New Statesman

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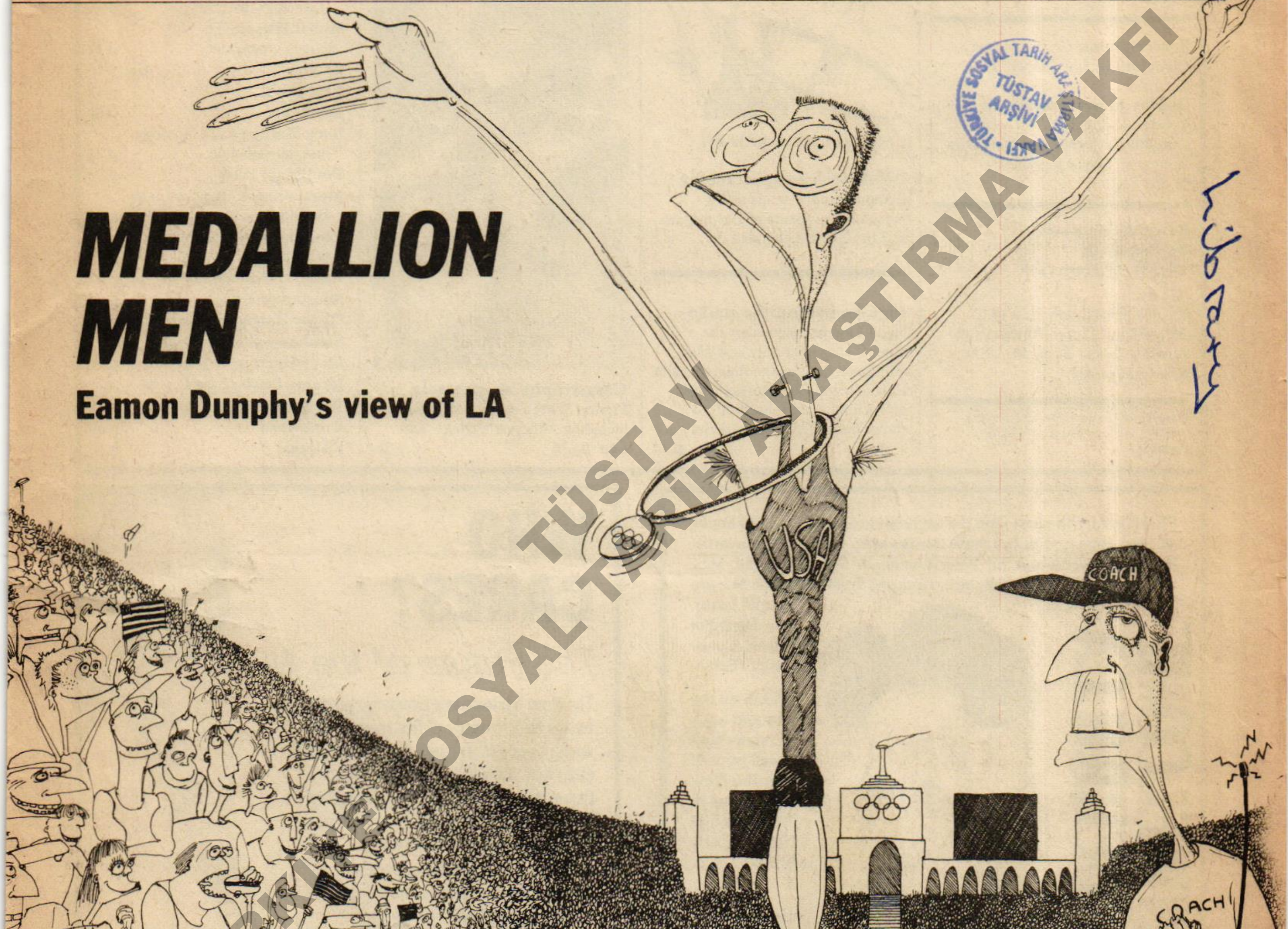
Eamon Dunphy's view of LA



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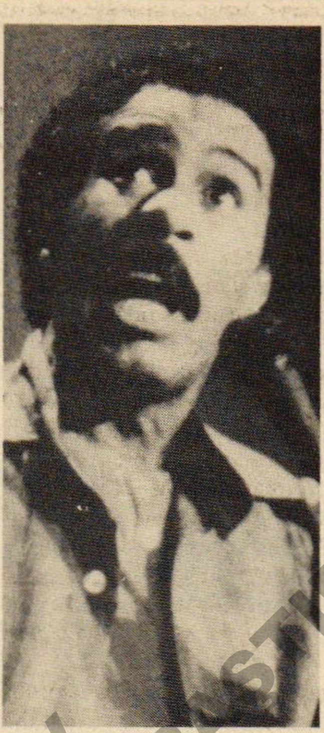

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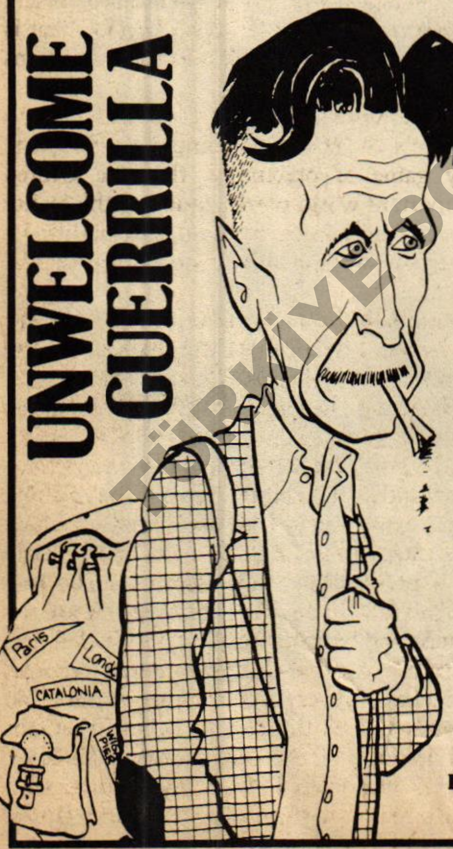

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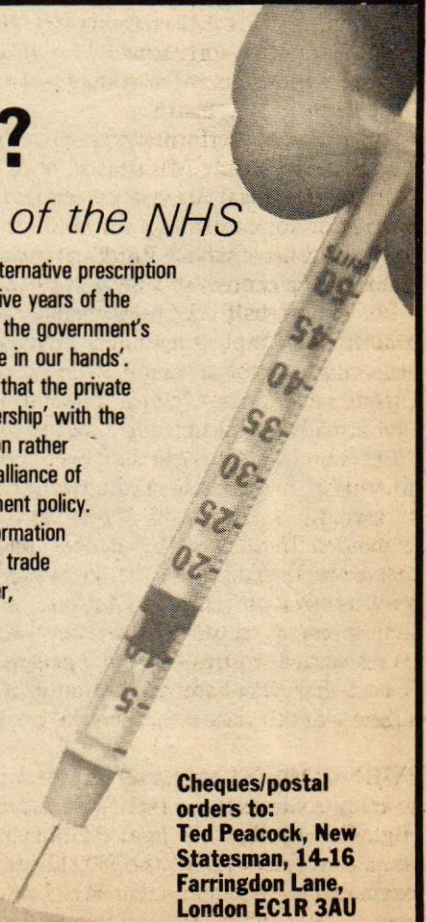

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New Statesman

Vol 108 No 2786 10 August 1984

Squadron-Leader Lane's fantasies

THE SPIRIT of the times does not take long to get to the judiciary. It is supposed to be the politically independent arm of the State, impartially holding in check the abuse of state power and without prejudice upholding the civil rights of the individual.

This week the Lord Chief Justice proved once again that this supposition is false. Lord Lane was sitting to hear Mrs Thatcher's appeal against the civil service unions at the Government Communications Headquarters at Cheltenham. He sat with two fellow Appeal Court judges — Lord Watkins and May. Neither of them even bothered to pen a word of their own by way of supplement to Lord Lane's patently inadequate line of reasoning for finding in favour of the Prime Minister. (It's been an eventful week for the Lane family — his Lordship's wife won £2,875.14 from *The Times*'s new up market bingo game and plans a trip to the Far East on the proceeds.)

Lord Lane's argument was so weak that even *The Times* itself hoped that the case would go on to the House of Lords so that the situation could be improved. Its sound argument was that there are three constitutional checks to the abuse of state power — Parliament, a free press and a courageous judiciary. In the field of intelligence it is difficult for Parliament and the press to get information and difficult for the courts to get a point from which to operate. 'All the more reason to try. Judges expatiating on their impotence make a sorry sound. One looks to the House of Lords... for a more robust line of reasoning' — such was its critique of Lord Lane's sorry performance.

It was a sorry performance at many levels. In confirming the view that the Prime Minister as head of the civil service is by virtue of the Royal Prerogative entitled to make unilaterally any instruction for controlling the civil service and setting its terms and conditions of service, Lord Lane was setting the clock back on almost half a century of slowly improving custom and practice.

For almost half a century negotiations about the terms and conditions of employment in the civil service have been settled by negotiation on the assumption that section 5 of the 1927 Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act removed the prerogative right to alter at will and without consultation such terms and conditions.

But now Thatcherism has been preaching for five years a doctrine of government's right to govern and management's right to manage — and Lord Lane and his fellow judges have responded. In this case they have responded by asserting that five decades of thinking that the law accepts negotiated agreements were merely a conventional illusion and that the reality is still that civil servants are only what they were in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries — namely personal servants of a capricious Crown. It is a ludicrous assertion of the law in 1984. If that is indeed what the law says, then the law must be changed.

THEN COMES Lord Lane's supine acceptance that there are 'no go areas' so far as the judiciary is concerned. At least the original High Court judge, Mr Justice Glidewell, thought that he could take a view as to whether the Royal Prerogative had been properly exercised (and had found that Mrs Thatcher had failed to observe even the elementary rules of natural justice). But for Lord Lane even this was lese majesty. The government had acted in banning trade unions at GCHQ on grounds of national security. 'Ministers were the sole judges of what the national security required,' he said. So the action taken to ban the unions could not be subject to judicial review. End of story.

This line of reasoning is the more worrying because it is becoming general in the upper reaches of our judiciary. In the *Guardian*'s appeal in the case involving the Sarah Tisdall document, the Master of the Rolls, Sir John Donaldson, delivered himself of the following on 16 December last:

> The responsibility for deciding what should or should not be published is that of the government of the day and not that of individual civil servants or editors.

In other words, simply by asserting that national security is involved any government of the day can prevent publication of anything and the courts will not consider themselves able to intervene. It is a perfect description of a system of unaccountable censorship. If that is indeed what the law says, then the law must be changed.

THE LANE judgement (and for that matter the Donaldson judgement in the *Guardian* case) is, however, replete with an even more ludicrous anachronism. Lord Lane was a Squadron-Leader in the RAF during World War II. His judgement is based on some melodramatic, wartime concept of national security — where the nation's vital interests (and by implication those of the rest of the free world) depend on the round-the-clock vigilance and efficiency of the security services. It is this 'absolute' that recurs through his and other judgements by his colleagues where 'national security' is concerned. And it is this 'absolute' that is held to justify the arbitrary suspension of all normal conventions of administration and justice.

If the consequences were not so serious, the whole thing would just be a joke. It is simply the judiciary going along with the Establishment's party game of pretending that the United Kingdom is still an important world power, ignoring the reality that we have for decades now been a middle-size industrial country in the process of slipping gently down the second division.

GCHQ *has* one unique quality, but it has nothing to do with the United Kingdom as such. Because it exists and because it is quite good at its job of electronic snooping, the Americans have sub-contracted some of their work in certain parts of the world to us; pay for it; and give some intelligence information back in return. But to pretend that GCHQ is a vital national interest is ludicrous.

We have vital national interests — North Sea oil, coal, fishing rights, peace, economic expansion — the disruption of which would be more or less catastrophic. But even this increasingly Thatcherite judiciary is presumably not going to contend that fundamental human rights should be suspended in these areas.

We also hve an ultimate and basic national interest in defence. But it is a British disease to assume that this interest requires obsessive secrecy to surround its every aspect. Other countries do not behave in this way and it is difficult to believe that, for example, the national security of Sweden, Norway, Holland, West Germany or Italy is objectively less well looked after than our own; or that their citizens (or for that matter their judges) have reason to sleep less easy in their beds at night. ☐

John Copeland

No longer a faceless Mayfair bureaucrat — Tony Crassweller

MI5's master-spy on left-wing activism

THIS MAN, Tony Crassweller, is the chief Security Service (MI5) agent responsible for planting spies inside legitimate British political organisations. Although after last week's judgement by the European Court of Human Rights, MI5 now faces legislation to control telephone tapping, there is as yet little chance that other MI5 domestic surveillance activities — including the routine use of burglary and other illegality — will be controlled by law.

Officials like Crassweller have assiduously engaged in spying work which has nothing to do with terrorism or Soviet espionage. MI5 often finds that informers are more efficient sources than telephone taps or electronic bugs.

Crassweller, known as 'FX', supervises two sections, F4 and F6, which run agents inside British political parties and organisations. F4 concentrates on the old Left, the Communist Party, trades unions and industry. It also covers MPs, political parties and the media. F6 covers the newer Left and protest groups — ranging from Trotskyist parties to peace groups, including anarchist, feminist, nationalist and other radical organisations.

MI5 tries to make its agents psychologically dependent on their 'case officers'. *City Limits* recently identified one such MI5 informer. He was Tony Jones, a barrister, who joined groups ranging from the ABC and Astrid Proll Defence Campaigns to 'Lawyers against the Bomb'. Jones has admitted giving information to intelligence officials.

Crassweller answers directly to Mr David Ransen, the director of the 'Domestic Subversion' F Branch of MI5 (see *NS* 26 November 1982). But his work is not universally respected by MI5 colleagues. Educated at Cambridge, Crassweller now lives in south west London, giving his address openly in the telephone directory. He works at Curzon Street House, the Security Service's Mayfair headquarters. Asked earlier this week about his role in MI5, Mr Crassweller said 'Please don't waste your time, goodnight'.

Duncan Campbell

Miners

Upfront women

THE LONDON march this Saturday 11 August in support of striking miners is set to be a breakthrough in women's visibility.

Even in some unions where the majority of members are men the banners will be carried by women members — eg the regional banner of UCATT, the building workers' union. Sandwiches for the rally to follow are being prepared by ASLEF, the traindrivers' union, and by the sheetmetal workers.

A small step for man, a large step for the rest of us. Beyond the pale remains Mrs Thatcher — the march is to pass Downing St in contemptuous silence. On the other hand, as already widely publicised, a delegation calls on Buckingham Palace with a petition asking the Queen to come to the defense of her loyal subjects in the pit villages.

Anne Scargill, wife of the NUM president, and Betty Heathfield, wife of the NUM general secretary, will lead. A giant invoice, for £49,500,000, estimated to be the sum in social benefits not paid because of the DHSS rule that the NUM is/ought to be paying £15 a week strike benefit (which it isn't), is to be delivered to the DHSS at Elephant & Castle.

Geraldine Hackett

March assembles Temple Place (Embankment), leaving 1pm; DHSS Elephant & Castle by 2.30 pm.

Sheffield polled

SHEFFIELD POLY has found that most people in Sheffield support the striking miners, think NCB chairman Ian MacGregor and the Government have handled the strike badly, believe that media coverage has been biased — and think the NUM should have held a ballot.

The findings result from a mid-July poll of the city carried out by researchers from the communications department of Sheffield Polytechnic, itself part of a wider study into public perceptions of group violence. A survey of attitudes to Orgreave comes next.

314 people were questioned in detail. 57 per cent expressed support for the striking miners, 26 per cent for the NCB; 63 per cent thought MacGregor has handled the dispute badly, and 72 per cent that the Government has handled it badly; 54 per cent felt the media has shown bias — though 25 per cent thought the bias was *in favour* of striking miners.

Men seemed marginally more likely to support the strike than women (63 per cent against 52 per cent), and 18-29 year-olds were the most supportive age range. As to policing' most found that police had been 'too active' in their treatment of flying pickets, but 50 per cent thought police tactics generally fair — against 77 per cent who approved in the recent MORI/*Sunday Times* poll.

John Field

Company cash to universities — forget it, dons tell Sir Keith

THE COMMITTEE of Vice-Chancellors and Principals (CVCP) has told Sir Keith Joseph that his dream of privatising universities would lead to 'serious distortions' of higher education.

Last September the Education Minister wrote to the chair of the University Grants Committee — the body responsible for allocating government money to the universities — telling 'of my belief that in the longer term universities should, in their own interests, be less dependent on public funds'.

In response to the less than delicate threat the Vice-Chancellors set up a committee to consider the possibility of alternative funding. After almost a year's deliberation the committee has concluded 'that if academic standards are to be maintained, universities must inevitably restrict the acceptance of alternative income'.

It's no secret that Sir Keith and the more monetarist of his advisors would like to see more cash from industry finding its way into the universities, not only to reduce government spending but as away of tying course content more closely to the needs of industry. Joseph's obsession with 'marxist' infiltration of higher education is well known.

After studying the American experience and talking to British industrialists the Vice-Chancellors have decided that industrial and commercial funding 'would have to meet the interests of shareholders'. They are worried that industry would want to channel research into directions beneficial to itself and would not be too concerned with 'academic excellence'.

Lord Flower, chairman of the CVCP, has accordingly written to Joseph saying that the pursuit of alternative funding would be 'undesirable' if it became 'disproportionate in relation to the pursuit of teaching, research, and development'.

Backing for the Vice-Chancellors has come from the increasingly wet CBI. A spokesperson confirmed this week that the CBI has written to the University Grants Committee ruling out the possibility of any substantial injection of cash from industry: 'The minister has got to understand that education is a national responsibility and he cannot rely on industry to provide the funding'.

Barry Hugill

Liberals grind their *angst* over the SDP. . .

THE LIBERALS' strategy for the next general election is to stop the Labour party winning, according to a 'private and confidential' paper presented to the Liberal party's NEC (National Executive Committee) on 20 July.

But *A Strategy for the Liberal Party* outlines two almost insuperable obstacles to achieving a 'breakthrough' vote: a perceived lack of Liberal policies and an unwillingness to sort out the relationship with the Social Democrats.

The document's author, Liberal organisation chief Paul Tyler, says in the paper that 'it is essential to resolve unambiguously the nature and direction of the Alliance in the early years of this Parliament. The damage done by delay would be devastating.' But the response of the Liberal NEC — to refer the paper to other party bodies for discussion — seems to guarantee that the 'devastating' delay will continue.

Tyler presented his colleagues with four ways to go for the Liberal/SDP Alliance:

- Immediate merger
- Gradual merger over 'a few years'
- Carrying on with the status quo
- Breaking up and competing against each other except where local parties agree otherwise

Any form of merger is known to be unacceptable to SDP leader David Owen. Tyler favours the course of 'making a commitment now to total and permanent partnership' with the timing and procedures of union 'left somewhat vague'.

Tyler, who is chair of the influential Campaigns, Organisation, & Elections Committee, rules out carrying on with the status quo as 'not practical'. He says: 'The strain of a negotiated relationship of so-called equals [*a rude reference to the SDP's smaller size and more limited representation*] is a debilitating distraction, both locally and nationally, from effective campaigning'.

The paper doesn't, however, consider as a real option any break-up of the Alliance.

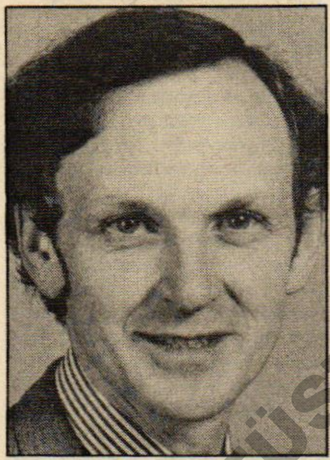
. . .and over Labour

TURNING TO the common enemy, Tyler does argue that the Liberals should look for more gains from the Conservatives than from Labour — 'not just because Kinnock may produce a short-term uplift in a long-term slide', but because Labour is already reduced to its 'core' vote — and also that the Liberals must 'elbow Labour out of our way in our keenness to take on the Conservative government.'

All of which might suggest he wants the Liberals to shift their attack from Labour to the Tories.

But Tyler still lists the Liberals' first 'external' objective as: 'To deny Labour victory at the next general election.' This, he holds, can be achieved by 'squeezing them where they are weak', i.e. where Labour is already in third place, and by 'attacking them where they are the complacent local establishment', as in many inner-city areas where Liberal 'Focus' teams have scored with their brand of community politics.

The paper seems to rule out the long-term strategy of replacing the Labour Party. It talks of Labour's 25 per cent 'core vote', and targets the 40-50 per cent of 'mobile voters'. Tyler cites the ITN survey which showed last year that 43 per cent of voters had not decided firmly how to vote at the beginning of the 1983 campaign.



Paul Tyler — sniffy about 'voguish' activists

A section dealing with internal objectives confirms the derelict state of the Liberal Party in some 400 of Britain's 633 constituencies. Two hundred constituencies are in a 'primitive state of readiness' (fewer than 100 members) and a further 200 constituencies don't have a Liberal Association at all. The paper argues for a reorganisation of the party's structure, to make best use of 'limited resources', rather than 'servicing interminable introspection'.

Tyler ended his proposals with a sweeping attack on the Liberals' radical wing, suggesting that young people are more interested in training and employment than in 'votes at 16 and "sexual politics"'; that women are 'more interested in social provisions, equal pay, and house ownership, than radical feminism'; and that 'would-be disarmers are more interested in the nuclear freeze than street theatre'.

He concluded: 'The worst mistake would be to confuse the voguish preoccupations of a minority of our activists with the yearnings of an electorate which has learned to be cautious and yet hopes for a better life. That is the trap which Labour has still not escaped.'

John Rentoul

The Liberal Assembly this year is in Bournemouth from 17-22 September.

MISCELLANY

Memory lane

Last week, Mr Justice Park, a 74-year old West Country judge, fined the South Wales miners £50,000. Infuriating though this may be, it is nothing compared to a decision he made ten years ago. A naval commando was found guilty of raping a woman in Poole, Dorset. At the trial, Mr Justice Park told him, 'You have numerous things in your favour. After the offence you were extremely sorry. I have never heard of a person before who has raped a girl and then started crying and shown remorse.' The man was set free with only a suspended sentence. Mr Park's boundless capacity for sympathy clearly does not extend to the starving struggling miners.

It's the pits

Mr Park's decision led to the freezing of the South Wales miners' funds in Jersey by sequestrators from blue chip accountants Price Waterhouse. It's inconceivable that if a firm of tax lawyers had been on strike they would have let some City slickers from Price Waterhouse nab £1 million in a Jersey bank account. Any good capitalist would have salted the money away in Switzerland or Leichtenstein, where it is actually an offence for banks to disclose information about accounts.

Pinstripe money

Don't let Price Waterhouse put you off. Just because you're an accountant, or a solicitor, doesn't mean you're against the miners. Last week we published an appeal for funds from a Leicestershire miner, one of 40 strikers out of the 2,500 NUM members there. The staff and partners of a small London firm of solicitors, Powell Magrath & Spencer sent a cheque for £700. Donations from merchant bankers, company directors or anyone else, payable to the Leicestershire Striking Miners Fund, should be sent to the Editorial Office at the *NS*, whence they will be forwarded.

Digging deep

Collecting money for the miners, as we have observed before, provides some unexpected insights into different kinds of solidarity. National Front branches in London have been holding collections at their meetings since an article was published in May's *NF News* entitled 'Why the NF supports the Miners' Strike'. Nick Griffin, the Front's industrial organiser said they were planning street collections of food and money, but refused to give details. Griffin added: 'There are a small number of our members involved in the strike in the Nottingham area.' The 'support the miners' strategy is part of the new 'respectable image' of the NF, according to Griffin, who adds that since Martin Webster was sacked as national organiser *NF News* has changed from being '90 per cent racist to 80 per cent social and economic'. NF members are also being encouraged to 'sink local roots' by joining tenants' and ratepayers' organisations. You have been warned.

Tea at Toad Hall

When transport secretary Nicholas Ridley did finally get round to meeting the Association of Metropolitan Authorities, on the 18th floor of Toad Hall (the Department of Transport's Westminster tower block) he displayed the grasp of his subject for which he is so justly renowned. He berated the councils for not doing more to encourage private sector financing of council projects. Stuart Mustow, the West Midlands county surveyor, who is partly in charge of the crumbling concrete of Spaghetti Junction, seethed. Ridley had just rejected his council's plans for a privately-financed motorway. An embarrased Ridley muttered something about 'additionality', and in a diversionary tactic junior minister Lynda Chalker started to serve the tea. Unfortunately, Chalker, who is bright and human compared with her boss, is leaving transport in the September reshuffle. Her office is not accepting any diary appointments after September.

