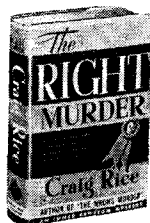


We cornered the senior Gossip Columnist (No. 21W, a small, nervous man who covers the 52nd Street route) and barked: "Why don't you dig up some hot news? You're getting away with murder."

"Sure I am," he admitted shamelessly, "if you mean *The Right Murder* by Craig Rice. I didn't know anyone saw me pinch that advance copy, and now that I've read it I don't care. It's terrific."



"It is interesting to discover that you can read," we said bitterly, "but that hardly comes under the head of exciting gossip. Give us something we can print in *The Gory Gazette* for the Paying Customers."

"All right," said 21W. "Here are a few items I picked up from Craig Rice. See which of them looks hot."

- 1. The recent middle-aisling of Jake Justus and Helene Brand has gone ph-t-t. Bermuda honeymoon ends in separate planes!
- 2. Is John J. Malone, Chicago's notorious mouthpiece, slipping? Private sources reveal that the playboy lawyer is being held incommunicado in connection with the recent knifing in Joe the Angel's Bar.
- 3. What's keeping the hottest story of the year off Chicago's front pages? Can it be that socialite Mona McClane buys off all the boys? And is that why nobody's heard about the mysterious gent found in Mona's bedroom with a knife in his back?

"Great stuff," we said. "Get Craig Rice in here to give us the whole story."



No. 21W snickered. "You've already got it. Maybe you ought to practice up on your reading. Go get yourself a copy of

THE RIGHT MURDER
by Craig Rice (\$2)

THE NEW BOOKS

Art

THE STRUCTURE OF ART. By Carl Thurston. University of Chicago Press. 1941. 190 pp. \$2.50.

Mr. Thurston has wisely confined the analytical part of his small but meaty book to the spatial arts—architecture, sculpture, painting, and the allied graphic arts. His analysis proceeds in that order—with the logical advantage of passing from the use of multiple and very complicated space to space that is merely suggested and inferential. This procedure makes a well-knit and exceptionally clear book.

Ultimately, as Mr. Thurston clearly perceives, the existence and the organization and structure of any work of art are only the potentiality of an esthetic experience. Such a potentiality may be quite variously realized in experience, may be misrealized, may remain unrealized.

When he approaches the constructive and psychological task of studying the esthetic experience itself, Mr. Thurston insists that time, sometimes much, sometimes little, is always in-

volved. All the arts are temporal arts—"art needs to be studied in terms of relationships and fluid processes." The distinguishing mark of esthetic as differentiated from kindred experiences, may be a sort of intensification and condensation which squeezes the time element out and results in an illusion of unity and timeliness, which may constitute a kind of knowledge.

On the issue of content and meaning, Mr. Thurston takes a sound humanistic position against the many estheticians who hold the experience of beauty is possible only in some radiant vacuum. He writes: "The greatest art can be produced only by men who are both complex and intense, and it is almost inevitable that the experiences which they offer us should contain at least as much life as art."

Space does not permit any further analysis of a work that is as important as it is concise and stimulating. While it is addressed rather to mature art lovers than to students, it would be hard to imagine a more useful text book for college classes.

F. J. M., Jr.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
OUR SECOND MURDER Torrey Chanslor (Stokes: \$2.)	Viperish society girl choked with diamond necklace at posh party guarded by trio of elderly female detectives. They solve it handily.	Aged but agile three-some may almost overcome certain objections to this type of sleuth. Gets twitters at times, but finishes well.	Pretty fair
BERMUDA BURIAL C. Daly King (Funk: \$2.)	Ruthlessly pertinacious kidnapers follow rich child, under Mike Lord's protection, to Bermuda, where they get her—and he gets them.	Starts swiftly, but is-land languor pervades action and sleuthing until crisp final section when Lord really gets down to business.	Average
THE RIGHT MURDER Craig Rice (Simon & Schuster: \$2.)	Gent skewered near Chicago dive yelps for lawyer Malone who obliges, with Jake Justus and wf., and effectively trails triple slayer.	High alcoholic content, plus marital fracas of Justuses, Malone's really clever sleuthing, and hilariously exciting situations make this one hum.	A-No. 1
SPILL THE JACKPOT! A. A. Fair (Morrow: \$2.)	Donald Lam learns about love and slot-machines in search for vanished fiancée of rich Californian and killer of ex-pugilist.	Diminutive but dauntless detective, whose "pitching" is full of curves, untangles, at racing pace, case that boils with action and fun.	Extra good
COUNTERPOINT MURDER G. D. H. and Margaret Cole (Macmillan: \$2.)	Scotland Yard shelves inexplicable braining of London executive until elderly spinster's envenoming, and hit-run death give Supt. Wilson surprising answer.	In true magician style authors "explain" story in opening chapter, but most readers won't guess solution 'til very end.	Excellent
DEATH FLIES WEST James Francis Bonnell (Scribner's: \$2.)	Counter-espionage on trans-Atlantic clipper leads Bill Parker, foreign correspondent, into sleuthing three altitude murders.	Flying-boat atmosphere good. Story repetitious; living characters bloodless.	No gimp

Fiction

ROAD LEADING SOMEWHERE. By Ursula Parrott. Dodd, Mead. 1941. 171 pp. \$2.

