

## Guardian takes design award

THE GUARDIAN has won the 1971 Newspaper Design Award in the class for daily and Sunday newspapers. It is the first time the Guardian has won the award, although it has been second on three previous occasions, most recently in 1970.

In making the award, the judges say: "No one can dispute that, among the quality magazines, the Guardian possesses the essential quality of impact. It is adept at handling its simple typography. . . It is an exceptionally well organised and well labelled paper, so that the reader can find his way about easily and speedily."

The judges add that their longest and deepest argument was to decide the relative merits of the Guardian and the Sunday Times. "After detailed consideration of the design efforts of these two distinguished newspapers, the Guardian won—by a majority."

The judges were Lord Redcliffe-Maud, Mr Raymond Hawkey, and Mr A. B. Smith, with Mr Allen Hutt as technical adviser. The awards are sponsored by the Linotype Group in cooperation with "Printing World." Yesterday's award was received at the Savoy Hotel on behalf of the Guardian by Mr Brian Jones, assistant editor and production editor.

Winner of the class for evening papers was the "Oxford Mail," and for weekly papers the "West Lancashire Visitor," Southport.

The Guardian's award, which coincides with its 150th anniversary year, is the latest of a series. Other recent awards have included: Alastair Hetherington, Journalist of the Year for 1970 in the National Press awards.

Women's Page of the Year for 1970 (Granada Television award).

Peter Jenkins, political writer of the "Political Companion" poll.

Philip Hope-Wallace, runner-up as Critic of the Year in the National Press awards.

The Guardian also won the Newspaper of the Year title in the 1969 Granada TV awards.

## Chinese accuse India

AT THE United Nations last night China accused India of creating the problem of East Pakistani refugees by interfering in Pakistan's internal affairs. The Chinese representative strongly reiterated his Government's pro-Pakistan position.

Indian Army, page 3

## Death squad

A BRAZILIAN detective was sent to prison for 33 years yesterday for taking part in a "death squad" murders of 11 people. Death squads are said to be made up of police officers who execute alleged criminals. Evidence against the detective Genesio Cunha, showed that bullets found in a grave where nine of the bodies were buried, came from his gun.

## Rhodesia vote

THE UN Decolonisation Committee voted by 39 to 3, with 10 abstentions, that there should be no independence in Rhodesia before majority rule is achieved.

Sir Alec's talks, page 2.

## Invitation

PRESIDENT Gustav Heinemann of West Germany has accepted in principle an invitation from the Queen to make a State visit to Britain next year, probably some time after mid-October.

## Lost gold

BRITISH airport police investigations have proved that gold ingots worth £15,000, which disappeared on a flight from New York to Tel-Aviv, had been switched at Heathrow to a plane flying to Israel, were not stolen at the London terminal.

## Building

THE TUC asked Mr Julian Amery, Minister for Construction Industries, yesterday to consider setting up a Public Procurement Corporation responsible for placing all construction contracts.

# Monks accused of helping Ulster escapes

From SIMON WINCHESTER in Belfast

Two Cistercian monks appeared in court in County Tyrone yesterday accused of assisting two men to escape from the Crumlin Road prison, Belfast, early this week.

At the same time, hundreds of troops and police were searching the monastery of Our Lady of Bethlehem in Portlengone, County Antrim, some 30 miles away, where the accused monks live and work.

At dusk search parties reported that nothing had been found, although there were unconfirmed suggestions that a radio set had been discovered in a chicken shed. Late in the evening the two monks were allowed to return to the care of their abbot, who stood bail of £800 for them.

## Wilson upset about debate

From IAN AITKEN in Dublin

Mr Harold Wilson flatly denied last night that he had made his fact-finding visit to Northern Ireland and Dublin as an emissary of the Conservative Government. He had not discussed any such proposal with Mr Heath in advance, he said. Mr Wilson was speaking at a press conference at Dublin airport before flying back to London.

He confirmed that he had asked that a member of the staff of the Cabinet Office should be attached to his team so that a detailed report of his talks could be delivered to Mr Heath. But he insisted that although the Government had provided facilities for his visit, he had not discussed with Mr Heath any proposal that he should act as an emissary.

Mr Wilson also declared that it was quite wrong to assume that he had come to Ireland with any preconceived views or ideas on the for-which a solution of the Ulster problem should take. "The political history of both our countries is covered with the white bones of politicians who had preconceived ideas about how to solve the problem."

