

tempt to retake Stanleyville would be the signal for the massacre not only of the Americans but the entire foreign population.

For Olenga's dementia had not taken long in going completely out of control. As rumors of a rescue operation mounted, all whites became not merely hostages in his eyes but spies as well. (Singled out for particular attention was the spunky Belgian consul, Patrick Nothomb; at one "conference" Olenga personally assaulted Nothomb, who had no alternative but to stand and take the beating.) Even those few Americans—the missionaries—who had previously gone unmolested were gradually herded into the Simba dragnet with their families. The terrible question mark that hovered over Stanleyville's lovely palm-lined boulevards was not "Will they kill us?" It was "When?"

That the nightmare had a much happier ending is hardly news any longer, but Reed's skillful handling of the air rescue operation is likely to have most readers worrying whether the Belgian paratroopers will arrive before it's too late. Indeed, he has been able to transmit this electric, high-tension immediacy to the entire 111-day purgatory, and he has done so with an unembellished narrative journalism that packs a fantastic wallop.

Basically, Reed is a reporter, and he sets down his facts scrupulously. But although he also editorializes (as who wouldn't?) he doesn't fail to see both sides of the story. For example, while fully acknowledging the indispensable role played by the white mercenary troops in preventing the Simbas from overrunning the Congo, he shows them quite unmistakably to be (with certain honorable exceptions) a rabble of black-hating sadists. And to his great credit, he can even appraise the Simbas' awful deeds against the background of the Belgian colonial oppression that robbed them of dignity and rekindled their tribal savagery: "Stanleyville undoubtedly represented more than just a military victory to [Olenga]. What he and Simbas had done was to reaffirm themselves as Africans, and as men."

But the book carries its strongest impact in the quiet (and thus all the more impressive) tribute it pays to the marvelous courage and selflessness displayed by the entire hostage group, notably Hoyt and Nothomb—but above all by the martyred Dr. Paul Carlson and the other missionaries. From reading the newspapers most of us know a little about what these men and women (and children) had to endure; without *111 Days in Stanleyville*, we don't know the half of it.

It should be said that despite Reed's fair-mindedness his book can't help but contribute to the climate of misunderstanding that dominates much Western

thinking about new African nations. For too many people the Congo's tragic chaos has become synonymous with all African independence. It's far too easy to forget that whatever bitterness Africans may harbor toward whites today is usually expressed in ear-splitting barks—at the U.N., at Afro-Asian "solidarity" conferences, and other appropriate forums for the demagogic voice—but practically never in a bite. If somebody were to write a book about the total absence of racial animosity in black-ruled Kenya,

where six million Africans and a large European population go about their business—and pleasure—as if there had never been a Mau-Mau uprising, the message wouldn't stand much chance of capturing public attention. (The book, in fact, has already been written; how many people have read Elspeth Huxley's *With Forks and Hope*?) On the other hand, *111 Days in Stanleyville* is very likely to become a best-seller.

And with the reservation above noted, it deserves to be one.

Imperialism and the "Native"

The Colonizer and the Colonized, by Albert Memmi, translated from the French by Howard Greenfeld (Orion. 153 pp. \$4.50), implies that gradualism, even liberalism, on the part of imperialists vis-à-vis natives amounts to reaction. Emile Capouya has contributed many essays to SR on the human situation.

By EMILE CAPOUYA

ALBERT MEMMI is probably best known in this country for his novel, *The Pillar of Salt*, first published here some ten years ago and recently reissued. Shortly after the appearance of the novel in the original French he published the essay on colonialism that has now been translated under the title *The Colonizer and the Colonized*.

Colonizer, colonialist, colonized—these are nouns that as yet exist only by courtesy in the English language. They correspond to *colon*, *colonisateur*, *colonisé*, which are now accepted technical terms in French; the fact that the reader stumbles mentally over the English equivalents as he encounters them throughout Mr. Howard Greenfeld's translation serves as a reminder that we have scarcely begun to think about the subject and have not yet developed an adequate vocabulary for dealing with it. In common speech, we still call "natives" those persons who did not have the enterprise to be born in Western Europe or North America, but were reduced to being born in regions colonized by the latter; as for the people who did the colonizing, we have a vocabulary ranging from "settler" to "imperialist," all of which smacks of the nineteenth century that saw the birth of the phenomenon rather than the twentieth that is witnessing its denouement.

Albert Memmi was born in Tunis, and as a Jew he was rather more privileged,

socially and politically, than Tunisians of Arab stock. The limitations of his privileges, under French rule, can be inferred from the following passage in the introduction to this new edition of his book:

As a young student arriving at the Sorbonne for the first time, certain rumors disturbed me. As a Tunisian, would I be allowed to sit for the examinations in philosophy? I went to see the president of the jury. "It is not a right," he explained. "It is a hope." He hesitated, a lawyer looking for the exact words. "Let us say that it is a colonial hope." I have yet to understand what that meant in fact, but I was unable to get anything more out of him.

Memmi was better off than an Arab, then, but he did labor under the disadvantage of having actually been born in Tunisia—not like the Spanish or Italian immigrant to that country, who enjoyed full status immediately, and whose position at the Sorbonne would not be the least bit equivocal. Why are there so few useful books on the colonial situation? Because the natives have scarcely begun to write them, and no one else understands the issues from having experienced them in his flesh. That is the unique value of Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*, and Albert Memmi's *The Colonizer and the Colonized*. If we are prepared to broaden the scope of our imagination, extend our sympathies beyond the bound of our immediate concerns, we can learn from those books the forces that are directing the world revolution of our time, rough-casting our personal fate no less than the destiny of peoples. And that not alone in North Africa, or Latin America, or Southeast Asia. The author says, "This American edition is dedicated to the American Negro, also colonized. . . ." If we can take a hint.