Carrot and stick

'It seems only fair', Dr Rhodes Boyson would have said last month if he'd thought of it, 'in view of the fact that I dock the miners £15 a week in supplementary benefit for being on strike, that I should *subsidise* behaviour of which this government approves.' He was announcing a change in the regulations which would permit those claiming supplementary benefit to earn an extra £4 a week for service in the Territorial Army. Social Security Minister Boyson slipped the change through Parliament while Labour MPs were distracted by the 'flippancy and stupidity' of the way he read out his list of annual upratings.

THE D.H.S.S. SAID YOU MIGHT FORM A UNIT FOR ONE PARENT FAMILIES . . .

PEACE PROTESTS ROLL CALL (5)

Total arrested to date in UK and Eire: 5291

	Arrests to date by location
Northwood Naval Command HQ	**7**

5.5.84. 7 arrested. Charged with obstruction.

Brawdy Submarine Tracking Station	**20**

26.5.84. 17 women arrested after entering grounds. Later released without charge.

St Albans	**1**

May 84. 1 arrested. Charged with criminal damage for painting St Albans Conservative party HQ with anti-nuclear signs. Fined £130.

Aldermaston Atomic Weapons Research Establishment	**6**

13.6.84. 6 Greenham women arrested. Charged with criminal damage. 5 released on bail, 1 released without charge. The 5 women — Steph Bell, Karen Bone, Jane Crawford, Dee West and Maggie Smith — each face two charges of criminal damage amounting to £150 for damage to two fences. They elected to be tried by jury at Bradfield & Sonning magistrates court on 11 July. Hearing adjourned until 22 August for committal papers to be drawn up. Bail extended to all five.

Alconbury US Air Force Base	**74**

20.6.84. 6 arrested. Charged with conspiracy to cause damage under section 1 of the Criminal Damages Act. Veronica McGuire was remanded in Holloway for 7 days, Paul Briggs was released on bail on surety of £1,000. All six were photographed and fingerprinted before appearing in court the next day. The next hearing is on 6 September. Two other persons were arrested for the same action a few days later, and a further person was arrested on 27.7.84.

Burtonwood US Air Force Base	**11**

10.6.84. 2 women arrested and held for 24 hours at Warrington Police Station. Charged with criminal damage and trespass after conducting a religious service on the base. Released on bail on condition of not going within 1 mile of the base. Both women were strip searched after arrest.

Capenhurst Uranium Enrichment Plant	**32**

Court dates for the 19 women arrested in March have now been received. They have been given separate dates divided into two lots of eight to be heard at Neston, near Capenhurst, in December, two to be heard in Chester in October, and one to be tried alone at Chester in September.

Phoenix Park Peace Camp, Dublin	**34**

The women arrested on 10.6.84 outside the US Ambassador's Residence for setting up a camp have been 'released without prejudice' as the Gardai had difficulty in bringing charges against them under the 1925 Phoenix Park Act which forbids just about everything (including pitch and toss) except camping. The women are now suing the Gardai for wrongful arrest.

Greenham Common US Air Force Base	**1866**

Anne Francis and Margaret Johnson of Greenham Common Peace Camp were put on remand for the duration of their crown court trial for refusing to submit to a body search at the outset of the two-week crown court trial which ended on 24 July. Ten women were sent to jail and seven of these women also had a four month suspended sentence. Three women were acquitted.

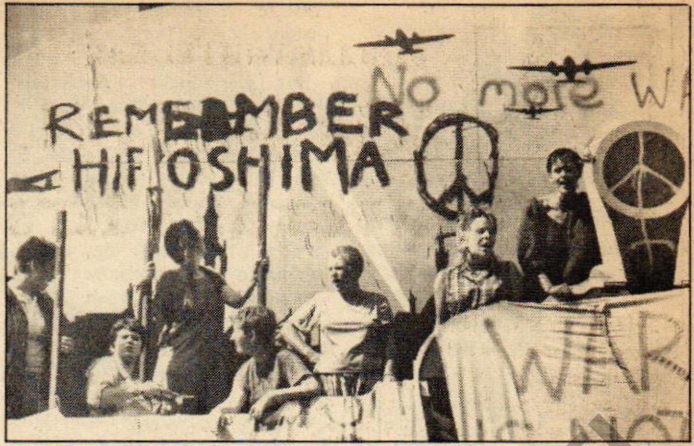
Scotland	**242**

7 arrested at Holy Loch, Dunoon. Charged with breach of the peace. 1 arrested at Coulport Submarine Base. Charged with breach of the peace. 14.5.84. 8 arrested at Ministry of Defence presentation meeting of Trident plans in Dumbarton. Charged with breach of the peace. Scottish Regional and District Councils have asked for these charges to be dropped. The Strathclyde Regional Labour group are holding a special meeting to discuss how to deal with police activity around peace protests. It is hoped they will disassociate themselves from police activity in arresting and abusing campaigners.

STRIP SEARCH PROTEST

Anne Francis, one of the 10 Greenham women jailed on 24 July for damaging the perimeter fence during a July 1983 demonstration, and who with Margaret Johnson was held on remand for the duration of her Crown Court trial for refusing to submit to a body search, has written a letter of complaint about the body search incident to her MP, John Stradling Thomas, minister for state for Wales.

*Please send new information to **Janey Hulme** at the* New Statesman. Arrests of peace protestors at other locations (noted in earlier Roll Calls) account for the difference between the grand total of arrests and those listed here by location.



Melanie Friend

Anger and wit. Japanese tourists applauded. The Hiroshima Day (6 August) climb by 8 Greenham women to the canopy of the Whitehall, London, 'Theatre of War' show. They put a CND sign even in the cannon's mouth

Ridley dunked in tar barrel

'ROADS to motorists are like sweets to children — the more you give them the more they want. Take some away and they cry', transport secretary Nicholas Ridley has been told in the continuing row over the GLC's Talgarth Road traffic scheme.

However, this sentiment, which would doubtless offend the sensibilities of Mr Toad, comes not from the GLC but from a local resident, Lt Col Dickson Burnaby.

Talgarth Road is part of the A4, just east of the Hammersmith flyover. In May the GLC introduced a right turn for traffic coming into London. This relieved local roads which had been used as rat runs by cars frustrated from turning right. And because it reduced the width of the road into London some spectacular traffic jams built up — described in a London evening paper as 'the biggest traffic jam in Europe'.

Government ministers swung into action, calling on the GLC to withdraw its scheme. Ridley told the GLC if it wanted a right turn to make room by demolishing the pub on the corner.

Burnaby tells Ridley in a ferocious letter 'I think you had a cheek to tell the chairman of the transport committee of the GLC, Mr [Dave] Wetzel, his plan is nonsense, when your own are equally if not more so . . .

'You, not the GLC, have your priorities wrong, for you seem more concerned with responding to the hornblowing of your Honourable Friends from afar than improving the horrible traffic and environmental conditions . . . I warned you against letting this matter degenerate into a party political issue.'

Referring in passing to Dave Wetzel's 'fresh and imaginative official mind' Burnaby says the GLC's scheme has been a success. He concludes: 'As the road lobby in government is so influential, the hullabaloo over this affair fills us with misgivings as to what will happen if the planning of London's roads is ever in the hands of a . . . Minister of any political persuasion who is advised by departmental officials at Westminster.'

Meanwhile down at Toad Hall Ridley is planning to spend upwards of £4000 million on widening London's expanse of tarmac.

Mick Hamer

CND led a dance by Cornish town

YET ANOTHER way of keeping lefties off the streets — or at least out of the market place — has been discovered by Penwith Council, in Penzance, Cornwall.

Under the Local Government (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act 1982, the local CND group has been banned from selling its books and badges in the market where it has had a regular stall for two years.

Section 3 of the Act, which has just come into effect, states that a street trading licence is now needed in certain areas. CND duly applied, and was turned down by independent councillors Irene Bailey and Mike Peters, chairperson and vice-chairperson of the environmental services committee.

Cllr Bailey, who works at Culdrose Naval Base, said the decision was made because the market place 'should not be used as a centre for pressure groups whatever their political persuasion.' The CND group has put in a second application, which it hopes will be considered by the full environmental services committee and the full council. The first decision was made under delegated powers.

John Moore, Penwith Council's chief executive, wouldn't object to CND offending the natural laws of the market place by *giving* away its wares. 'No one is stopping them being there. They can still *give* out their stuff' he says — and adds: 'It is not a question of preventing free speech. The National Front could do the same.'

Sue Rylance

PHILLIP WHITEHEAD

Kinnock, N.: A better than average first year

END OF TERM reports circulate early at the gothic prep school which is the Palace of Westminster. Neil Kinnock left there a year ago knowing that he was already home and dry in the leadership race, six weeks before the votes were counted. Now the strains of the long year are showing, the press honeymoon is over.

A leader who wants to be taken seriously cannot yield to the minute what must be stored for the years; he has to play it long with the electorate. But he faces a double jeopardy. It is not just that the wilder and more irresponsible he seems the more he may be at risk. The wilder and more irresponsible the government is, the more he will be at risk also.

The elevation of Ken Livingstone, Arthur Scargill and Liverpool City Council to cult status by the blunders and hubris of the Thatcher cabinet inevitably throw the spotlight on extra-parliamentary opposition. The Leader of the Opposition in Parliament cannot win. He hasn't got the troops. Even Tory rebellions are a poisoned chalice, for they alert the government whips to bring in the whole inert mass of the backbench vote.

Labour morale suffers accordingly. Random street theatre by assorted candidates for the NEC snatches the headlines from serious debate. Thus the press tendency now to write Mr Kinnock off as a puffball of phrases, an irrelevant Welsh wordsmith.

There is another view. It is that, if you consider this as the first of the eight years Neil Kinnock will probably have to spend as Leader of the Opposition (longer than any other Labour leader has ever had), he has made a shrewd beginning. He has made a virtue of his openness — to ideas and people.

Unlike Dr Owen, he does not have to speak as though he has been in every cabinet since that of Lord Liverpool. If he seemed sidetracked last week in the clash between the titanic opposites of Mrs Thatcher and Mr Benn, that would have happened equally to his predecessor in (and his three rivals for) the Labour leadership.

While the Alliance remains a formidable force, as Peter Kellner has shown in this column, Labour was not forced into third place in the Euro-elections and is the preferred choice of four voters in ten. Kinnock's own discovery of the European socialists as potential allies, rather than mere cantankerous foreigners, has helped to swing the party away from the catatonic negatives that passed for a European policy in previous years — and all without hysteria at Conference or 'victories' for anti- or pro-marketeers.

The style has marked the more formal policy debates too. It is to find new ground for the argument to proceed. The decision to recommend the option of one member/one vote re-selection of MPs may not go far or wide enough. But it has served notice on the new élites within the party that participation cannot stop at the Elect, any more than at the elected.

All the arguments once used by MPs and the old caucus Right have looked no more persuasive in the mouths of the new vanguard. Chairman Heffer may have emerged from Walworth Road after the National Executive vote looking as forlorn as Edward G. Robinson in *Little Caesar*, but I have yet to meet a single rank and file Labour Party member who was appalled at being given the franchise. Nor is it the end of Ricco. Eric Heffer and the Labour Left will find a wider party democracy easy to live with, provided they can listen to a wider range of voices and learn from what they hear.

THE DISARRAY of the various Left pressure groups on the issue of the wider franchise is manifest in their arguments, which include a touching desire not to involve the party in doctrinal argument. The idea that there is ever, or should ever be, a kind of steady state in policy formulation is absurd.

There is always pressure for revision. Mr Benn's recent paper for the National Executive on NATO membership was an indication that he has not lost his deftness in playing Grandmother's Footsteps with the party leadership on policy issues. But when Grandmother moves, there are loud cries of Foul!

In the event the party's statement on defence seems to me a skilful recapture of the initiative by Kinnock and his allies. The flaw in the election strategy — that if you stress a non-nuclear defence policy you cannot assume people will know what it is without firm commitments as to what you need as well as what you will abandon — has been put right. Twenty-five years of bitter controversy may have come to an end, because good sense changed the ground of the argument.

As the first leader in a generation who has been elected without rancour he has built on this asset and not wasted it. Not every disaffected public school boy in the Campaign Group would agree, but he probably enjoys the confidence of a wider segment of the parliamentary party than any leader since Attlee. He will now have a close personal link with the incoming TUC General Secretary, and the prospect of a new face at Walworth Road — where John Garrett would be the ideal choice. The time is long past when the Labour Party could treat each new appointment or election as though only faction and seniority mattered, so that the stopgap candidate who was sound on the Left or Right ticket was never given the doubt of his (or her) dubious benefits. Labour has to select for a middle distance race, avoiding impossibilism and respectability. I think that Kinnock instinctively knows this.

Kinnock's critics on the Left have found a second front to attack him, however. He is alleged to have private doubts about Mr Scargill's style of leadership in the Mineworkers strike. He has called — some time ago — for a ballot of NUM members and an end to violent intimidation. For that school of Labour activist which believes that *any* tactics are legitimate in a class war, this may well be treason to the cause. For those who see the strike as the midwife for the old reformist Labour Party to give birth to a new one more in line with Mr Scargill's stated philosophy, Mr Kinnock may well seem an impediment.

But the leader of the Labour Party *has* to argue that the best basis for the miners' success in securing the future of their industry and the removal of the crass and incompetent MacGregor is consent — freely given — and unanimity. Harassment, bitterness and an overwhelming external police presence have turned the Yorkshire and Midlands coalfields into something not unlike Northern Ireland fifteen years ago.

Those who argue for the ballot box and the negotiated settlement can be accused of indifference to the extraordinary sacrifices which have already been made in the struggle, the more so when the government constantly raises the stakes. (Not since the Ulster Unionists' cynical destruction of the Northern Ireland Labour Party has any government more obviously guaranteed that opposition to it would be on the streets, the reflection of its own cold light.)

Neil Kinnock has to risk the accusation that he cannot see the mines for the minefields. He has to see that the miners do not lose; and help to mark the point (lest it be re-defined) where they have won. He knows that the Big Bang theory of massive disruption may divide other unions, as the NUM itself has been divided.

He should go on calling for the Big Ballot instead, to win a total standstill in the pits. He knows that what he does and says will be called to account in four years time, when Labour will with luck get back into a hung parliament, and either a minority government or at worst the flushing out of the Alliance rump into a last ditch coalition with the Tories.

Millions of voters have to be won back. It can only be through a mass party, committed to open argument, decision-making, and persuasion. That he remembers this every waking day, never allowing himself to forget 9 June 1983, seems to me cause for a better progress report than the press — and some of his colleagues — have given him.

FOREIGN NEWS: OLYMPICS

All-American dream

Every Olympiad reflects the values of the host nation. Los Angeles is no exception, reports Eamon Dunphy

Los Angeles

A FEW DAYS before the 1970 general election England was knocked out of the World Cup. The Labour government was ahead in the opinion polls and Harold Wilson looked set to return to Downing Street.

Edward Heath's victory was a shock. Attempting to explain it away afterwards, Wilson inclined towards the view that his government was punished by a nation — or at least that portion of the nation that cared about such things — suffering from post-World Cup blues. If there is any substance to Wilson's theory, Ronald Reagan need have no fear about the outcome of November's Presidential elections. He will be returned to the White House as a major beneficiary of the 1984 Olympiad, which has turned out to be a sporting celebration of the American Dream.

One of Reagan's pre-election pitches is that after Vietnam, Watergate and Jimmy Carter's apologetic Presidency there is a renewed sense of pride sweeping the nation. The economy is booming again. After years of introspection it is, Reagan claims, possible to dream again. Walter Mondale says this is an illusion. The Los Angeles Olympics suggest otherwise.

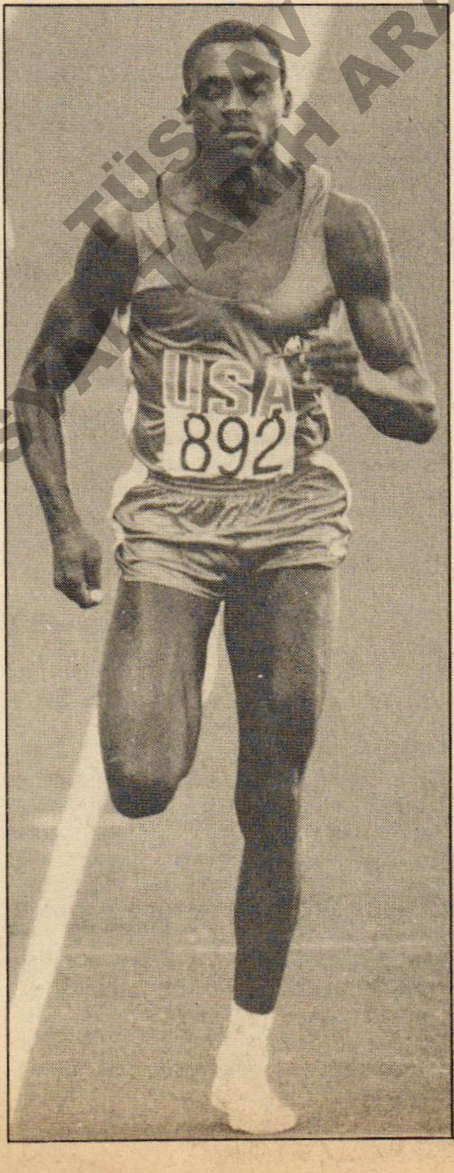
Day after glorious day this past fortnight, American athletes have seemed to prove that the Republican prescription works. No matter who you are, what your background, you can make it. All you have to do is define your ambitions and GO FOR IT. American sports men and women have dominated the games in event after event. Swimmers, boxers, gymnasts — the sons and daughters of the ghettoes, of immigrants and of Middle America have emerged clutching gold medals — and preaching the gospel of Liberty and Enterprise.

Without exception they have afterwards talked of their 'goals', their 'commitments' and in almost every case the American winners have literally thanked God, Mom and Dad and America. Beside swimming pools and boxing rings, gymnastic halls and rifle ranges, in bars, restaurants, television studios and press boxes (yes, even there) Americans have shed tears as right hand on hearts they have sung their national anthem. The XXIII Olympiad is a metaphor for the American Dream.

ABC's exclusive television coverage has been suitably jingoistic. Appropriate, that is, to the mood of the host nation. None of this has endeared itself to those of us who came to bear witness. There are 8,000 media people here. Journalists and broadcasters of every persuasion. Most came with what has become a fashionable world-wide bias against the Olympics. The games are no longer deemed to be a Good Thing. What is certain is that they are no longer a Simple Thing. But, then, what is these days?

Those 8,000 communicators will doubtless at this moment be conveying a sense of the Olympic movement as a vulgar circus. They will point to the commercialism of sport and condemn it, forgetting that without the tacit consent of the communications industry the rampant materialism would not exist. The fact that Carl Lewis, the black American hero of these games, will soon be very rich will be alluded to in scathing terms. The implication will be that things were better in the past.

In 1936, for instance, when another black American, Jesse Owens, won four gold medals in Berlin, he returned to America as some kind of hero, the kind of hero who races dogs and horses to earn a living. The kind of black — they used to call them negroes then — hero that President Roosevelt felt unable to associate himself with. The sportsman as Noble Savage no longer exists. Neither does the kind of black American sportsman who, like John Carlos and Tommie Smith, gave the clenched fist black power salute on the victory rostrum in Mexico City.



Sporting Pix UK Ltd

Sport's unique capacity to reflect its own time was illustrated in Los Angeles this week by Carl Lewis's reaction to his first gold medal victory in the 100 metres. Before setting out on his lap of honour around the Memorial Coliseum, Lewis grabbed a large American flag. It was quite shocking in a way to see a callow youth in what should have been an overwhelming emotional moment engaged in patriotic manoeuvres of a nakedly cynical kind.

Yet, what one felt was wry amusement. Jesse Owens had played the game, been a good sport, a Professional Good Example and had been stuffed. Carl Lewis had learnt the lesson of history. This time he would call the tune. The tune would be the Star Spangled Banner. That's where the bucks are in America these days. It's not nice, but it's real.

THE NEED to define the Olympic Movement is acutely felt by the legions of communicators here. We must Say Something about sport, about America, about Los Angeles. What there is to be said is almost too complicated for journalism, undoubtedly too complicated for sports journalism. There is no composite picture to convey. What there has been at these games in this strange city, is a sense of conflicting forces grinding up against each other.

It is necessary to have a venue for the Olympics. Los Angeles was the only city that wanted these games. Thus Peter V. Ueberroth, President of the Los Angeles Olympic Committee, a hard-faced child of corporate America. Ueberroth decided that the games would make a profit, so he priced the '84 Olympics in such a way that few ordinary sports fans could afford a seat. Yet it is not only in this country that Ueberroth is regarded as an Olympic hero, the saviour of the movement.

Americans are another irreconcilable. They are brash, naive and ridiculously patriotic. They have, in the face of Los Angeles, abandoned City life to the needs of the automobile. Much of what they eat is trash and there is a vulgar concern with bowel movements in their much too frequent commercial messages. But taking a bus ride through downtown LA, through the immigrant community, one sees all the colours of Jesse Jackson's rainbow. For Koreans, Armenians, Vietnamese, and Mexicans, for anyone who needs it, there is hope of a better future in this place. Hope that they can make the journey symbolised in the difference between Carl Lewis and Jesse Owens.

The Americans one meets are generous and optimistic. Their patriotism in the sports arenas, if not on TV, has been essentially benign. Despite the economic, political and cultural realities of Yankee Power in the world today, the nation encountered at these Olympics is more vulnerable, more human.

Their patriotism has not reflected a desire to

TÜSTAV
TÜRKİYE SOSYAL TARİH ARAŞTIRMA VAKFI

rule the world, but rather a desperate anxiety to be loved and respected by all. 'What do you think of our city?' 'How do you like our games?' The phlegmatic British are untouched by the colossal spirit of our hosts.

As to the broader spirit of the Los Angeles Olympics — well, that was most accurately reflected in The Opening Ceremony, the first hour of which was little more than a maudlin Hollywood-style celebration of American history, a presentation of clichés. This included everything from George Gershwin to the pioneers of the Wild West, from Gospel to Dixie Land. As an opening it lacked universality, good taste and even a passing reference to the original inhabitants of North America — the Indians.

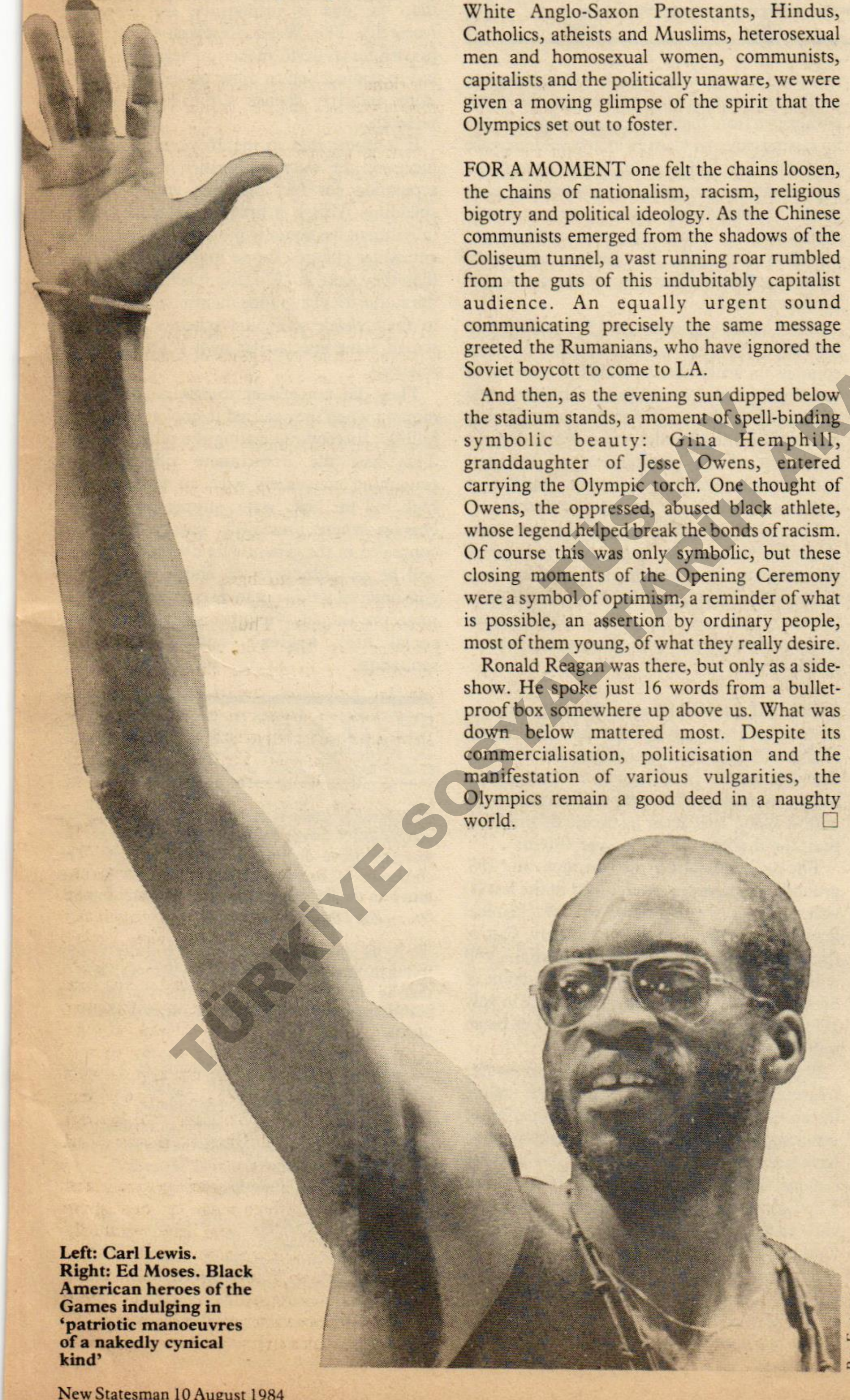
One went in search of a relieving drink to find a group of Fleet Street hacks behind the stands taking the piss over a beer. When Hollywood had made its point, the athletes from 140 nations began to crowd into the arena. As they took their places down below us, the mood changed dramatically. What had been a celebration of one country's history and culture was transformed into something far more impressive.