## Dismayed

Earlier, it had become clear that Mr Wilson was taken aback and dismayed by the discovery that there is not now to be a debate on Ulster in the Commons next week. The whole of his tour, and the impressive array of groups and individuals whom he had met, was based on the assumption that he would be able to reveal his conclusions in a major speech to the Commons on Tuesday or Wednesday.

Mr Wilson said that the problem was so urgent that he would now take some other early opportunity to make his conclusions known. "I do not think this situation will wait, so I may have to find an opportunity to make a statement in other circumstances," he said. One opportunity which will offer itself next week is the Parliamentary Labour Party debate on Northern Ireland, scheduled for next Tuesday. It is possible that Mr Wilson will choose to address that meeting at length, relying upon a subsequent press conference by the chairman of the party, Mr Douglas Houghton, to make the context of his speech known publicly.

However, there is every sign that Mr Wilson will have some

## Historical

At his press conference Mr Wilson was bombarded with tendentious and often historical questions about the root causes of the Northern Ireland crisis. He replied: "One of the biggest curses of Ireland is an undue preoccupation with people who are long dead. I am much more concerned with people who are still living—and I want them to go on living."

He confirmed that he had refused to meet representatives of the IRA, explaining that it was his view that the settlement would have to be reached by democratic discussion. "I do not believe that a gunman can say: 'I am shooting these people, and therefore you have got to listen to me.'"

Asked whether he agreed with Mr Maudling's reported statement on leaving Northern Ireland some months ago—"what a bloody awful country"—he recorded that he could not accept that view. It contained a lot of fine people

sharp words to say to those of his colleagues in the Shadow Cabinet who were responsible for allowing the Government to sidestep the idea of a debate next week, for the cancellation of the debate means that Mr Wilson will be unable to address the Commons on Ulster for more than a fortnight. He is due to fly to New York next Saturday, and will not be returning to London until late the following Wednesday.

Mr Wilson's talks in Dublin began yesterday morning with a long session with the Prime Minister of the Republic, Mr Lynch, and members of his Cabinet. This was followed by a meeting with Mr Boland, the leader of the new hardline Republican Party. He had lunch with Mr Cosgrave, who heads the Fine Gael Party.

There were suggestions yesterday that two other prisoners were being smuggled across the border into the Republic at about the same time as the car carrying Keenan and Mullan was stopped. It is believed that a full-scale

Children of the barricades 11  
Woman shot as troops clash  
with gunmen on border, back

smuggling operation was in progress that night. Certainly, Mr Cahill said yesterday that the remaining seven were now all in the "safety" of the Irish Republic and apparently had been since early yesterday. At 8 am yesterday, a large force of heavily armed Marine Commandos, artillery men and Scots Guards, together with RUC men, entered the monastery. Forty-three monks, all members of the fairly strict, silent Cistercian order, were apparently fully cooperative as police searched "every single inch" of the monastery buildings, including the chapel. Soldiers did not enter the main buildings but confined their searches to the 300 acres of surrounding farmland where the monks make their living by rearing cattle and poultry.

By 4 pm the search was over and the Abbot, Dom Aengus Dwyer, said that no damage had been done and that he had no criticism of the operation. The soldiers were only doing their duty. It is understood the monks' day was respected by the search parties and there was no disruption of the regular religious programme.

In court at Omagh, Father Thomas O'Neill and Brother Patrick Skeehan appeared with Keenan and Mullan and the two businessmen Eugene Scallion, of Omagh and Hugh Downey, of Portlengone. The Crumlin Road prisoners were charged with escaping from custody, the two monks with assisting them to



Break in the daily routine as troops search the monastery at Portlengone.

# Price trends showing check on inflation

By VICTOR KEEGAN, Industrial Correspondent

Government figures published yesterday provide substantial evidence that inflation is slowly being overcome. According to the Department of Employment the official index of retail prices rose 0.9 points in October to 156.4, or 9.4 per cent above the level of a year earlier.

The increase in the index conceals a very significant change of trend. In August prices were 10.3 per cent above a year earlier, in September this came down to 9.9 per cent, and last month it was 9.4 per cent. Price increases, of course, are still at a high level, compared with a year earlier, but this is mainly because there were such big price increases in the first half of the year. In the three months since the Federation of British Industry's price initiative, prices have risen only 0.8 per cent.

Such a small increase (equivalent to an annual rise of only 3.2 per cent) is partly due to seasonal falls in food prices and is unlikely to be maintained, but it does explain the confidence in Whitehall that inflation is being checked. There is good reason for this confidence since the price slow-

down at the retail level is still not reflecting much of the effects of the Confederation of British Industry's price initiative which acts immediately on wholesale prices, but only after an interval of up to six months on more on retail prices—depending on how many stocks retailers are holding and other factors.

