

while Sir Charles would be gracious and even helpful. But Bell can write. His sketches of the Bloomsbury group (which he denies the existence of) are witty, probably unfair, sometimes wicked and a joy to read. Here he is on Virginia Woolf. What could be more devastating, more unfair! But it's probably nearer the truth than many of the "facts" about her:—

"Virginia, like the merest man, was not always guided by reason. I said 'the merest man' because Virginia was, in her peculiar way, an ardent feminist . . . she resented the way in which men, as she thought, patronised women, especially women who were attempting to create works of art or succeed in what were once considered manly professions. Assuredly Virginia did not wish to be a man, or to be treated like a man: she wished to be treated as an equal—just possibly as a superior."

And more like that. Very enjoyable.

—I.A.G.

THE NEW NATION

THE STATE OF ISRAEL, by L. F. Rushbrook Williams; Faber and Faber, English price 21/-.

SHALL Israel continue to exist? More realistically, will the United Nations and the individual Powers who have approved her existence face the reasonable consequences of their decision? It is a poor and dangerous compromise which proclaims this valiant little State's right to life, but has allowed it for ten years to be surrounded by vociferously proclaimed hostility and with perpetual guerilla warfare waged across an ill-drawn frontier.

For those interested in this intractable problem—in which the honour and material interests of the English-speaking world are deeply involved—Mr Williams has written a brisk and informative book. It falls into three sections: a brief and tight packed historical introduction; an account of Israel's domestic policies and achievements; and a survey of her relations with the Arabs—those within and those without her boundaries.

The first and third sections are well balanced, though there is no secret as to the author's personal viewpoint. The second is stuffed even to surfeit with the glowing facts of Israel's sustained effort to establish a cohesive, democratic and prosperous community. There is also sketched an interesting balance-sheet of the results of Arab hostility. On the one hand there was economic loss from blockades, cutting the natural trade routes, and from warfare, only slightly compensated for by the quick, forced creation of some important assets; on the other hand, the very evident external danger has played an important part in the process by which thousands of immigrants from the most divergent backgrounds have been fused into a unity, and inspired to work with that nervous but sustained devotion which has made Israel what she is.

Mr Williams has been meticulous with his facts; and, even if there remains an overall feeling that the book paints somewhat too rosy a picture, the record seems little short of miraculous. Those who think that Israel should never have been created must at least take note of her tremendous and efficient will to live. Those who think that the existence of Israel must be accepted and made tolerable will find in this book grounds for believing in the possibility of peaceful co-existence of Jew and Arab. Reason could find a way; provided that reason be well armed and not bedevilled by the calculations of power politics.

—F. L. W. Wood

Parking Metres

WOLF, STAY AWAY FROM MY DOOR

THE Orient philosophy
Takes as its daily guide
The creed that what will be will be,
And Allah will provide.
But I'd be greatly pleased, my friends,
If for a special treat,
The divinity that shaped my ends
Would make the two of them meet.
—R.G.P.

ANTHOLOGIES

FROM THE THIRD PROGRAMME, edited by John Morris; Nonesuch Press (through William Heinemann), N.Z. price 21/-.
SPECTRUM, a Spectator Miscellany, edited by Ian Gilmour and Iain Hamilton; Longmans, Green and Co., English price 16/-.
TIME AND TIDE ANTHOLOGY, edited by Anthony Lejeune; Andre Deutsch (through Oswald Sealy), N.Z. price 21/-.

AN anthology compiled from the files of a weekly journal, as two of these are, or from a radio programme, as the third is, must try first to be readable, even entertaining; an adequate reflection of all the material it's drawn from must take second place. The editors of these three collections have recognised this, as V. S. Pritchett did when he compiled the first *New Statesman* miscellany some years ago. For a book meant to be enjoyed, that was a model of arrangement: only on the contents page was it sorted into subjects. *Spectrum* has been put together with the same studied carelessness, and reflecting the livelier *Spectator* of recent years it is the most enjoyable of the three. Alongside a solemn, fulsome appreciation of Sir Winston Churchill, for example, you'll find the full story of Evelyn Waugh's celebrated encounter with Nancy Spain; and, wisely, many snippets have been included.

Time and Tide Anthology is arranged more formally, which is a pity since politics comes first. The book is not as lively as *Spectrum*, but for all that it is full of good things I personally have missed in the last 15 or 20 years since I read the paper regularly; and it is the only one of the three that gives a behind-the-scenes glimpse of life on a weekly paper—a feature that future anthologists might copy. Incidentally, it states the case for the first-class weekly as a paper read by comparatively few people, but the people who count.

From the *Third Programme* also arranges itself into subjects: Imagination, Argument, Experience and Exposition. The spoken word on paper isn't, you'll find here, so very different from the written word, except perhaps in the one piece in the book—a discussion between Bertrand Russell and Father Copleston on the existence of God—which wasn't a script before it was a broadcast. There's some solemn stuff in this collection, but sheer delight shines through in such unexpected places as the long, exciting narrative poem with which the book opens. The collection reflects 10 years of the *Third*. Now that it is changing under the influence of television will there, I wonder, be such richness to draw on in its second decade?

—F.A.J.

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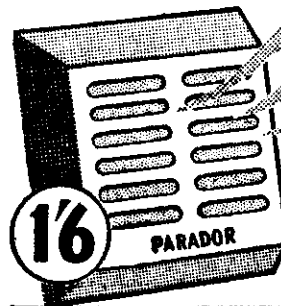
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