POCUS ON FRANCE

Paris, city of contrasts, but pre-eminently a centre of fashion. In the great house of Revillen, sophisticated models display the trend in furs.

Occasionally the girls group together. Monotomy is relieved in low voiced conversation. What is their talk about? Is it of the coremony in the Louvre Russeum, where Ingrid Bergman is hailed as France's best foreign interpreter? Where Jean Cocteau (the Hoel Coward of France) presents her with a model of the Victory of Samethrace?

Is it talk of the glittering reception at the Elysee Palace, where the world's leading political figures met - for a brief hour - to smile and that on commonplace affairs?

Where the warmth of the occasion thaws into sudden gamiality the sombre figure of Mr. Vishinaky?

No, the medels talk is in a lower boy, for like the rest of Paris they are stranded by another transpert strike. With the tubes immebilised and without bus services, Parisians face another day of finding new ways to cross their city. Walking, hitch hiking, cycling, or packed like cattle into open learnes, their plight is an outward reflection of the tragic political position in which France finds berself today.

Exploiting the situation for personal ambition, or moving forward as its saviour in a spirit of pure patriotism, is General de Gaulle! Crowds through his path on every speaking tour. Vast numbers pin their hopes upon him, but millions of French left-wingers fear him as a possible dictator. Millions more want what De Gaulle stends for (a stable government) but without De Gaulle.