What has happened is that the CBI's initiative has coincided with a period of slow deceleration of prices in an important range of goods. Indeed, it was because profits were rising following the last round of price increases that the CBI was able to make such a public demonstration.

A large part of last month's price increases consisted of the usual winter increase in coal prices—which could equally be described as the withdrawal of the summer reduction—plus rent increases, especially in council houses.

There were also increases in such things as hairdressing, shoe repairing, car insurance, some Sunday newspapers, and rates in Scotland, all commodities either outside the scope of the CBI's initiative or exempted.

Yesterday's figures coincided

## Strike peace talks fail

By our Labour Staff

The Coventry toolroom strike by 8,000 workers will go ahead from Monday, throwing many thousands out of work. Another attempt by the Department of Employment, with Mr Robert Carr standing by if necessary—to persuade both sides that they might have something to talk about ended after more than six hours.

The stumbling block was the last night without agreement employers' refusal to allow the toolroom workers' pay agreements to be reinstated until an alternative was negotiated. Mr Bob Wright, Midlands executive member of the engineering union, said that only a return to the status quo could lead to the strike being called off.

The 30-year-old agreement has automatically given the toolroom workers the average rate of skilled production workers. The employers have ended it because they say it is inflationary and want it replaced with plant bargaining.

The strike will really begin to bite towards the end of next week when up to 30,000 workers could be laid off. Already 4,500 Jaguar and Triumph workers have been sent home because of the series of one-day-a-week toolroom strikes over the last two months.

One bright spot on the motor scene is the likely end to the three-day Ford dispute on Monday. It is over a management instruction to speed up the Cortina assembly line from 263 to 269 cars a shift. But a formula was reached last night which will be put to workers on Monday. Last night Ford claimed it had lost 3,500 cars valued at £3.5 millions.

## TV and radio 2 & 3

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## Heath to see TUC over workless

By KEITH HARPER

Mr Heath has agreed to meet the full general council of the TUC to discuss the mounting unemployment problem. The meeting will take place at 10 Downing Street on November 29.

The decision to ask the Prime Minister for talks was taken by the TUC's finance and general purposes committee. This will be the first time Mr Heath has met the TUC General Council since the Conservatives were elected. He has, of course, already met Mr Heath on several occasions, and the TUC economic committee has been to Downing Street.

Mr Jack Jones, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, and a senior member of the TUC general council, said last night that unless urgent action was taken to produce more jobs there could be a succession of lobbies on unemployment, and he could even envisage industrial action.

The country was in "a crisis situation." It was not just the unemployed who were worried, but people at work were also concerned about their jobs. "We have a situation where even Government supporters are facing bankruptcy, while our members face redundancy."

## Lower rates

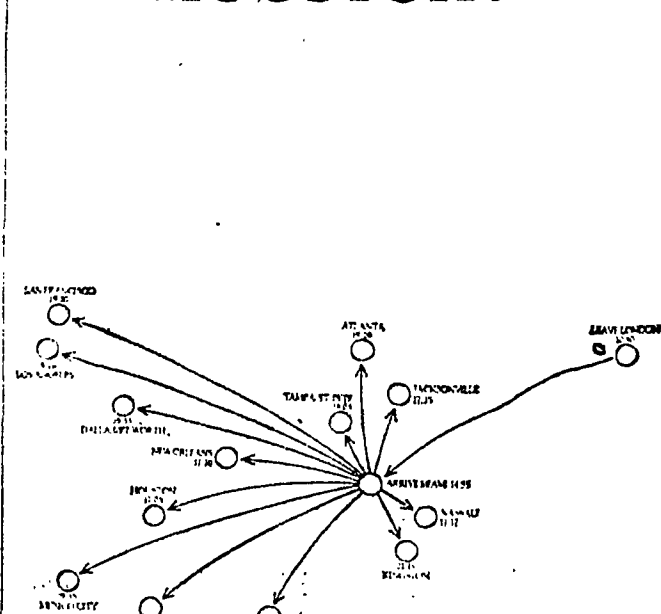
Mr Jones said that the TUC would be pressing Mr Heath for a crash programme for public building, which would mean more schools and more houses. They would also demand lower interest rates to stimulate more investment in the industry. "We must have talks at the top to ensure that the crisis situation is fully understood by the Government," he explained.

The confrontation between Mr Heath and the TUC is likely to be a stormy one. The TUC has been advocating that the Government should take advantage of the £600 millions' balance-of-payments surplus—the legacy of the Labour Government—and put it into an expanded programme of public works in the areas where unemployment is highest.