As the field below us filled with blacks, Jews, White Anglo-Saxon Protestants, Hindus, Catholics, atheists and Muslims, heterosexual men and homosexual women, communists, capitalists and the politically unaware, we were given a moving glimpse of the spirit that the Olympics set out to foster.

FOR A MOMENT one felt the chains loosen, the chains of nationalism, racism, religious bigotry and political ideology. As the Chinese communists emerged from the shadows of the Coliseum tunnel, a vast running roar rumbled from the guts of this indubitably capitalist audience. An equally urgent sound communicating precisely the same message greeted the Rumanians, who have ignored the Soviet boycott to come to LA.

And then, as the evening sun dipped below the stadium stands, a moment of spell-binding symbolic beauty: Gina Hemphill, granddaughter of Jesse Owens, entered carrying the Olympic torch. One thought of Owens, the oppressed, abused black athlete, whose legend helped break the bonds of racism. Of course this was only symbolic, but these closing moments of the Opening Ceremony were a symbol of optimism, a reminder of what is possible, an assertion by ordinary people, most of them young, of what they really desire.

Ronald Reagan was there, but only as a sideshow. He spoke just 16 words from a bulletproof box somewhere up above us. What was down below mattered most. Despite its commercialisation, politicisation and the manifestation of various vulgarities, the Olympics remain a good deed in a naughty world. ☐



Rex Features

Left: Carl Lewis. Right: Ed Moses. Black American heroes of the Games indulging in 'patriotic manoeuvres of a nakedly cynical kind'

WATER

Going down the drain

William Johnson predicts real crisis in the industry

AS THE UK water authorities stagger through their second serious drought in eight years, those 22½ million people who started the week on hosepipe bans may be forgiven for asking why the industry has yet to get its act together.

The main problem, of course, is not a national shortage of water. Neither is it simply the lack of co-operation which exists between the ten regional water authorities in England and Wales. The underlying cause of the drought, and indeed most of the problems of our beleaguered water industry, is a persistent lack of investment.

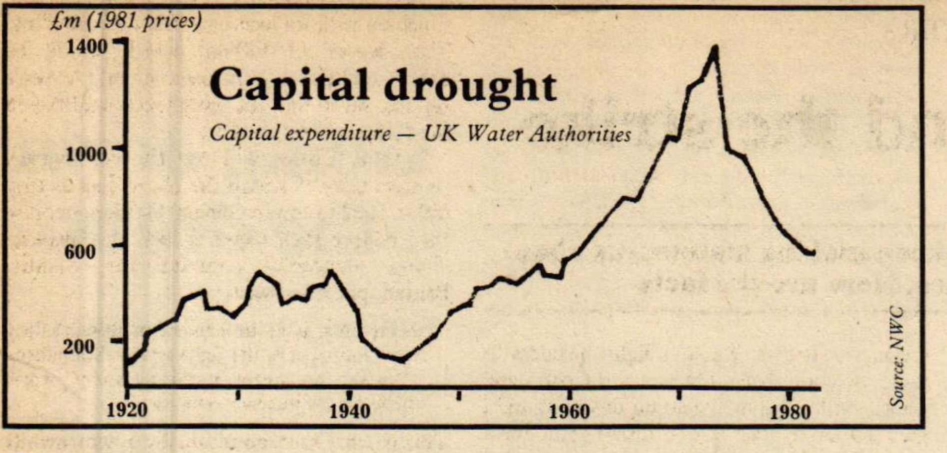
Unlike the present drought, with its dried-up reservoirs and rationing attracting much media coverage, the other manifestations of under-investment may have consequences of a more serious and less temporary nature. And they are literally just below the surface.

In 1983, the House of Lords Select Committee on Science and Technology expressed concern at the scant knowledge which exists in the water industry regarding water resources. There are about 2,000 reservoirs of a capacity greater than 5 million gallons, and their ownership is equally divided between private and public sectors. Ownership cannot be traced in 191 cases, and valid engineering reports exist for only 43 per cent of the total. In 1978 the Institute of Civil Engineers warned: 'The increasing age of the country's reservoirs without effective means of ensuring their adequate supervision and maintenance is a cause for considerable concern'.

The lack of government concern for the country's water mains and distribution system is breathtaking. In England and Wales there are 282,000 km of water mains, and some 18 million service pipes contributing a further 240,000 km. Half of the pipes are more than 40 years old. In the Greater London area half of the pipes are more than 75 years old.

The vast majority of pipes (85 per cent) are made of iron and are therefore susceptible to corrosion. Already there are 220 water mains bursts every day. These cause substantial disruption to transport and communications; they also represent a significant risk to public health. In February 1982 a major burst cut off water from 100,000 homes in Brixton.

The industry admits that approximately 24 per cent of treated water leaving the waterworks fails to reach the consumer. This figure is based on guesswork since the industry does not know the location of a large proportion of its distribution networks. Leicester economist Paul Herrington estimates the real figure for losses to be nearer 40 per cent. ▷



Capital drought

Capital expenditure — UK Water Authorities

Source: NWC

There can be few industries which tolerate the loss of two fifths of their product and then ration their consumers every few years when stocks run out. But modern methods for detecting underground leaks do exist. It is simply lack of money to take remedial action which prevents authorities searching for leaks.

The water resource problems caused by leaks and a failure of autonomous regional authorities to co-ordinate their activities may be ascribed in large measure to the absence of a national supervisory board with responsibility for strategic planning. But the National Water Council (NWC), created by the 1973 Water Act to co-ordinate strategic planning and formulate national standards was wound up last year.

There are some obvious reasons why this has occurred. In an industry where capital expenditure is running at half the level it was in 1971, any 'strategic authority' faced with the problems of Britain's crumbling water and sewage systems would be making a very strong case for extra investment. In its last gasp annual report before being axed by the Government, the NWC did just that. With veiled hints of impending doom, outgoing chairman Sir Robert Marshall's parting shot was to point out that investment needed to be increased by £100 million per annum just to cope with essential repairs — in effect to stand still.

Over the next few decades it is likely that the whole aging infrastructure of water and sewage mains will need to be replaced. The cost would be staggering. It is not an investment which can be put off forever, but clearly Mrs Thatcher would prefer not to be reminded of such things.

But by the early 1980s the water authorities themselves were beginning to plead 'special case' with regard to particular problems of pollution and water resources. Retribution was swift. Not content with preventing the water authorities from increasing capital expenditure by raising external loans (which would increase the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement), the Conservative government abolished what public accountability had existed in water authorities by replacing their semi-elected members with paid chairpersons and small boards appointed directly by the Department of the Environment.

The Labour opposition in 1973 had pressed for and obtained representatives of local councils on water boards. This last remnant of un-Thatcherite consensus politics was eradicated last year, when the water authorities were reconstituted under a new Water Act. An indication of the complexion of the new authorities is given by the fact that the CBI is represented on nine of the ten new bodies.

Thus the current drought, like the water strike last year, is simply another symptom of the reluctance of government to underwrite a vital public service. But there is a more pernicious side to the policy, which makes hosepipe bans seem trivial. This is the threat to public health.

OFFICIAL FIGURES show 288,000 homes in Britain have water supplies which fail World Health Organisation guidelines for lead in drinking water. In Glasgow, 10 per cent of babies examined in a 1980 survey were born with a blood lead level in excess of the EEC limit for children of 15 μg per 100 ml.

The concentration of nitrates in UK groundwater sources has doubled in the last 20 years due to the excessive use of chemical fertilisers by the agricultural industry. Out of the 3,500 underground sources in Britain, 150 will fail the European Community guideline of 50 mg per litre when it comes into force in July 1985. Dietary nitrates are considered to be an important factor in gastric cancer.

Breakdowns and deficiencies in water treatment works have resulted in many instances of microbiological contamination of water supplies. Human viruses including polio have been detected in drinking water in those regions which have virological laboratories. The Department of the Environment takes the view that there is 'no evidence' of significant viral infection from water supplies.

A major outbreak of viral gastro-enteritis occured in the small Yorkshire town of Bramham in 1981 which resulted in 1,000 cases of diarrhoea and vomiting. In 1982 one child contracted polio and another died with symptoms of acute gastro-enteritis on a housing estate in West Belfast where the sewage system had broken down.

Many water boards are reducing monitoring and quality control at a time when cuts in services would seem to demand a higher level of vigilance. Thus the chief scientists of three of the four authorities with facilities to test for viruses have lamely accepted government pressure and agreed to the eventual closure of their laboratories. In the current round of staff rationalisation and redeployment, scientific staff have been among the hardest hit.

The Lords report drew attention to the fact that 'no one is responsible for long-term research'. The Water Research Centre was praised for its performance on limited budgets, but in comparison to other public utilities the water industry spends a pitiful amount on research.

It is ironic that in the 10 years since their inception the water authorities have gained a reputation for bad planning and profligate spending. This is a little unjust since capital investment has actually plummeted (see graph) and water charges are no higher in real terms than they were in 1974. But it is fair to say that the authorities have done themselves no favours in their *choice* of capital schemes, and have scored some spectacular own goals in public relations.

They did not endear themselves to public opinion when they elected to convert to 'direct billing', thereby replicating the rating system. This had the unfortunate side-effect of presenting consumers with an unexpectedly high bill for both water supply and sewage charges where previously sewage had been concealed in the general rate demand. But this will be as nothing to the shock in store for consumers if we do not invest more money now to secure the late-Victorian basis of 'civilised social life': hygienic water supply and sanitation. ☐

MADAME BLAVATSKY

Why were, and are, so many people, by way of books and articles, so concerned to besmirch her reputation, to prove her a fraud, and to denigrate her works? Is it because they are afraid? Does what she had to say undermine the "authority" of our highest institutions? Is "orthodoxy" fearful of the searchlight of her encyclopaedic knowledge and powerful intellect? Is it that academic vested interest must discredit her to maintain its own position? You can only find this out by reading her works for yourself. We suggest you would never be sorry if you did!

Write to:
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THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

☐ A furious debate is raging in the correspondence columns of 'Current Archaeology' over whether the Romans drove on the left or on the right. The consensus of British opinion is that the Romans drove on the left because this is the natural thing to do. — *The Times* (George Moor)

☐ A jobless Paddington man, allegedly caught trying to open a car door with a screwdriver, claimed that he was only trying to get the time from the dashboard clock. — *Marylebone Mercury* (Miss E. Stein)

☐ Police who searched the home of a nuclear engineering graduate found £2,000 worth of cannabis plants in the greenhouse, a drugs laboratory in the lounge, a temple of meditation in the sitting room, and an igloo in the bedroom, Inner London Crown Court was told yesterday. — *The Times* (Lindsay Millington)

☐Mrs Kathleen Edwards of Southall, Middlesex, who died in May, stated in her will: 'I would like my funeral car to stop outside The Plough public house, Norwood Green, so my husband can have his usual pint, I will wait as I have always waited.' The will was dated 1 April and the family said yesterday: 'The stop did not happen. We decided it was a private joke.' — *The Times* (Philip Groves)

MINERS

Figures behind the strike

The government and the NCB keep making statements about financial and job losses. Here are the facts

Nigel's sums

NIGEL LAWSON, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, claimed last week that the miners' strike had cost £400 million to date — and that this was a 'worthwhile investment'. The Labour benches in the House of Commons rose in uproar at this public admission that the government was prepared to pay such a price to defeat the National Union of Mineworkers.

What Lawson did not admit was that the government is in fact prepared to pay almost any price to win this political strike — just as it was prepared to pay £3.8 billion (and £200 million a year for ever after) to win in the Falklands.

The *real* cost of the miners' strike so far is about £1.4 billion, although Lawson may legitimately claim that all this has not yet been incurred in actual *cash* terms. Nevertheless, the chief economist of stockbrokers Simon and Coates is 'at a loss' to explain how the Chancellor arrived at his figure of £400 million.

The biggest item is lost National Coal Board sales. The Board admits to losing £27-30 million a week. City analysts suggest slightly higher figures: £30 million (Laurie Milbank) or £34 million (Simon and Coates). The Central Electricity Generating Board puts the cost of burning extra oil instead of cheaper coal at £20 million, broadly confirmed by stockbrokers' estimates. British Rail's freight business is down by about half — Simon and Coates and Laurie Milbank put the strain on the train at £4-5 million. British Steel is losing £5million a week, says Messel. The government is also losing miners' taxes: £5 million a week according to Simon and Coates, £7 million a week according to Messel. Extra social security payments total £1 million or so a week. Policing costs are between £3 million a week (Simon and Coates) and £5 million a week (Messel). So the total costs are £67 to £80 million a week.

Weekly costs will have been lower earlier in the strike. The CEGB, for example, only shifted to a maximum 'oil burn' in May. But even taking this into account, Simon and Coates make the cumulative cost of the strike £1,000 million in mid-June, as against Lawson's £400 million at the beginning of August.

Of course, the government has made some savings through the strike, but we haven't included them as they will have to be made up later. The CEGB is saving about £13 million a week by running down its coal stocks (that is, by *not* buying coal). This isn't a real saving if, after the strike, stocks have to be built up again. The NCB is also making a temporary cash saving because its investment programme is being delayed, but this will have to be at least partly caught up later. The only permanent saving, on miners' wages, has been included in the NCB's loss figure.

Further costs, which we haven't included either, were incurred in 'preparing the ground' for the strike, most notably in buying off the railway workers with a 7 per cent pay deal, as revealed in Mrs Thatcher's letter which was leaked to the *Daily Mirror* on 6 June. The nurses also got in a settlement worth more than twice the 3 per cent target for the public sector. And, when the strike is over, the NCB will have an expensive repair bill for pits damaged during the strike.

At the current rate of, say, £70 million a week, the coal strike could cost £2,900 million, if it went on until Christmas. Mrs Thatcher, supposedly dedicated to tax cuts, is thus riding out a strike at a cost of over £3 a week for every taxpayer. A MORI poll on the question, 'Do you think it's worth paying £3 a week to defeat the miners?' might be more interesting than some of the ones conducted recently.

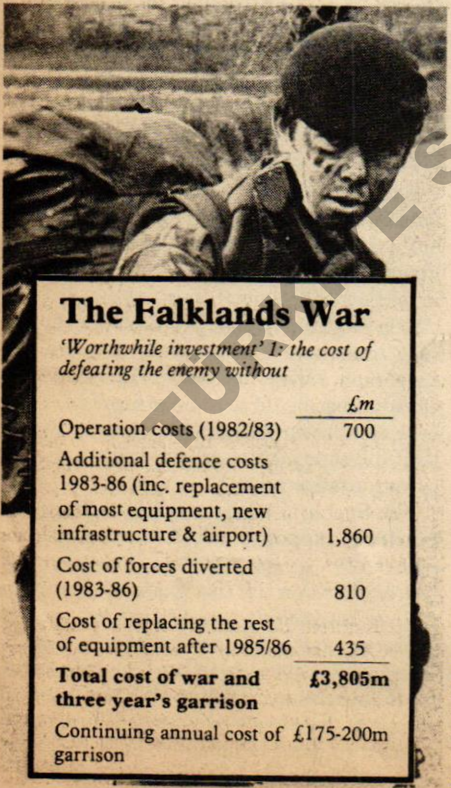
Although some of these costs can be delayed, the strike threatens the centrepiece of the government's economic policy — the so-called Medium Term Financial Strategy, which aims to hold down government borrowing to make room for tax cuts. The 'contingency reserve', the government's cushion against overspending, is already stretched. For the financial year 1984/85 the contingency reserve is £2,800 million, but £1,750 million has already been eaten up by NHS pay awards and funds set aside for local councils' overspending. That leaves £1 billion, which would be exhausted before Christmas even on Lawson's figures, given that the weekly cost will rise in the colder winter months.

But the Tories will use the contingency reserve to try to smash the NUM just as they did in 1982 to smash General Galtieri, because they believe their cause is just. As *Financial Times* economics commentator, Samuel Brittan, put it last week:

> If anything is an investment in Britain's long term future, it is the fight against Scargillism. This is an investment for which it is amply worth using the contingency reserves.

This is what Lawson means by a 'worthwhile investment'.

George Blazyca, John Harrison and Bob Morgan*



Derek Speirs/Report

The Falklands War

'Worthwhile investment' 1: the cost of defeating the enemy without

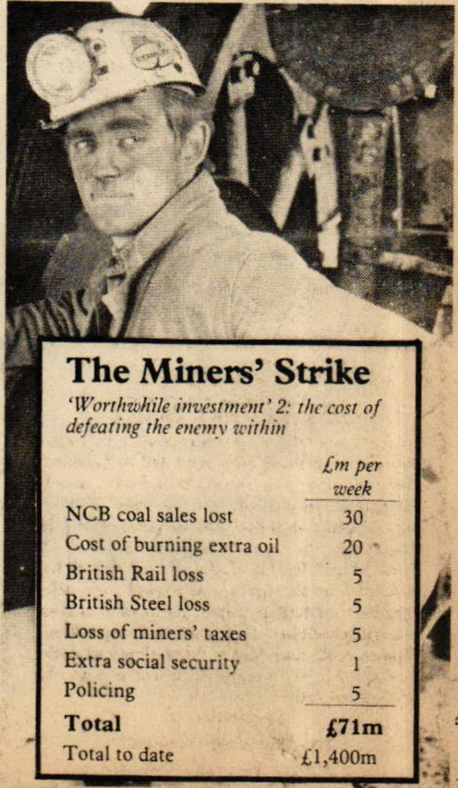
	£m
Operation costs (1982/83)	700
Additional defence costs 1983-86 (inc. replacement of most equipment, new infrastructure & airport)	1,860
Cost of forces diverted (1983-86)	810
Cost of replacing the rest of equipment after 1985/86	435
Total cost of war and three year's garrison	**£3,805m**
Continuing annual cost of garrison	£175-200m

100,000 jobs at stake

THE MINERS' STRIKE is about pit closures and the threatened loss of 20,000 jobs this year. But even before it began, the National Coal Board intended to cut the mining workforce from 180,000 to 80,000 in the four years to 1988.

These figures are not conjured up out of Arthur Scargill's rhetoric. In fact, Scargill tends not to emphasise this aspect of Ian MacGregor's intentions. They can be deduced from NCB and other official statements.

- The NCB plans, in agreement with the NUM, to increase productivity by 4 per cent a year until 1988. This target was laid down in the 'Plan for Coal' in 1974, but wasn't reached until last year (before the overtime ban). If



Camera Press

The Miners' Strike

'Worthwhile investment' 2: the cost of defeating the enemy within

	£m per week
NCB coal sales lost	30
Cost of burning extra oil	20
British Rail loss	5
British Steel loss	5
Loss of miners' taxes	5
Extra social security	1
Policing	5
Total	**£71m**
Total to date	£1,400m

**The authors are senior lecturers in economics at Thames Polytechnic.*

production stayed at the same level, it would mean 4 per cent of jobs lost each year.

- But production is not going to stay at the same level, because the NCB wants to cut it by 4 million to 97.4 million tonnes a year, to 'bring it in line with demand'.
- Meanwhile the NCB is re-organising its more productive pits, linking them underground and pooling coal transport and storage. In the Barnsley area this has resulted in a 21 per cent increase in output and a 12 per cent reduction in the workforce over three years.
- Furthermore, the NCB doesn't want to produce the *same* 97.4 million tonnes. It wants to close down the most expensive (that is, the most labour-intensive) 25 million tonnes of production and replace it with new low-cost capacity. Ian MacGregor's predecessor as chairman, Norman Siddall, made this clear at a meeting with the NUM in June 1983. It is this that has the most dramatic effect on the size of the mining workforce: each miner at the new Selby 'super-pit' will produce 12 tonnes a shift — the NCB *average* is currently 2.5 tonnes.

THE COMBINED effect of these changes has been calculated, from published NCB data, by a group of academics at Bradford University. The result was a predicted reduction of 100,000 jobs by 1988. The strike, now in its fifth month, has only postponed this deadline.

The Bradford findings have been confirmed by Ian Lloyd, a Conservative MP who is chairman of the Select Committee on Energy, and who has thus seen confidential NCB evidence. Asked on Yorkshire Television's *First Tuesday* programme last month whether the mining workforce could be reduced to 80,000 within five years, he said: 'Yes, somewhere of that order.' A similar point was made by R. B. Dunn, the NCB's director-general of mining, who predicted a trebling in overall output per manshift by the early 1990s in the May 1984 edition of the *Mining Engineer*. This implies cutting workforce by two-thirds.

But how is it possible that 100,000 jobs could go, while production drops only 4 million tonnes? The answer lies in the new technology in which the NCB has invested so much public money. 'Mining by remote control' is already within the NCB's grasp. The NCB also employs 55,000 non-miners, half of them white-collar workers. Many of these jobs will also disappear with computerisation.

Arthur Scargill is now reaping the whirlwind of the NUM's insistence on investment in the coal industry, without any say over how that investment was to be used. New technology hasn't benefited the miner, who is threatened with computer surveillance of his work, which would be illegal in Sweden and Norway, and with a rising accident rate — 'major injuries' up 8 per cent in 1983/84 (although fatalities were down).

The right to work is the real issue behind the strike, but the real threat is the new technology, without which the ideological attack by the government on the NUM would not be possible. Scargill may not want to risk demoralising the strikers by outlining the enormity of the threat facing them, but most of the striking miners know instinctively that they are fighting for the very existence of a significant workforce in the coal industry.

John Rentoul

PENSIONS

Serving time

Charles Raw examines the latest proposals on 'personal' pensions and finds them seriously wanting

SINCE NORMAN FOWLER's proposals for 'portable' personal pensions were outlined a couple of weeks ago, they have run into opposition from a curious alliance: the Labour Party (in the person of Michael Meacher, spokesman on Health and Social Security) and the TUC on one hand; and the conservative, vested interests of the pensions industry on the other. Both attack the proposals as likely to undermine the standard occupational pension schemes which dominate the business today.

These schemes, in which eventual pension is related to final salary, have become notorious because of the appalling deal they usually give 'early leavers'. Essentially, these schemes grew in the '50s and '60s because the salesmen for them convinced companies that they could reward their loyal time-serving employees better, because they could count on a number of other employees leaving early. Their contributions (and the companies' contributions on their behalf) would thus largely be available to subsidise the pensions of those who stayed on. Those joining were told what they would get on retirement. What they would get on early leaving was glossed over — often left to the discretion of the trustees or management.

It was the gradual build-up of reaction to this situation which led first to calls for 'transferable' pensions and then for 'personal' pensions.

Fowler had, of course, already promised to improve the lot of early leavers — by requiring occupational schemes to increase frozen pension rights by at least 5 per cent a year, or by the increase in the retail price index whichever is the lower. Some deal.

On its own, this goes hardly anywhere to right the injustice, especially for those who have no salaried employment with another scheme to go to and cannot take a pension fund 'transfer value' with them. Under this plan early leavers will still effectively be subsidising time-servers, even at the maximum 5 per cent.

But to go further would have completely upset the occupational schemes' calculations. The personal pension plan is a soft alternative. Given the reluctance to ensure that early leavers should get a completely fair deal, the alternative is to allow those who think they may become early leavers to opt out of house schemes altogether. For the essence of Fowler's proposals is to give employees the right not to join an occupational scheme and to set up their own arrangements.

