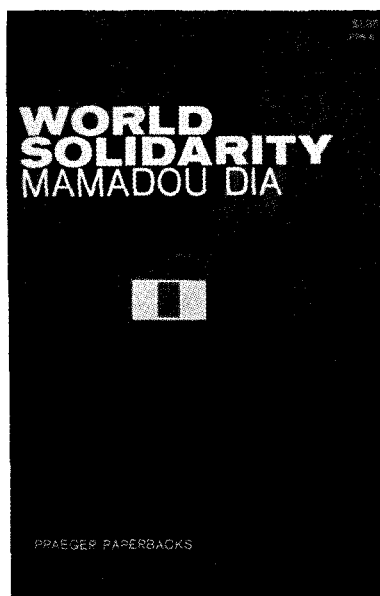


Book in the News



By Peter Ritner, author of "The Death of Africa."

A FINE scholar and a fine stylist, Senegal Premier Mamadou Dia does honor to his country—and incidentally to France as well—in his brief treatise "The African Nations and World Solidarity," translated by Mercer Cook (Praeger, hardbound, \$4.85; paperback, \$1.85).

Because M. Dia writes about as thriftily as it is possible to write, the reviewer can do little more than simply mention his topics. First, M. Dia gives us a gloss on Péguy's dictum "the nation is a mission" by expounding on the *desiderata* of nationalism in the underdeveloped world, which he calls the "Tiers-Monde." Some sort of nationalist feeling is necessary in these countries for the sake of their people's pride, but these feelings must not bog down in the creation of "Balkanized" micro-states.

During this part of his discussion M. Dia sometimes reveals a natural taste for French political philosophy, with its leaning towards the oracular. At first sight the sentence "The nation is a collective vocation," for example, looks both beautiful and lucid, but on closer inspection, though remaining beautiful, it grows opaque—at least to me. Nevertheless, one can easily enough gather M. Dia's meaning.

Why the Tiers-Monde must defend itself against the industrialized nations forms the most impressive section of the book. M. Dia analyzes with great clarity the "brutal" handicaps under which these countries labor in their

economic relationships with the advanced West. The Tiers-Monde are raw-material producers, but for years prices of raw materials have been falling behind prices of manufactured goods and the over-all growth of the world's industrial output. Faced with booming public-investment needs at home, the governments of the underdeveloped world are thus falling behind in their domestic political and social obligations—with all the perils this involves. The international "structural imbalance" is exacerbated by internal imbalances such as urban inflation *vs.* rural stagnation—growing pains which in the absence of adequate funds the poorer governments are powerless to assuage.

The first duty of a Tiers-Monde statesman is to do what he can on the spot in the way of amelioration and diversification. But, apart from this, two general policies must be adopted. First, M. Dia goes on, the Tiers-Monde must try for an increasing measure of solidarity in order to develop stronger internal markets and a sturdier competitive stance. Second, in opposition to President Nkrumah, who execrates the European Common Market as the latest avatar of imperialism, M. Dia expects that the Common Market system ("*Europe sans rivages*") will become the only major capital-holder in the world with sufficient resources and responsibility to stabilize raw-material

prices at levels that enable the Tiers-Monde nations to climb out of their morass.

In my opinion, the latter of these expectations is far more significant and realistic than the former. With the exception of the Epilogue, M. Dia's book was written before the breakups of Mali and the United Arab Republic. Both unions were examples of the "anti-Balkanization" and "solidarity" that he commends, yet in both cases centrifugal political forces nullified economic reasoning, and their fragments stand once again on their own. But the European Common Market hovers on the verge of a giant step forward. And now the Kennedy Administration is sending up trial balloons presaging some kind of American participation.

An "Atlantic Common Market" system will be capable of undertaking projects in the underdeveloped world on a scale far beyond that which any institution can attempt today. Given the evolution of such a system, and given the leadership in the Tiers-Monde of men like M. Dia to direct these projects in and explain them to their own countries, the world may yet see the fulfillment of the long-heralded "mission" of the twentieth century—the End of Pauperism, the *sine qua non* of "social decency" and "social rationality," which alone can secure the future for free men.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

UNACCUSTOMED AS THEY ARE

The ranks of ASCAP are filled with the names of literary lights in their rather unaccustomed roles as lyricists to popular songs. Stanley Green of Brooklyn, New York, asks you to match the song titles on the left with the distinguished group of authors on the right. (As a clue, composers' names are in parentheses following those of their collaborators.) Answers on page 21.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. "September Song" | () Walter and Jean Kerr
(Leroy Anderson) |
| 2. "A Sleepin' Bee" | () Ogden Nash (Kurt Weill) |
| 3. "Bill" | () Dorothy Parker (Ralph Rainger) |
| 4. "Speak Low" | () Ring Lardner (Vincent Youmans) |
| 5. "Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed" | () Maxwell Anderson (Kurt Weill) |
| 6. "Cabin" | () DuBose Heyward
(George Gershwin) |
| 7. "I Wished on the Moon" | () Channing Pollock
(Maurice Yvain) |
| 8. "If I Were You, Love, I'd
Jump Right in the Lake" | () P.G. Wodehouse
(Jerome Kern) |
| 9. "Middle of the Night" | () Truman Capote (Harold Arlen) |
| 10. "The Pussyfoot" | () Tennessee Williams
(Paul Bowles) |
| 11. "My Man" | () Paddy Chayefsky
(George Bassman) |
| 12. "Summertime" | () Langston Hughes (Kurt Weill) |

