

when only a modest minority of the people in any one country speak a European language.

The best hope for some federation is probably in British East Africa, where a large measure of joint administration has been imposed by Britain's fiat. Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda are politically distinct. One is a colony, one a trust territory, one a protectorate. But their customs, railways, posts and telegraphs, air services, and many research activities have been administered in common for some years. The framework for federation is there, ready made. Yet in Tanganyika and Uganda, I found distrust and some resentment toward the East Africa High Commission, which administers these services—about thirty of them—for the whole region. Mainly, the Africans distrust the white minority of Kenya and fear they will always play second fiddle to the more advanced Kenya. This may change once Kenya comes under a predominantly African government.

ALL IN ALL, it is a pretty formidable agenda. It would be formidable even to a group of countries with far more resources of education and experience. However, most of the new leaders of the emergent free Africa are sensible, moderate men, with little of the sullen anti-westernism of Asia and Egypt. Of the major native leaders, only Sékou Touré of Guinea, with this flair for Bantu brinkmanship, is openly playing the game of the Soviet bloc. As far as I can tell from informal chats with some of them, these men are intent on making an orderly, gradual transition and are eager to keep the benefits of colonialism, which include experienced administrators, able economic planners, and skilled technicians.

Yet they are also prisoners of their own eloquence. In the process of building up popular followings they have promised the moon in a score of languages. Their chance of making a tolerable transition, of utilizing the best of colonialism while building free nations, depends on the utmost gradualism. But that may be hard to maintain, because of the promises these leaders made to millions of ignorant or naïve followers as they talked their way to power.

VIEWES & REVIEWS

Pasternak's Wake

ALFRED KAZIN

BORIS PASTERNAK died on May 30. From Moscow, next day, the New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent Tom Lambert revealed that "neither the state-controlled Russian press nor radio has yet reported Mr. Pasternak's death. . . . Relatives, friends and admirers of the kindly and talented writer—he still has many of the latter despite the official attitude here toward him—will gather at his house Thursday afternoon for the traditional Russian Orthodox 'Panikhida' (farewell to the dead) service. . . ."

One of the first friends to call, the correspondent continued, was "Konstantin Paustovsky, a writer who was Mr. Pasternak's supporter even when Moscow's Communist Party-directed writers were baying

er writers, are composed in an officially correct and fawningly patriotic style that seems designed to avoid saying anything dangerous. No wonder that at the congress Khrushchev admitted his boredom with Soviet literature and contemptuously told the writers not to take their "squabbles" (like the Pasternak case?) to him.

PAUSTOVSKY'S SPEECH at the congress was about "Ideas—Disputable and Indisputable." Since it is always in order in the Soviet Union for a writer to write up a new tractor works in Sverdlovsk as if the news story put him "in touch with every heartbeat of our people," he began by saying that a writer never fools his readers, and that they can tell instantly whether he is writing from "pureness of thought or, on the contrary, timeserving adaptation, [from] breadth of horizon or a sinister paucity of ideas . . ." The writer, he went on, gets from the people the appreciation he deserves. "All literary people and critics who take on themselves the right to speak in the name of the people should keep this in mind. . . ."

"We are lucky that Leo Tolstoy managed to write *Anna Karenina* before [the current] tradition appeared. He did not have to take a bow to anyone, even the publisher; he could allow Anna to break up her family and pass out of life from purely private, and consequently impermissible, considerations.

"It is not our custom to write of [Soviet] shortcomings . . . without taking in advance an apologetic bow and bringing to mind our achievements. . . . One might think that one had to drive home to every Soviet reader the advantages and superiority of our system to the capitalist system—in the forty-second year of the revolution, mind you!

"There is nothing so cruelly af-



his deportation abroad and the then chieftain of the Young Communist League was likening the great writer to a pig."

I had never heard of Konstantin Paustovsky until I went to the Soviet Union last August with an American literary delegation to meet Soviet writers. In the plane going over I read up on the speeches that had been made at the recent Soviet Writers' Congress, and was staggered to come across Paustovsky's hard, clear, contemptuous remarks on Soviet literary timeservers. Most literary pronouncements in the Soviet Union, as I was to discover even in personal meetings with less-



(Pasternak ends his great novel with a number of poems which he says were found among Dr. Zhivago's papers. This one, in which the poet speaks of his own death, was read at Pasternak's grave in Peredelkino on June 2 before the coffin was closed.)