But that is about all. And, of course, financially it will not appear attractive to do this: employers are not to be made to contribute anything to such arrangements, except the national insurance rebate they get anyway from contracting out of the state earnings-related scheme. So there is no cost to employers; and employees choosing to 'go it alone' will lose the benefit of the extra contribution from their employers which is a contribution of most occupational schemes.

The decision to go it alone will not be a rational one based on shopping around for better financial terms, but will have to be made simply on the basis of asking yourself the questions: how long am I likely to be with this employer and what will I be doing if I leave before retirement?

Hardly an easy forecast to make. Whatever choice is made, some people are going to be left kicking themselves for making the wrong decision. And those who will suffer are those who, as now, join an employer's scheme and then are forced to leave early through redundancy, take-over, or bankruptcy with no alternative employment.

The optimists in the pension business hope that, in spite of the lack of compulsion, many employers will voluntarily offer to make a contribution to employees' personal funds. They believe that smaller companies may prefer such schemes, remembering the occasions in the past when unexpected actuarial deficits in occupational schemes have had to be funded out of profits.

Let's hope they are right. I fear, however, that just as early leavers got a bad deal for so long because they were in a minority and had no bargaining power, so there will be little incentive for companies to help those who want to go it alone (except of course for executives much in demand — but they usually get special pension deals anyway).

If contracting out of the state earnings-related pension scheme is to be tolerated at all, why not argue that Fowler should have been tougher on employers and forced them to contribute to personal schemes? As the proposals stand, employers will actually be better off to the extent that early leavers have opted for personal funds; and time-servers will not even get the benefit of the employer's contribution on their behalf as they would now.

What also is the objection to those who remain contracted into the state system taking out a personal pension on top — within the limits of tax relief? This is left curiously vague in the Fowler document which says there 'could clearly be administrative problems in enforcing such limits and if it proves impossible, this suggestion would not work'. In reality it is already working, in the case of employees who have non-pensionable earnings over and above their full-time salaries, which they use to make private arrangements.

The final arm of the attack is to argue that Fowler's proposals will leave employees vulnerable to unscrupulous salesmen. Of course, there is a risk that financial institutions will use hard-selling tactics to get into the new business; but this is no new problem and should be relatively easy to control with requirements for full disclosure, 'cooling off' periods etc. In any event, how many early leavers were told of the cost to them of doing so when they were signed up for their occupational schemes? ☐

DIARY

Denis Herbstein

Lagos

Of all the places in Africa, Nigeria raises my adrenalin the most. Only the apartheid republic is as intoxicating to a journalist, but then I'm not allowed to report from there. You ring up for an interview and the man will see you willingly or turn you down bluntly. Unlike many developing countries, ministers and permanent secretaries are often approachable, even going 'on the record'. There is the clash of cultures and languages (one can't say 'tribes' any more), the fertile soil and hard-working people willing to climb over anything and anybody to get on in life. The rules are still being worked out.

We tend to 'tsk tsk' when the matter of 'dash', 'mobilization fee', 20 per cent rake-off, is demanded for setting up a contract. But as the Heathrow baggage handlers' lockers and the smuggling of parts from our own dear Rolls-Royce revealed this week, it is not just the blacks who are up to pecuniary prestidigitation.

What angers Nigerians about the Umaru Dikkos and other big dash men of their world is that they have deposited their millions in foreign banks. Percentage-taking is common where wealthy Western firms vie for profitable contracts. It happened in Malaysia, but there the intermediaries put the money back into local industry, thereby providing some prosperity through 'trickle down'. The only trickle down from Nigeria was to be seen in the continuing huge profits announced by the British banks last week in the midst of the world economic gloom.

○

The giant robberies were invariably engineered with the help of expatriate companies. Over-indexing, paying the kick-back into the British or Swiss bank, or simply shipping out a container of sand as a fiction for actual goods, were deals which depended on the often household-name European contact. Sitting alongside the pool at the Eko Holiday Inn, the swifts wheeling ceaselessly over the lagoon, I heard a sad tale from an Austrian. Last year, in the Wild West days of the Shagari government, he had set up a scheme for an *alhaji* to ship scrap metal from Lagos to Rotterdam. The money was duly paid into the *alhaji*'s London bank, but the Austrian is still awaiting delivery. I admired him for having the gall to seek the help of the soldiers who now run Nigeria.

○

The Dikko affair certainly raised Nigeria's chauvinistic hackles, opening the wounds of the love-hate it feels for the former colonial master. Student unions called for the immediate nationalisation of British assets, the expulsion of our diplomatic mission and the bringing of the imperial commerce to its knees by refusing to shop in Oxford Street. At which a Nigerian friend chortled: 'My brothers will even fly Nigeria Airways to get to Marks and Spencer and Selfridges'.

Britain was accused of not giving enough support to Nigeria in the civil war. Ye gods, but for the FO and the Russians, the shooting would have gone on for years more. And the French, who plumped for breakaway Biafra, have since carved a huge slice of the post-war action. A quarter of a century into independence, Britain still has an enormous but proportionately declining stake in industry, agriculture, retailing and construction. Surprisingly little is left above the surface, however, though I did see an ancient Mini stuttering along a road in Kano, rather like a vintage car on the run to Brighton.

Now tempers are returning to a tetchy normality. And will stay that way, unless the expelled Nigerian High Commissioner gets a mention in the kidnap trial. Or the BBC World Service does another interview with Dikko hinting at raising a mercenary force to 'liberate' Nigeria. Both sides are keeping fingers crossed.

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The placard in the ministry exhorted: 'Join the good Nigerians, pay your taxes', except that a joker had scratched out the 's' at the end of 'Nigerians'. It is part of 'WAI', the 'War against Indiscipline', aimed at getting the nation back into moral and financial surplus.

Take the graphic case of palm oil, one good reason why the Brits went there in the first place. At independence and after it was earning 70 million naira (about parity with sterling then) in foreign exchange, mainly from smallholders with wild palm groves. Now, thanks to the destruction of estates in the civil war and the drift off the land to jobs in the petroleum industry, Nigeria actually imports palm oil at a cost of 150 million naira. Maybe now, with unemployment on a truly British scale, they will drift back to the land and grow their own cooking oil. But it needs discipline.

WE RECOMMEND THIS ONE IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING VIA HEATHROW
LUGGAGE

The Nigerians are very keen on their 'WAI' and I hope it pays dividends. But the perennial problem is the perception that whoever governs Nigeria, elected politicians or military coupists, it is the rich who benefit. Eight armed men are shot by a firing squad for robbing Chief Ademola Amigun of six Peugeot cars and inflicting injuries on a night guard. And a man is jailed for five years for bringing 687N into the country without permission.

Yet earlier this year when the soldiers closed the borders and changed the currency, rendering the millions of naira banknotes abroad useless, it was welcomed as harming the 'fat cats'. But there was one bad mistake, when 53 suitcases belonging to the Emir of Gumel, father of an aide-de-camp to a leading military man, were allowed through Lagos International Airport unsearched on a flight from Jedda. Were they full of naira notes? And if so, were they changed into the new notes, thereby defeating the object of the currency switch? What we do know is that Saudi Arabia is the home of the greatest number of naira notes abroad, taken there by Nigerians on the *hadj* to Mecca.

○

What Nigeria might benefit from is a party of the Left, not one that nationalises agriculture wholesale and invites the Russians in to house its nuclear submarines, but a movement which provides an alternative to the succession of grasping politicians and earnest soldiers ('authoritative' regime, as one newspaper described them, when I think it meant 'authoritarian'). There really are signs of a budding Nigerian, as opposed to a Hausa, Yoruba or Ibo mentality. Once upon a time this country taught Nigerian students the rules of left-wing politics. Since Thatcher removed subsidies on overseas fees, Nigerians travel in their tens of thousands to America. Not much left-wing stuff there. Here we now play host to Dikko.

ROGER WODDIS

In the fortieth year

'The original body given me by my mother had simply ceased to exist. In its place was a new, ugly me born of the atomic bomb . . . I envied the dead.' — a survivor of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima on 6 August 1945. 'It is the capital of the peace industry.' — Polly Toynbee in the Guardian.

The mirror reflects the hideous image.
The mask that was a face is frozen
Into a welded scar.
The city has been rebuilt;
There is no rebuilding the terrible face
Of Yukiko, the former schoolgirl,
In the fortieth year.

In the fortieth year
Another voice speaks in sympathy,
But careful not to be too moved.
It does not do to be emotional.
Be detached as a retina, report coolly:
'It is the capital of the peace industry'
In the fortieth year.

In the fortieth year, in Hiroshima
The name burnt into the world's memory
Like the shadow of the man burnt in stone,
The peace industry thrives:
The makers of false limbs are busy,
The medical teams work without rest
In the fortieth year.

In the fortieth year
The eyeless see what was,
And what could be.
The sighted are blind and see nothing
In the fortieth year.

Reagan's 1985 war aims

Washington drew many lessons from the 'success' of its Grenada invasion. Philip Brenner analyses how these have been applied to shape its military strategy for the whole of the region

BY ALL LOGIC the United States invasion of Grenada in 1983 should have been a political fiasco. The US relied on a treaty to which it was not a signatory, and which was invoked by the signatories improperly. In effect, the US violated international law as an aggressor nation.

Domestically, forces were also arrayed against the action. The US Congress reacted initially with scepticism and hostility. It refused to endorse the invasion and criticized most aspects — especially the associated blackout of the press. (The manipulation of the press through lies and censorship should have undermined the operation immediately.)

FOR FREEDOM!

But the Reagan Administration succeeded — and produced what has been one of its few foreign policy victories. The lessons of Grenada have thus become signposts for US policy in Central America. The goals of US policy in Central America have emerged clearly this year.

First, the Reagan Administration has sought a permanent military presence in the region. Until now the United States has had only three bases in all of Latin America: in Panama, at the Canal; in Cuba, at Guantanamo; in Puerto Rico, which the US considers a 'domestic' base. The first two are insecure, because Panama resents the US presence and Cuba is hostile territory. Early in the Reagan Administration efforts were begun to establish a new base. For a time it considered Jamaica as a good site, but it shifted its attention to Honduras as the war in Central America progressed.

Second, the United States has defined a 'victory' over the guerrillas in El Salvador as 'vital' to US interests. It has been undeviating in this objective and has rejected all attempts at serious negotiations between the guerrillas and the government of El Salvador — despite pressure from neutral countries in the region and European allies.

The third cornerstone of the pyramid is the overthrow of the Sandinista government in Nicaragua. There was never much debate in the Administration about this goal; and all debate ended with the removal from office of Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Enders last year. When the one major 'naysayer', Ambassador Anthony Quainton, was replaced in March, the signals were clear to any doubting official who hoped to continue a foreign policy career during the life of this Administration.

Laid on top of these goals was a timetable governed by the US election. The Administration could not achieve its objectives in four years and had to avoid a major commitment of US troops in the region before November 1984. This constraint has defined its strategy this year.

In Honduras, the United States has built its military base surreptitiously. During a series of 'temporary' military exercises, it constructed permanent advanced communications stations, three large airfields and an infrastructure capable of supporting the emplacement of more than 5,000 troops. There was a small outcry in the US Congress about the deception — and some grumbling in the Honduran government. But Administration stonewalling against the Congress (and its support for the ouster of General Alvarez in March) has all but secured its objective of a new military base.

EL SALVADOR has been more resistant to the Reagan Administration's devices. There is still a widespread assessment in Washington that the US can hope to defeat the guerrillas — and it is frail hope even then — *only* if it commits troops to the conflict. Morale among the Salvadoran troops remains low and the best trained ones have been leaving the army when they complete their tour of duty. At one time the United States hoped to use a multilateral force under the aegis of Condeca — the Central American defence force that it resurrected in 1983. But Panama and Guatamala pulled out of Condeca earlier this year and efforts to entice other Latin American countries into the battle have failed.

The US has thus fallen back on a two-stage plan: to contain the guerrillas without US troops until November; and to prepare the way for their introduction after November. First, it has relied on large aid packages, aerial support and stepped up training in order to strengthen the Salvadoran military sufficiently to hold off the guerrillas now. Second, it expended great effort to win the presidency for Napoleon Duarte — so that an apparently democratic and legitimate government of El Salvador would be calling for help by foreign troops after the US election.

It is in Nicaragua that the lessons of Grenada have been applied most prominently. Administration policy makers saw that victory there was secure when the press reported that the Grenadian populace welcomed the invaders. Indeed, Grenadians had suffered from the economic sabotage the US perpetrated against the island. The Administration also relied on an image it had created of a demonic totalitarian government that held ruthless sway over Grenada.

The tragic murder of Maurice Bishop added colour to the picture. Congressmen thus pushed aside questions about State sovereignty, international law, and the suppression of press freedom when the invasion proved to be

John Minnion

popular. The strategy, then, has been to reproduce in Nicaragua the conditions that worked to the US advantage in Grenada.

Critics of the Administration have been warning it for some time that Nicaragua will be difficult to invade. The Administration has not needed the advice. Officials are aware that the Sandinista government currently maintains a broad base of support; because it has expanded the literacy rate from 50 to 84 per cent, provided medical care where none existed before and removed most of the terror that the Somoza dynasty visited upon Nicaragua. The Sandinistas are especially popular among the peasantry, as is evidenced by their ability to give guns to people in the countryside for defence against the counter-revolutionaries, or 'contras'.

FOR FREEDOM!

Moreover, the Nicaraguan military is far stronger than the Grenadian army. Estimates range from 25,000 to 50,000 well equipped soldiers. The Cuban government sent large supplies of weapons to Nicaragua in the last 18 months that have further reinforced the army. Under present circumstances, the US would need an invasion force of the size that it used in Vietnam.

A US INVASION of Nicaragua is thus not likely in the near future, despite dire predictions that have accompanied revelations about practice invasion exercises, night surveillance, and the mining of ports. The Reagan Administration strategy on Nicaragua is to prepare for an invasion at some point during its second term. This would require a Nicaraguan economy so weakened that the populace would welcome conquering US marines, who were accompanied by promises of massive relief. It would also require a military so divided that it could not effectively combat the invaders. Finally, the strategy would rest on a widespread impression among Americans that the ousted Sandinista government is tyrannical and unpopular.

To obtain these requirements, the United States has been engaged in a three-pronged campaign. First, it has waged economic warfare against Nicaragua. Western allies have been encouraged to reduce trade and to deny credits. The US set an example when it cut back 85 per cent of Nicaragua's sugar quota and opposed loans by international banks. In part, the activities of the US-supported 'contras' have been aimed at the Nicaraguan economy. The destruction of oil depots before the harvest and the threat to international shipping has reduced its hard currency earnings this year.

Second, the military campaign has been directed at demoralizing the Nicaraguan army and instilling fear in the populace. The hope is that repeated 'contra' success will engender recriminations and feuds in the military. US bravado in defying international law over the port mining was an effort to intimidate a peasantry beginning to grow war-weary. Continued offenses, it is reasoned, will ultimately turn the peasants against a Sandinista government that cannot protect them.

Last, at home, there is a relentless propaganda war against the Nicaraguan government. In the American lexicon, a marxist is a devil and it is commonplace to refer to the Nicaraguan government as the 'marxist Sandinista' government. A major effort is under way to discredit the coming November election as a 'Soviet-style' referendum.

With incredible hubris, for example, the august *Washington Post* wrote an editorial of 'Advice to Managua' earlier this year in which it said that the election could be legitimate only if the contras were permitted to participate fully. The Administration view that Nicaragua has become a totalitarian socialist state is accepted by the major media, leaders of the Democratic Party, and even some critics who lamely complain that, despite Nicaragua's alleged marxism, the US can still co-exist with such a monster. The propaganda has not laid the ground sufficiently for the support of an invasion. In another year that is likely to change.

The ultimate weakness in the Administration's strategy is Europe. In the case of Grenada, Britain caved in meekly and quickly. Washington was thus shocked by the strong British and French reaction to the mining of Nicaragua's ports. This will lead to continuing efforts aimed at the allies, to soften them.

A concerned and aware public in Western Europe could provide a significant counterpoint to bolster the backbone of these governments. Western European countries could force the US to act in its best interests in Nicaragua through strengthened diplomatic efforts, by expanding trade, and by offering new credits. These could undermine the US plan and help to prevent a holocaust in the region. The Reagan Administration need not be the only ones to draw lessons from Grenada. ☐

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GREENHAM

Open question

Susan Jaffe discusses the issues not decided in court

New York

OVER ZEALOUS reporters at the Federal Court House in New York City only told half the story of the Greenham decision reached last week.

The first despatch sent overseas reported, correctly, that a Federal Judge sided with President Reagan and dismissed claims by 12 Greenham women and two US Congressmen that the President had exceeded his authority by deploying cruise missiles in Britain. However, if reporters had bothered to contact lawyers for the Greenham woman at the Centre for Constitutional Rights in New York, instead of relying on the government for information, they would have discovered that at several points the decision rebuts the President's position. These findings, omitted in the British press coverage, recognise an individual's right to challenge the legality of American nuclear weapons in American courts. 'If we had to lose, this was the best possible way to lose', said Anne Simon, a lawyer for the women.

Government lawyers did not get everything they wanted in Judge David Edelstein's decision. In their defence of Reagan, Defence Secretary Caspar Weinberger and top Pentagon officials, lawyers asked the judge to dismiss the lawsuit because the judiciary should not make foreign policy decisions, because deployment has been already approved by Congress and NATO leaders (if not their constituencies), because the British women have not sustained and will not suffer any injury from the missiles, and, finally, because the presence of the missiles does not increase the risk of war or of an accidental radiation release.

Once the judge allowed a lawsuit against deployment, American military and foreign policy might fall apart under the strain. US Attorney Rudolph Guiliani told reporters last November: 'People who live near bases in the United States or in West Germany, Asia, people all over the world could come to American courts and challenge decisions on deployment of missiles and arms and movement of troops'. In his legal paper, Guiliani argued that nuclear war is a prospect that must be accepted, not litigated against, and the British women living near the Greenham base are in no more danger than any one else in the world — 'All humanity must live with the haunting fear of nuclear destruction'.

Perhaps hoping to stifle an appeal to a higher court, the judge did not issue the thorough denial so desired by government lawyers. 'Plaintiffs do not ask this court to decide the wisdom, morality, or efficacy of the decision to deploy cruise missiles at Greenham Common',

TÜSTAV TÜRKİYE SOSYAL TARİH ARAŞTIRMA VAKFI

wrote Judge Edelstein. They '. . . ask this court to determine the legality of the challenge [missile deployment] action. In particular, they ask the court to adjudicate torts [wrongful acts] to protect Constitutional rights of citizens and of non-citizens under United States control . . . the Constitution commits the resolution of these issues to the courts . . .'

Most importantly, Edelstein did not reject the international laws and US statutes which protect British citizens from injuries resulting from American nuclear weapons. According to Anne Simon of the Centre for Constitutional Rights, this point will help about 70 American groups to wage their lawsuit against the MX missile.

Having accepted the case thus far, however, the judge went no further. He dismissed the case because he could not, he claimed, determine if the Greenham women are or will be injured by the missiles. He disagreed with the Reagan Administration lawyers, who asserted with great certainty that the missiles can't possibly harm America's allies. The problem for Edelstein was a lack of evidence one way or the other: '. . . the court would have to determine that the deployment of cruise missiles is an act of aggression and that it will render nuclear war more likely'. He concluded that 'the courts are simply incapable of determining the affects of the missiles' deployment on world peace . . .'

But if evidence was available to decide whether cruise promotes peace or creates a danger to Britain (and the judge suspects that much information is top secret and obtainable) '. . . the fact finding that would be necessary for a substantive decision is unmanageable and beyond the competence and expertise of the judiciary'. Furthermore, if he could understand the evidence, he could not issue and enforce the plaintiff's remedy — to order the US to remove cruise missiles from British territory. (He ignored the Greenham lawyers' second remedy, a simple declaration that deployment was illegal.) 'An order to remove the missiles,' he said, 'could engender serious discord among our allies', 'undermine arms negotiations', and 'could encourage the USSR to intensify its pressure for unilateral Western concessions'. It is, he conceded, the responsibility of political leaders and the electorate to change foreign policy, even though voters may be no better informed than a judge.

So cruise deployment might be illegal or might be dangerous but, for Judge Edelstein, there was no way of telling. Certainly, there is less chance of an accidental radiation release at Greenham if there are no missiles there. Of course, that's not a legal argument, that's common sense. Come back to court, the judge in practice told the Greenham women, *after* a nuclear explosion, when the danger and injury is obvious.

The women aren't waiting until it's too late; an appeal against the decision is already being considered. While anti-nuclear activists on both sides of the Atlantic may question the wisdom of pursuing the case, 'the judiciary should face this issue', says Vera Williams, a feminist organiser with the War Resisters League in New York, which supports the Greenham women. 'People are doing everything they can think of to stop these weapons. This case is just another form of action.' ☐

TURKEY

TÜRKİYE SOSYAL TARİH ARAŞTIRMA VAKFI TÜSTAV ARŞİVİ

Gift package

Behcet Topak and Ali Saffet look at the people behind the profits in Turkey

IN JANUARY 1980, the conservative government in Turkey adopted a package of economic measures drawn up by Turgut Ozal, then ex-President of the Metal Employers' Federation and Under-Secretary to the Prime Minister.

Today Prime Minister Turgut Ozal heads a government dominated by representatives of big business and those associated with the now-banned fascist National Action Party.

The measures, prepared under IMF tutelage, were designed to re-direct the Turkish economy away from import-substitution and towards a higher level of exports. The policies reflected the main demands of big business as vociferously expressed by TUSIAD, the Turkish Industrialists and Businessmen's Association.

The government, however, proved itself unable to implement these measures in the face of opposition both inside and outside parliament. The military takeover of September 1980 was, to a very great extent, the ruling class's response to economic problems. After the coup the junta proceeded to implement Ozal's economic package by suppressing all popular opposition.

During the junta's three years of direct rule, the differential effects of these policies were glaringly clear. On the one hand, with trade unions and professional associations eliminated, real wages by 1983 had fallen to their 1963 level. On the other hand, a small number of large holding companies had made giant strides in terms of turnover, exports and profits (see table). In 1982, the top 10 holding companies were responsible for 18 per cent of Turkey's total export earnings.

One company in particular, ENKA Holding which did not even feature among the top ten holding companies in 1980, emerged at the end of the three years as Turkey's top exporter with the fourth largest turnover. In 1980, ENKA Holding consisted of 13 companies, by 1983 it had become a giant conglomerate with 41 companies, ranging from transport to the animal fodder industry, from electronics to building contractors constructing whole cities in Saudi Arabia.

Today Turgut Ozal is himself Prime Minister, as a result of elections last November that were hailed as a milestone in Turkey's 'return to democracy'.

It is to be expected that the small number of companies which so overwhelmingly dominate the economy would have their interests strongly represented at the level of the state and the government. But the extent to which this has happened with Ozal's government is worth noting.

Seven of the 21 cabinet ministers were recruited from the upper echelons of the top holding companies. ENKA Holding, whose boss Sarik Tara is a close friend of Ozal, has fared best. Vural Arikan, finance and customs minister, was a founder and director of ENKA and is a major shareholder in all 41 ENKA companies. Necat Eldem, minister of justice, sat on the board of directors of BURTRAK, an ENKA company. Foreign minister Vahit Halefoglu is the father of ENKA export manager Melih Halefoglu. And ENKA was quick to recruit as general co-ordinator Yildirim Akturk, ex-head of the state planning organisation, whom Ozal was hoping to appoint as director general of the Central Bank.

Four other holding companies provided ministers to the government: defence minister Zeki Yavuzturk comes from Keban Holding, minister for youth and sports Vehbi Dincerler was recruited from Pilsa, a Sabanci Holding company, and ministers without portfolio Kazim Oskay and Ismail Ozdaglar come from Hema Holding and Okumus Holding respectively. An eighth minister, Mehmet Aydin at the ministry of health and social security is the ex-general secretary of the Ankara chamber of commerce.

