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NEW PENGUIN BOOKS

The number of new books arriving this month is considerably smaller than usual owing to the recent printing dispute in the U.K. Normal production has been resumed and there will be a full list in future months.

THE HIDDEN RIVER, by Storm Jameson - 3/6
A moving novel about an Englishman who returns after the war to the French family who befriended him during the Resistance.

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY, by Skinner and Kimbrough - 3/6
The hilarious and famous adventures of two young Americans who went over to "do" Europe in the twenties.

FATAL VENTURE, by Freeman Wills Croft - 3/6
One of the best Inspector French stories.

HYPNOSIS, FACT AND FICTION, by F. L. Marcuse - 4/9
Answers to all the questions asked about hypnosis, with a survey of the academic, religious, and medical attitudes to it.

PENGUIN BOOK OF FRENCH VERSE IV, Ed. Anthony Hartley - 6/9
French poetry from the turn of the century to the present day with English prose translations.

Reprints:

THE PAINTED VEIL, by Somerset Maugham - 3/6

HOW MONEY IS MANAGED, by Paul Einzig - 4/9

BEOWULF, Tr. David Wright - 3/6

COMING SHORTLY:

STRATEGY FOR SURVIVAL, by Wayland Young
An important Penguin Special which reviews the various policies that have been advanced for preserving peace in the nuclear age.

MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS, by Gerald Durrell

A PERFECT WOMAN, by L. P. Hartley

YOGA, by Ernest Wood

AVALANCHE, by Rutgers van der Loeff

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BOOKS

Inside the Outsider

ALBERT CAMUS AND THE LITERATURE OF REVOLT, by John Cruickshank; Oxford University Press, English price 25/-

(Reviewed by Anton Vogt)

ALBERT CAMUS won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1957, when he was only 44. He had written three novels: *L'Etranger*, *La Peste*, and *La Chute*. Apart from collaborations and translations, he had written four plays: *Caligula*, *Le Malentendu*, *L'Etat de Siege*, and *Les Justes*. He had written a handful of famous essays, including *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* and *L'Homme Révolté*; and a small volume of short stories. As editor of *Combat*, in the immediate post-war years, he had written three editorials a week denouncing "bourgeois hypocrisy, economic exploitation, colonialism, the colour bar, Franco Spain" and everything else that incurred his ire. He was a Leftist, but not a Marxist; an atheist, but not a nihilist; a man in revolt, but not a revolutionary. Above all, he was (and is) an individualist. When informed that he had been given the Nobel award, he said it should have gone to Malraux.

Dr Cruickshank has written an admirable critique of this remarkable man: describing, interpreting, and evaluating a creative mind perpetually engaged on contemporary problems. What emerges at the same time is a way of thinking and acting which is foreign to English genius. By French standards, English novelists and dramatists are "idealless and evasionaries..." The French, as exemplified by Camus, Malraux, Anouilh, Aragon and Sartre, are simultaneously intellectuals, artists and political activists. They may not solve France's problems or their own, but they are continually engaged in problem solving. They write and fight with both hands, logically.

Camus begins his revolt as a reaction to the absurd; the meaninglessness of existence, the arbitrary callousness of fate, the inevitability of death. Rejecting absolutes, he rejects the revolution which encourages men "to sacrifice the present to a hypothetical future." He quotes Marx: "An end requiring unjust means is not a just end." In spite of political action, he does not think that

man's basic problems can be solved by politics; nor, as a modern, is he particularly interested in psychology. His sphere is strictly and paradoxically morals, and his interest lies in the morality of a single action in a particular circumstance. Concepts such as "peace," "freedom," and "justice," are defined by reference to specific events: the German Occupation, the Liberation, the wars in North Africa and Indo-China. Always modest, he yet contrives to be the conscience of his generation. A cosmic pessimist, he still believes in individual man. Though life in the long run is meaningless, he believes it can be made meaningful transcendently when given moral and artistic order. His prose is as lucid as his thought complex.