The TUC also wants the Government to encourage further investment and to support the nationalised industries with more money in order to preserve jobs and maintain work prospects.

On Thursday it was announced that the number out of work was 970,022—an increase of 40,346 on the figures for October.

# WHAT'S THE CONNECTION BETWEEN LONDON, MIAMI AND HOUSTON?



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## FEATURES GUARDIAN

REMEMBER THE CLASS of '53? Elizabeth Regina and the Ashes at the Oval, Everest and Ghandiana, and sharing a little something of all of them, if only in his friends (and who then needs enemies?). A Very Great Man Indeed, Richard Shewin, novelist, was only lately dead; Henry Reed, abetted by the ever-admirable if progressively truncated Third Programme, chose an apt year to set about chronicling the life and times of one who seemed to enshrine characteristics of Greene, Maugham, Lawrence, and Forster. To name but a few.

In the end there were seven plays, four of which have just been published by the BBC. The idea came to Reed when he was researching for a biography of Thomas Hardy. "My mind would often wander from my subject," he writes in his preface. "Minds do this. And none more eagerly and rapidly. I came to notice, than those of the people I interviewed who had personally known my Author... always, a few nights afterwards, once more sorting my data, I would realise that the main content of their disclosures had concerned, exclusively themselves."

Thus Herbert Reeve, scholar, gained more of innuendo than information from his encounter with Stephen Shewin, the late novelist's fork-tongued brother (blessed with a marvellous Carleton Hobbs voice), and from Hilda Tablet, composeress—or lady music-writer, as Stephen preferred to describe her. She, in fact, was the character who really opened up the future for the series, and Mary O'Farrell was unforgettable as her alter ego, the iron-woman that Hilda was written into the first play at a late stage, just for the contrast of a fairly female voice.

The plays can be read today as freshly and funnily as ever they sounded in their many repeats. The Great Days of Radio may be no more than a nostalgic cliché, but such things as "Under Milk Wood," the Radio ballads, and the Hilda Tablet pieces do seem to mark a specially creative decade. Moreover the plays were sharp enough, as it used to be rumoured, to make one British composer feel quite litigious. The composer was not Benjamin Britten, in spite of the fact that Dame Hilda, as she was to become, wrote an opera entitled "Emily Butler" with an all-female cast and a villainess called Clara Taggart. "As long as the characters are funny it doesn't matter who you're getting at," Reed thinks. He says that the portraits are "affectionate parodies," and that you can't parody people you don't like. "In fact I'm not getting at anyone, only myself—there's a good deal of aboriginal Hilda Tablet in me."

But to what extent is Herbert Reeve, the narrator, his own self-portrait? "Wholly," he says. Can Reed himself, though, he so much and put-upon as was poor Hugh Burden at every turn? "Desperately. All the time. So shockable and naive? 'Well, aren't I?' Nowadays no one could find anything objectionable in the plays, but Reed—who says he's suffered a lot from censorship—had a bit of trouble at the time. A fair number of passages, accepted by the producer, and already recorded by the cast, were sometimes,



Picture of Henry Reed by Peter Jones

## The Reeve's Tale

by Christopher Ford

When the stars of Douglas Cleverdon and Henry Reed moved in conjunction, they produced A Very Great Man Indeed, great radio in the great days of radio. Reed's series of plays has just been published and Cleverdon next week stage-manages the Cheltenham Literary Festival

at a late moment, ordered out by higher assessors, on the grounds of indecency," he writes. "To the reclamation of these passages I have given... a most zealous attention."

It was one of the higher assessors who forbade Stephen Shewin's answer to Herbert Reeve's assertion that Charterborough had had a most healthy reputation: "In the year 1893 it had indeed, Mr Reeve. My brother did not go there until the autumn of 1894. By January, 1895, the cities of the plain were as an herbaraceous border in company. I was the only boy in the school to remain untouched by the disastrous infection."

And, alas, it falls to Stephen to reveal that his brother had written a play on a Certain Subject. "My brother's interests and habits were very far-ranging, Mr Reeve: they were not simply confined to seduction, adultery, fornication, and rape." Paris

of this dramatic discovery are, indeed, heard during "A Hedge, Backwards," the fourth of the group; but the decencies of the fifties were positively encouraged to demand that Billy, the younger central character, became transmuted into Jenny, which created problems of its own. She addresses her friend Roger: "But, Roj, the only reason I went with that other bloke... he kept on giving me a new five-pound note, and saying now much he admired my chest-expansion; and any girl would have been a bit took in by that. Roj, straight, they would, Roj." This was excused.