The direct representation of big business at the ministerial level has been accompanied by widespread penetration of Ozal's party by members and sympathizers of the now-banned fascist National Action Party. Apart from Halil Sivgin, deputy general secretary of Ozal's Motherland Party, two of the above mentioned ministers, Mehmet Aydin and Ismail Ozdaglar, and the minister for agriculture, forestry and village affairs, Hushu Dogan, were closely associated with the National Action Party. ☐

Holding it together:

Performance of eight large holding companies, 1980-83

Holding Company	Companies Controlled	Exports (m. US$)		Turnover (billion Turkish Lira constant 1980 prices)	
		1980	1982	1980	1983
Koc	117	44.6	140	163.7	407
Sabanci	90	53.9	257	184.8	308
Cukurova	50	88.5	205	188.2	203
ENKA	41	—	192	—	152
Ercan	30	8.0	22	13.3	106
Profilo	23	6.0	25	27.6	53
Anadolu	31	7.7	32	16.8	50
Transturk	43	25.0	67	37.6	25

Türkiye Sosyal Tarih Araştırma Vakfı

SRI LANKA

The Israeli connection

Amrit Wilson reports on the worsening Tamil situation

FORTY PEOPLE were killed last week in the explosion at Madras airport in Southern India. The Sri Lankan government immediately blamed it on Tamil militants.

On Sunday the Liberation Tigers of Tamil, the Tamil separatist movement, denied all responsibility for the incident, ascribing responsibility to the Sri Lankan government of President Jayawardene and its Israeli secret service agents. The claim is that the explosion was intended to discredit the Tigers and destabilise the liberation movement.

What is undeniable is that Sri Lanka has now joined a select list of American-dominated dictatorships which receive Israeli assistance with their 'security'.

In the last month in the Sinhala majority South, university students have been shot and killed by the Sri Lankan police. In central areas, Tamil plantation workers have been beaten up, victimised and arrested in the wake of a strike. In the North and East, the traditional Tamil homelands, the situation is far worse. Frequently, young people disappear, kidnapped and presumed murdered by the army.

A parent's statement in last month's Amnesty International report is typical. 'My son left home at 7.30 am but failed to return . . . I visited all the spots where it was reported that dead bodies were lying. But the bodies were in such a state, some partly burnt, some charred and faces disfigured so that no identification could be made.' A sinister new development is the increasing number of arrests of women accused of being wives of 'Tigers'. There are reports that they have been humiliated and tortured.

Meanwhile, Lalith Athulathmudali, the Minister for National Security, is setting up a new armed force of 4,000 men to be mobilised during periods of internal strife. Tamils expect this force will be composed of the thugs who traditionally serve Sinhalese politicians at election time and who played a major role in last year's violence. Like the rest of Sri Lanka's 11,000-strong army, they are to be trained by Mossad — Israel's secret service — and by British 'ex'-SAS men.

In the mountains around Kandy, 300 Sri Lankan soldiers are being equipped and put through simulated guerilla warfare by British instructors, who came in from Oman.

Some three months ago Israelis were seen training Sri Lankan soldiers in the Mannampitiya area. But the Jayawardene regime relies on Arab countries for loans and for the foreign exchange earnings of thousands of Sri Lankan expatriate workers and was reluctant to reveal links with Israel. An Israeli Interests section was set up inside the US embassy in Colombo. But the Americans soon found this embarrassing and the Israelis have now set up their own mission. In May inept remarks by Ronald Oppen, the Public Affairs Officer at the US embassy, made Sri Lanka's Israeli connection public. Jayawardene with his usual diplomacy then told a press conference that he would accept help 'from the Devil himself' to break the back of the terrorist movement. Britain and the US had refused help in training the army, but Israel had agreed.

The President told the National Executive Council of his United National Party (UNP) that those in the party 'who were talking or acting against our policy should leave. Otherwise they will be expelled'. The day after the UNP conference anti-Israeli demonstrators were fired upon by the Sri Lankan police, injuring and killing scores. There was then a news black-out on anti-Israeli agitation, which Douglas Liyanage, Secretary to the Minister of State, said was enforced under the Prevention of Terrorism Act.

But, even if the US indeed refused to help train the army to fight 'terrorists', it has clinched a deal for fuelling facilities for the US navy at Trincomalee — a first step, many Sri Lankans think, towards an American base.

The oil storage complex there has been leased to a consortium of companies, which the government claims are politically neutral. But the consortium has been exposed as a front for the Coastal Corporation, whose only business is supplying oil to the US Navy. ☐

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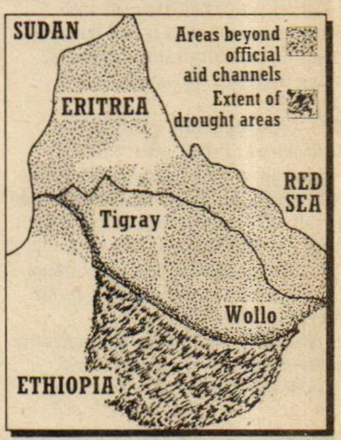

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TÜSTAV TÜRK SOSYAL TARİH ARAŞTIRMA VAKFI

LETTERS

Caught in the scrum

Brenda Kirsch, London SW8

In the 21st week of the miners' strike, I am saddened to find the *New Statesman* (3 August) reporting just four paragraphs on the dispute. Two of these were taken up with snide references to the miners' defence lawyers and one other was inaccurate.

Yes, 80 miners did cram into Mansfield magistrates court on 25 July and, yes, bail conditions were reimposed on a number of pickets. But what your reporter failed to mention was that bail conditions were actually *lifted* from about 19 men following successful pleading from defence lawyers (based in Nottingham, not London on this occassion). In the context of the strike this may be but a modest success but surely one which should be reported.

The main danger, now that the strikers gear up for their sixth month in dispute, is the loss of public interest in the miners' cause and media resilience to the daily stories of authoritarianism and loss of civil liberties. When I phoned a number of daily papers last week to report that five Yorkshire pickets had been sentenced to 14 days in Leicester Prison, the response was an almost weary 'so what'. The crime of these men? Having been charged once with 'threatening behaviour' — the catch-all charge being used against those caught in the scrum of the picket — they were picked up at a picket line in Derbyshire, again charged with threatening behaviour and, when it was found that they were already on bail, albeit unconditional, were sent packing to prison for 'committing a crime whilst on bail'.

That five men, yet to be found guilty of any charge, can be deprived of their liberty for a fortnight for engaging in trade union activity is a horrendous state of affairs. With 5,000 people now charged as a result of the strike, and 80 per cent of these still waiting for their cases to be heard, the potential for yet more people on bail, conditional or otherwise, to be quietly whisked off to jail for further picketing is frightening.

Police states emerge not only through oppressive policing; they also depend on a quiescent and unprotesting public to allow them to take root.

Mansfield court scenes

T. H. Richardson, General Secretary, NUM Nottingham Area

Our attention has been drawn to your report (*NS* 3 August), about happenings in the Mansfield Magistrates Court on 25 July 1984. It is a great pity that your correspondent chose to snipe at our lawyers, rather than to report on the nature of the 'justice' being meted out to our members who are on strike. The lawyers from London, acting for Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire NUM members up in court at Mansfield, are on a rota organised by the Haldane Society of Socialist Lawyers. They are giving their time on the rota completely free and in return the NUM is paying travelling expenses (which, where necessary, may include taxi fares).

On the evening of 25 July 1984, four Haldane Society Lawyers were in court until approximately 11.30 p.m. on behalf of about 40 NUM members arrested at Babbington Colliery earlier in the day. The lawyers concerned insisted on making individual applications for unconditional bail, despite the existence of a general policy by the Magistrates Court whereby the 'usual bail condition' prohibiting picketing except at a miner's own place of work was imposed in every case.

Our lawyers have been challenging the court's policy vigorously and some of the cases heard on the 25th July are being taken to the Divisional Court in what will be a major test case. We have every confidence in the legal assistance being provided to our members and we believe that the strikers themselves appreciate that at long last lawyers are fighting back on their behalf. At least one of the lawyers leaving court on the evening of 25 July was cheered by the miners gathered outside.

John Rose replies: Most of the lawyers defending miners at the Mansfield magistrates court are undoubtedly giving of their best. However, during the two full days and one evening that I sat in the court, I witnessed several quite unnecessary examples of 'bonhomie' between defence and prosecution counsel — which, I can assure Henry Richardson, was as irritating to many of his members, who were watching the proceedings, as it was to me.

New Statesman readers may regard this matter as rather trivial. But when a prosecuting solicitor makes quite plain in court that the bail restrictions on arrested miners are deliberately intended to curb effective picketing, then tempers, not surprisingly, are likely to run high.

It is surely right to point out that lawyers defending arrested miners should strive to keep such gentlemen at arms length.

Labour and home ownership

David Griffiths, Chair, Labour Housing Group

Michael Meadowcroft (Letters 27 July) says I am 'quite wrong' to claim that Labour last year opposed increasing the mortgage tax relief ceiling from £25,000 to £30,000, citing Labour abstentions in a Division on 30 June 1983. But surely he has forgotten the row *before* the election, when Labour attracted front-page headlines by refusing to allow the government to slip the increased ceiling through as uncontentious pre-election business, when their Finance Bill was overtaken by their rush to the polls.

I agree that Labour has been far from radical on housing finance. But this public commitment at the start of an election campaign should not be written out of the record to score a party point.

Perugia dialogues

Lynne Jones, London NW1

My article on the 3rd END Convention in Perugia (*NS* 3 August) was not meant to imply a direct connection between the points made in Onyszkiewicz's letter and the absence from the conference of Solidarity in Exile, whose reasons for staying away were too complex to explain in a short article.

Also, cuts in my article meant that it was not clear that the coalition referred to in the last paragraph is one that some participants believe is emerging between those members of the Human Rights Movement in the East and those members of the Western peace movement who want to discuss the policies that put weapons there and who are interested in formulating joint programmes of action. The documents and letters circulated during the conference from independent groups and Western peace groups seemed to indicate that such a coalition is coming into existence.

Finally, one error. The Ost West Dialog document to which I referred is in fact largely based on one initiated by Charter 77 and Codene.

Apology

A Miscellany item in the issue of 6 July about collecting money for miners' families could have been read to imply that we were suggesting that the Militant tendency and the Socialist Workers' Party were diverting money collected in this way into their own coffers. We did not intend to make this suggestion for which there is no justification and apologise without reservation for the form of words used.

Militancy on the cheap?

Muriel Turner, Ass't General Secretary, ASTMS

Martin Brown (*NS* 3 August) can have done little research into terms and conditions at union offices if he really believes that unions give far less attention to the welfare of their employees than many a 'proper boss'.

ASTMS is one of the unions referred to in his article. However, not even APEX has disputed that terms and conditions at ASTMS are very good indeed. Where else do APEX members enjoy a 34 hour week (when the movement generally is still struggling to achieve a 35 hour week), salaries at the top of the market (and in some instances, over the top by about £1,000 pa) 40 days' holiday a year, good maternity and paternity benefits and a child minder's allowance paid to staff returning to work after maternity leave? Yet we had APEX attempting to secure (from a fellow trade union) a reduction of the working week to 33 hours, as part of its claim on ASTMS this year.

The fact is that with increasingly difficult economic conditions, and with standards often remaining static or worsening for their own members, union Executives are beginning to question just how much longer they can be expected to featherbed their own staff. How much better off than the rest of the workforce should trade union staffs expect to be?

Roy Grantham talks about militancy. In trade union offices, it is militancy on the cheap. Strikes in union offices are just about the only sort of dispute where the press can be relied upon not to support the employer, but to try to create the maximum embarrassment for the trade union movement. It is not surprising, therefore, that in these circumstances some trade union leaderships are thinking about a collective approach to their own staffing questions.

Plodding on regardless?

Michael Hayward, Maghull, Liverpool

Mr Ashdown's article on facing continuing unemployment (*NS* 3 August) reads like bland and beautiful socialism, but it could only be implemented by benevolent dictatorship — that impossible 'Any Questions' solution to political difficulties.

To change the mood of one of his sentences, those who own *can* be fabulously rich, and riches and power are the chicken and egg of political and economic life; there are two classes *now:* those with power and those without. Those with the power buy the talent that can sell fridges to Eskimos, top hats to nudists and Tories to the people.

We can't maintain a stable democracy if we haven't got one now: the system we practise with elections every four or five years to provide a parliamentary rubber stamp and a show of credibility for our rulers is a travesty of democratic principle.

I see the symptoms and recognise the disease, but who can suggest a remedy — apart from plodding on hopefully?

William McDowell, Belfast

Like a little frustrated school boy who can't find the correct answers to his mathematics homework, Paddy Ashdown would have us believe that the problems he has been set are insoluble. If unemployment is 'structural' how comes it that unemployment in the USA has, despite an increase in the potential workforce, fallen from 10 per cent to 7.3 per cent in a year? Why can Switzerland manage to find work for 98.9 per cent of its potential workforce and Sweden and Japan for over 97 per cent of theirs?

People need jobs. Attempts to ignore the United Kingdom's relative failure, to hide behind terrifying phrases such as 'how do we redesign society to cope' and the 'post full employment society', will do nothing but ensure the continuation of this nation's sad decline and the perpetuation of the awful personal tragedy which is unemployment.

Nursery education

Sally Richards, Louvain-la-Neuve, Belgium

Nursery school provision is indeed appalling in Britain compared with most European countries (*NS* 27 July). I can spell out for your readers what this means in personal terms.

My daughter aged 3 has just completed a year of nursery education here in Belgium, which she greatly enjoyed, and from which she has benefited in terms of her development of social, learning and linguistic skills. In Belgium free full-time education is available for all children from 2½-6 years (the age of compulsory schooling) if their parents wish it. In fact virtually all parents here, whether or not they are working outside the home, send their nursery age children to school.

We return to York shortly where I have been told that no nursery school place will be available for her, for places are provided for only a tiny percentage of the city's children.

This well illustrates the difference between a country in which pre-school provision is taken for granted as an essential part of the education system and Britain, in which it is regarded as an expensive luxury in all but a few areas constantly vulnerable to government imposed cuts in services.

Kindergarten Manichean

Bruce Page, London N1

Your under-fives correspondent was having so much fun developing Manichean views about my political stance that it seems almost cruel to introduce facts to the matter.

However: the editor of the *AUEW Journal* is Gavin H. Laird, not I, and no one familiar with the operation would think otherwise. And I never was editor of *Sanity*.

Our under-fives correspondent writes: We stand corrected. Bruce Page is 'executive producer' of the *AUEW Journal* and was 'contributing editor' of *Sanity* and a member of its editorial board in the early 1960s.

FEEDBACK

Parallels with 1926

SOME PEOPLE are now comparing the present coal crisis with the Great Miners Strike of 1926, the focal point of the General Strike. That is understandable. The parallels are obvious enough.

I can just recall that event. I was a kid at the time in a northern town, more cotton than coal. Colliery towns and villages were dotted around and I can still sniff the soured anger of miners' families, the hungry children and the bewildered women, as men fought for survival against absurd odds.

The Miners Federation of Great Britain, as the NUM was then known, was led by the legendary A. J. (Arthur James) Cook who seemed never to be away from a speakers' platform. Cook was a pale, spare figure: arms outstretched as he spoke, crying out for salvation and a miracle against the hard-faced coal owners and their supportive Tory government. His detached starched collar was almost always missing from the white neckband on his unbuttoned shirt. He stalked the land with a famous cry: 'Not a minute on the day; not a penny off the pay'.

The coal owners wanted to lengthen the first, cut the second. They were to achieve both. After the collapse of the General Strike the miners fought on, alone, for over six months. They ended up a defeated, tattered army and an entire generation failed to regain its broken confidence. The bitter memories, now faded, penetrated every miners' home and conditioned the thinking of an epoch of British trade unionism. That episode remains engraved on the contours of Labour Movement history as firmly as the Chartists or even the Peasants' Revolt.

Today Arthur Scargill is compared (and compares himself) with A. J. Cook whose legend he salutes with a special adulation. It's a kind of reincarnated symbolism. To be sure there are some valid comparisons with the Great Strike of 1926. In particular, there is the uncanny similarity with what happened then among the Notts miners — who broke away from the rest and came to a separate deal with the coal owners. It took a decade or more to heal that breach. Even today some wounds remain, perhaps now freshly re-opened.

There is also the remarkable parallel in relations between the TUC and the miners. Once the miners' dispute of 1926 became a General Strike the TUC insisted on taking control. The miners' leaders resisted that — which was one of the reasons why the General Strike faded out after nine days.

Arthur Scargill, having read his history, isn't prepared to give the TUC that opportunity, this time. He is determined to retain control of the strike. So there are some parallels — but the perspectives have changed. It is a vastly different world for everyone, not least the miners.

In those days the deepest ambition of mining fathers was to try to ensure that their sons did *not* follow them down the pit. They eagerly borrowed books from public libaries to read about and dream of a better world; a world they knew to be beyond their reach — though perhaps within the grasp of their children. Mining fathers fought to persuade their offspring to go in search of that vision: so many miners' sons of that period became school teachers. A quite remarkable proportion moved into teaching. They continued to do so until quite recently when that outlet, too, began to close up. Even education has now become a victim of the 'Economic Arts' syndrome.

Today's fight *is* different. Miners want to keep their pit jobs open for their sons. Certainly that vision of an 'outside' career remains. But there are no jobs for young people; no jobs in mining towns, no jobs in the big cities, no jobs in sight even if they were able to break away and move far from the shadow of the pithead gear.

Above the ground the horizon, rarely brilliant, has been clouded over by the return of a disease known as mass unemployment. And below ground 'they' (the same people who appear to be responsible for unemployment) are closing the coalhouse door. The Trap. . .is complete.

In the 'twenties' there was no Welfare State as we know today. Soup kitchens and a neighbour's crust fought an impossible battle against deprivation. Relief came from unexpected quarters; charity baskets opened to try to cushion the cruel insensitivity of the state machine. The miners, then, were quite literally starved back to work and swore to seek revenge one day.

Today the scene is different — though in some areas, where distress is increasing daily, it sometimes seems the same. But at least there are a few significant Welfare State props around, however much reduced they now appear. The suffering, though widespread, is not on the same scale as in 1926.

Perhaps all comparisons are false; why try to match 1926 against 1984? The very notion seems preposterous. Yet, the fears are similar. The bitterness is there. The same kind of inward frustrations and divisions; the same kind of gulf between what appears irrational to the outside world, especially that world far from the pithead and what is regarded as basic to men on strike. The same type of media hostility.

For all the years of progress and the claims about a new property-owning, mortgage-investing mining community, the fight for survival seems to remain as real as it ever was.

The statistics, even the statistics, fight each other. MacGregor says this: Scargill claims that. Someone scores a point and the police are flown in to check flying pickets. There are scenes of thuggery, really vicious stuff, unlike the characteristic straight fist of a miner. Police fight miners; miners grow to hate police. There is a bitter overflow into other industries with miners pitched against steelworkers, who themselves are still trying to recover from MacGregorism.

Reduced to its basics — and you find men fighting for their jobs. The jobs they know, the life-style they have been reared into; the only horizons they can see from their social trench. Illogical it may be, but it is the world as seen from that mining trench.

Arthur? Well they may not have been too sure about him before all this: but they are now. The fact that he has been vilified and derided by the Tory press — to most miners that proved he is 'our man'.

South of Watford all that may seem total absurdity: a hopeless romanticism and emotion. But not if you happen to have been born, brought up and breathed the sulphur-like air of a mining community.

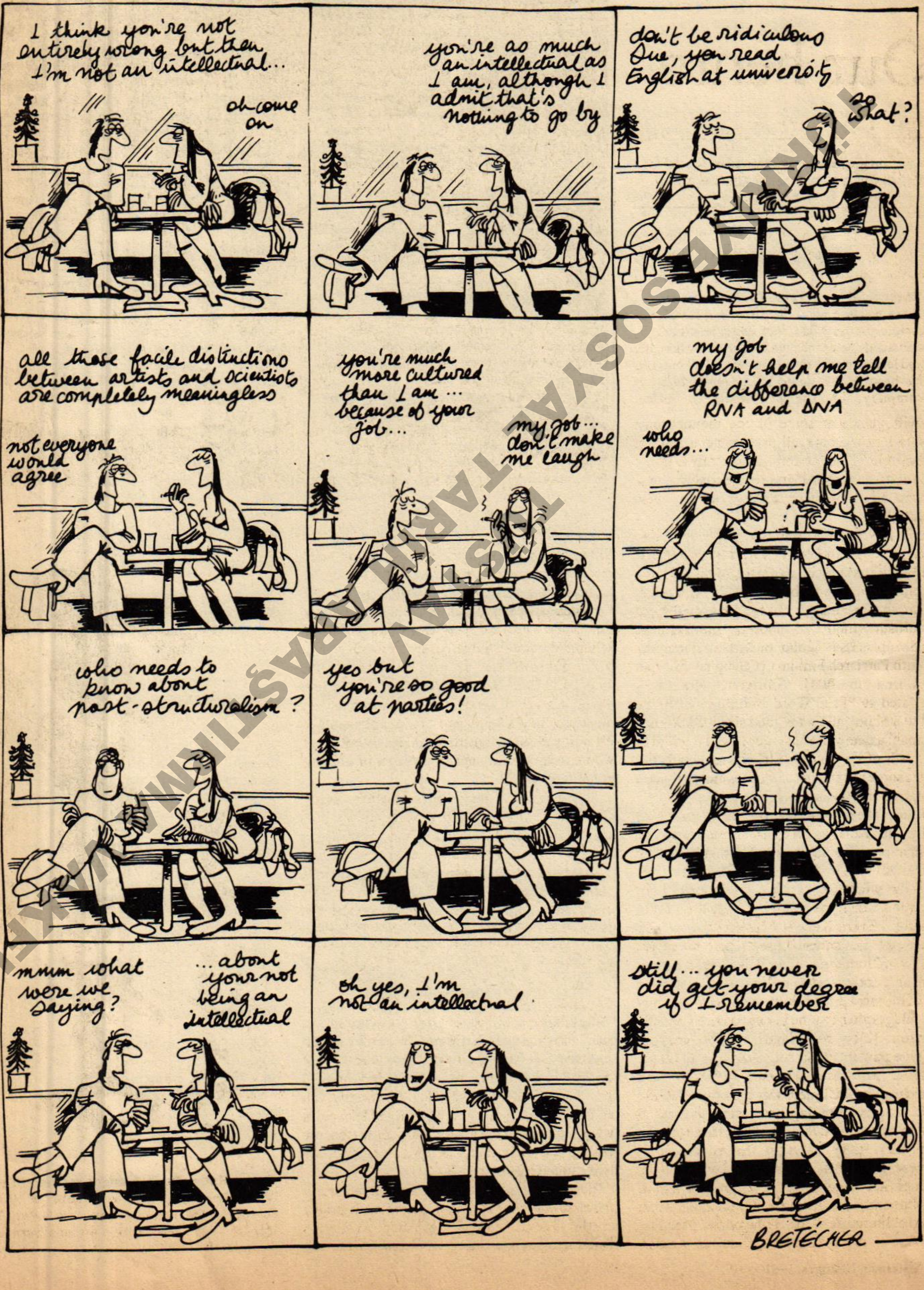
That is something Mrs Thatcher apparently is incapable of grasping.

Geoffrey Goodman

Geoffrey Goodman is Industrial Editor of the Daily Mirror.

BRETÉCHER

MEETING OF TRUE MINDS


I think you're not entirely wrong but then I'm not an intellectual...
oh come on
you're as much an intellectual as I am, although I admit that's nothing to go by
don't be ridiculous Sue, you read English at university
so what?
all those facile distinctions between artists and scientists are completely meaningless
not everyone would agree
you're much more cultured than I am... because of your job...
my job... don't make me laugh
my job doesn't help me tell the difference between RNA and DNA
who needs...
who needs to know about post-structuralism?
yes but you're so good at parties!
mmm what were we saying?
...about your not being an intellectual
oh yes, I'm not an intellectual
still... you never did get your degree if I remember
BRETÉCHER

BOOKS & ARTS

Justin Wintle

Our henro

Japanese Pilgrimage
OLIVER STATLER *Picador* £8.95 & £3.50

One winces at the book's inception, the first paragraph unwisely reproduced by the publishers at the top of their blurb:

> This is where one begins. On this mountaintop, at the holiest spot of this sprawling complex of temples, in the shadow of these towering cedars, one stands before the tomb of a saint whose life and legacy inspire the pilgrimage. Here one asks his blessing, his guidance and protection, his company, on the pilgrimage to come.

A swift glance at some of the monochrome illustrations to come, all priests and temples it seems, reinforces my foreboding: this is going to be another agonised and reverential log-book written by a western convert to Japanese Buddhism.

It is not until I turn the page of Oliver Statler's book that I learn, with some relief, the identity of the subject, or object, of the author's supplications. It is Kobo Daishi (774-835 a.k.a. Kukai), no Zen master but founder of Shingon Buddhism (modelled loosely on Esoteric Buddhism which Kobo picked up from the Seventh Patriarch Hui-ko in Chang'an on a visit to China in 804). Shingon, sometimes translated as 'True Word Buddhism', may be said to embody all that is good about Buddhism in Japan: a demotic social movement tailored to the needs of the poorer rural classes which still boasts some ten thousand shrines and perhaps a thousand times as many followers.

