

THE LECHERS THE PRUDES AND THE COOL

Surprise
for the
permissive
people in the
Sunday Times
report on sex
and marriage



IN THE WEEKLY REVIEW

GEN. GORDON



Newly discovered: his own
picture album of the Crimea
and the Chinese expedition

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★ ★ ★

THE SUNDAY TI

29 MARCH 1970

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Deflated inflatable: A balloon that wouldn't take off first time is carried to the starting base for a second Balloon Meet at Dunstable. A grandmother, Mrs Gwen Bellew, of Ealing, won the first event

Drugs: GMC to charge three doctors

By Derek Humphry

THREE MEDICAL men are soon to appear before the General Medical Council's Disciplinary Committee accused of over-prescribing drugs to addicts. Several more cases are under consideration and some will receive strong warning letters.

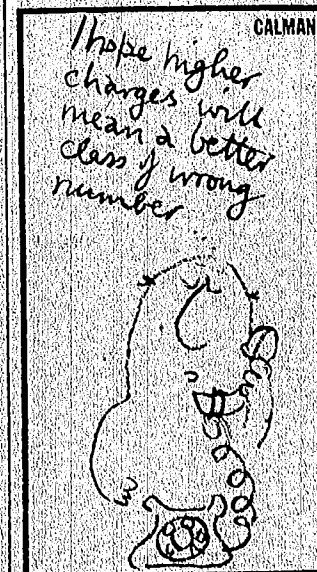
Last week the Home Secretary, Mr James Callaghan, said that about 12 doctors appeared to be guilty of over-prescribing.

These, said Mr Callaghan, could be, and had been, the main source of supply for a new drug. They could create a cult in a matter of months, like the Mescaline of Drugs Bill, which is being rushed

prescriptions for nine months after the GMC struck him off until his appeal was dismissed.

The GMC is now receiving information about junkie doctors from the drugs inspectors of the Home Office. It had been hampered previously by lack of evidence as it is not an investigatory body.

Last December the Home Office supplied evidence about the activities of Dr Lionel Wood, of St Johns Wood, London, and by February he was before the Disciplinary Committee on charges of infamous conduct in connection with prescribing drugs. He was struck off and has not appealed.



Welcome
to the

Battle for the of Siem

By Fred Emery, Kompong Ch

THE FIRST clear, grim sign that the Communist North Vietnamese and the Vietcong intend to wage a bitter fight for the restoration of Prince Norodon Sihanouk as Cambodia's Head of Government has come in this provincial capital astrid the Mekong River, some 5 miles to the north-east of Phnom Penh, the capital.

During my visit here today it looked as though Kampuchea's most prominent

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JOHN WHITLEY, *Sunday Times*

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THE MEDDLERS

The experiment in this eye-opening novel will in due time become a fact of life, to be faced by men and women everywhere. Nothing can stop the progress of genetic knowledge, nor its practical application to manipulate human characteristics for good or ill. Is this the way men and women will react in the 70's? 35/-

THE CINNERS

Raymond Mortimer on Arthur Waley, a great Oriental scholar
MIRACULOUS MANDARIN

ARTHUR WALEY (1889-1966) was a world-famous scholar who in his handling of English ranks with the greatest authors of his time. Who among them produced prose more beautiful than his "Tale of Genji"? As a translator of Chinese and Japanese poetry he invented a new and most delicate form of English prosody. Indeed I can't think of any writer at any period who combined such wide erudition with so fine an ear.

Madly Singing in the Mountains is the first book that has been devoted to his genius. The first third of it gives us personal memories and critical judgments, all of them interesting, by seventeen of those who knew him, including his widow, his brother and younger Orientalists. The editor, Dr Ivan Morris, is an Englishman who now occupies the Chair of Japanese at Columbia. I don't know how well-versed he may be in Chinese, but in every other respect he is ideally suited to his task.