A very charming, sensitive, and solemn young woman named Sandra; a very rich, handsome, and shiftless young man named Bradley; and, fortunately, another young man—named Jeffrey—ardent, ambitious, and talented, contrive as well as they can to keep Miss Parrott's latest story moving. Sandra has loved Bradley for five years; she is aware of his failings; she is hurt when he puts off their marriage for another two years in order that he may continue to enjoy his freedom; she even quarrels with him when he takes up with a professional Southern charmer. But she can't stop loving him. A series of pretty drastic emotional shocks is necessary to bring her to real understanding and to show her where her true happiness lies. F. S.

FAN DANCE AT COCKCROW. By Daniel Carson Goodman. Wilfred Funk. 1941. 336 pp. \$2.50.

If a prize were offered for the most strenuous, tormented, agitated, pulsating novel of the year, this would be a certain contender. Here is enough plot for half a dozen novels, enough climaxes and crises for a whole season of sultry repertory. There are at least six protagonists: Peter, a phoney young liberal miserably moping and groping about in Waste Land; Dudley, a chubby, pathetic millionaire, victim of a mother-complex; Jerry, a wealthy lecher who preys upon his own daughter-in-law. The women are astonishing if not convincing.

The machine-gun tempo and deluge of events leave the reader breathless. If style is the man, we learn little about Dr. Goodman, for he shifts from the turgidity of Elinor Glyn to the sparkling satire of "Babbitt." Lewis could not better the account of the convention at Atlantic City and the shrewd analysis of the empty consolations of the Boosters' way of life. Yet within half a page one finds such tumid phrasing as "His meals were eaten in a delirium of loneliness," "Lovesickness waved its stalking firebrand in his face," "It had become a habit to think of his bed as a mortuary couch," etc. R. A. C.

SINGING BEACH. By Elizabeth Foster. Harpers. 1941. 309 pp. \$2.50.

For vividness and ease with which Miss Foster creates a landscape, a climate, and a group of human beings, there is no other word than "talent." Her book, with its color, its humor, and its evocation of reality, is in many ways a very charming one. To a remarkable degree, and in spite of the heightened, romantic quality of its mood, it is true to life.

Camel Island, Miss Foster assures us, is a "fabulous island. It cannot be found on any map of the Maine coast." For all that, it is the real thing, and it rocks, its beaches, its dark woods

that come almost to the water's edge, its blue lupines, its weather-beaten summer cottages, and the really very nice and well-bred people who live in them, are extraordinarily actual.

Three quarters of the book unfold most satisfactorily, when, all at once, something happens to it. It becomes overcharged, even, at moments, a bit cheap; and one reflects, unhappily, that the story, after all, would make an undistinguished moving picture. Without the warmth and reality of Miss Foster's writing, with the highly individualized characters translated into stock types, the book's qualities would be submerged by the faint sensationalism that creeps into its later pages. It is however, a novel beautifully begun, and beautifully ended. N. I.

THE MILLION. By Robert Hichens. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1941. 301 pp. \$2.50.

Mr. Hichens always knows what he's doing. A great many authors of light novels tend to get them so light that it is harder for the reader to keep his mind on them than on a logarithm

table. Not Mr. Hichens. Frivolous but full-bodied enough to move under its own power "The Million" is an agreeably characteristic product, the story of a very likable English widow, bored to death with her routine existence in a Devonshire village, and suddenly offered the chance to escape into what she believes is a more congenial life by winning a million francs in a French lottery. Off to Cairo she goes with her leaden and self-righteous daughter, and there for a winter season she drinks thirstily of worldliness and gaiety. A misunderstanding for which she isn't responsible but which she does nothing to correct at first simplifies her social conquests and then threatens them. Believed to be a millionairess in pounds sterling, rather than in French francs, she does her best to behave like one until, almost broke, she finds herself seriously out on a limb. Because she is neither stupid nor insensitive she handles her problem very cleanly and bravely, and it is with the reader's complete approval that her virtue brings, in time, its just reward. F. S.

Will Cuppy reports on a new INSPECTOR MCKEE mystery:

➔ "As ever, McKee's performance is surefire and full of brilliant strokes as he solves two killings and uncovers a diabolical plot. Mrs. Reilly has given him plenty of elbow room. It's a grade A offering."—in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*. \$2.00

HELEN REILLY'S

NEW MYSTERY

Mourned on Sunday

A RANDOM
HOUSE MYSTERY



TRADE WINDS

SPRING NOTE: We came across a little publication called *About Books*, issued quarterly at the Olin Library, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. (Energetic Raymond T. Bond, that Dodd, Mead man, sent it to us.) Within its sprightly pages is this Spring tonic: A Negro woman in a hospital not a million miles from Wesleyan had such a voracious appetite for mushy, sentimental novels that she kept the hospital librarian busy. She was discharged as cured, but returned, with a relapse, some months later. The library worker, remembering her tastes, said: "I'm sure I've got just the book for you—a new love story by Kathleen Norris." The reply was emphatic: "No, ma'am. Ah don' want no more of dat love stuff. I'se tried it. What ah wants now is *murder*!" Now if the patient is still in the hospital we'd like to suggest that Mr. Bond forward a copy of Agatha Christie's new *The Patriotic Murders*. To this crime addict it's a lulu. And should we add it bears the Dodd, Mead imprint?