Other exchanges, no less immortal, were allowed to stay, several of them involving Evelyn, who has recently completed his National Service in the Army, and whose most precisely defined relationship to Hilda is that of secretary. Hilda and others are in Greece when the light of inspiration

is switched on and she decides her next operatic subject will be the Lysistrata. She commands Herbert Reeve to make full note of the moment, of who was present and suchlike, when...

Evelyn (suddenly): "Hello!" Hilda: "Hello, where've you been?" Evelyn: "Been for a little walk." Hilda: "Who with?" Evelyn: "My friend Spiro." Hilda: "Who's he?" Evelyn: "The one over there. In the white jersey." Hilda: "Well, my lad, you missed the experience of a lifetime this afternoon." Evelyn: "Oh, no, I didn't, dear."

Reed has the knack of turning quite a common phrase to shrewd effect, as when Hilda is complaining furiously that Stephen Shewin usurped the task of organising the music for his brother's funeral. "The occasion was a calculated insult. It had been an understood thing for years that when

poor Dick passed on, they should play my little dirge, written ages before, a little piece called 'Funeral Baked Meats' for two flutes, harmonium and tam-tam; oh, just a simple little elegiac sort of piece, the second half being of course an inverted cancrizans of the first half, as you naturally expect in a piece written for a funeral.... And poor Dick was very fond of that piece very fond. He said to me: 'You'll play that piece over my dead body one of these days, Hilda.'"

Dear Hilda. After an excursion into musique concrète renforcée, what sort of things would she be composing today? Parables for church performance? "I don't want the parallel with Benjamin Britten to be pressed," says Reed, giving an indefinable sort of look. "She was going to be resolutely a Schoenbergian. She was going to improve on him, of course."

I was writing another, it was going to be called 'After a Certain Age'. I was writing it one night, and the next morning Douglas Cleverdon, the producer, came round for some other reason and had to break the news that Mary O'Farrell was dead. She was a sine qua non. So it was never completed, but Hilda was going to be the reason why Skalkottas had suppressed his music all his life. We were going to be made out that this was on Hilda's advice."

The fourth main character, General Gland, as played by Deryck Guyler, seems at least as recognisable as any of the others. He dominates the sixth play, "Not a Drum was Heard." There were lots of war memoirs coming out at the time, Reed explains, "and it seemed nice to add to them." The general is a soldier-scholar who is obsessed by the sound of bells and writes poetry in his spare time. "He talks about 'pregnant gravity'—he writes a poem he wants Hilda to settle to music, as he puts it." He also puts commands from her a "Rangoon March."

Had life turned out differently Reed, now 57, might have been a musician, and he talks with enthusiasm of the contribution of Donald Swann to the Hilda Tablet saga. Yet he has built up a steady reputation as poet and radio dramatist: he once had a poem banned by the "Listener" because it included the word "brothel." "Naming of Parts," all about a rifle, has been anthologised; he dramatised "Moby Dick" for radio; and of his several plays based in Italy, to which he's devoted, the BBC production of "The Streets of Pompeii" won the Italia Prize in 1953 also.

His modern literary preoccupations nevertheless are mainly on the lighter side. He likes Simonon for his creation of atmosphere; "I don't think of the imagination as being other than visual," he remarks when we talk of the contrast of sound radio and television. For the past couple of years Woodhouse has been central to his reading. All of which is as well, for he won't mind being remembered for his lighter pieces. "I saw the Penguin Dictionary of Modern Quotations in a shop. I remember thinking 'I've got 150 sleeping tablets at home, and if I'm not in that I'll take some of them with a large Pepsi-Cola.' He gets more than three columns, the entries mostly coming from the Tablet plays."

## Walking on air

The week's radio by Gillian Reynolds

WHERE to start this week? With the extraordinary "Hello, Goodbye" from Australia on last Saturday's "Afternoon Theatre" (Radio 4) which in the way of unpretentious art managed to be universal about people within a very sharply defined picture of a quite alien society; with Richard Wortley's adaptation and production later that evening of Graham Greene's "The Third Man" in which Ian Hendry as Harry Lime was Harry Lime and not Orson Welles and was superb; with any of a dozen other radio programmes from all around the network?

For it has been an absolutely marvellous week on radio for selective and habitual listeners alike and it is neither just nor proper to have to skip over an excellent "It's Your Line" on China, a brilliant vignette from Gerald Priestland on Far Eastern films on "Newsdesk" (both Radio 4, Tuesday), and a delicious memoir from Percy Edwards on Thursday's "After Seven" (Radio 2) of all the different dog roles he has played (from Psyche in "Life of Bliss" to your actual Hound of the Baskervilles).