Daishi means great teacher, great master or saint. In Kobo's case all three have an application. Though many of the legends now attributed to him have been lifted from less dazzling worthies, he was undoubtedly an exceptional man, meriting his traditional high-ranking. 'Even Kobo's brush makes a slip sometimes' is a proverb used where we might say 'Even Homer nods', and gives a measure of the man's eminence, as well as an indication of one of his most prized skills. But it is not simply as a calligrapher that he is remembered outside Shingon. Kobo also played a large, possibly decisive part in the formulation of a phonetic alphabet (in China he had learnt to read Sanskrit). Until Chinese was introduced in the sixth century, the Japanese were without a written language. Even after that, they lacked a vernacular. Like Latin in the middle ages, Chinese remained almost exclusive to male courtiers and male priests. The development of the phonetic *kana*, it has been said, alone made the great literature of the Heian period possible. Without it the first great school of women writers, including Lady Murasaki and Sei Shonagon of *The Pillow Book*, would, for want of the costly education necessary to master Chinese, have been for ever mute.

It would be too much, of course, to suggest that Kobo had the *Tale of Genjii* in mind as he struggled with his badger-hair brushes. His main purpose was to provide farmers and suchlike with a basic literacy, but even so he would scarcely have been disappointed by the outcome, for one of the most radical elements of his Shingon sectarianism was his insistence that women are just as capable as men of gaining enlightenment.

Like some other contemporary sects, Shingon relied very much upon mendicant holy men to disseminate its influence. Here again one is impressed by the record of social benefits distributed among people the court had little or no time for. Kobo himself was a master craftsman and a master builder, and his followers strove to combine skills as he had done. Road and bridge-making, irrigation, image-carving and medicine, in addition to reading and writing, were all things the Shingon priest was expected to know about.

Any book that begins with an evocation of such a man as the Daishi cannot be all bad and so, despite its limp beginning, I decided to press on with *Japanese Pilgrimage*. And I have to say I am exceedingly glad I did, for Statler, an adjunct professor at the University of Hawaii, is wise enough to keep a very low profile (too low perhaps), allowing what he finds along his route to dominate his narrative.

This route is the ancient pilgrimage around the circumference of Shikoku, the fourth largest of the islands comprising Japan. Although Kobo established Shingon's headquarters on

Top: Ablution basin in vigorous use at Temple 52 of the pilgrimage in honour of Shingon Buddhist master, teacher and saint, Kobo Daishi; above: inscription on an album leaf at Temple 75

'mainland' Mount Koya, he was a native of Shikoku and so it is in that island's four provinces that his memory is chiefly enshrined. Shikoku's mountainous terrain was the ideal habitat for the solitary meditations that invariably precede the emergence of a Buddhist master, and Kobo spent long periods wandering from one end of the island to the other, thus beginning the *henro* tradition of a uniquely circular pilgrimage that takes in 88 temples and as many smaller unnumbered *bangai*.

Statler sets out on the three-month journey with a younger companion, Morikawa, about whom one learns even less than one does of Statler himself. Fairly soon the strict sequence of temples gives way to a much more relaxed and informative narrative. Statler collects and retells the facts and the legends as they pertain to Kobo, the priests and the *henro*, keeping less than one eye on the road in front.

This technique works wonderfully well, as Statler himself demonstrated in his first book *Japanese Inn* (1961). It enables him to cope with the vast quantity of folklore that is the delight, and sometimes the terror, of any scholarly traveller in Japan. He tells us about the miracles, the superstitions, the intrigues, the scandals and the heroic exploits that bestrew his path, taking us up to the near-present, where he offers sketches of three recent *henro*: the American anthropologist, much-fêted Japonophile and lead misogynist Frederick Starr, the feminist writer Itsue Takamure and, finally, the *kabuki* actor Ichikawa Danzo VIII, who, having successfully completed the round of 88, quietly threw himself overboard on the way back across the Inland Sea. And it is to Statler's credit that each of these modern personae makes no less an impression than the score of inflated historical figures who crowd his book.

There is, to be sure, an element of wish fulfilment in the way Statler writes. Sometimes he *wants* to believe the unbelievable. 'From time to time Morikawa and I travel with companions. Some, like Kobo Daishi, are not visible', is typical of many sentiments that threaten to reinstate the initial limpness. But set against this is Statler's vigilance as a folklorist. As often as he bows his head he gently debunks. The result is something infinitely more remarkable than if the author had adhered faithfully to either of the two contending positions (believer v. anthropologist), and in the end I read *Japanese Pilgrimage* with the increasing fascination which is the test of any travel book. ☐

Among this week's contributors:

JUSTIN WINTLE is the editor of *The Dragon's Almanac*, a collection of Far Eastern proverbs. His first novel, *Paradise for Hire*, was published earlier this year.

SARA MAITLAND is the author of *A Map of the New Country*, a feminist analysis of contemporary Christian churches published, last year, by Routledge.

CHRISTOPHER HIRD is a reporter for Channel Four's *Diverse Reports*

FRANCIS WHEEN's next book, *Television*, will be published by Century towards the end of this year.

REPRODUCTION

Sara Maitland

Life and soul

Test Tube Women
RITA ARDITTI, RENATE DUELLI KLEIN and
SHELLEY MINDEN *Pandora* £4.95
Reproductive Revolution
PETER SINGER and DEANE WELLS
Oxford £12.95 & £2.95

The comparatively sudden breakthroughs in the practice of reproductive technologies have not only raised political and ethical problems, they have also forced into consciousness a whole area of mythical material. What was 'fiction' in *Frankenstein, Brave New World* and *Woman on the Edge of Time* is suddenly material reality. We already have *in vitro* fertilisation, embryo freezing, full surrogacy, sperm banking, informed selective abortion; we will have genetic engineering, ectogenesis (the true test-tube baby, conceived and matured entirely outside a woman's body) and possibly even cloning in the not unimaginable future. It is extremely difficult to deal with, emotionally and intellectually.

The women's movement has always known that control of reproduction is essential to women's liberation. The early Seventies saw an imaginative enthusiasm for science which would 'free women from the tyranny of reproduction', improve social relationships and end the oppression of biological destiny. A decade later feminists are sadder and wiser: **Test Tube Women**, an international symposium on reproductive rights, recognises with bitterness that scientific capability, in the current social climate, is leading not to freedom but to the further abuse of women and the glorification of men as the controllers of new power. The book is a collection of well documented victimisation: selective abortion of female — and other 'imperfect' — foeti, sterilisation abuse, racial discrimination, the dangerous side-effects of contraception, the lie of 'informed consent', the iatrogenic causes of infertility, 'egg farming' women's bodies for research, and the surrogate mother as the new (but equally abused) prostitute.

However it does have limitations: principally the conviction that all scientific developments are part of a not unsuccessful conspiracy to steal away from women the one thing we have — our 'natural' and 'womanly' ability to create life. I cannot believe either half of this theory. The pessimism leads to logical flounderings. (How can we reject the anti-abortionist term 'infanticide' on the grounds that the foetus is not a person, and then use the word 'femicide'? Individual 'rights' do lead directly to social abuses — aborting 'imperfect' foeti for example — and this dilemma is ignored.) More seriously, despondency appears to sap creative and imaginative energy; apart from one brief essay, little thought is given as to how some of these developments might serve women, what the creative alternatives are and how can we gain control of them. Sadly the book suggests a retreat into an old duality — women and nature on one side, men and science on the other, a kind of Luddite negativity, the product of despair.

Mind you there is good reason for this gloom, as **Reproductive Revolution** makes clear. This is an attempt to describe the new technologies and to justify them ethically. In the first area the book is immensely useful: offering clear and comprehensible descriptions of the scientific theory and the technical procedures currently used and the experiments under way, including social factors like cost and potential demand. It is also useful in its second intention, though not I think in the way that the authors intended: it is an object lesson in the limitations of ethics-via-liberal-logic. By discounting as 'illogical' the emotional, religious and gut-reaction difficulties that people experience in this area, the authors are able to present a 'satisfactory' case for almost every technological intervention, including the creation of foetal life for experimentation and for providing 'spare organs' for future transplant.

Their 'objectivity' is distinctly partial: while they dismiss the argument of 'unnaturalness' as meaningless, they treat the desire to procreate, to 'hand on one's genes', and the 'family' itself as entirely 'natural', indeed unquestionable. Sadly, unsurprisingly, they minimise and derogate women's collective concerns throughout the book (though the desiring, deserving individual mother is the heroine of the piece). Some of the sexism is quite subtle — they admit feminist concerns for choice while ignoring feminist demands for control; and while sperm is sperm throughout, not 'seed', ova are always 'eggs' — but some is blatant: arguing for government control over the new technology by means of a Bio-ethical Commission, they state that this should be made up of 'ethical experts' rather than being representative: 'we don't insist on having a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jew, a Black and a woman on this commission', i.e. the 'experts' are liberal white men whom of course we will insist on having.

The trouble is, and here I would agree with many of the writers in *Test Tube Women*, you just can't trust nice, well-meaning men even to notice when they are playing dangerous games with women's lives and with complex organic, social and psychological processes. On the other hand the retreat from the world of scientific development into an all-woman natural paradise, as advocated in the fiction that ends *Test Tube Women*, does not seem a solution either. These two books' inadequacies indicate the depths of the difficulty. I think what I want is someone to offer a more 'magical' approach to the whole issue; magic, traditionally, involved seeking human participation in what was going on (healing, reintegrating, making it rain) but doing so through a profound respect — intellectual, imaginative and physical — for the power and integrity and complexity of the world and a humbler recognition that people are a part of that system. Reading and talking about these books has made me realise that we are, collectively, 'treading on holy ground' and that has always called for humility and — dare I say it — hope, faith and love. ☐

Paul May

Dating

The beer garden is an earth pit
Behind a theatre. It was to be
A community resource centre
But the money dried up.
I read it in the Mercury.
In the unhappy hour
Predictable people from all walks
Gather there to forge new links
And other currencies.

The speakers relay the shipping forecast
But everyone talks of
How time is money
And money time.
A nation of shopkeepers
In dry-dock, being refitted.

Maurice is a dignified minority
No art historian he
No casual bumboy
Not one to mince his words.
He gets chatting to a videogrocer
(Something in the raincoat business)
And between them
Condensed failure drips
From the tarpaulin awning.

I am in the kitchen
Reading labels.
Helpful men have warned me
When the milk will wear out.
I shall chalk a similar date
One day outside the beer garden.
For the mad hatter
Knew he would die
On the tenth of the sixth.

POLITICAL GROUPS
Martin Shaw

Sects appeal

British Trotskyism: Theory and Practice
JOHN CALLAGHAN *Basil Blackwell* £19.50
Militant
MICHAEL CRICK *Faber* £3.95

Britain's small Trotskyist groups have always taken themselves, and of course each other, extraordinarily seriously. The reader of John Callaghan's study **British Trotskyism** will need something of their tenacity and humourlessness to cope with the plethora of organisations and the obscure personal, tactical and political disagreements which dominate this 40-year history of revolutionary marginality.

A novelist, playwright or (dare one say it?) a journalist in the mould of Michael Crick, whose incisive but fair study of **Militant** has already been extensively quoted in the *NS*, might have given a livelier account of the subject. Perhaps an academic ought not to make this point, but the leaden prose of the thesis-writer is deadlier than ever when merged with so grey a subject.

Revolutions themselves are not like that; but Britain's revolutionaries have long since substituted the building of their small organisations for any hope of the real thing. The only point in these 40 years at which revolutionary politics came alive — the late Sixties and early Seventies — was when Trotskyism as a doctrine was half abandoned by most of the active revolutionaries.

That the 'ism' has tended to constrict real revolutionary potential is so obvious from this study that it distracts Callaghan from the deeper question of why the potential itself has been so small. Indeed he writes from the IMGish point of view that if only members of the Trotskyist movement would adapt themselves to today's issues, 'taking democracy seriously' and not looking down their noses at the women's movement, then a 'socialist alternative' to Labour would be possible. Callaghan's account is therefore flawed by the fatally ahistorical, but quintessentially Trotskyist assumption that 'if only the politics could be got right' a revolutionary movement could emerge. Callaghan hardly stops to think how small a scope historical conditions have offered for revolutionary politics in Britain. Or that whatever was possible in the way of a 'socialist alternative' ten or 15 years ago, would not have been a classical Trotskyist party. To be fair, he does see that the libertarian, non-Leninist ingredient was important to the limited success of IS at that time, and that 'Leninisation' contributed to its retreat into the ghetto of today's SWP.

What Callaghan doesn't broach is the larger possibility that the only sort of radical political force which could have been sustained to the left of Labour would have been much looser and more flexible than any Trotskyist-derived movement could be. The success of the German Greens, compared to the failure of all the more doctrine-bound post-'68 parties, is instructive here. And in any case the new Labour Left is the nearest parallel in this country.

Trotskyism in Britain is a useful compendium of the separate histories of RCP and SLL, IS and IMG, with much information (not always carefully handled) and thoughtful criticism. But it is a reflection of traditions which have less and less purchase on political reality — with the evidently distasteful exception of Militant. The arid religiosity and Stalinoid machine politics of this sect are criticised politically by Callaghan but more ably dissected by Crick. That this should prove the most 'successful' of the 57 varieties is a depressing conclusion, even to the history of British Trotskyism. ☐

BUSINESS
Christopher Hird

Privileged few

Lloyd's of London
GODFREY HODGSON *Allen Lane* £14.95

In the summer of 1983 20,000 of the richest people in Britain received handsome cheques representing the return on their investment in an old well-established business in the City of London. Then, a few months later, in January 1984, perhaps as many as half of these people received 'equally handsome cheques, averaging perhaps £5,000 apiece'. The second cheque came from the Inland Revenue and represented a refund on taxes because of the losses on the same little business in the City of London.

Anyone unfamiliar with the way the British tax system operates and with the way it treats this particular business in the City of London — the insurance market Lloyd's — will have considerable difficulty in understanding how this could happen. Indeed, even when you do know how this happy coincidence comes about, it is not always easy to understand. As Godfrey Hodgson remarks in his characteristically low-key way, 'The political symbolism of this unusual redistribution of wealth in a country with more than 3 million people unemployed and many millions more suffering from savage cuts in public expenditure, is unfortunate to say the least.'

Few people can fail to be dimly aware that Lloyd's has had some difficulties recently. In the last half of 1982 barely a week went by without some new scandal at Lloyd's breaking in the financial press. As some of these involved millions of pounds — and often other people's pounds finding their way into the wrong pockets — the wave of scandals frequently broke outside the specialist press. If the scandals at Lloyd's had simply been the rich ripping off the rich they would have made good newspaper copy and provided a living for the Fraud Squad and Department of Trade investigators. But it is because we as taxpayers give the rich who inhabit and finance Lloyd's such a good deal, that what happens there is of broader public interest.

For years Lloyd's has traded on our generosity — and escaped public supervision — by claiming that it made an important contribution to the economy, in particular the balance of payments. Hodgson devotes little more than a paragraph to putting this overblown claim in its proper perspective. Shying away from prescriptive remedies, most of Hodgson's book is an account of many of the serious crises which have hit Lloyd's since it started, but particularly in the last 20 years. For those who want to make up their minds about whether the benefits of Lloyd's outweigh the costs, whether the support we give it is justified by its achievements, this book is a valuable storehouse of information.

▷

The unique feature of Lloyd's as an insurance market is the existence of the 'Names', the rich individuals — rock musicians, barons, landed gentry, businessmen and the like — who pledge their wealth to provide the capital which enables Lloyd's underwriters to take on a wide range of insurance risks. As a leading Lloyd's figure told Hodgson, 'High tax payers can't lose by being members of Lloyd's'. But it is impossible to read Hodgson's book and not conclude that Lloyd's is little more than a mechanism to safeguard the life of the upper middle class who — unlike the Names — work in Lloyd's.

Frequently, when a scandal loomed on the horizon, the instinct of the Committee who ran Lloyd's was to cover it up, 'in the good name of Lloyd's'. Translated, this meant: 'Protect the name of Lloyd's so that people continue to believe that it is a place of "utmost good faith" and so the business keeps flowing'. In that way, 'the restrained splendours of the best life that England has to offer' would not be taken away from those who worked in, and ran, Lloyd's.

The effect of this was illustrated graphically in the way the Lloyd's authorities dealt with the Sasse affair — which is the subject of one of Hodgson's longest and most riveting chapters. Briefly, a Lloyd's underwriter, Tim Sasse, was taken for a ride by a couple of American crooks who succeeded in syphoning off a large amount of premium income and also dumping a considerable quantity of dubious insurance — covering slum property in the Bronx — on Sasse. When the final reckoning was made, the total loss amounted to £22 million and, at one stage, Lloyd's expected the Names who were the members of the Sasse syndicate to pay.

There is ample evidence that Lloyd's knew what was going on, but delayed doing anything; that they regularised improper paperwork after the event; that they overlooked breaches of their own rules and so on. But when one of the members of the Sasse syndicate went to Lloyd's seeking an investigation, the chairman told him: 'Bad luck, old boy. Wrong syndicate, bad luck.'

In the end, Lloyd's had to admit their fault in the Sasse affair and put in chain a programme of reform. But, by one of those exquisite ironies, this was being completed in 1982 and everyone was breathing a sigh of relief that Lloyd's had slipped under the tape again, when the most recent spate of scandals broke. As Hodgson remarks, these have revealed that many people at Lloyd's are 'genuinely confused about what is and what is not acceptable business conduct'. Hodgson lists three factors which have caused this. As Lloyd's is a club of the rich, it considers tax avoidance a 'sacred duty'; it deals with large numbers of people who consider the escape from government regulation to the offshore world of the Bahamas, Curacao and so on an even greater sacred duty; and, finally, because insurance premiums were free of controls on the export of capital, Lloyd's was a useful conduit for the wealth of those anxious to slip their assets to outlandish corners of the earth. In other words, the problems of Lloyd's — so well chronicled by Hodgson — are what you might expect when the rich and privileged are left to run their own affairs in secrecy. And for that reason, I am less sanguine than Hodgson in believing in the future of the reformed Lloyd's. ☐

FICTION
Harriett Gilbert

Gloss finish

Stand One
ed. MICHAEL BLACKBURN, JON SILKIN, LORNA TRACY *Gollancz* £9.95
Relative Successes
A.L. BARKER *Chatto* £8.95
Forgotten Games
PHILIP WARD *Oleander Press* £7.95
The Club
INDIRA MAHINDRA *Bodley Head* £7.95

> It was a well-crafted story . . . but it was an example of how high the level of mediocrity has got these days.

So pronounces the disillusioned creative-writing lecturer who narrates Vance Bourjaily's 'The Duchess' — one of 13 stories collected in *Stand Magazine*'s first book publication, **Stand One**. Its authors are the winners and runners-up in *Stand*'s 1983 story competition and, at first glance, illustrate perfectly Vance Bourjaily's thesis.

This isn't a function of their subject matter. Most of the authors, American and British, have dared to engage with a range of complex, often polemical topics: the psycho-political aftermath of the US invasion of North Vietnam; parenting a mentally handicapped child. It's more that, having staked their terrain, the authors appear to have crept straight back to the centre — keeping safely away from the edges of invention.

This isn't, in fact, as true as it seems at first reading, when the order in which the stories are printed (first prize-winner first, etc) dissipates, rather than concentrates, the particular force of each one. (When we get to the ungraded runners-up, the juxtaposition is more creative, but still, so many different voices do tend to cancel each other out.) Retaken in isolation, there are several that start to expand: Linda Hogan's 'Friends and Fortunes' in which two girls attempt a friendship across the American border; David Martin's 'Amazing Powers', with its sure-footed journey down the twisted halls of a young boy's delirious mind; Dai Vaughan's 'The Death of a Champion', a chunk of social realism that splits to expose an enquiry into the natures of 'truth' and 'description'. If it's still quite true that most of the stories are overprotected by expertise, it certainly helps to extract each one, as you might a poem, from its fellows.

Novels, of course, we are more used to reading, and A.L. Barker's **Relative Successes** demands no extraordinary effort. If you made the mistake of believing the blurb, you might even suppose that you'd read it a few times before. Gauche public-schoolboy; extrovert friend; hols together in the South of France; the friend's mysterious, sexy mother . . . it has a familiar tinkle.

Mercifully, the book that A.L. Barker has actually written is odder, more jarring, more resonant than that. On a surface level, assumptions are upset by her transformation of the 'South of France' from the usual Kir-drinking Côte d'Azur to a less than salubrious inland farm, where the schoolfriend's mother has rented rooms and fucks (or does she?) whichever bleak farmer nods his head in her direction. More profoundly, our hero, James Jessel, has his naïveté stripped of its charms — is exposed, in short, as a pusillanimous, pompous, erratically stubborn prat. For the first half of the novel, which mainly consists of a flash-back to that unforgettable summer, Jessel looks set to become a Great (because credible) Comic Character.

But then, as the present day slides back home, there comes a curious hiatus. Jessel has discovered that his schoolfriend (now some kind of shady, South London businessman) has done a bunk on both his work and his wife. Accompanied by his own wife (a splendidly realised 'ordinary woman', with wild, unassimilated fantasies) he returns to France on a not altogether acknowledged or understood quest. The book now develops a darker tone — exploring, if not the Meaning of Life, then at least the meaning of living — but there's something missing, confused, awry at the point where the two parts meet, lessening the reader's confidence in an otherwise dexterous creation.

Philip Ward's **Forgotten Games** is much more overtly 'experimental': not only is it peppered with illustrations, designs for board-games, pictures of dice, it is sliced into chapters often no more than two or three paragraphs long and called things like 'Auguries' or 'Dysentery'. In his preface, the author claims that the book is about 'translation' and the terrible dangers of misunderstanding, whether 'verbal, religious, moral or cultural'. His antagonists are those arch misunderstanders, Moctezuma and Cortês, whose linguistic, religious, moral, etc power-struggle is here depicted as a contest of arcane games — most of which, especially those devised by the 'Mexica Priest King', end in death for losers and winners alike.

The book has its fascination. Obviously based on a deal of research into Spanish and Mexican history, it entwines the reader in layer after layer of precise historical detail, while kissing the ears with its strange, Nahuatl vocabulary: 'cuauhtli', 'Huémac', 'Quetzalcóatl'. Only once, however, does it fly — paradoxically, when the players abandon history, inventing baseball, ice-hockey, even hang-gliding. Otherwise, the initial tension (of murderous violence always postponed) deteriorates, as the book proceeds, into tedium.

That Indira Mahindra has chosen to centre her first novel, **The Club**, round a couple of English 'stayers on' in post-Independence India is only one of the oddities of this clumsy, strangely affecting book. The story concerns the step-sisters Mabel and Lucy: the former running her late father's stud, the latter drinking, sleeping around and yearning to get back to England. Told in a prim and pedantic voice, with each relationship and past event spelt out as though for a five-year-old, it astonishes with its insights on racism, sexuality, sexual politics, love. And neither the tortured dialogue nor melodramatic jolts of plot seem able to break the novel's gentle integrity. ☐

SHORTER REVIEWS

Five Ring Circus: Money, Power and Politics at the Olympic Games

ed. ALAN TOMLINSON and GARRY WHANNEL
Pluto £2.95

Just because Moscow, and now LA, have put paid to any lingering fantasy that the Olympics are untainted by politics or commerce, myths of a disappearing Golden Age may flourish. Surely the true Olympic spirit existed, once? Surely, at any rate, this year's greed and rancour break all records?

That may be true. However, as the eight essays of *Five Ring Circus* show, sport has nowhere been pure sport, whether among the slave-owning patriarchal Greeks or among the modern nations who revived the Greek games — or rather, reinvented them: the 'traditional' torch, for instance, was first seen at Berlin in 1936. All this century, diplomatic and economic calculation has shaped international sport, despite the challenges to the Olympic status quo mounted by sportswomen, anti-apartheid campaigners and workers' organisations. This last history, outlined here by James Riordan, is particularly interesting, encompassing the creation of international games and festivals (including a Workers' Wimbledon) which aimed to redress the unequal access which mainstream Olympic sport offered the working-class athletes. It is a pity that Riordan's essay isn't complemented by any discussion of contemporary 'sport for all' events (fun runs, city marathons) which would offer points of comparison and contrast to these inter-war workers' Olympiads.

It is a pity, too, that this book, timely and useful as it is, nowhere explicitly confronts the question of how far socialist ideals of cooperation run counter to sport's intrinsically competitive basis. We may deplore the intensive specialisation necessary to raise a modern gymnast or sprinter, we may suspect that aggressive and self-aggrandising impulses are fostered as well as exorcised in sporting competition, but which would we sooner watch: a five thousand metres run conducted on cooperative lines, or the real, competitive thing? Even if the 'real thing' is the Los Angeles games, and their official soft drink, Coke — which paid, Rick Gruneau tells us in his excellent contribution, some fourteen million dollars for that 'official' tag.