He produced a fascinating book ("The World of the Shining Prince") about the historical background to "The Tale of Genji," and a superb annotated translation of Sei Shonagon's "Pillow Book" (of which Waley had translated only one quarter). In the distinction of his writing he continues the tradition of Waley, whom he knew and deeply admired for his character as well as for his learning and his style.

Waley's gift for languages was prodigious. Trained in classics at Rugby and King's, he knew when only twenty-four seven modern European languages and could read also Hebrew and Sanskrit. Employed in the Print Depart-

ment of the British Museum, he next taught himself simultaneously Chinese and Japanese (which are as different from one another as they both are from English). Later he learnt Mongol, Ainu and Syriac.

His erudition sprang from an insatiable love for literature. The translator, he maintained, must be someone who delights in using words, and cannot rest until he has put into his own language some work that has excited his imagination. Mr Peter Quennell here rightly describes him as "a creative artist who amid the laborious data of scholarship unearthed the raw material that his talent needed."

He was hugely industrious and prolific; and the refinement of his features reflected the extreme asceticism he imposed upon his way of life. He enjoyed playing instruments of the flute family, and his favourite recreation was skiing, preferably with one companion or alone upon unfrequented slopes. Travel he disliked, and he never went farther East than Austria; nor did he learn to speak the languages on whose literature he was an expert.

The younger Orientalists who contribute to the book emphasise the obstacles he so brilliantly overcame as a pioneer in wider fields than a modern scholar would attempt to master, although linguistic studies have now become much easier. They also write most appreciatively of his helpful kindness. Yet they found him intimidating—prone

to long silences and crushing retorts. Even his highly eulogistic review of Dr Morris's first book ends, I notice, with a supercilious comment upon a small point with which he disagreed. Miss Carmen Blacker in her affectionate reminiscences persuades herself that a snub which silenced her at their first meeting was really an encouragement to express her point of view.

Behaviour of this sort is explained by his widow (who knew him for some forty years) as a defence mechanism caused by

social shyness; and Dr Morris similarly sees it as a product of reserve, diffidence and extreme sensitiveness. He suggests also that he literally did not hear boring remarks. Sometimes, I believe, he voiced his opinions with little or no awareness of the person he was talking to and perhaps wounding or boring. I remember his dilating to me about the various ski-runs around Davos, while I tried in vain to divert him to a subject that interested us both.

Yet I never found him formid-

A Recurrence
RICHARD CHURCH

All Easter Saturday a high wind blew.
It was no normal wind, to come and go
As Nature breathes above the melted snow
And prophesies of flowers, as if it knew
Nothing but gentleness, and morning dew.
This other was persistent in its flow.
I felt an angry accusation glow.
Fiercer and fiercer from the Middle East
Till Christian Europe cowered, and Britain shrank
Sullen and guilty as a stricken beast.
Beneath this punishment, whose sound of doom
Proclaimed accusing angels, rank on rank,
Rolling the stone, God-bidden, from a Tomb.

Two years before the muse

FLAWLESSLY and confidently though he himself can write, Mr Cooke does not hesitate, in this fine book, to withdraw himself when necessary, and with excellent judgment to let his subjects—for there is Helen Thomas as well as Edward—have their own say; as they both eloquently could. And since Thomas and his wife, despite difficult passages, were never enemies, Mr

EDWARD THOMAS: a critical biography by William Cooke
Faber 50s

HENRY REED

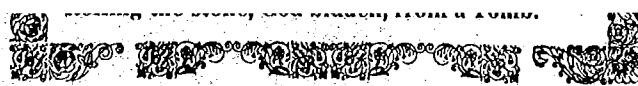
A pine in solitude
Cradling a dove.
An even more sombre candour

older, but not much older, and first published in England, had said to him: "You are a poet or you are nothing." But a man does not become a poet simply because he is told he is one, though doubtless Frost's remark struck at something Thomas had wanted to, yet dared not, until then, think of.

