Nora. Nora was not what one would call a dynamic person but she was active. At least she was when she was nagging Charlie. He could hear her now. "Charlie, Charlie!" she would exclaim as he returned home. "Where have you been?" "Your egg and chips will be ruined; suppose you've been at the Red Lion."

Charlie shuddered and glanced at his watch. He could not see the hands clearly so he moved briskly to the only lamp in the street.

It was the date that struck him hardest. "Fourteenth of January", he muttered. "Next week I'll be forty-two and look where I am: stuck between two rows of terraced houses, under a street lamp."

He continued to talk to himself until he saw his house. There he was in a town he hated, in an office job from nine until five, scraping to make ends meet, and all he got was complaints. What had he done? Nothing, not one single thing had he done to prove himself. He stood outside his front door feeling in his pocket for the key when he noticed a small group of children running to and fro whenever a car appeared. He had seen them before. Often, every day in fact. Previously he had regarded their game as a stupid, dangerous idea, but tonight it was vastly different. They were proving themselves to their friends despite the danger. They would get hit one day but nevertheless they were taking a risk for the sake of it. Fascinated, he stood there watching them for several minutes.

Suddenly the door opened and Nora, dressed in what she termed her working clothes, appeared. "What's the matter with you, standing there like a cabbage?"

Meekly he entered the house and began his tea. Nora nagged all evening and, as usual, told him how useless he was, and how cowardly and weak-willed he had become. "If you would take a risk occasionally," Nora jeered.

Charlie walked out of the house next morning with these words ringing in his ears. As he neared the office his subconscious took over and his weak imagination ran riot. He saw himself on Polar expeditions, up unclimbable mountains and even went as far as imagining himself rowing around the world in a canoe. "Yes," he said, "I'll show the lot of them. I'll do something that nobody has done before."

The more he thought about it the more decided and determined he became.

That evening he was sitting in the "Red Lion" on his own. He sat at the bar watching the people come and go. Some he knew, some he didn't but he did not speak. Somewhere at the back of his mind he was still obsessed with a desire to "do something." Looking at his reflection in the polished wood of the bar he saw himself. He didn't like what he saw. A man who didn't know what it was like to live, he was a pawn in a desperate society, a name in the phone book but no more. As he sat meditating a couple of his friends came in. He watched them with deliberation as they came over. "Hello, Charlie. Didn't think I would see you here. How are you?" one laughed.

"Oh I'm fine, considering," said Charlie despondently. "Considering what?" asked the barman. Charlie remained silent. Charlie's friend began to talk to the barman. "Have you heard about this fellow in the paper, the one who nearly killed himself trying to climb Blackpool tower?"

The barman said he had not heard so the other man re-enacted the whole scene with the aid of a couple of beer mugs. Charlie listened attentively.

"He hadn't got very high when he slipped on the wet girder."

"Nearly went through that car roof so I heard," remarked the barman.

"Must have been drunk," replied someone, "or mad," replied a newcomer. Suddenly Charlie banged on the bar. "Why?" he said indignantly, "why must he be mad to take a risk?"

"Well no one in his right mind would." It was too late, Charlie had stormed out of the bar. Two hours later one would have found him lying in bed. But this was a different Charlie. Like a light out of the darkness he had found hope. He knew what he would do to prove himself. And he knew he would do it too. The Working Men's Club were running the annual trip to Blackpool the following Saturday. He would show them. He would be the first man to climb Blackpool Tower right to the top.

The next few days passed quickly and eventually his chance came. Walking along the "Golden Mile" only made him more determined to fulfil his ambition. Eventually he made the move by coming out on the roof of the building on which the tower stood. He waited, staring up at the mass of girders before him. Things began to spin and sink all around him. He steadied his feet and without giving himself time to think of other things, he began his task. Slowly, ponderously he climbed, stopping for a rest every few feet. Higher and higher into the grey sky. He looked down fascinated at the tiny people below. His hand gripped tight at first but then relaxed as he assured himself. Suddenly his foot slipped! He lashed out for the nearest girder, clinging in sheer desperation. His feet groped blindly to regain his footing. Way down beneath him his wife and the rest of the party were in the crowd that had gathered. They gasped every few seconds as Charlie hung on.

"Let's go inside and get a better view before the nut goes and kills himself," a spectator whispered.

Meanwhile Charlie had found his footing and climbed several feet higher. "Not far now," he breathed and he pushed on. He rested on two girders and waved. There he was up the tower and what did they care. They found fault in his actions because they were afraid. Afraid, all of them.

Charlie jeered, "Come up and get me now if you dare."

He was answered by a policeman with a megaphone. "Come on down."

"You come up," was the reply.

Here, above the houses and streets Charlie was proving himself. Seated on his two girders he shouted down to the people below. This went on for several minutes, as the drizzle turned to heavy rain. Already a fireman was coming up a ladder. Charlie laughed and waved.

He thought of going higher but decided he was in no hurry to get to the top. If the crowd wanted amusement they would have to wait for it. Many feet below, his wife, Nora, had realised who it was up there. She was consoled by anxious friends. "Whatever made him do a thing like that?" she cried.

Time passed slowly and a larger crowd had gathered. There was even a small knot of pressmen, each trying to question the local police inspector. "After all," they said, "it isn't every day a bloke climbs the tower."

Charlie watched the ambulance arrive with a morbid interest. He knew that one false move would send him down onto the heads of the milling crowd. "They're not people," he whispered to himself, "they're vultures, waiting for me to slip."

The more he thought of it the more he became obsessed with the idea that those people beneath him really wanted him to fall. Even Nora. No, perhaps not Nora. He released one frozed hand from where it had been transfixed to the girder and glanced at his watch. It was the first time he had done this since that day he had been late for work. The night it had all begun. Ten to four. Time he decided what to do. If he reached the top he would get his name in the paper, but he would give the crowd something to think about if . . . Now he must keep that thought out of his mind. They would remember him in the pub back home if he jumped.

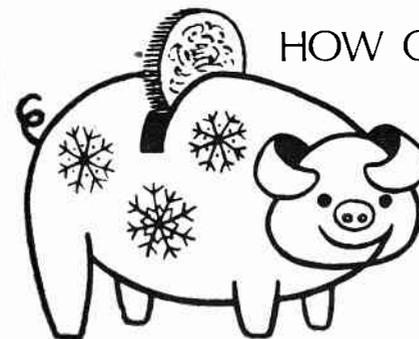
It was here that Charlie made the greatest mistake of his life. Here in his hands was a life, his own. He was the lord of life and death. It was all up to him.

He heard someone shout in the crowd and he leaned over. Things began to spin and his mind was torn between life and death. He leaned over again and this time it was too far. He slipped and fell. There were screams from the crowd but Charlie fell silently, straight down onto the pavement below.

Whether suicide or accident, Charlie had died. He had proved himself to himself and had passed over the greatest mental obstacle of his life. To live like a coward or to die, if not bravely but with certain courage.

He was buried four days later. Nora had little to say except for a repeated, "I can't think what made him do it."

B. PRESCOTT, L5S.



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