Hamlet

*The stir is over. I step forth on the boards.
Leaning against an upright at the entrance,
I strain to make the far-off echo yield
A cue to the events that may come in my day.*

*Night and its murk transfix and pin me,
Staring through thousands of binoculars.
If Thou be willing, Abba, Father,
Remove this cup from me.*

*I cherish this, Thy rigorous conception,
And I consent to play this part therein;
But another play is running at this moment,
So, for the present, release me from the cast.*

*And yet, the order of the acts has been schemed
and plotted,
And nothing can avert the final curtain's fall.
I stand alone. All else is swamped by Pharisaism.
To live life to the end is not a childish task.*



fronting as hypocrisy in a writer. . . . Why do we tolerate . . . bureaucratic and Philistine language? . . . Language is being turned into a bureaucratic jargon from top to bottom, beginning with the newspapers . . . and ending with every minute of our ordinary everyday life."

These are the words of a faithful, decent person—not a great writer, I gather, probably not anywhere so accomplished and subtle a writer as Pasternak was in his greatest poems, but at the same time a less complicated, more open, and exuberantly generous nature. Paustovsky is actually cherished in the Soviet Union for his charm, and the same lady official of the Writers' Union who told me out of a blue sky that Pasternak was "awful" pressed on me an English translation of Paustovsky's literary autobiography, *The Golden Rose*.

Paustovsky is a descendant of Ukrainian Cossacks, and after early schooling in Kiev worked as a laborer, sailor, and reporter, then fought in the civil war. He has tramped all over Russia, and in his almost sentimental ardor for the Russian land and in his loyalty to early associations, his book reminds

me a little of Gorki's marvelous reminiscences of his life in the lower depths, *My University Days*. Paustovsky tends to be an impulsive, rambling writer, but his respect for the



private human experience, for genuine feeling of any kind as opposed to official orthodoxy, is unmistakable.

ONE OF HIS most charming stories is called "Loaf Sugar." A strange old man, a wanderer who has taken refuge for the night in a farmhouse far to the north, is asked to show his papers by a fat little bureaucrat carrying "a shabby briefcase . . . stuffed with reports and accounts." When the old man explains that he has papers "but they weren't written for you, dear man," the bureaucrat calls in a militiaman. The old

man tells the story of *his* grandfather, whose famous singing voice the poet Pushkin loved so much that when Pushkin was killed in a duel, the grandfather sang over his coffin, in the freezing cold, until he lost his voice forever. His illiterate grandson, the old man of the story, goes about collecting folk songs and tales. The militiaman is so moved by the story that he presents some sugar for the old man's tea. "Ah, the pity of it," the old man said. "There's nothing worse than for a man to have an arid soul. Those kind of people make life wither as grass withers from the autumn dew."

Paustovsky's generous act of homage to Pasternak is liberating. It reminds me of the traditional respect that the great Russian writers and thinkers have always known how to show each other despite intense differences of opinion. (Paustovsky is unmistakably more in sympathy with the October Revolution than Pasternak was.) Paustovsky's gesture reminds me of the dying Turgenev writing to Tolstoy after years of estrangement: "I am writing to you particularly to tell you how glad I am to have been your contemporary." He calls up Gorki's unforgettable

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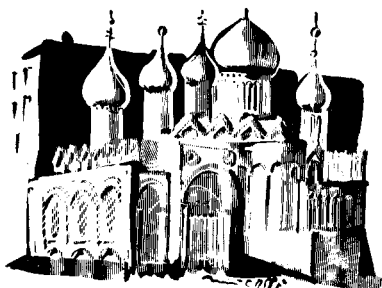
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tribute to Tolstoy: "I am not an orphan on earth so long as this man lives on it." Even Lenin, the author of the system that finally outdid itself in calumniating, blackmailing, and isolating one introverted, highly literary symbolist poet, knew how to pay proper tribute to his Menshevik opponent Martov. As the old man in Paustovsky's story sang over Pushkin's body in the freezing cold until he lost his voice, so Pasternak was among the first to rush to Mayakovsky's flat when the poet committed suicide in 1930. So, in the steady Russian cold, many a Russian poet, many a Russian reader of poetry would, if he could, mourn over Pasternak today.