★ ★
We like the idea. Here is Bennett Cerf, president of Random House, hav-

ing a book published by Garden City Publishing Company. It is *Sixteen Famous American Plays*, and Van H. Cartmell has helped Mr. Cerf edit it. Offhand we're wondering if this doesn't mark some sort of precedent for one publisher to do a book and have another publisher do the printing? An enterprise of this sort presents intriguing possibilities. What kind of arguments can one publisher give another if he wants a bigger advertising appropriation on his book? Did Mr. Cerf think the advance generous enough? And we'd like the president of Random House to tell us. All in all the book is an excellent one; it is an original publication and sells for \$1.98.

★ ★
To Harcourt, Brace & Company should go some sort of prize or medal for distinguished enterprise in the field of literature. Together with Bermann-Fischer Verlag publications (now in Stockholm) they are now publishing in German the magnificent works of many German refugee writers. News of this sort should and will bring much joy to those thousands of men and women who have come to our shores in search of a free existence. Among the important writers to appear in the Bermann-Fischer imprint are Thomas Mann, Franz Werfel, Martin Beheim-Schwarzbach, and Alfred Döblin. But in addition to these German authors there will be English and American writers whose works will be translated into German and thus make available to German readers the best works of these countries. Aldous Huxley, R. C. Hutchinson and Irwin Edman are now available in German.

★ ★
One of the important books headed for the bookstores and the Book-of-the-Month Club readers is Winston

Churchill's *Blood, Sweat, and Tears*, due April 14. We are the last to suggest to any publisher, let alone the able Putnam Company, what they should do, but we're wondering whether or not Churchill has added or will add another chapter to *Blood, Sweat, and Tears* about the Lend-Lease Bill, and its meaning for the English people.

Or are we 'way off?

★ ★
A group of friends and admirers of the late James Joyce has just issued an appeal for contributions to a Joyce Memorial Fund, the entire sum of which will be forwarded to the great writer's family, now stranded in Europe, without means of support. St. Patrick's Day has just rolled by and we feel certain that Joyce's many thousands of friends here will be anxious to respond. Mary Colum, B. W. Huebsch, and Thornton Wilder are among the signers to this appeal. Contributions may be addressed to the Joyce Memorial Committee, 1049 Park Avenue, New York City.

★ ★
The Index to *Print* has just reached our desk and though one must admit it is hard to review or glamorize an Index, one can't help going through it just to recall some of the pleasant and instructive minutes spent with *A Quarterly Journal of The Graphic Arts*. Louis J. Ansbacher's "Textbook Design" in Volume 1, is the piece we recall instantly. This handsome quarterly should have a long reign. *The Colophon* has departed from the ranks of fine printing, and book collectors, publishers, artists are fortunate indeed to have *Print*.

★ ★
Cecil Goldbeck, editor of Coward-McCann, has just been appointed Vice-President of that house. Speaking of Coward-McCann, one of their authors, Joseph Coffin (*Our American Money and Coin Collecting*), has been named by President Roosevelt as a member of the Annual Assay Commission, which met last month at the Philadelphia. What strikes us as funny or something is word from San Leandro, California, that the City Council has passed a unanimous resolution thanking Charles Edward Chapel for writing *Finger Printing: A manual of Identification*, and for the publicity this work has brought to the city. Say, wouldn't it be a nice publicity story if San Leandro was the first city in the whole world to be first in having every man, woman, and child fingerprinted?



The new
A.A. FAIR
murder mystery

about those one-armed bandits—slot machines—and the people who make a living, and a racket, out of playing them.

SPILL
the
JACKPOT!

A Donald Lam — Bertha Cool mystery by the author of "The Bigger They Come," etc.

\$2. MORROW

Holmes-Pollock Letters

The Correspondence of
Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes
and Sir Frederick Pollock, 1874-1932

EDITED BY
MARK DEWOLFE HOWE

TWO of the greatest figures in the Anglo-American legal world during the past seventy-five years here exchange thoughts not only on the law but on every subject that can interest or amuse a cultivated reader. 2 volumes, boxed. \$7.50

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

OUT-OF-PRINT and Hard-to-Find Books

supplied; also family and town histories, magazine back numbers, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of wants—no obligation. We report promptly. Lowest prices.

(We also supply current books at publishers prices, postpaid.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th St. Dept. V New York
(We buy old books and magazines.)