She Wanted to Go Wrong

"The Last Hours of Sandra Lee," by William Sansom (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 254 pp. \$4), concerns the wild oat an English stenographer tries frantically to sow before matrimony seals her from ruin. A British novelist and critic, Peter Green wrote *"The Sword of Pleasure"* and *"Kenneth Grahame."*

By Peter Green

TO JUDGE from Mr. Sansom's rip-roaring extravaganza, the morphology of office Christmas parties is something that any aspiring sociologist might earmark for a Ph.D. dissertation. The field work would be tremendous fun, if a trifle demanding on head and stomach alike. Take the Bacchanalian do they throw at Allasol's offices. Liquor available includes South African sherry, peppermint cordial, brown ale, sparkling cider, ginger wine, Spanish Chablis, Australian Burgundy, Cherry Heering, British port, Irish whiskey, Advocaat, and a brew unknown to me called Pineapple Fortified. On this phenomenal alcoholic basis the whole staff takes off like a squadron of superjets. From jollity they pass to lechery, from lechery to bitchiness. Some are sick, others caught with their pants down, others again utter unforgettable and unforgivable home truths.

Against this nonstop background of administrative razzle-dazzle Mr. Sansom takes us through "The Last Hours of Sandra Lee." One sentence tells us all about her: "Despite her appearance, which differed little from how a whore might be thought to look, Sandra was a good girl." A good girl, in fact, who dreamed of being bad, just once, before she married her steady boy-friend Bun Stanbetter, and went off with him to Sarawak, where he had a job laying electric cables. Her previous experiences can't be said to qualify: on one occasion she passed out, on the other she found herself cooped up with a bewigged transvestite determined to borrow her frock. So the night of the party is her last chance.

Poor Sandra! She strips in the boss's office, ready to make a spectacular entry when the party's at its height—but funks her cue at the last moment.

She goes out to lunch with a wolf called Nevile Wrasse (low white convertible, fur collar, Celtic eyes "full of the shiftiness that stares straight at you"), but ducks his advances. Her office colleagues regard her, variously, as a good-time-Charlie type, a near-delinquent, dreamy, screwy, a solid worker, happy-go-lucky, and a bloody bitch. Each in a way is right. She also turns out sentimental, kind-hearted, muddle-headed, pathetically anxious to realize herself as an individual, a distilled version of countless stenographers all over England and the USA. I wouldn't say I envied Bun; but his

Sandra's real all right, a kind of non-status symbol, if you can imagine such a thing.

As always with Mr. Sansom, there's a touch of acidulous heart-throb behind the rhetorical high jinks, disturbing hints of "that mysterious 'other' life, the unreal dormitory between office hours," the routine of wives and families, separate, remote. What does everyone have on their mantelpieces at home wonders Sandra, briefly; what does her employer, Godfrey ("H.J." for "Honest Jack") Deane, do home in Guildford, when he's not on the town with his cute P.A., Monica? As the drinks loosen inhibitions, so cracks appear in the social *maquillage*, small domestic tragedies peer disconcertingly out through the synthetic get-together spirit. Deftly Mr. Sansom sweeps away the debris and broken bottles at the end; we are left, not perhaps with a hangover, but noticeably more sober than all that booze might suggest.

A Fight Against "Justice"

"The Trial of Callista Blake," by Edgar Pangborn (St. Martin's Press. 304 pp. \$4.95), inveighs, in the instance of a nineteen-year-old adulteress indicted for murder, against capital punishment. Joan Bostwick is a free-lance writer.

By Joan Bostwick

TAKING a literary giant step away from the science-fiction world he previously inhabited, Edgar Pangborn, in his new novel, "The Trial of Callista Blake," moves into the courtroom and presents a cogent case against capital punishment, jury trials, and the adversary system of law. He does this with such piquancy and insight that not one of his well-wrought (never overwrought) characters exhibits courtroom pallor.

Callista Blake is nineteen years old, sensitive, remarkably intelligent, artistic, and aloof. Supposedly she is on trial for the murder of her former lover's wife, who drank the poison the depressed Callista intended for herself. But in a sense she is on trial for adultery, atheism, and nonconformity, and is in danger of being "burned as a witch" to satisfy the vengefulness of a still superstitious race of people—people who also accept the "ludicrous fancy that you multiply wisdom when

you multiply one by twelve." And fancy it is, for psychological tests have proven that two minds seldom agree on the observance of a physical object. So how illogical it is to expect twelve minds to agree on an abstract idea!

In a way, the author asks us, the reading jury, to consider a theoretical case—that of a nineteen-year-old who possessed almost fantastic poise and brilliance. But the author had no choice. If his free-thinking central character were older, and therefore justifiably capable of mature wisdom, her sexual innocence prior to the fatal affair would be unbelievable. So he declares the intangible and seemingly asks us to keep the partial truth in proportion, to accept his proposition, and by refusing to participate in a witch-burning, allow Callista to become a symbol of the fight against injustice.

What we have is a maverick whose inability to suffer fools has created a scarcity of friends, although Cecil Warner, her defending counsel, loves her in his aging way, and Edith Nolan, a photographer who employed her, would fight for her under any circumstances. Despite the fact that the redoubtable prosecuting attorney does his best to portray her as a succubus, Callista acquires a new friend during the trial—Judge Terence Mann. Trying his first case involving the death penalty, he is forced to examine the twisted roots of the law that demands punish-