On, however, to three of the week's major attractions, starting with Brecht's "The Days of the Commune" (Radio 3, Sunday). I have noticed over the past 18 months a tendency among what Richard Hoggart and Arthur Dooley call the "Hampstead set" to groan a bit whenever Brecht is so much as mentioned. In a way, I suppose the Hampstead set are justified since they were all into the Brecht bag way back in the fully employed sixties and probably feel they have been over the Messingkauf course once too often.

In the opinions I have heard so far of last Sunday's production (again by Richard Wortley), carping about style and stance seem to have outweighed considerations of the play's quite naked contemporary political relevance. It seemed to me, perhaps, naively, that here was the play about Northern Ireland that nobody has yet had the dramatic courage to come up with. The debate about the rights and wrongs of revolutionary action, the vivid satire on capitalist vulnerability, the fine margins between class war and civil war all came over with so much force that I kept wondering whether the programme had actually been allowed to go out in Ulster.

Certainly if one had been listening to the play as if it were only about an isolated historical incident one might allow oneself the luxury of being snide about those ghastly songs (my dear, too draggy) and the somewhat pedestrian literalness of the presentation but if the only time an audience feels it can indulge itself in revolutionary theatre is in an era of isolationist prosperity, then heaven help us all.

At the same time, I do appreciate the ennui which sets in when something—an author, an issue, a fashion—has been ravenously masticated by the voracious media. Take the Soledad Brothers for instance, subject of dozens of deeply analytic news stories, they have become pamphlet martyrs, posterised profiles. And then take last Tuesday's "A Story of Our Time" on Radio 4 in which Charles Parker and Godfrey Hodgson made total sense of the George Jackson story.

The technique was the cumulative one where the narrator speaks the facts which are then dilated upon by interwoven accounts of the people involved. Over an hour, we heard the voices of Jackson, of his lawyer, of the prison governor; and gradually the world of San Quentin built up within the mind. The spoken word produced an extraordinary response through which the facts took on an appreciated meaning. The Soledad story was no longer words on a page or a slogan in someone else's mouth. The listener now knew the story from inside the facts.

Ian McIntyre's interview on Sunday night with Richard Hoggart, this year's Reith lecturer, was a beautiful piece of work; not an abstraction of question and answer. It was a pointed and stimulating conversation which left me impatient for the start of the lectures on Tuesday night. And when Tuesday's broadcast was over, I felt equally impatient for next week's.

Professor Hoggart is talking about communication, in the sense of how we connect with each other in society. He talks simply, his illustrations are homely, his observation is clear. He said on Sunday night that he was no good at writing novels and yet what he says about people displays all the craft that a great novelist needs. I feel that he is talking to me about a society I recognise and by Wednesday morning he had completely refocused my vision of people in the street.



Picture of Douglas Cleverdon by Don Morley

## THE THIRD MAN

by Alex Hamilton

BEFORE HE JOINED the BBC on the day Hitler marched into Poland, Douglas Cleverdon once mounted an opera on £30. Currently he is stretching £2,000 to cover the Cheltenham Literary Festival which opens tomorrow. It's all very well to wish you'd been born Diaghilev, he says, but since he retired he hasn't had a moment. He really must stop organising other people, and organise himself. He's supposed to be writing an autobiography and in four years all he can show is half a synopsis.

In spite of some angularities in his views on BBC admin, his story should be as affable and round as his own persona. From a Bristol family of wheelwrights and carriage makers, he went to the local grammar school and Welsh blood made him naturally opt for Jesus, Oxford. He has already published the comic story of the coaxing forth over six years of the Anglo-Welsh play "Under Milk Wood," but he's delighted to add that at last a perfect text, without such timidities as "Laregyb" for Llangely, will come from the Folio Society next year, with illustrations by Ceri Richards.

He issued his first catalogues as a rare bookseller, while yet an undergraduate. Unlike many of the fraternity he collects books himself, and his Georgian house in North London is

lovely with old leather. Actually in 1933 he went bust on modern first editions, when the market fell out of Shaw and Galsworthy and Conrad, but some divine grace showed him the way to recoup through seventeenth century sermons.