But these things are, as psycho-



only twenty-four seven modern European languages and could read also Hebrew and Sanskrit. Employed in the Print Department now become much easier. They also write most appreciatively of his helpful kindness. Yet they found him intimidating—prone



given also a pen-portrait of this remarkable lady who shared his life for so many years. Though they shared many tastes, their

"Madly Singing in the Mountains an Appreciation and Anthology of Arthur Waley, edited by Ivan Mory (Allen & Unwin) 70s pp 403.

Two years before the muse

FLAWLESSLY and confidently though he himself can write, Mr Cooke does not hesitate, in this fine book, to withdraw himself when necessary, and with excellent judgment to let his subjects—for there is Helen Thomas as well as Edward—have their own say: as they both eloquently could. And since Thomas and his wife, despite difficult passages, were never enemies, Mr Cooke's book moves the reader in a way that biography rarely does: his second chapter, "The Divided Self," is a model of well-selected documents, in both poetry and prose, brought together, properly digested, and firmly handled.

He has, of course, a subject where, biographically at least, there seems little need for guesswork. Thomas himself was a self-declared depressive, often took laudanum, and was on one occasion determined on suicide. Mr Cooke is fully aware of the justifiable self-pity of both Edward and Helen. It is balanced by their pity for each other and their candid understanding and acceptance of each other.

Certainly Thomas himself, through the whole of his fantastically overworked life: as a hack journalist and a writer of "deadline" commissioned books, gives the impression of someone who could not easily tell lies, and the well-known portrait of him (a trifle blurred in this volume) gives the feeling of someone who could not easily believe in them either.

And truth is a useful thing. Curiously, his candid avowal that Helen loved him more than he loved her produces one of the finest love-lyrics in the language. It ends:

*Till sometimes it did seem
Better it were
Never to see you more
Than linger here
With only gratitude
Instead of love*

EDWARD THOMAS: a critical biography by William Cooke
Faber 50s

HENRY REED

*A pine in solitude
Cradling a dove.*

An even more sombre candour informs the poem about his father, withheld from the brief Collected Poems till twenty-two years after the poet's death. It is not at all a poem about hate, but it begins:

*I may come near loving you
When you are dead
and ends:*

*But not so long as you live
Can I love you at all.*

His father survived him.

Apart from conventional juvenilia, Thomas wrote no poetry before the age of thirty-six. Hitherto he had confined himself to twenty-nine books of prose. He was to live about two years more; and despite its many outstanding virtues, the most astonishing and valuable part of Mr Cooke's book is the appendix in which he establishes the chronology of these two incredible years; I quote merely its beginning:

1914

3 December "Up in the Wind"
4 December "November"
5 December "March"
6 December "Old Man"
7 December "The Sign-Post"

And these poems are by no means dilettante haiku. Some are of notable length. It is to be hoped that the elegant pages of the Collected Poems may, as a result of Mr Cooke's researches, soon be rearranged chronologically.

Thomas's switch to poetry (much of it, and some senses all of it, remarkable; it had the rare distinction of never appearing in Edward Marsh's "Georgian" collections) has been variously explained. Robert Frost,

older, but not much older, and first published in England, had said to him: "You are a poet or you are nothing." But a man does not become a poet simply because he is told he is one; though doubtless Frost's remark struck at something Thomas had wanted to, yet dared not, until then, think of.

But these things are, as psychoanalysts say, "over-determined." I am not so much entranced as I once was by the observations of analysts on what they call "creativity": but the distinguished analyst Dr Elliott Jaques in an essay on what he terms the "mid-life crisis" devotes his early pages to what happens to artists in their middle thirties—the mezzo del cammin di Dante. He examined a "random sample" of 310 artists of genius (one had not thought death had undone so many!) who had exemplified this mid-life crisis in three different ways: either their career ended at this time; or it began (one thinks of Conrad); or a decisive change took place in the quality and content of their work. (One might add that some artists re-begin at this age: I am thinking of our own Jane Austen.)

