

loose about Berwick Street in the early hours.

It is really *A Kind of Loving* for the intellectuals. Armed with Art they come out of the universities (Norah has listened to Dr. Leavis) and sip at the BBC, television, advertising: jobs which offer a prestige by being associated with the mystique. But they loathe their work, and the mystique, which in some adolescent dawn they yearned to touch, crumbles under their hand like rotten fruit.

It is a devastating little parable, even though marred by a sub-plot which receives more space than its illumination of the main theme warrants. Norah has come a long way since she slammed the door of the doll's house, but not quite as far as she thinks. She is still the nemesis of her doubting man. She still discovers, hoary though it may be, that a man's relation to his work is the most important fact in a woman's life. But how does a man 'connect' (the word is Bowen's) with work that is essentially parasitic? It is here that the author's satire spills over into society and Peter Ash becomes a victim rather than controller. The bird-cage, unlike a box, gives an illusion of light and space.

Unarmed in Paradise, a first novel, is another in the fashionable post-Hemingway series of stories by and about American girls who live among the Left Bank expatriates and fall in love here and there. Carmian Wills, a successful first-book novelist, finds what she calls her 'twin soul' in Dmitri Mikhailovitch Koubyankov, a Russian refugee. They struggle for love, beset by poets, painters, lack of money, the Cold War, his mother, and a miscarriage. Miss Marsh tells us at the beginning who is going to win. The blurb says: 'Although Ellen Marsh is an American, her novel seems nearer to those of the great Russians.' One wishes she had left this particular Russian soul to his own countrymen. The soul of the American girl, less profound than Dmitri's though it may appear to the heroine, does come through with a freshness and sparkle that make one wish Miss Marsh had chosen Ohio for her setting.

H. E. Bates ostensibly writes about love, but in fact his novel is nothing to do with love and very little to do with people. Jack Marsden, an Englishman much given to saying 'jolly,' meets, on a tour of Greece, an American girl in the care of a Lesbian chaperone. The tricks Mr. Bates gets up to! I have heard my maiden aunts complaining about 'all those disgusting plays nowadays' while their shelves are full of H. E. Bates. In this novel he injects as much fashionable rubbish as he can into the story: the girl is bound to Mrs. Keller by a Lesbian 'marriage'

—she wears a ring and they adopt a baby. Along comes Mr. Jack Marsden, Sir Galahad in the hot Ionian isles, and sports with Miss Forbes in the myrtle and oleander. Behind them stalks the villain with her orange lipstick and faint moustache and, in the final pages, a revolver. As a thriller the book beats along at a fine pace, held up periodically by Mr. Bates's sixth-former descriptions of the myrtle and oleander. As a novel about people it smells contrivedly libidinous. But then, Mr. Bates is too experienced a professional not to know his own audience.

JOHN DANIEL

War without Battles

State of Emergency. By Fred Majdalany. (Longmans, 25s.)

FRED MAJDALANY has written a convenient, intelligent journalist's description of the Mau Mau rebellion in Kenya. By gathering into one fairly short book accounts of the settler and Kikuyu backgrounds, and of the main events of the Emergency itself, he has filled a gap in the literature on the subject, and this will be particularly valuable for those without previous knowledge.

There remain defects in *State of Emergency* which make it less interesting than it might have been. And I am not referring to the red frangipane in Nairobi, the flamingoes which breed on Lake Naivasha, or the photograph captioned 'Game track made by elephant, rhinoceros and buffalo through the bamboo forest . . .' which is less like any game track that I have seen than the track of a regiment of tanks. For these are exceptions and on the whole Mr. Majdalany presents his natural and human background with conscientious accuracy.

More regrettable in a short book on a big subject is a tendency to be repetitive, though even this perhaps makes for clarity. Less easy to excuse are certain omissions which, in a book subtitled 'The Full Story of Mau Mau,' seem inexplicable. For when he reaches Kenyatta's arrest Mr. Majdalany writes: 'This is not the point for a detailed account of the trial. . . .' But it is surely a point for a summary of the issues; and the point, too, for him to give us his reasons for supposing that the Kenyatta verdict was correct, an opinion he clearly holds. He never does this and never suggests that the matter is debatable.

Equally unfortunate is the absence of any conclusion which would set the whole rebellion against the past and future of Kenya as a whole.