M.H. Ryle

Dr Johnson by Mrs Thrale

ed. RICHARD INGRAMS *Chatto* £10.95

Samuel Johnson 1709-84

K.K. YUNG, JOHN WAIN, W.W. ROBSON,
J.D. FLEEMAN *Herbert Press* £9.95

Johnson's closest friend during the last 20 years of his life, Hester Thrale was also one of the great man's earliest biographers (though not, *pace* Richard Ingrams, the first): her *Anecdotes of Dr Johnson* appeared in March 1786, 15 months after his death, having been preceded only by the memoirs of William Cooke and William Shaw. A twofold rival, Boswell — whose compendious *Life* was not published until 1791 — played down the extent and importance of her intimacy with Johnson and, with more justification, questioned the accuracy of her literary endeavours. The raw material of the *Anecdotes* was scattered throughout Hester's *Thraliana*, an extensive journal, and its transformation into a finished memoir certainly involved much revision and embroidery. Ingrams, by contrast, has simply extracted all the references to Johnson in the journal (some of which Mrs Thrale did not use), making them available separately for the first time. The result is half the length of the *Anecdotes*, more readable and more reliable. Above all, it constitutes a definite boon for those who have long been obliged to wade through a sea of Thraliana in order to retrieve its precious drops of Johnsoniana.

Samuel Johnson 1709-84 is a hardcover version of the illustrated catalogue for the Arts Council's current exhibition of manuscripts, books and paintings which commemorates the bicentenary of Johnson's death. K.K. Yung's detailed notes on the individual exhibits make the volume something more than a mere picture book, while the accompanying essays by Wain, Robson and Fleeman (Robson's spirited defence of Johnson's poetry, in particular) are by no means the usual kind of polite padding. Even so, the book's value and appeal is inevitably limited. The exhibition runs until 14 September — rather incongruously, since Johnson died on 13 December 1784.

David Montrose

A Fair Day: Photographs From The West Of Ireland

MARTIN PARR, text by FINTAN O'TOOLE
Orchard Gallery, Derry, distributed by Phaidon Press £5.95

In this excellent book Fintan O'Toole's introductory essay reveals the whittling away of a culture — and a vision. The vision was Eamon de Valera's for an Irish Republic of people satisfied with frugal but cosy comfort in a countryside 'joyous with the sounds of industry'. The imagery of the vision was ascetic — women in shawls, peasant crofts, horse-drawn ploughs. But the vision lacked appeal and emigration continued well through the 1950s so that at the end of the de Valera era both the economy and culture were a romantic ruin. Since then the importing of American style, injection of American money and membership of the EEC have transformed the republic into the status seeking, materialist, hierarchical culture it was bound to become.

Martin Parr's photographs are masterful and capture the peculiar, disjointed atmosphere of two cultures, not clashing, but mixed up like undigested food. Peasant faces and Vegas style bungalows, a background of rural messiness with poodle parlour kitsch up front make this rich portrait of the West of Ireland a genuine eye opener. It is the antithesis of the picturesque and has been put together with objective fondness.

Peter Dormer

The Ledge Between the Streams

VED MEHTA *Harvill* £12.50

Daddyji, Mamaji and *Vedi* have preceded *The Ledge Between the Streams* and all are parts of a vast autobiographical work which Ved Mehta is gradually constructing while at the same time writing other books: 'I expect to lead this double life, intermittently, for years.'

Mehta was five at the outbreak of the Second World War, and four when he was blinded by meningitis. What is so remarkable about his writing is the evidence of his acutely developed sixth sense. There are two hair-raising, nail-biting accounts of childhood adventures: in one he chases kites with his brothers and cousins over roof-tops, clambering and clinging, using memory of descriptions and 'facial vision' which he describes as 'an ability that the blind develop to sense objects and terrain by the feel of the air and by differences in sound'. In another escapade he teaches himself to ride a bicycle in some of the quieter streets of Rawalpindi.

This volume reaches Partition and the removal of Ved Mehta to America in 1949, where eventually, after Arkansas School of the Blind and Pomona College, he became a naturalised citizen. He contrives to take his readers into his confidence, inviting them into the company of the Mehta family. We share the lives of his aunts, uncles and cousins in the Mehta Gulli in Lahore. We walk with him to the statue of the 'Top Queen', Victoria, and buy roasted peanuts, 'fresh off the fire', from a street vendor. Ved's brother, a cultured public-health official, airs his prejudices. 'I found the Italians to be more like us Indians than the British. They seemed to me to be rather lazy and quarrelsome, disorganized and interested in food'. And he amazes his listeners by telling them that in England newspapers are stacked, unattended, at street corners, and milk-bottles left on doorsteps 'and no one pinches them'.

Sadly, succeeding volumes will no longer concern the Indian way of life; but Ved Mehta's acute perception, if anything sharpened by his blindness, will present intimate, confiding accounts of life in the New World — something to look forward to immensely.

Brian Martin

The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford

RON HANSEN *Souvenir* £8.95

Jesse Woodson James was shot just over a century ago. He was 34, a superstitious, dressy and casually violent man, whose lucky escape from detectives after a particularly abortive bank-job seems to have propelled him into legend long before Bob Ford blew the side of his skull away. Souvenir-hunters were plundering his house within hours (incredibly, within the ear-shot of Oscar Wilde, then dazzling his way across the States). He killed, by his count, 17 men, each of them without art or compunction. The alias he was using when killed was Howard, an unlucky chance for Ford, since it rhymes nicely with *coward*, and lent itself easily to the balladeers.

He seems to have been as indifferently faithful to his wife Zee as history has been to his memory. His assassins — Bob's brother Charley was a lot less snappy with his gun and gumption — were convicted, pardoned, effectively defrauded of the bounty they'd banked on and traipsed amateurishly around the country with a stagey show of their single exploit. Ford, who basked in boyhood in the James fables, kept up a surprisingly resilient life in the face of those who vilified him, until shot by a grudging deputy sheriff, Ed Kelly, ten years later. And Kelly was shot some 12 years on, while biting the ears of the policeman arresting him. And so on.

It's a grim, unlovely and almost indolent catalogue of quirky facts, here shuffled into the shape of a promising novel by Ron Hansen. Or at least 'novel' is the term applied to Hansen's imaginative reconstruction, carefully researched, we must assume, from contempory records. Hansen has certainly a quick ear for his invented dialogue, although his quarry amassed rather too large a cast of characters in his 34 years for Hansen to handle with ease. The last seven months of James's life — rather more than half the narrative here — are presented in a mildly baffling series of interesting episodes.

The book's relaxed, fluent, controlled and even scrupulous attention to its subject leaves Jesse James as empty as was his corpse when they propped it up on ice for the obligatory pictures. The motives of the man remain naggingly insubstantial and, for all Hansen's artifice, there lurks a suspicion that he may really only have decked a dead man in some more appropriate clothes.

Bill Greenwell

BIOGRAPHY
Oliver Harris

Tight-rope

Herbert Read: Formlessness and Form
DAVID THISTLEWOOD *Routledge* £9.95

A biographical introduction to the aesthetics of Herbert Read, poet, essayist and cultural commentator, must contend with formlessness in order to detect form. Even more so than in George Woodcock's broader-based account of 12 years ago, there is no room here for shying away from the anomalies of Read's career: from the complexities of the paradoxical personality who became England's greatest art critic since Roger Fry; from the alternating currents of his avant-garde theorising; or, above all, from the at times bewildering eclecticism of this autodidact.

David Thistlewood admirably details both the diversity of Read's interests and their inner inconsistencies to reveal the vitality of his unsystematic approach to art and life. Possibly the only area inadequately mapped is the precise manner in which Read's criticism was a surrogate for poetry. And a longer discussion of his own novel, *The Green Child*, would have been useful. That apart, Thistlewood fastidiously charts the sources and evolution of Read's work, while resisting the obvious temptation to conceal the extremities of his thought — the pendulum swings between polarities as a preliminary to achieving a desired synthesis.

The study progresses in chronologically overlapping chapters whose titles witness the dialectical cast of Read's mind ('Innocence and Experience', 'Anarchy and Order' . . .), thus following his own definition of Genius, which was 'to contain in oneself opposite extremes and to occupy all the space between them'. Like Whitman he embraces contradiction, like Blake he knows that without contraries is no progression.

Out of conflicting tensions — his lifelong shuttle between romantic and classic preferences — Read's career emerges as a balancing act in which he constantly redefines his approach to a fugitive reality, making it seem reactionary ever to stand still.

There is his awkward classicism in the 1920s when he edited T.E. Hulme's manuscripts and was cultivated by T.S. Eliot. A decade later and he was participating in the ideologically Marxist 'English Surrealist Group' — until his expulsion in 1939 for a heretical attachment to abstraction. Then there is his political anarchism, modeled on Kropotkin, and here seen as a correlate to his theory of creative imagination — until that is he accepted a knighthood in 1953, which in turn still didn't prevent him from marching with CND in the early Sixties.

Wilhelm Worringer, Ruskin and especially Jung (whose collected writings Read edited) were all shaping influences. Deliberately he left no system, but as a brilliant interpreter brought together insights that cut across disciplines. Clearly Read was never afraid of the mutability of his views, claiming in *The Cult of Sincerity* that 'The sun is new every day'. Indeed, he showed an impatient disregard for the incompatibility of selected ideas, which, to pedantic and suspicious critics, betokened amateurism.

FOR MANY YEARS Read worked at establishing the identity of modern aesthetic and scientific philosophy, treating art as an organic event and, as an expression of the scientific Zeitgeist. He found support first in Whitehead's philosophy and then in an enthusiasm for quantum physics with its discovery of discontinuity at the heart of reality. This in turn provided a precise complement to a psychological theory of creativity, an intuitive leap proving the analogy of mental and natural formation. It was one more step toward a general, almost holistic theory that could offer his contemporaries a means of evaluating art both abstract and surreal.

In *Realism and Abstraction* he wrote that 'an evolutionary advance emerges from the act of expression' and so it is fitting that Read's most influential book should be *Education Through Art*, an idealistic programme for a teaching revolution. The goal of social health was to be reached by encouraging the natural creativity of children, a plan that had much in common with the ideas of Alexander Barclay-Russell, whose pioneering work on art education was only recently on exhibition at London's Festival Hall. The other lasting monument to this indefatigable spokesman for modern art is the ICA, of which he was founder-president and which he perceived as a microcosm of our modern anarchistic society — as well as a platform for diffusing ideas throughout the wider community.

Travelling widely, Read was alive to European modernism, an ardent advocate for the work of Gabo, Pevsner, Kandinsky and Klee. And at home there was his commitment to the community of painters and sculptors — Henry Moore, Barbara Hepworth, Ben Nicholson and Paul Nash (curiously, the editing of *Unit One*, their manifesto, goes unrecorded by Thistlewood). In fact temperamentally Read had much in common with Henry Moore, whose humanistic art he located in a middle ground somewhere between classical abstraction and surrealism. It was almost as if in Moore's plastic forms Read found an expression of his own diverted creative spirit.

If this scholarly and stimulating introduction has a weakness it lies in the failure fully to bring alive the enigmatic personality of the poet-turned-critic. For Read's aesthetics have manifestly deep biographical roots, requiring a more vivid anecdotal treatment to match the book's presentation of intellectual coherence. In January 1968, only a few months before returning to die in his rural Yorkshire birthplace, Read was off delivering a lecture in Cuba: it is salutary to think that, had it been economically possible, the revolutionary missionary and prolific critic would probably have remained a very English full-time poet from the north of England. ☐

FILMS
Francis Wheen

Surviving in style

The Last Battle (Le Dernier Combat) (15)
ICA; Screen on the Green
Richard Pryor . . . Here and Now (18)
Dominion

In the old days, films were produced in black and white and without any dialogue because there was no other way of making them. Today, any director who makes a film in black and white and without dialogue is liable to be described as *avant garde*. Luc Besson, the very young (b. March 1959) French director of **The Last Battle,** has done just that.

'Black and white seemed the best way to create a "timeless" atmosphere,' he says, 'and one which was truly "fantastic".' Quite right. But why shoot it in Cinemascope? Here his justification is less convincing: 'The "Scope" frame traces new perspectives and completely distorts derelict settings. And then, too, "Scope" alters the relationships of characters to setting . . . they are no longer anything but poor survivors, crushed by the magnitude of the cataclysm.' Nothing wrong with Cinemascope, of course, but I fail to see how it emphasises that the characters are 'poor survivors'. Pseuds' Corner here we come.

And so to what is perhaps the most important question: why no dialogue? Partly, it seems, because of the subject of the film: the few characters in it are survivors of some unspecified catastrophe which has turned Paris into a heap of rubble surrounded by desert and has left them literally speechless — something to do with the gases released by the 'catastrophe' (not a nuclear holocaust, it is worth noting: there's no fear of radiation). However, Besson believes that the lack of dialogue is also 'the best way of making characters communicate in an emotional way. Without speech, emotion is laid bare.' Watch the remarkably expressive faces of the actors and you'll see what he means.

But this is not a silent movie. Far from it: there is a frisky soundtrack with much clattering of metal and thudding of stone, all of which was recorded in the studio after the shooting. There is also plenty of music, much of it surprisingly conventional for such a deliberately unusual movie. The score for one of the fight sequences sounds just like the stuff used for car chases in *Starsky and Hutch*, with pounding bass and frenetic chorus of trumpets.

It is hard to give an adequate resumé of the film. The man called The Hero is trying to build an aeroplane in a sand-filled office. He ventures into the desert in search of spare parts and finds a gang of slaves led by a nasty white-suited boss who wears a necklace made of human fingers. An odd little slave with a disconcerting resemblance to Rowan Atkinson

TÜSTAV TÜRKİYE SOSYAL TARİH ARAŞTIRMA VAKFI

Cataclysmically-chic barbed wire in Luc Besson's *The Last Battle*

is kept shut away in the boot of an Oldsmobile, being released every so often to crawl into the sewers for water for the gang. The Hero kills The Boss and filches a car battery (and a finger). Back in the office, he gets his home-made plane to work, flying out of the full-length window just as the gang break down his door with a battering ram.

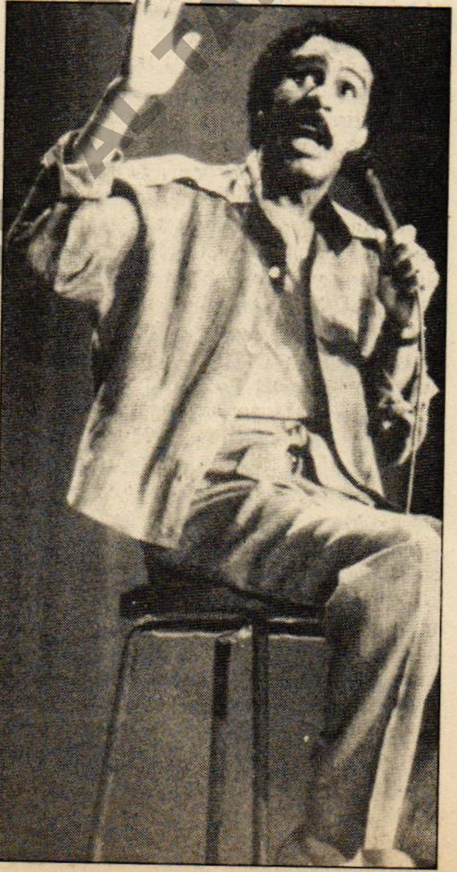
After crashing in the desert, The Hero finds himself in a rubble-strewn town inhabited by The Marauder, a bespectacled psycopath who is trying unsuccessfully to break into a surgery occupied by The Doctor. After being worked over by The Marauder, The Hero — whose peculiar outfit makes him look like a cross between a Japanese warrior and an American football player — has his wounds tended by The Doctor, who paints murals in his surgery and keeps an unseen woman locked in a cell elsewhere on the premises.

With me so far? The Marauder eventually storms the barricades; The Doctor is crushed by falling stones; the mysterious woman in the cell is killed and mutilated by The Marauder and The Hero himself has several close shaves before he gets the better of The Marauder, stabbing him about a dozen times just to make sure. The Hero then flies his aeroplane back to the desert, where he dons a white suit (thus becoming a David Essex lookalike), kills the Gang Boss (again) and frees the Rowan Atkinson impersonator from his durance vile in the car boot. In gratitude, the little fellow leads the hero into a tent, where there is a woman — presumably a perk of the job of being Gang Boss. End of movie.

The film is surprisingly watchable, not least because of the marvellous photography of Carlo Varini. There are even moments of comedy: The Hero gets blotto in a deserted bar and the camera sways in unison with his sozzled lurchings; waking from his drunken slumber, he finds hundreds of fish falling from the sky in a rainstorm.

One critic has already described *The Last Battle* as 'this year's *Diva*' and certainly there are similarities with that famous cult movie. Both films are stylish, enigmatic and beguiling, but both leave one wondering whether they are anything more than exercises in pure style. If you believe (in the words of Pierre Jolivet, who plays The Hero) that the purpose of cinema is merely to 'create spectacle in every form', this is for you. If not, you may find the relentless tone of punk *chic* rather wearisome after the first hour or so.

Richard Pryor . . . Here and Now is strictly for the *aficionados* — that is, people who find it amusing to spend 95 minutes listening to a man say 'Hey, shit, motherfucker' or sometimes (by way of variation) 'Motherfucker, shit, hey'. It was filmed in New Orleans in front of a 'live audience' who are at constant risk of becoming a dead audience by laughing themselves silly every time he says 'Stuff it up your ass' or 'Shut the fuck up', or tells his misogynistic jokes about nagging wives and women who don't 'give pussy'. In a voice-over comment at the start of the film, Pryor says that 'something in me is trying to express itself'. Trying is the *mot juste*. ☐



Richard Pryor trying to express . . . well, something

DANCE

Stephanie Jordan

Rebels

Royal Ballet
Covent Garden
Michael Clark
Riverside

That a choreographer should call his first work for Covent Garden *A Broken Set of Rules* is a healthy sign. Ashley Page, one of the most interesting young dancers in the **Royal Ballet** has decided that a choreographic essay is better a challenge met boldly than a safe copy of tired ideas.

Page has set himself a formidable task in selecting for accompaniment a score by Michael Nyman, based on his music to *The Draughtsman's Contract*. In itself a phase adaptation of Purcell's ground bass procedures, it is Baroque revisited but distorted and oppressive, tranquility and sense enjoyed and striven for but constantly muddled and upturned. Thus, too, Deanna Petherbridge, a fine artist new to the theatre, has designed a monochrome set of vast proportions: grey colonnades with wry perspectives on backdrop and surrounds. One silver column is set, as focal point, within the dancing space, the six dancers taking turns to cling or spring on it from time to time as if it generated some power useful to them. While the costumes echo the shapes and fluted textures of the set, red hair is the concession to colour and symbol of unanimity. The media mix is clear and effective.

Page's vocabulary is rich, his rate of ideas authoritative and his rhythmic sense finely developed. The stability of classicism is present in the line and curve of familiar positions solidly stated, harmony broken; discord, a lack of balance, is suggested in the isolated movements of body parts, the free use of the upper body to curve, tilt, in the jagged flexions and sudden disregard for the traditional turned-out stance. Phrases are complex, as is the manner in which the dancers relate to each other and dovetail the dances.

Perhaps the insistent orchestral *ostinati fortissimi* work against Page, as if they constantly reiterate the final majestic word. Page's choreography cannot quite match the music's colossal scale. Perhaps, too, there is a surfeit of ideas on other levels, but this is surely far more an invitation for applause than for critical or hesitant response. Certainly the dancers, for such a small number, and all of them young, create a surprising energy, especially Jonathan Cope and Sharon McGorian. All perform accurately, letting the integrity of clearly formed movement provide all the eloquence. By giving weight to each of their moves, they achieve a monumental quality.

Michael Clark has probably been breaking the rules ever since he started dancing, yet the same Royal Ballet School training as Page has been a crucial factor in establishing him as the most remarkable dancer personality of his generation. Now, Clark is emerging as one of the most energetic forces in British choreography, his public aesthetic, the metropolitan mix of punk, commercial rock and fringe fashion, enticing bigger audiences to dance.

But there is more to Clark than cult. Among the new wave of independents, it was he who most quickly found his own choreographic vocabulary. Currently, he is proving that his material works on bodies other than his own. The new Michael Clark Dance Company is a consolidation, Clark plus three physically articulate, intelligent young dancers with the strong balletic legs and feet *de rigueur* for his style.

Do You Me? I Did does not correspond directly to the image that Clark (or, rather, his publicists) have been promoting recently. There are no rock rhythms with which to compete, although Bruce Gilbert's music is noisy, a steady monotone that later becomes a harsh pounding beat. In a series of overlapping duets, later an ensemble, the protagonists are strangely impassive about each other, lost in cool contemplation. But Clark has drawn many novelties out of their couplework, exposing ingenious mechanisms and designs. The material is inventive, rhythmically and dynamically subtle: long convoluted adagios peppered with brilliantly executed, razor sharp gestural geometry. Body Map has designed catsuits with knees, navels and armpits cut out and sleeves extended, costumes that follow the choreography in objectifying the dancers, making them less human, more alien humanoid.

New Puritans is a more accurate illustration of Clark's audacity. It is the notorious bare-bum costume piece chosen to grace the cover of *Time Out* a few weeks ago. At Riverside, we saw the company version of what was originally a duet for Clark and Ellen van Schuylenburch. The piece has expanded sideways, in numbers on stage rather than in number of ideas. The two newcomers, Matthew Hawkins and Julie Hood, dressed in dingy brown, are foils for the original pair, often ghosting material or used for partner swapping in unison work. The piece remains as provocative as ever, Clark and van Schuylenburch in Leigh Bowery outfits, colours clashing, harsh make-up and satin shakos. They spit; they gesture insolently; Clark has a length of ribbon magicked out of his arse and swallows a goldfish out of its bowl. In quieter moments, Clark mocks ballet tradition in a stunted *pas de deux*, the dancers teetering in platform shoes.

In this new version, I missed the focus on the close relationship between Clark and van Schuylenburch. The earlier duet ended with a friendly shufflestep down the diagonal, arms interlinked. It provided resolution, a *denouement*, a folkish cliché that afforded the unloveable pair some warmth, endearing them to us. That moment is now a quartet differently handled, the piece bolting on for a few more numbers at high velocity. Of astonishing dancing, there is no dearth. ☐

TELEVISION

Mary Harron

To a pulp

CHANNEL FOUR'S NEW Euro-production, **Jenny**, stars Liv Ulmann as a soulful Norwegian painter struggling with love and the search for her own identity at the turn of the century, and it is every bit as deadly as it sounds. Somewhere along the road since her Bergman days Liv seems to have been canonised and she now plays every role like 'The Song of Bernadette': acting has been replaced by radiant, quivering smiles.

In the first episode we saw Jenny and her artist friends leading a bohemian existence in Rome. I have nothing against the Norwegians — in fact, I prefer to think of them as a gay, sparkling people — but evidently they have no flair for low life. The bohemianism in *Jenny* takes the form of morose dinners in cafés. Occasionally someone raises a glass of red wine and laughs cynically. Neither Jenny nor her best friend Francesca sleeps with anyone, but they do have long tremulous discussions about it, and burst into tears. I haven't read 'the controversial novel by Nobel prize-winning author Sigrid Undset' on which this series is based, but whatever statements it makes about women, sexuality and art have been lost in the soft focus photography. However, I did like the scene where Jenny's young lover Helge tried woodenly to kiss her feet and she told him to stop because it was unhygienic.

Last week I was confused about the politics of **V**, ITV's American science fiction saga about a race of alien reptiles (masquerading with diabolical cleverness as humans) who take over the earth. Having stayed glued to the screen for the next four episodes I've decided it must have been written by a group of ex-sixties radicals who ended up as Hollywood screenwriters: the scenes in which the rebels plotted their campaign against the reptiles looked just like the old Viet Nam Solidarity Committee planning a demonstration. And, in spirit, *V* was impeccably liberal, favouring personal freedom, racial harmony and the triumph of mankind's better instincts. There were even some token good reptiles. At the same time, this was a dazzling piece of pulp entertainment that worked on all the right primaeval levels.

The trick here was combining *Star Trek* with the multiple plot of a soap opera. So, just like in *Dynasty*, even if you were bored with most of the characters there was always someone to care about. And, like all the best pulp, it scored because it knew what *mattered*. Huge chunks of explanation were left out because logic was not the issue here (although occasionally you wondered why the reptiles, scientific geniuses in every other respect, couldn't shoot straight). What mattered was heroism. *V* played shamelessly on our secret doubt: 'What would I do in a life and death confrontation? Would I have courage? Would I betray my friends?' That yearning for heroism (and that capacity for violence) is an embarrassment to civilised people, which is why it is usually only dealt with honestly in fantasies.