I think that Edward Thomas, if not decisively a genius, fits well enough into all this. Dr Jaques connects his thesis with our realisation at this age that death does actually exist, and is probably nearer to us than birth. Thomas thought often of death. He was not strictly of conscribable age, and had every opportunity of joining Frost in America. But he decided to enlist, and was apparently certain that he would not see his beloved England again. He wrote no more poetry once he landed in France; and it was not long before it could be said of him by Alun Lewis, also writing of death, and himself prematurely killed in a later war:

Suddenly, at Arras, you possessed that hinted land.



Arthur Waley on the ski slopes



Emily at a dash

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON edited by

Thomas H Johnson/Faber 84s pp 770

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

THERE ARE some collected poems it is necessary to disconnect—if poetry is still to be considered an art—from the possibly affective quality or tragedy, or whatever, of the poet's life. That is so with Emily Dickinson. Americans, divorced from Europe, incline even now to exaggerate the merits of an American product. We flatter them, too. Our publishers, our encyclopedia promoters, our critics quite often, ingratiate themselves, like dogs on their backs, hoping for more dog biscuit from the full American cupboard if they carefully fail to estimate an American painter or poet or novelist with the strictness they would apply to the home-born.

If the American product can be shown, also, to have come out of an interesting, pathetic or enigmatic life, the trick is done. So Emily Dickinson is observed, spinster of Amherst, renunciant victim of forbidden love, dressed in white in her garden, a family recluse given to death, God, eternity, remembered love; writing, if her editor's projected count is to be relied upon, no fewer than 357 poems in the one year of 1862.

How wonderful! How moving! How mysteriously (outside ambition and all the other vulgarities of life from celebrity to profit or fame) she has achieved, in the most unlikely places, follow its trail of destiny and fulfillment!

Among such exclamations only the poems fail to be inspected closely or with enough scepticism. Here the sacred myth of the "nun of Amherst" has the support of 1,775 poems, short, in short lines, tripping (which is the most justly meretricious) through a great many years of Miss Dickinson's self-isolation.

Before one makes an estimate either of the best poems—O that weariness, to add one more exclamation, of going through all the seventeen hundred and seventy-five of them—or of the corpus as now assembled and finalised, a few things need to be said.

Raising his hands in worship, the editor preserves the sacred idiosyncrasies of Miss Dickinson's

tentious writer of album verse for her more or less private eye which means that she wrote subjects; which introduces, yes, Subject Index—Trees, Tribulation, victory over Triumph, Trust, Truth, Tulip.

Returning myself to Mr Dickinson, after years in which I had been little tempted in her desolate garden, I would calculate that she wrote (with plus and minus like a radiocarbon date) some thirty-five poems of remarkable success many as well in which there are surprising lines (though who surprises one first in a Dickinson poem can resolve itself quickly into nothing much).

The best of the remarkable poems catch one (when translated into sensible orthography in a cold grip, are pitiless to the self, to the reader, to life (and to God, some of them, in his still theistic age). They are fresh, colloquial, vividly untainted by fashion; death and love poems without benefit of intervention of hope, despair or peace. Such are "I feel funeral in my brain," "I reason Earth is short," "The Soul selects her own society," "I might be lonelier/Without this loneliness," "After great pain a formal feeling comes." Others: "It was a quiet way," or "died for Beauty," or

*Least rivers, docile to some seed
My Caspian, thee*

are total love poems. Most of the remainder we could do without. They are characterised, ad nauseam, by rhythmical monotony, and similarity of form and mode, by a amateurism which is exactly that of a Sunday painter, miss more than hit, who could afford—in her case—to go Sunday painting several days a week. But then Emily Dickinson's exemplar in verse seems to have been Emerson almost alone. Hardly a more feeble one could be thought of.

Driving through her vast collection what I remembered was Yeats, in his "Trembling of the Veil," warning us—a very necessary warning now—of that "oh! temptation of the artist, creator without toil."

LYMAN ANDREWS on recent poetry from the American West and South, from Canada and from Britain

POETS' LANDSCAPES

SOME of Robert Penn Warren's best poems in years are contained in *Incarnations: Poems 1966-1968*.

shame that moments of acute perception suffer in a welter of this sort of stuff.

through the seeing of them ("the beasts examine the settled man