The Oxford University Press has made an uncommonly handsome book to house its exciting contents.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

BRITAIN AND THE ARABS, A Study of Fifty Years, 1908 to 1958, by Lieutenant-General Sir John Glubb; Hodder and Stoughton, English price 30/-

IN some of the cosier corners of Whitehall and the stuffer clubs still trying to disregard the New Zealand House invasion of Pall Mall, there are probably cold voices whispering that Glubb Pasha is crazed with the spell of far Arabia which has stolen his wits away. It is certainly a little disconcerting to find a distinguished "soldier" quoting St Francis of Assisi on his title-page and then urging the Christian West to seek first the Kingdom of God before trying to woo the Muslim Middle East away from godless Communism. "The warm hearts of Arabs and of all Asia will not fail to respond," he assures us. "Let us not take a higher standard of living as our motto... Rather let us take human brotherhood as our objective; there is wealth in plenty for all if we were not jealous of one another."

It is not just a passing thought. He returns to that theme again—as so often in this too diffuse book—when he says: "In the last 50 years both the Arabs and the British have made many mistakes. Let us frankly admit it, forget the past and offer a new era of friendship... The West cannot hope to hold its own, much less to lead, unless it can evolve a soul-satisfying objective for the future of mankind."

This book deserves careful consideration in New Zealand and Australia. Much of what he has to say about winning friends and influencing people applies to our Near North and to our Pacific responsibilities. There is the same suspicion of Western pacts, the same temptation to flirt with Communism, to play one camp off against the other, the same reluctance to be convinced that the United States has a monopoly of virtue. There is the same easily-hurt pride and reaction to insensitive aid. It is ironical, he notes, that the democracies often behave with an Olympian haughtiness, while the totalitarians assume a sympathetic and democratic readiness to chat with the uncommitted nations.

In urging massive propaganda in all its forms, General Glubb does not intend that the under-privileged countries should be over-privileged. One of his complaints is that too much of the too little British effort is impropropaganda. So often the British case has not been put,

or has been broadcast from stations too weak to compete with our enemies, or has been crippled by inhibitions about subscribing newspapers.

Propaganda, he emphasises, is the work of experts. There should be a Ministry of Information putting the Western case with truth, dignity and friendliness.

This soldier believes that recourse to arms is a failure of policy. Moreover "the presence of British forces was all too easily interpreted by the Arabs as relegating them to a position of inferiority, thus rendering the corridor less rather than more secure." Yet his detailed historical survey shows that the Middle East remains vital as "the traffic-control centre of Europe, Asia and Africa. Whoever dominates it in war will probably be victorious. If neither Nato nor the Communist countries garrison it in peacetime, the latter have the advantage for they are geographically nearer."

No wonder that this Briton is troubled about Britain's "absence of policy, neglect of clear thinking, vacillation and drift." No wonder if the Blimps dismiss the gospel according to Glubb as a voice crying in the wilderness; he is unlikely to be forgiven his uncommon sense. —J. W. Goodwin

LOW STAKES—AND HIGH

CATCHMENT AREA, poems by James Harrison; Oxford University Press, English price 10/6. HOMAGE TO MISTRESS BRAD-SHEET, by John Berryman; Faber & Faber, English price 18/-

ONE could not find in a year's reading poems more different than those contained in these two books. They illustrate a principle too easily forgotten: that the value of a poet's work depends far more on his grappling with (for him) central life issues than on his technical achievement. Out of the grappling the technique will come. James Harrison aims for low stakes, plays his cards well, and generally wins—

By the afternoon the pools of shadow were dry
In David's square; nakedness stripped to the stone
Split, with the brutal whiteness of its virility,
The quiet of our sun-averted glance.
We were not sorry to reach the nearby gallery,
And sense the sheltering depth between its walls...

I quote from the guidebook poem, "Firenze." It is a sincere, moderate statement, in the low conversational tone favoured by most of the new English poets—as if to say, "This is my world, not a very interesting one, I grant you, but the kind we both have to put up with." But is sincerity enough? John Berryman's work, in unfair comparison, is violent, contorted, obscure, uneven, the real speech of a man on a real rack—

... I fear Hell's hammer-wind. But fear does wane.
Death's blossoms grain my hair; I cannot live.
A black joy clashes
joy, in twilight. The Devil said
"I will deal toward her softly, and her enchanting cries
will fool the horns of Adam." Father of lies,
a male great pestle smashes
small women swarming towards the mortar's rim in vain...

It is Mistress Bradstreet born 1612, talking; and, thanks to John Berryman, she is unmistakably alive. Perhaps she is the true ghost of America, under the chromium surfaces, a Puritan pioneer, a woman spiritually fertile yet hung on the hooks of Calvin's dialectic. Mr Berryman is all too conversant with

(continued on page 14)



ALBERT CAMUS

"The conscience of his generation"