Liberalism is rational, pulp fantasy is not. That may be why *V*'s plot went *completely* haywire at the end. Having zapped most of the aliens dead with some kind of lethal red dust, the humans were saved from nuclear destruction (quite unconvincingly) by a mutant child, the product of a union between an alien and a human: clearly our screenwriters, suffering pangs of conscience, felt that A Message was needed somewhere.

If *V* was too solemn, at least it wasn't another boring pastiche. Channel Four's **They Came From Somewhere Else** is just that. This tale of a Milton Keynes-style New Town invaded by sinister Americans, flying raw liver, giant prawns, was produced by a fringe theatre company: someone should have pointed out that wild facial mugging and heavily exaggerated comic accents do not work on the small screen.

In the end everything on this week's television was obliterated by the sight of Monday's **Newsnight** film of Hiroshima, a documentary made two months after the blast and locked in the vaults for 40 years for 'reasons of security'. The soundtrack has been lost, which is almost a blessing, as no commentary could add anything to those images of shiny, swollen radiation scars — worse than any horror movie — or a city reduced to matchsticks.

One reason why science fiction fantasies are so popular now is, of course, that they fuel the hope that, if the unthinkable happens, the human spirit carries on. Evidently not. At Hiroshima, we were told, human relations broke down almost immediately, with only the maternal relationship surviving intact. The information on the film came from two Americans who spent eight months making it; both have cancer.

Moving back to the ridiculous, the Olympics judgments are a disgrace. Admittedly, I haven't been following it that closely, although I do enjoy 'Zola Budd's Diary' (courtesy, one assumes, of the paper's Fiction Editor) in the *Daily Mail*: 'Suddenly the days I've been awaiting so eagerly seem to be approaching at an ever increasing speed . . .' One consolation for the judges' bias — the Rumanians were *better*, damn it — is that, as Zola didn't go for American citizenship, she probably won't win. ☐

FIRST PERSON

Jeremy Lewis

All human life

FACED WITH A choice between the kind of novel that all too often wins important literary prizes and a yellowing stack of trade journals, or old school magazines, the discriminating reader might be well advised to make a bee-line for the back numbers. Whereas the modern 'literary' novel (so understandably unloved by all but a faithful few in North London and the newer universities) tends to be peopled by solipsistic drones of a kind ill equipped to arouse strong sympathy, the *Fishfryers' Journal* or the *Old Chigwellian Gazette* effortlessly excite every known emotion, from ridicule and rage to the heights of pity and pathos.

Although I never joined my Old Boys' Association and have therefore been deprived of the ensuing reading matter for the past 25 years — I was anxious at the time to make some bold gesture of defiance aimed in the general direction of my housemaster, the School Matron and the Combined Cadet Force — I devour other people's Old Boys' (and Girls') magazines with the ferocious relish the Victorians reserved for the latest instalment of *The Old Curiosity Shop* or *Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities.*

How good it is to learn that Bagstock Major (School House) has managed to retain his old enthusiasm for brass-rubbings while forging ahead in his chosen career as a bristleware executive (no humble brush salesman he) and that he telephoned the Head to put young Trevor's name down for the old school within half-an-hour of his birth. Who could have guessed that Dewlap Minor — thought by many to be the weediest boy in the school — would not only land a 'highly responsible' job with the Gas Board, but spend his summer hols bicycling across Luxembourg *and* score 50 not out in the Old Boys' match, sporting his house colours as he flashed from crease to crease? What could be more touching than the tributes that pour in from all sides as some elderly Mr Chips lays down his cane for the last time and makes his lonely way to the Great Common Room in the Sky?

Gripping as school magazines are, trade and 'house' journals do an even finer job when it comes to bringing the human drama to life. Apart from the trade news and inside information — so compelling to the aspiring sausage manufacturer or the quantity surveyor who wants to keep abreast, so utterly meaningless to the world at large — the best of them are, or should be, wondrously accessible to the layperson for the light they shed on the ways in which we give our working lives a sense of purpose and intrigue, staffing offices and factory floors with tyrants and heroes and figures of legendary genius and endowing our somewhat snooze-inducing activities with all the thrills of an interminable soap opera in which each one of us has a role to play, if only of the spear-carrying variety.

Trade mags remind us that the mild-looking clerk in the house next door, with the overbearing wife and the nimble way with the hedge-cutters, may, once seated at his office desk, become a raging ogre, exciting fear and trembling among his awestruck staff ('No, not that one, you idiot!') and a hushed respect among his colleagues and professional rivals; or that the rather dubious individual over the road may well be the Einstein of mass catering and a world authority on portion control; that — as those who interest themselves in pressure groups and the like will tell us — society is abuzz with jostling hierarchies and that the gossip and politics and mechanics of these tiny, self-absorbed, intrigue-ridden worlds, however claustrophobic, are what make the dismal business of earning a living at least tolerable, at best congenial and endlessly entertaining.

Old fashioned readers who pine for the days when novels were populated by 'humours' of one kind or another will find a wealth of instantly recognisable archetypes in the more gossipy sections of the trade mag of today. Here they will discover the loyal old retainer of the kind admired by the Cheerybles in *Nicholas Nickleby,* earning rather less than the marketing manager's 18-year-old secretary as he or she receives the retirement clock from a chairman who has yet to discover their name ('None of us here will ever forget. . .'). They will also discover the office toper, nose ablaze, even in monochrome; the company lecher, spotted here on the firm's outing shortly before disappearing behind a bush with the new trainee in Accounts; the trade sage who has seen it all before and urges the over-excitable to see things in a longer perspective, citing the names of long-forgotten human dynamoes in a self-consoling litany; the joker in the pack, making daring use of Christian names, flattering the mighty while feigning to subvert and encouraging us to think of ourselves as members of one big happy family; the genius of the trade, noble brow puckered, flashing gaze fixed on the middle distance. Trade mags are familiar and reassuring; in a bleak, uncosy world, they make us feel that we matter. ☐

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2834 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Stanley J. Sharpless's fine poem about cocoa as an aphrodisiac is justly famous. Could we have new verses about equally unlikely foods or drinks with the same effect, please — max. 10 lines by 24 August.

No 2831 **Set by Snubbin**

Aptly chosen double-barrelled names.

Report **By PC 49**

After several nights on shredding duty, feeding into the machine all repeats of last time's winners (as, for example, headmaster Ben Dover-Boyce, an old friend of ours in the force), all names invented by several of you (like Toby Arnot-Tobee the Shakespearean actor or Stan Dandy-Liver the highwayman) and finally all those silly phrases cut up into names the like of which have never appeared on our computer — after all that, I was still left with sacksful of vaguely plausible names whose significance dawned only on their being enunciated aloud. Since we wish to include a fair few, I can offer only one Newton per name printed and my condolences to all who so nearly made it.

Ida Knowle-Uvvey: the information desk attendant
Colin Orll-Karrs: the taxi operator
Roy Alsin-Orgie: the *Sun* writer
N. J. WARBURTON

Constant Lee-Starkers: the male stripper
MARTIN FAGG

Patience Arthur-Pitts: the medical receptionist
WILL BELLENGER

Bunty Orbis-Kitts: the tea lady
DAVID TOLEY

Boyce Willoughby-Boyce: the choirmaster
ALAN CLARK

Edna Bigg-Wigg: the judge
PETER VEALE

Hugh Sewell-Lyze: the government spokesman
LISSA EVANS

Hugo Tennyol-Diron: the scrap metal merchant
PASCOE POLGLAZE

Hugh Juste-Levett: the considerate husband
Gore Bligh-Meymott: the lovable Cockney
Leigh Fitt-Twomey: the insufferable know-all
NICHOLAS MURRAY

Anne Vere-Off: the point-to-point commentator
Heidi High-Kempers: the redcoat
PETER NORMAN

Hugh Nevva-Didger: High Court judge manqué, hard-nosed investigative reporter and bar-propper extraordinary
L. D. LEEDS

Willy Palmer-King: the card sharp
Pandit Mercy-Leslie: the critic
TIM HOPKINS

Iona Larges-Tate: the snooty Scottish heiress
JIM ANTHONY

Ivor Playonin-Beckenham: the late-night guest on Radio Two
B. MOORING

Les Shute-First: the police marksman
E. O. PARROTT

Hugh Levi-Malone: the barrack-room lawyer
Ivor Skinful-Ashley: the alcoholic
P. A. SIMONEUS

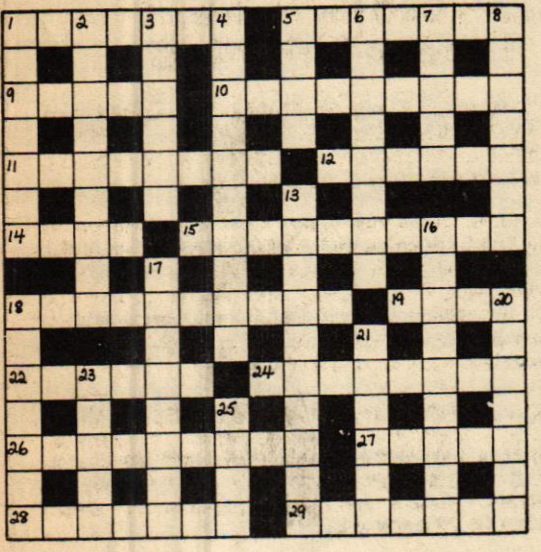
Isadore Loct-Love: the nervous adulterer
GERRY HAMILL

Inigo Nott-Furlong: the England batsman
JOHN BRENCHLEY

Master Bate-Knightly: the sex therapist
Saul Inez-Meind: the amateur psychiatrist
JIMMIE PEARSE

Weekend Crossword 1449

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1449, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 21 August.



Name

Address

ACROSS

1. Part of body which puts the doctor and me into a bad mood (7)
5. Respects in which one is out of one's daydreams (7)
9. Organs of opposition carrying their point (5)
10. Make a fresh hand-out concerning the return of the insulted (9)
11. They are nice to have but may make one disapprove in afterthought (8)
12. Rose's place in Ireland (6)
14. In time of trouble a staunch ally was Tom's friend (4)
15. Rewriting which changes the tale a lot (10)
18. Fire about five hundred graduates for one teacher (10)
19. Nymph in the chorus (4)
22. Where there are articles about evil (6)
24. Crazy person makes expert but random shot (8)
26. Serious scrap between devil and insect (9)
27. Balance the book in foreign currency (5)
28. Undergo changes as a reward (7)
29. Dread in children for something on the shore (7)

DOWN

1. A man with a drink inside is company (7)
2. Said Pepys was crippled by indigestion (9)
3. Conformist part of body? (6)
4. Early morning instruction gets one academic achievement (5,5)
5. Took part in endless round-up? (4)
6. In front is Ariel disguised as a flower (8)
7. Have a good time with a girl in both hands (5)
8. Young man without incentive to become a doctor (7)
13. Marks the occasion when a sailor goes back into the sea (10)
16. Incompetent through being born among the Peruvian whites? (9)
17. How the MP presents his apologies when not in good condition? (8)
18. The faculty gives a fellow a token of permanent engagement (7)
20. Not for in-patients from the centre? (7)
21. Temptress brings a friend up to science (6)
23. Specimens without head or tail are adequate (5)
25. Leading male embraces me (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1448

L	A	M	B	C	U	T	L	E	T	■	S	C	A	B
A	■	A	■	A	■	A	■	Y	■	■	■	A	■	O
R	E	S	T	R	A	I	N	E	D	■	A	N	O	N
K	■	S	■	T	■	L	■	S	■	I	■	T	■	E
■	■	■	H	O	M	E	C	O	U	N	T	I	E	S
S	■	O	■	G	■	N	■	R	■	V	■	L	■	E
T	A	P	E	R	E	D	■	E	V	I	D	E	N	T
O	■	A	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	G	■	V	■	T
C	A	L	I	P	E	R	■	M	I	O	C	E	N	E
K	■	E	■	H	■	E	■	A	■	R	■	R	■	R
P	O	S	T	E	D	A	B	R	O	A	D	■	■	■
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SECRETARY REQUIRED. Secretary to take charge small political office Shepherds Bush area, starting September: typing, filing, phoning and some research. Must like working on his/her own and be committed to the Trade Union and Labour Movement. Hours to suit personal circumstances. Salary according to experience. Please send details of experience and personal and political references to: Box 8991.

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Men and women with relevant experience are invited to reply in writing (enclosing full CV) to:

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General Manager,
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Write for details including a short CV and large s.a.e. to:
Kathy Bourassa, International Voluntary Service, NS11, 53 Regent Road, Leicester LE1 6YL.

WORK FOR PEACE IVS & UNDERSTANDING

EDITOR OF TRADE UNION JOURNAL

The Society of Civil and Public Servants, the Trade Union representing over 90,000 members in the Civil Service and other public bodies, has a vacancy for the Editor of their monthly newspaper **'Opinion'.**

The Editor is responsible to an Editorial Board for all aspects of the production of the newspaper, including editing material provided for publication, for writing and commissioning articles, for writing the editorials and for layout and general design. He/she will be expected to travel researching material for the journal.

Salary scale **£10,242 to £11,468 (including London allowance).** Subject to review with effect from 1 April 1984. Non-contributory pension scheme. Season ticket loan scheme. Annual leave 30 days, plus 10½ days public holiday. Weekly hours — 33¾ hours, excluding lunch hour. Overtime payable for extra hours worked.

Applications, addressed to: **The General Secretary, Society for Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU,** should contain full details of journalistic, editorial and Trade Union experience, together with the names of two referees and a daytime telephone number for contact purposes.

Applications should be received by **20 August**. Interviews will be held on **30 and 31 August**

LOCAL GOVERNMENT CAMPAIGN UNIT LONDON

DIRECTOR
(salary within a range rising to £23,000 inclusive of London Weighting)

The Local Government Campaign Unit has been created as a focal point for the defence of local government services. The unit is based in London with a permanent staff of 14, and is funded by a number of local authorities and trade unions.

The Management Committee is now looking for someone to manage the Unit's resources and to offer a positive lead in the campaign. The Director will be responsible for a considerable level of lobby and liaison work, and will be skilled and experienced in publicity and the effective use of the media. Management ability is essential and previous experience of local government or interest groups would be useful.

TO DISCUSS THIS POST PLEASE RING ROD KNOWLES, CHIEF PERSONNEL OFFICER (0742-734081) OR WRITE FOR FURTHER DETAILS AND JOB DESCRIPTION TO PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT, TOWN HALL, SHEFFIELD S1 2HH. CLOSING DATE 24 AUGUST.

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PUBLICATIONS

COUNCIL HOUSE SALES: read the radical arguments in favour in **'Housing is Theft, Housing is Freedom'** by Colin Ward. Send £1.20 inc. post to Old Hammond Press, 19 Hungerhill Road, Nottingham.

GROUPS

INTER-CIRCLE is a new group for bi-sexuals and their friends. Send 1st class stamp for details. Box 8878.
Inter-circle is a democratic non-profit making group designed to be a forum for bi-sexuals and their gay or hetero-sexual friends.

LISTINGS

SAT 11 AUGUST

LONDON Women against Pit Closures/ NUM National Women's Demonstration and Gala. Assemble 12 noon Temple Tube, WC2. March via Trafalgar Sq. & DHSS Headquarters, Elephant & Castle to Gala 3pm Burgess Pk, Camberwell Rd, SE5. Stalls, refreshments, children's entertainment. Money needed to transport women and children from pit villages. £6 pays one place on coach. Donations to: **Women's Rally Against Pit closures', NUM St James House, Vicar Lane, Sheffield. Details: 01-582 0996.**

MON 13 AUGUST

LONDON 'Roots of Peace' — week long Festival to mark 50th Birthday of Peace Pledge Union (Britain's Secular Pacifist Org.) 11.30am-9pm daily St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Sq. Stalls, films, food, creche, wheelchair access. **Details: Peace Pledge Union 01-387 5501.**

WED 15 AUGUST

LONDON Gay Rights Meeting 6.30pm NCCL Offices, 21 Tabard St, SE1. (nearest tube Borough) All interested organisations invited to attend. **Details: NCCL Gay Rights Cttee. 01-403 3888.**

SAT 18 AUGUST

LONDON Demonstration for British withdrawal from Ireland marking 15h Anniversary of troops going in. Assemble Speakers Corner 1pm. **Details: 18 August Demo. Cttee. 27 Clerkenwell Close, EC1.**

FORTHCOMING

19-26 AUG COUNTRYWIDE 'Women are walking' to Demo at Hinckley Nuclear Power Station nr. Bridgewater, on River Severn, Somerset. Org. by Peace Women & Miners' wives. So far marchers going from mining villages S. Wales to Barry to cross R. Severn by boat; also from Leicester Greenham Common. Offers of transport (buses for kids/ food) boats, accommodation overnight **Phone: Penni, Annie, Judy 0222 496792. For Leicester march: 0533 556099/702585. For Scottish walks: Anne 041-423 1485/632 0420.**

25 AUG BIRMINGHAM 'Working with the Media' CND day school 10am-5pm Trade Union Resource Centre, Frederick St. Adm. £2 (bring packed lunch). **Org. W. Midlands CND, 54 Allison St, Digbeth, B5.**

26-27 AUG AYLESHAM, Kent. 2 day Festival 'Mines not Missiles' in support of the miners. Noon till midnight. Org. Canterbury Miners Support Grp./NUM K.T.U.A. Details: 0304 206271/206661.

1-2 SEPT DURHAM 'Making our Future: Change in Women's Education'. Residential conf. for those working with women. Workshops on health, community work, counselling etc. **Details: Eileen Aird, Organising Tutor in Women's Education, WEA Offices, 51 Grainger St, Newcastle upon Tyne 1.**

7-9 SEPT BIRMINGHAM West Midlands CND regions & areas development/ campaign strategy weekend. St. Francis Hall, Birmingham University. **Details/ biking: WM CND, 54 Allison St. Digbeth, Birmingham B5 5TH. 021-632 6909.**

10-14 SEPT. OXFORD 2nd Annual Conf of Howard League for Penal Reform. Pembroke College. **Booking forms: Howard League, 322 Kennington Park Rd, London, SE11 4PP. 01-735 3317/ 8/ 9.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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KRISHNAMURTI, the well-known revolutionary religious speaker and educator, will be holding public talks and discussion meetings at Brockwood Park Educational Centre, Bramdean, Nr. Alresford, Hants., at 11.30 a.m. on 24, 26, 28, 30 August and 1, 2 September. No tickets needed. For details of train and coach arrangements from London, please telephone Bramdean 228.

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ACTIVE, CREATIVE, unusual male, references, 45, 5' 8", needs intelligent rich woman, in exchange for sincerity, labour, accommodation, driving, companionship, or whatever you need. Genuine. Box 8928.

AFRICAN, 32, POET,
seeks female (22-36) for warm, genuine relationship. A lifetime of happiness and fun together. Judge me by my future works.
West Yorkshire.
Box 8966

AMERICAN SCIENTIST, Central European origin, appreciating music, arts, outdoors invites acquaintance with left-hemisphere-dominant, non-religious Jewish woman mathematician, physicist or engineer, 36-59, for eventual companionship. Box 8987.

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ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstances for warm friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/surrounding areas. Box 9003.

Together we are winning! All behind the miners!

Women Against Pit Closures/NUM

NATIONAL WOMEN'S DEMONSTRATION AND GALA

Sat 11 August in London

ASSEMBLE: Noon, Temple Tube, London WC2. MARCH: via Trafalgar Sq & DHSS HQ, Elephant & Castle. GALA: 3pm, Burgess Park, Camberwell Rd SE5 — with stalls, refreshments, children's entertainments.

Info: 0742 700388/01-582 0987

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EARLY 20s businessman seeks girlfriend with intellectual, political (non-Tory), and active social interests. All replies answered. Box 8973.

FEMINIST, WEST LONDON, mother, teacher, 36, into CND, Labour Party, would find life more complete with non-smoking, reliable man, to whom looks are immaterial. Box 8974.

GRADUATE WOMAN school teacher, 45, divorced, warm, honest and loving, seeks similar man for close relationship. Interests: music, travel, home-life. London home. Box 8810.

JOYFUL, PRETTY WIDOW,
NW London, art teacher, 5' 8", seeks a good man (44-56 approx.), practical, friendly and with a sense of humour.
Box 8977

LIVELY, INTELLIGENT lady, 50s, unattached, seeks similar man, n/s, to share visits to theatres, concerts, galleries, maybe holidays and generally widen horizons. Avon/Somerset/Wilts area. Box 8979.

LONDON, 40s, MALE
intellectual, seeks sincere relationship, possibly leading to marriage, with interesting, attractive, younger female. Interests include: conversation, science, human progress.
Box 8999

LONELY DOCTOR, male under 40, sought by slim, very attractive woman colleague, 30s, view having more fun and finally settling down to family life. Box 8993.

MALE AGED 22, unemployed, shy, socialist, interested in sociology, current affairs, travel, and rock music, seeks a kind female companion. Derby/environs. Box 8975.

MALE CIVIL SERVANT
young looking 58, single, varied interests, C.M., books, O.U. studies, seeks friendship with intelligent, non-smoking female. London based preferred.
Box 8942

MALE LECTURER, 46, divorced, sensitive, caring, non Tory, interested in the arts and social sciences, seeks attractive, intelligent female, 30s-40s, for sincere relationship. Midlands. Box 8945.

MALE 38, quiet, but likes theatre, music, cinema, would like to meet lady, 27-38, initially for friendship, but hopefully more. London NW2. Box 8972.

MALE 33, usual intellectual pretentions and pastimes, meat eating vegetarian, vast and varied background, wants to meet equally silly, outspoken, honest female. West Yorks. Box 8981.

MANCHESTER / WEST YORKS. Lecturer, young 34, sense of humour, most interests, seeks good looking lady for caring relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 8976.

MALE, RECENTLY retired, in Sussex, seeks female companion. Box 8990.

NORTH WEST: humorous but serious man desireth desirable woman, for many reasons. I like countryside, walking, camping and cats. Prefer you to also. No smokers. Box 8994.

PAINTER (VIRILE MID-SEVENTIES)
seeks lady, not over 65 or 5' 4" in height, to share joys of art, motoring, music, reading, sex, walking etc. Bath/Bristol/Stroud area.
Box 9000

PROFESSIONAL GRADUATE, 62, wants men and women friends, varying kinds of relationship, to accompany her in activities: music, theatre, countryside, reading, caring, kind, humorous. Box 9002.

QUIETLY ANARCHIC, home-loving, tall, slim, presentable designer into usual arts, ecology, growth, rural France, cooking, Taoism, tickling and telly hopes to share these and more in caring relationship with warm, creative, comely female on the bright side of forty. London-based. Box 8988.

RECENTLY RETIRED, humorous graduate officer, mid-fifties, seeks like-minded, lithe lady sophisticate, 40+, interested companionship, travel, Iberian languages, and application of alternative medicine: London area. Box 8983.

SINGLE WOMAN, presentable and caring, 45, wanting to meet intelligent, unattached socialist Yorkshireman. I'm a teacher needing uncomplicated companionship. Replies answered. Box 8938.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE MALE 48, sense of humour, successful, varied interests, seeks lively, sensuous lady (40s/50s), to share loving, lasting relationship. I'm sure you're out there somewhere! Box 8982.

THIS WEEKS Special Offer Me! Ageing MGB owner, 30, seeks lady with t.l.c. to spare, love of adventure, music, arts essential. Notts. Box 8996.

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Une femme d'un certain age, friendly, spirited, multifarious interests, hopes to meet a mensch with savoir-vivre, youthful, over 50, unattached, solvent, sensitive, intelligent, easy-going. London.
Box 8998

UNATTACHED MALE, University teacher, would like to meet intelligent, attractive, female partner, mid-late 30s, preferably not taller than 5' 6" ish, interested in music, the arts generally, sport, travel. London area. Photo appreciated, but not essential. Box 8980.

WARM-HEARTED, UNPRETENTIOUS working man (thirties), artistical intellectual interests, especially writing, seeks relationship with woman of any age. Photo welcome, but not necessary. A.L.A. (London). Box 8997.

WOMAN 36, divorced, tall, slim, non-academic, professional, seeks younger male, non-smoker, share outdoor pursuits, eating, drinking, walking, talking, fun, laughter. Birmingham area. Box 9010.

YOUNG 37 year-old male, liberal in spirit but frugal in habits, seeks attractive female companion, who is caring and sensual for mutual togetherness. Box 8995.

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PIT
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Benefit

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