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Time Pardons Him for Writing Well

In Excited Reverie: A Centenary Tribute to William Butler Yeats, 1865-1939, edited by A. Norman Jeffares and K. G. W. Cross (Macmillan. 354 pp. \$10), **The Lonely Tower: Studies in the Poetry of W. B. Yeats**, by T. R. Henn (Barnes & Noble. 375 pp. \$7.50), **Yeats and Castiglione: Poet and Courtier**, by Corinna Salvadori (Barnes & Noble. 109 pp. \$4), **Yeats and the Heroic Ideal**, by Alex Zwerdling (New York University Press. 196 pp. \$5), **Yeats**, by Peter Ure (Barnes & Noble. 129 pp. \$2.50), **W. B. Yeats: A Critical Introduction**, by Balachandra Rajan (Hillary House. 207 pp. \$3), and **Yeats at Work**, by Curtis Bradford (Southern Illinois University Press. 407 pp. \$12.50), all commemorate the centennial of the Irish poet. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, is editing a volume of previously unpublished Yeats letters.

By HARRY T. MOORE

YEATS suggested in one of his poems that "at journey's end" he might dine "with Landor and with Donne." If the buzz of earthly activities during his centennial year can be heard by Yeats at that banquet table, a look of wry amusement may cross his face, for he once also wrote that the dead don't necessarily "delight in anniversaries."

Since Yeats's death in 1939, many seasoned readers have come to agree with what T. S. Eliot said in his 1940 memorial lecture, which spoke of Yeats as "the greatest poet of our time—certainly the greatest in this language, and so far as I am able to judge, in any language." But K. G. W. Cross, co-editor of the new commemorative volume, *In Excited Reverie*, discovers an "uneasiness" in Eliot's often-quoted words of praise. What Mr. Cross apparently hasn't discovered is that Eliot, in revising that lecture for publication years later, cut out the passage just quoted.

But whatever Yeats, Eliot, Mr. Cross, or a host of readers think of such matters, we do have this year a cornucopia of books about the Irish poet, playwright,



—Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

William Butler Yeats in a portrait by Charles Hazlewood Shannon—one aspect of immortality.

and essayist. *In Excited Reverie*, whose title comes from his poem "A Prayer for My Daughter," will have the widest appeal among the new volumes (we also have an important book reprinted in a revised edition, T. R. Henn's *The Lonely Tower*). All but three of its eighteen miscellaneous pieces—reminiscences, critical essays, and verse tributes—were written for the occasion. One of the previously published contributions is a poem by A. D. Hope which begins with an appropriate summary of Yeats's achievement and a suggestion of his growth: "To have found at last that noble, candid speech/In which all things worth saying may be said. . . ."

ANOTHER of the selections that predates the present book is W. R. Rodgers's BBC program of several years ago, "W. B. Yeats: A Dublin Portrait." Mr. Rodgers recorded impressions of people who had known Yeats, and then put his tapes together so as to produce the effect of give-and-take conversation. Maude Gonne (in her eighties), Lennox Robinson, the poet's widow and daughter provide comments that are friendly; some of the others are not. Austin Clarke, now the elder statesman of Irish verse, is only mildly disparaging when he refers to Yeats as a great oak tree who blocked younger poets from the sun, but Sean O'Faolain is almost violently bitter about the aloofness of Yeats, whom Frank O'Connor then vigorously defends. It's a lively enough gabfest.

Critical studies dominate the book. These come not only from Ireland and

England, but also from Africa, India, Australia, and the United States. The one from Africa, by S. B. Bushrui of the University of Ibadan, usefully discusses "Yeats's Arabic Interests." Americans represented include Donald T. Torchiana, soon to bring out his own book on Yeats, who writes about the background of the poem "Among School Children"; General Russell K. Alspach, co-editor of the variorum edition of the poems, who presents his introduction to the forthcoming variorum edition of Yeats's plays; and Edward Engelberg, author of a recent book on Yeats, who resurrects a play, *The Island of Statues*, which Yeats wrote at twenty.

ONE of the essays from England also deals with the poet's youthful work. In "The Earlier Poems: Some Themes and Patterns" David Daiches stringently criticizes several of the first poems, but finds a number to be imaginatively and verbally important, foretelling the accomplishments of the poet's maturity.

Jon Stallworthy comes up with a lively account, helped along by hitherto unpublished letters, of Yeats's experiences in preparing that idiosyncratic and wretchedly inadequate *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*. But the most pungent (and the longest) contribution to *In Excited Reverie* is Conor Cruise O'Brien's "Passion and Cunning: An Essay on the Politics of W. B. Yeats." Here the poet turns up as a Fascist sympathizer. It has long been known that Yeats was briefly involved with General Eoin O'Duffy's Blueshirts and even supported them in his poetry; but the extent of his involvement with Fascist doctrine has never been so thoroughly exposed before. Mr. O'Brien has gone at the subject with zeal, and the result makes unpleasant reading. But one can't always expect a poet to be an expert in political science. It must be said in Yeats's behalf—though with true Celtic argumentativeness Mr. O'Brien tries to cut off this possibility in advance—that he wrote before the concentration camps had disgorged their terrible secrets. Despite his various pro-Fascist statements, with which Mr. O'Brien keeps jabbing our consciousness, Yeats certainly didn't have in his nature the kind of viciousness that would accept Belsen and Buchenwald.

T. R. Henn, who writes on Yeats's rhetoric in the Jeffares-Cross book, has outlined a somewhat similar defense in *The Lonely Tower*, now making a welcome reappearance with emendations, fifteen years after its first publication. This remains one of the finest volumes about the poet, particularly for its study of his use of magic and myth and his masks of self and anti-self, as well as his interpretation of history through his book *A Vision* (a volume which may seem

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