



image of that society and its experience. His skill in rendering the flow of life through the street, the brutality and ugliness, the glimpses the street provides of other, less tangible experiences, the altercations, the moments of communication, show the street not only as a place but as the analogue of human vitality and representativeness. 'That night,' he writes of Harry Lane after his fall, in words which are apt to describe the impression all Morley Callaghan's best work makes, 'he walked through the streets for hours feeling he was wandering through his own life.'

Fashion Fit

We are practised and perfect
 In the day of telegrams and excuses.
 The typist invites us to letters,
 The telephone squats at our side
 Like a grinning memento of life.
 It punctuates our sentence, it rhymes
 Through the times of the week.

The bosses are just.
 We die of pleasant vices
 As efficiently as possible. We kick
 The wastepaper basket. Triteness
 Is all. We are signed for, and folded
 Away, we are laid in filing cabinets.

We have our victories.
 There comes a translation of *Beowulf*
 Anew in paperback. There is the stir
 Of new novels, gone to new worlds
 Of fellatio and the mysteries of
 Sodomy. The smoke-room story
 Is lost to smokers, is become an
 Epiphany. We are intimate in cinemas.
 And in the comfortable countries
 Students are inventing unease
 And disposable woes.

D. J. ENRIGHT