Eric Gill lettered his shop façade, an action of historic moment since a passing customer, Ernest Morrison, was enthused into commissioning Gill Sans for Monotype. So much of the best comes by accident, says Cleverdon, the great days of the Third were redolent of accident. In the Stag and the George (and the Marie Lloyd club in between opening hours) Features men made it a point of principle to match drink for drink with the writers. Admin did not like this, same qua non of good notions, ignorant fellows.

Bone ignorant in their destruction of so many fine programmes. They never had the nous to issue LPs. People like Henry Reed had a huge following (not the 10 millions of the Brains Trust, which Cleverdon produced with Howard Thomas, but enough) and unless you could persuade a thing through into archives, the hatchet fell after two months. The "float" was a mere 200 programmes. Disastrous.

Of all his great features, he ranks "In Parenthesis" by David Jones at the top. Hopelessly Cladach, in Dublin, keen on Jones as a Celt, will now issue a recording. He's presently organising Jones's material to be shown at the National Book League, last of a quartet

in the "Word and Image" series displaying the work of writer/painters. The first, by Wyndham Lewis (followed by Michael Ayrton and Mervyn Peake) is on now, and seems like the happiest accident since the demon of progress got into the NBL.

Publishing is another old habit which Cleverdon has reverted to. For a forthcoming fine edition of a Verlain work not to be found in the "Collected" because of its erotic nature, Ayrton has done him 15 etchings consistently capturing the poet in a whole variety of expressions. "Femmes" and "Hombres" will subscribe between £70 and £360, according to their several degrees of fineness and rarity.

The only Festivals he attends are those he organises. On balance he's in favour of miscellany rather than the "competitive" festival.

Cheltenham this year has "Words, Words, Words" at the Everyman, devised by George Rylands and first seen at the Cambridge Arts; an argument in the Town Hall about the Generation Gap in Literature, one of those events where good speakers like John Bowen and Peter Porter have their discourse butted into. A Alvarez commenting on Sylvia Plath poems read by Margaret Drabble ("it's rather good to get away from the poetry-speaking voice"); Robert Gittings on Keats, something that has its origins in a projected major work by Dylan Thomas called "In a Country Haven"; and miscellany on film, book, etchings

and music in Pillar Room, Pump Room, Old Bakery and elsewhere.

By a happy accident Professor Neville Coghill changed his mind at the last minute about the subject for the Cheltenham Lecture on Tuesday from "The English Tragic Sense" to "Chaucer's Women." By a less happy accident though the show has gone on long enough for staff wastage, nobody thought of asking any wench from the "Canterbury Tales" to illustrate it. By an unhappier accident still, the long Cheltenham memory recalled what Coghill himself had forgotten—he talked about Chaucer's women 15 years ago. That may be, he says stoutly. If one talks about Chaucer for 40 years the women are bound to come in. Anyway it's a new talk, and more relevant to sex matured over the years, from the ethereal to the down-to-earth. "He's always telling you he sees the expert from the outside, never as part of his own experience."

Having no creative talents himself, says Cleverdon, he likes to think he's done the next jolliest thing by moving it along in others. The index to them all in his own book should be one of the longest ever, if, at 68, he now gets himself organised. But no need to assume any such thing. Or assume anything about the Festival. It's best to go to any gathering of literary people without assumptions. Then you may come away with a few ideas.

## JOHNNY GRIFFIN at Ronnie Scott's

by Ronald Atkins

FAST AND FURIOUS might be Johnny Griffin's watchword. He is back at the Ronnie Scott Club and, as usual, sounds happiest when indulging in headlong runs on the tenor saxophone. Griffin, however, is more than just a speed merchant; bags of ideas and a cutting edge to his curiously diaphanous tone make him, at his best, the type of soloist who carries all before him. He can coarsely bore one to distraction when a very long solo goes awry, or by his surprisingly leaden approach to ballad rhapsodies.

Judging from one night's review the odds on his current trip are slightly in Griffin's favour, since three out of five numbers came off. His mobile and very modern British rhythm section certainly encouraged his tendency to vary the lengths and the accents of his phrases, though one felt that he might prefer a unit that was less elastic and more direct. It can't be easy to work with accompanists who have collectively reached a later stage of musical evolution.

Sharing the bill is Esther Marrow, who sings gospel songs on which the emotions depicted may be secular but where the beat comes straight from Church. Miss Marrow has a strong voice, good range and excellent timing. She puts her message across loud and clear with no affectations, nor any despairing attempts to involve the audience. If anything she is too impersonal, there is little character to her voice. I admire her but am seldom moved.

