Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER and MELVIN J. LASKY

MARCH 1963 VOL. XX NO. 3

Assistant Editors: Margot Walmsley, Francis Hope. Circulation & Advertising: John Hall
Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1. All issues 4s. a copy (USA & Canada 75c.). Postage: 6d.
Annual subscription (inc. postage): 50s.: USA & Canada \$8.50: India Rs.18. Six months: 27s.: \$4.50: Rs.11.
US & Canadian subscriptions may be entered with British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street New York 22 or
Eastern News Distributors Inc. 255 Seventh Avenue New York 1. US newsstand distribution by Eastern News
Distributors Inc. Second-class mail privileges authorised at New York N.Y. © 1963 by Encounter Ltd.

Distributors Inc. 255 Seventh Avenue New York 1. inc. Second-class mail privileges authorised at New		
Editorial Note	3	M. J. L.
THE GAULLIST REPUBLIC	4.	Raymond Aron
HEBREW MYTHS AND LEGENDS (II)	12	Robert Graves & Raphael Patai
Remembering Stalin	19	Walter Laqueur
A Woman On a Roof (story)	28	Doris Lessing
EXPLORING THE HISTORY OF AFRICA	34	Roland Oliver
MEN & IDEAS		
WALTER BAGEHOT	42	R. H. S. Crossman
THEATRE		
FUN WITH FISSION	56	Nigel Dennis
FILM		
IN DEFENCE OF CINEMA ART	59	Francis Wyndham
POETRY		
THE CARD-TRICK	33	Jorge Luis Borges
CONGER	55	Ted Walker
ALONE	58	Rod Stuart
PTERANODON	61	Douglas Livingstone
TO A POMEGRANATE TREE	67	T. Carmi
NOTES & TOPICS		
THE END OF THE AFFAIR	62	Sebastian Haffner
GOING INTO EUROPE (IV)	68	
воокѕ		
G. M. YOUNG AND HIS ENGLAND	79	John Gross
valéry as social thinker	84	5 6
NOVELS	88	Kathleen Nott
LETTERS	93	

96

AUTHORS

The Card-Trick

Fifty-two cards have taken the place of life. Fifty-two amulets of painted cardboard have gently conspired to replace the great primordial reality of sufferings and pleasures of the flesh, and this smiling new creation goes to work peopling the stolen time with all the dazzling primitive deceptions of its tyrannical mythology. Along the edges of the card-table, life stops short. Within is another country all the excitement of bidding and of wishing, the ace of spades, powerful as Don Juan Manuel, the seven of diamonds jingling our hopes. A lazy slowness settles on all talk, old words go slithering down the well-known slopes and, like the ups and downs of the game itself, are everlastingly the same. The players in the immediate fever of the moment take some unlikely tricks—an accomplishment which lends a touch of immortality (though scarcely more than a touch) to all their dead companions in the silence.