IN RUSSIA last summer, it was not the American visitors but the Russians who kept bringing up Pasternak. Every time they abused him in public, they would look around at each other as if to make sure that they were reciting their lessons well. The talented novelist Pavel Nilin gratuitously, at a public reception, told us not to be misled by the example of *Mister Pasternak*. The old Stalinist boss of the Writers' Union, Alexis Surkov, ranted that Pasternak had betrayed him personally by publishing *Doctor Zhivago*, and that the great aim of *his* life was now to write an "Anti-Zhivago." Even the charming and urbane novelist Konstantin Fedin, who had been made first secretary of the Writers' Union to replace the impossible Surkov, had to denounce the "traitor" during the campaign against Pasternak. Pasternak was Fedin's neighbor in Peredelkino. Last summer, four American writers had dinner with Fedin at his *dacha*, and we talked of many things. But Pasternak, who lived so near, was not mentioned. He could not be mentioned. Officially, Boris Pasternak was already dead.



The World's Centre Court

T. S. MATTHEWS

WIMBLEDON, the oldest, most successful, and by all odds most prestigious of tennis tournaments, is one of the best shows in the world. The British have been producing it, except during two world wars, every year since 1888, and on June 20 they'll be doing it again.

As always, Wimbledon is "booked solid." If you are a V.I.P. in the international lawn-tennis world or have a friend who is, you may be taken care of. But ordinary mortals applied for seats in February; those who were lucky in the draw (Wimbledon's word is "ballot," and ten thousand applications drew blank) will pay £5 for one Centre Court ticket for four of Wimbledon's twelve days. Otherwise your only chance of a seat is to watch the advertising columns of the *Times*, where a few tickets will be offered at scalpers' prices—or queue up for a single seat or for standing room, like the majority.

Why is Wimbledon so popular? It's not because the British are notably mad about tennis or feel that they own the game. Though it was their invention and they did dominate it in its early days, no British player has won the men's singles at Wimbledon since 1936. Part of the public that flocks to Wimbledon comes because it likes to watch any sporting spectacle that is a good show, especially one with Yanks and Aussies and South Americans in it. The others, the tennis enthusiasts, come to see the world's best amateur players perform under the best conditions.

"The Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting on Grass"—as it is never called, except officially—is held in the London suburb of Wimbledon, on the grounds of the All England Lawn Tennis & Croquet Club—and nobody ever calls it *that*, either; it's invariably shortened to "the All England Club." Wimbledon is not unlike its American counterpart, Forest Hills: it has the same air of submissive respectability, large blocks of nearly identical apartment houses, tree-lined streets.

But Wimbledon is greener and less grubby than Forest Hills, and its Underground is underground and not a noisy feature of the near horizon. It will get you to Wimbledon from the West End in half an hour or less.

ENTERING the grounds of the All England Club, you find yourself in a crowded scene (thirty thousand people come to Wimbledon on a good day) that is a cross between a midway and a garden party. Crowded, but not confused. The general effect is of green grass and flower beds, women in summery hats and dresses, and of everybody talking at once. This broad asphalt midway bisects the club's fifteen acres; the admission gates are at either end. On your left is the club marquee, serving drinks, lunch, and tea (members and guests only), then a double row of fifteen grass courts, two with spectators' stands, the rest rectangled by green cloth backdrops. On the right, caterers' booths for the general public; cheaper snack bars and soft drinks farther along. Looming up, right center, is a slab-sided circular building like a large block-house, of green-painted cement partly covered with Virginia creeper and enlivened by flower-filled window boxes. This building surrounds the famous Centre Court. It also crooks an elbow around the No. 1 Court, where the matches are sometimes as good or—if the committee has guessed wrong—even better.

The Centre Court must be seen in action, at the full tide of Wimbledon, to be appreciated. What differentiates it from the stadium at Forest Hills or the Australian tennis arenas? This roofed and circular grandstand is not very large by the standards of modern sport; jammed full, it will hardly hold fifteen thousand people—and three thousand of these will be standing, in special enclosures open to the sky. Whether by luck or design, the scale of the Centre Court is dramatic. These roofed tiers of seats surrounding the open stage, a pale