

dulous attitude of thousands of Roman Catholic peasants in the Mediterranean and elsewhere? The phrase "these middle-class terms" suggests a stratification of society which is, if anything, English but not Greek. Nearly everybody in Greece tends to be middle class, for there are the proletariats and "the others." (including a very few who are very rich) Rinvoluturi uses the words . . . "when you say 'reunion of the Churches' today." (54) This must be linked with what is printed elsewhere (163). In fact, "the average Greek" is far more keenly aware of *ἐνώσις* than *ἐνότης*. For every Sunday in church he can hear the age-old prayer *ὕπὲρ τῆς ἐνώσεως τῶν πάντων*. The gossip on p. 104 (*κουτῶ τὸ δάκτυλο*) could have been replaced with the down-to-earth statement that the Church needs the taxpayer's money.

I have noted as mis-spellings Antonopolou (40) and *Ecclesim* (190). There is a wrong page reference to Chrysostomos (not 112 but 113). The Select Bibliography might well have mentioned the good little monograph on Athos by Cavarinos.

London

REX WITT

Dorothy Salisbury Davis, *Enemy and Brother*, novel, Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1966. Pp. 280.

The reason for this novel according to the author was the murder of the reporter George L. Polk, C. B. S. correspondent during the Greek Guerilla War in 1948. This was the only medium, she states, through which she could convey her story although she had at first thought of telling it in non-fictional form. All names are fictitious except for "Markos." It is an excellent piece of work, exceedingly well planned and finely written. The Greece of the early post-war period is most graphically displayed. To the reviewer, with memories of a talk (during the first of many visits to Greece) with the head-man of Asprangeli near Yanina in 1950, the figure of the leader of the bandits Markos, indispensable for the tale here told seems an almost personal bogey. For the head-man pointed to the nearby Albanian frontier and said "Markos is over there and is ever crossing to and fro." The novel goes back to a time when Markos was in a stronger position than a runaway and was not always having to take to his heels. The author believes that "an earnest and open minded reporter died for reasons we are not to know."

The "hero" of the novel is an American professor. His real name is Jabez Emory, which he has changed to John Eakins. He is engaged in writing a book on Byron. He tells the story in the first person — how he was tried on a charge of having shot Alexander Webb, with whose wife he was supposed to have ingratiated himself, and how a young *Elasite* named Paul Stephanou became the chief witness for the prosecution. It happens when Emory is with the *Andartes* of Markos. Emory and Stephanou have found Webb in a compromising situation with a woman, Maria (her tongue is subsequently mutilated, as becomes clear towards the end). The next day Webb's body is found in a ditch. Eakins accompanied by Stephanou leaves for an undisclosed rendezvous with "the comrade general." He observes an armed and uniformed patrol approaching, panics, and hides the revolver the guerrillas have given him in the earth, where it is dug up soon afterwards with one bullet missing. Eakins narrates how he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death by shooting. But he was secretly taken to New York, where he again protested his innocence. Then it was proposed to him that he should acquire a new identity. John Eakins takes the place of Jabez Emory, who vanishes (so to speak) behind the Iron Curtain.

After almost 18 years Eakins reads by chance in a newspaper about Stephanou. He is reported to be on the point of release from jail after serving 17 years of a life sentence as an accessory in Webb's murder. So Eakins makes up his mind to go back to Greece to see things for himself. It is not long before he finds Stephanou now blind "as the result of a prison accident" in the village of Kalea not far from Levadia. The title of the book prepares the reader for the handshake which Eakins in due course gives the blind man. The two decide to go to Preveza. There Eakins who has lied about his whereabouts during the war, reveals his identity and tells how he got away from death in Greece to America. It turns out that orders for Webb to be shot by Stephanou were given by Markos himself.

The tale does not sag at the end. The dénouement is swift, occupying the last four of the novel's 27 chapters. The killer of Webb was a certain Communist Demetrios, *alias* Colonel Frontis. Eakins has the satisfaction of exposing this agent, who has not only murdered Webb but also ordered Stephanou to be blinded and Maria to have her tongue split. Frontis is tried for treason by a military court martial, convicted and shot.

The novel is full of good things. How terribly moving is the picture of Stephanou's weeping (161): "In the instant before he concealed them I saw the tears ooze beneath the shiveled eyelids." Finely drawn are the Sunday Liturgy (95), the picture of Greek politics (106), the procession (66), the walls of Preveza (158), the dancing (129), and the allegory of the wart (127).

The epigrams can be pitiless as well as biting, and the reader must try to hear the overtones: "A Greek makes an unhappy Communist. Even if he is an unhappy Greek." (156) Stephanou having regained his balance was "standing in white nakedness like Christ at the pillar." (77) "His head was as bald as the rock of starvation." (56) Archeologists — "proving that the future of Greece lies in her past." (83) "When I wrote about Pericles they thought I meant Metaxas." (89) "He could have gone to Egypt with the government — the flight into Egypt." And so it goes on.

The writer hopes she has afforded entertainment. She has done this and more. She has thrown a flood of light on what was (in more than one sense) a dark period of Greek history. (How little news seeped through into the English papers during the "emergency"! ) Her character drawing is magnificent. Above all else she has cast over her readers the spell of what she calls "Greekness." The tale throbs with it. The novel deserves to become an English classic.

An intimate acquaintance with the Modern Greek language is evident. The plural on p. 69 must be *Klephtika*. On p. 106 the word should be "plebeian."

London

REX WITT

Barbara Jelavich, *A Century of Russian Foreign Policy. 1814-1914*. Lippincott, New York, 1964. Pp. 308.

Nineteenth-century Russian foreign policy has traditionally interested students of Russian history as much as the domestic developments of the tsarist regime. This interest emanated, and still does, partly from the international concern which Russian expansion during the last century caused as the empire of the tsars gradually transformed itself from European to world power and partly from the close connections between domestic and foreign policy. This can be especially true in an