

## MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL.

**D**ELUSION, psychologists tell us, is not as uncommon as novelists would have us believe — though, by its very nature, it is undetectable for awareness is its destruction. That societies are capable of mass auto-hallucination is known; we need go no further back in history than the Central Europe of the 'thirties and 'forties to realise that.

Indeed, we need hardly use history at all. Four minutes reflection on the so-called 'Early' Warning Radar System (capable, we are now assured, of distinguishing between missiles and meteors) soon tells us that this island is militarily indefensible — oh! for 1066, when King Harold had a clear eight months' notice! However, the United Kingdom spends £1,600 million on its Grand Delusion (*nee* Great Deterrent), whose apologists tell us enables the U.K. to let off its macabre fireworks at you know who, so making 'em think twice, old chap.

Such an assertion seems to confuse what we are supposed to be defending — *not* houses, *not* schools, *not* factories, but *a way of life*. It cannot be the former, for you know who are obviously better than we are at delivering the goods (to the moon, if

necessary). It can only be the latter; which means that we would destroy the very ideals we are supposed to be saving by the mere act of retaliation. When the red missiles arrive three minutes later, there would be, in reality, nothing left to annihilate, for violence corrupts, eventually making the violators imitate what they pretend to overcome.

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**O**N April 23rd, the first issue of *Image* will be published by a group of Cambridge students. *Image* will be an attempt to fill the gap left by *Picture Post* in photo-journalism, with the specific avoidance of the 'dull intricacies of Cambridge life,' but which, it is hoped, 'will be important to young people everywhere.'

Here in Liverpool, the absurdity of our achievements as measured by our aspirations has again generated some organised reaction in the form of the 'Society for Pseudo-Intellectuals' (a name that engagingly negates criticisms of esotericism and pretentiousness). It appears to partially fill the vacuum left by 'Interaction,' whose now orphaned magazine, *Phoenix*, continues to be published, however. Copy day for *Phoenix* is March 24th, and will be on sale with *Image* early next term.

## ALDERMASTON

*The sorrows of the sky are crying down  
The stony, arid, hardness of your mac.  
Compassion, love, brood in your face: marked as  
When men select a test-tube from the rack.  
Laugh at the ones who trudge this tear-wet lane  
In hope; on crawling vision spit your scorn.  
Condemn as fools all those who plead for life,  
And want this world for those yet to be born.  
Think proudly of your boy who waits at home —  
Of course you know that you have borne a child  
Dusk-fair as dawn-fire rippling on the sea.  
But do you know you could have borne a child  
Flame-bare through fall-out savagely deformed?  
Woman, by you the embryo peace is formed.*

MARGARET KILLIP

## BREAKDOWN

*What shade is the blind  
In the blackout —  
Events air-raiding?  
How deep the trench,  
Gapping  
Safeward lines?  
What shape is my  
Strategic house —  
Not struck,  
In fear of striking?  
What, exactly, is the  
Angle of despair?  
  
In isolation —  
Who built, builds  
My barricades;  
Tin-can and bedstead,  
Tramline and teacup —  
lipsticking?  
What legs obtusely  
From sheets and bistro chairs  
In Belsen absurdity?  
A crank, or God,  
Snaps pylons to the floor,  
Strutting with people  
In tin-leg glory.  
Pillar to post-box  
Flames grow small and quick:  
Fire to pyre  
With bottles bursting —  
Jam running —  
And not a little peeling of paint.  
The sun gazes burningly —  
If without warmth —  
On this idiot alliteration.  
Old gears and axle-iron  
Limit my limited vision.*

*These are the images of divine  
inconsequence  
These are the perturbed words.  
I want to turn words.  
So shall they face towards the light,  
So shall they climb —  
And see.*

TONY LANCASTER