## NORTHERN YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES

by Merete Bates

YOU COULD CALL the Northern Young Contemporaries at the Whitworth Gallery, Manchester, the show of the absent artist—the flotsam on a pond of aching purposelessness. In its extreme it takes the form of a typed foolscap page. This exhibit reads: "The sculpture is realised through the meeting of the artist (or his representative) with any individual or group of individuals. . . . Nothing else is needed except the space to pin up this notice."

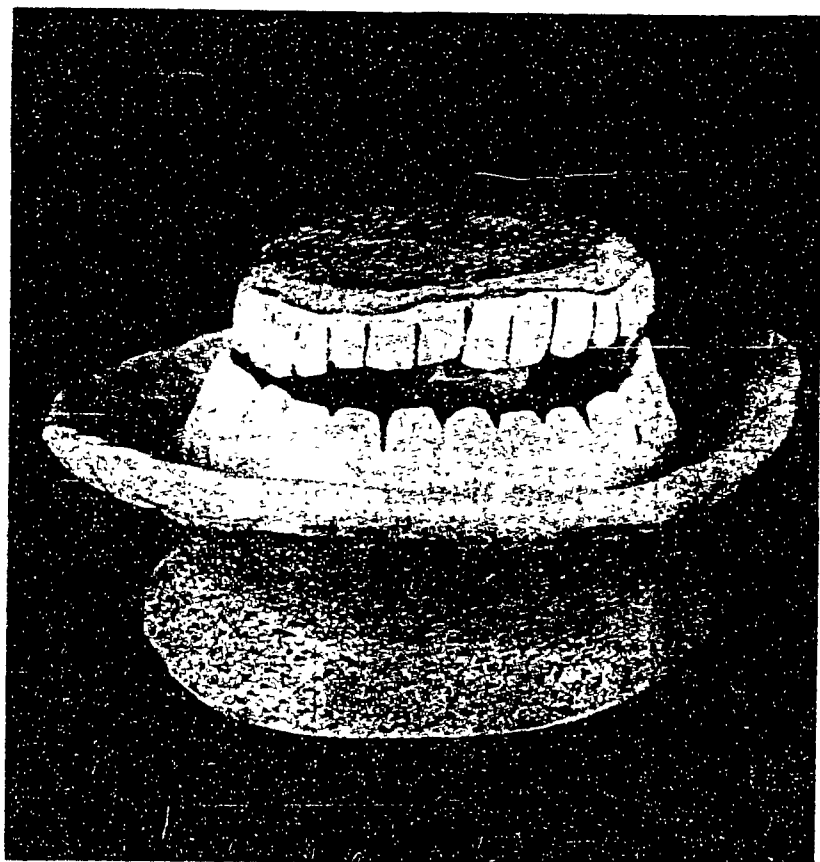
This reminds me of an exam question, "Write out Psalm 54," for which the answer "Psalm 54" was logically awarded full marks. But of course it begged the question. If the page is simply the sculptor's resignation while he goes on to higher things it is superfluous. He'd be better occupied getting on with them. But, if the sculptor is simply flaunting a negative cleverness, it's a pity, even sad, to find such an ambiguous, divisive quality obviously esteemed here.

In next degree there is the detachment that, although it does go so far as to make an observation, only produces the response: "So what?" I'm sick of trying to find deep significance, even any significance, in, for example, a man who sticks flags making the letters

"ENGLAND" down the country, then puts in his press cuttings, and concludes with "etc." Or in a dentist's tooth cast made circular and painted pretty colours. Or in a paint-peeling, broken-glassed, wire-patched window frame dandling in front of a canvas wall. You feel the last could only be brought to life with a chicken inside that lays a regular egg for breakfast. As it is—well, Vermeer showed us that windows are worth looking at.

I did not see another prize-winner: an event by a Birmingham group, "Gasp." But I learnt that it involved a ritual of drinking a bottle of beer and emptying the dregs on the platform. If this expressed disgust with the whole set-up, you wonder why the group bothered to support it.

There are a few works with a conventional, more positive intention. Rosemary Purnell's soft, blanket stripes had a warmth that went beyond decoration. Janet Ludlow's dark, stained canvas hung like a skin stretched out for a holocaust. And a cut above all the rest—Glen Onwin (a prize-winner) hung a gaunt collection of spattered, canvas squares broken by dull metal plates. This work was resonant with a dull, blue sheen of splendour. It had the girth, substance, assertion lacking in so much of the rest.



"Circular Mouth," by Mark Rutt; Whitworth Gallery

The drawing of a golliwog on this page on Thursday was by Eric Thacker, not Tony Earnshaw. It came from "Wintersol" (Jonathan Cape), which is the work of both men.