

Candide in 1940, for instance, as the worst soldier in the French forces, drilling with mad incompetence under a French officer, is soon captured by the Germans and forced to serve in their army where he is seen drilling with the same incompetence, watched with the same contempt by a German officer, played by the *same man* who played the French one. This whole episode is given a rather nasty point by the fact that Cassel plays his capture and beating up with deadly seriousness, reminiscent of his *Caporal Epingle* role: not funny at all, in fact, if you happen to be involved, is what the director is saying. The escape into Switzerland and the inspection by the International Red Cross are given a more savagely satirical emphasis through the images than the dialogue, funny though this is: in the same way, when we get to Argentina, the equation of dictator with bull is visually much more comic than it is verbally, and later again in the Oreillon sequence, with the hurry to get Candide cooked in time for the Chief to get to UN HQ, we find the same thing. Like all good comic actors, Cassel can very easily look heartbroken and in no sequence is this used to better effect than at the end. They are cultivating their garden in a stupor of boredom; Cunegonde has become so ugly that one cannot look at her; the despair on Cassel's face as he contemplates the future makes all the more exhilarating the sudden impulse with which he turns aside the bust of Voltaire and reverses time—the girl is beautiful again and the film switches to the gay little costumed jig which we saw at the beginning.

The two films, it seems fair to say, make more explicit for us, through the treatments chosen by the directors, the contrast between the two works from which they are drawn. Fielding was earlier, of course, and a novelist whose interest in life was perennial, affectionate, ironic and personal; he was also essentially an Englishman in the country tradition. The film seems to me to bring out a good deal of this very well. The Frenchman was primarily an urbane intellectual, an onlooker more than a participant, a satirist more out to put humanity in its place than to help any *fils de St Louis* on his way to heaven, even an enlightened one. The devastating eye which M. Carbonnaux casts on the contemporary scene, from international conferences to the cult of the Little Flower, underlines the argument quite briskly. You will not be wasting your time and money on a visit to either film.

MARYVONNE BUTCHER

POP SONG AND POP HYMN

Denmark Street is a short street leading off the Charing Cross Road opposite Foyle's. It contains restaurants, a bookshop which specialises in books in the Greek language, and, at the far end, a Ministry of Labour outpost for the hotel and catering trades. But it is none of these that gives Denmark Street its peculiar distinction. For Denmark Street is the reputed centre of the pop music industry. In small distempered rooms terms are haggled over. Agents and up and coming

singers discuss contracts. From obscure rooms there is the far-off tinkle of the piano. Romantic? Hardly. A subject for twentieth century mythology? Apparently so. Spike Milligan, once one of the radio Goons and a leading satirist, made a documentary about the mechanics of pop music, a film blunted by the easy amiability of the pop music tycoons and the affable insensitivity of the singers. Unlikely though it may have seemed, this world, the world of Denmark Street, has been invaded by some of the churches, in particular the Church of England. A newly consecrated church is likely to have on call a sub-skiffle group, and in the soaring glass and concrete churches of the new towns, the coming era is ushered in to the sound of amplified guitars.

The intention behind this new movement in ecclesiastical music is good, and the Reverend Geoffrey Beaumont and his colleagues certainly do not deserve to be sneered at, or baited. Yet there is something ludicrous about rocking and rolling in the aisles, something artificial about beaming clerics desperately trying to be with-it, while the teenagers, for whom the show is being put on, simply do not care one way or the other. If put to the question, they will say that they prefer the new music to the traditional, but that in itself will not guarantee their interest in the church, for pop music to the teenager is a symptom of their status rather than an end product.

The attempt to establish a rapport between the church and the alienated teenager is of long standing. For a long time churches have engaged in running youth clubs, encouraging teenagers to indulge in healthy sport, and pastimes, e.g. table-tennis, in an effort to establish a new image. Many of the young clerics engaged in this up-hill task have demonstrated courage and resourcefulness of no small order. Some of them have been attacked, the clubs wantonly destroyed and the contents stolen; sometimes the clubs themselves have served as the bases for hooligan gangs. And yet despite all this hard work, the image of the churchman for most teenagers is still on the lines of Canon Chasuble, D.D., in 'The Importance of Being Earnest.' Pop music in the service of religion is the latest move to bring the young back into the fold, but, one feels, it is an attempt doomed to disappointment, for to the average fifteen year old, the church is so remote that the self-consciously folksy approach will necessarily meet with suspicion and a certain degree of contempt.

It is doubtful whether the attempt to incorporate pop music into the fabric of the church would have been hazarded but for the success of the Sunday afternoon religious programmes on television. The commercial television programme 'Sunday Break' has viewing figures of over five million a week. In this, what one might term without disrespect 'tame' teenagers are gathered into a studio to discuss, not unintelligently, ethical and crypto-ethical topics. The discussions are interspersed with skiffle-type music. By many, this was interpreted as a breakthrough for religious television. However, many people will watch anything on television rather than nothing at all, and it is a commonplace of the sixties that in the morning and afternoon when nothing is being shown but the test cards, television sets will remain switched on and many will

be watching. A lit-up television screen is the ju-ju of our day. It is not to be wondered at then that at five p.m. on Sunday, a barren part of the week-end, five million viewers are tuned in to 'Sunday Break', and a smaller number to the BBC equivalent.

But popular music and religion have been coupled on many occasions in the past. The negro spiritual served both as an integral part of the church service and as popular music, and with the widespread vogue of the Victorian sacred song we have the perfect example of something that in its time seemed to be adequate in all contexts, religious and secular. In some of the pop songs of today destined for the wide unreligious public there can be found a smug religiosity that makes the Victorian sacred song appear a model of refined and delicate sensibility.

In general, the present trend of religious music, as played before Princess Margaret and visiting dignitaries when churches are consecrated, etcetera, is not overtly offensive. There are two basic types of music, the pepped-up hymn (the words of Watts and Cowper syncopated), and the skiffle-type melody with quite blameless lyrics. At least these two varieties of music are honest, but whether they will convert anybody, or even uplift anyone, is doubtful.

Whether it was wise of the Church of England to bring its music down into the market place is a matter on which it would be impertinent to sit. Perhaps the music qua music is no worse than the endless incompetent voluntaries of the village organist, voluntaries hallowed, if not sanctified, by the traditions of a century or more. Perhaps the new style sacred pop song will achieve the same niche?

RONALD PEARSALL

Continuous Mediation: the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom

Peace on earth—the passionate longing of mankind everywhere. Peace is a word which is on everyone's lips, and the desire for it in everyone's heart—statesman and layman alike. The achievement of total and universal disarmament, the biggest step on the road to peace, is, as President Kennedy said only last year, no longer a pipe-dream of a few idealists: it is a stark matter of whether mankind is to survive on this earth or not.

Women, by their very nature, have always had the privilege and responsibility of feeding and nurturing the human family—hers the joy of bringing children into the world and hers the main responsibility for them till they are