

"From where I sit"

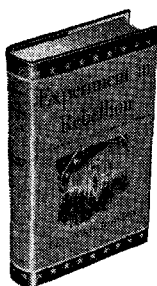


Experiment in Rebellion, by CLIFFORD DOWDEY is a book I'd like to take this opportunity to go all out for. It's the story of what went on in Richmond during the Civil War, and in that sense it's a sort of Confederate version of *Reveille in Washington*.

This book is not a novel, but it reads like one. It is possible even to follow the line of decay (as if it were a plot) from the outset of the war when any man in Richmond boasted he could lick ten Yankees to the almost hysterical fall of the city to General Weitsel and the flight of Jeff Davis and his Cabinet. But don't get the idea that this is some sort of military chronicle, because it isn't. It centers on the capital of Richmond, and Richmond becomes the backdrop. The author was aware before he wrote the book that after the wreckage of Europe, a gaudy account of Civil War bloodshed would lose much of its punch. "Though all this will be included," says the author, "it will be played for its effect on the main characters and not for itself or the city."

The author, a native of Richmond, braved trouble down there to keep the title he chose, because he felt it expressed so perfectly exactly what he wrote about. And that is just what we have, an **Experiment in Rebellion**, an interplay of people engaged in an experiment which, according to its outcome, would mean life or death to the nation. The experiment is participated in by men who seem to me to step out of the pages and talk and walk, by men who swim to life through the morass of misinformation and the vague treatment afforded most of us in school. To put it clearly, the author has gone right into their minds and their actions with a relentless objectivity that makes the book not simply a factually precise, amply documented job, but a story entirely convincing aside from its historical justification.

The domination of Davis, the physical peculiarities of Stephens, the versatility of Benjamin are right in the room with you while you read. And through it all is the remarkable flavor of pink brick.



paul

DOUBLEDAY

TRADE Winds

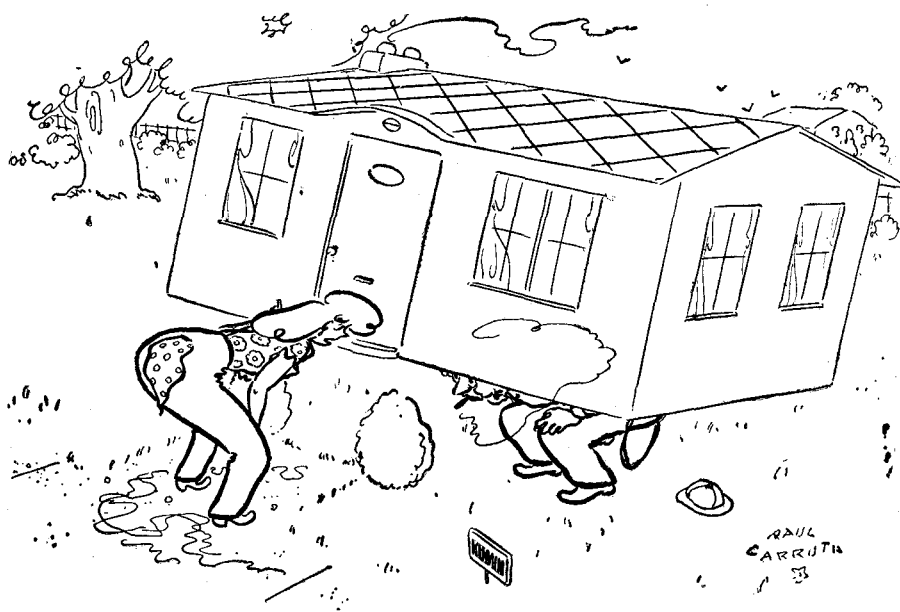
ROBUST EARLY HOLIDAY business in the bookshops has confounded the gloomiest of the pessimists, but there are plenty of unmistakable indications that the dew is off the prose. Cartoon albums, for instance, which hit an all-time peak in 1944, and were still going strong last season, are virtually a drug on the market today—a market clearly ruined by imitators who slapped together any old collection of cartoons and comics in sight and slew a good thing when they saw it. Dealers will have to clear their shelves of this shoddy (much of it carried over from last year's inventory) before the really choice items like Arno, Addams, Price, and Rose sell again the way they should.

The seller's market is definitely over, too, in the juvenile field. In the past few holiday seasons, children's books had to be rationed, and any junk, particularly in the dollar or less bracket, sold out on publication date. First indication that this picnic had terminated came a few months ago, when several big chains cut their fall orders on unproven lines almost in half. How many thousand rank imitations of the established series of inexpensive "flats" will be cluttering up the market in January is anybody's guess, but some grasping fingers are bound to be burned badly.

Faltering fiction sales have been hypoed by sure-things like the new Marquand, Jackson, Pearl Buck, and

Sholem Asch novels, with Kenneth Roberts's "Lydia Bailey" in the immediate offing. One piece of fiction that is slowly but surely finding the audience it deserves is Tom Heggen's "Mister Roberts." This rollicking and irreverent story of life aboard a Navy supply ship, whose crew recognized only one real enemy—the Captain—afforded me an evening of unalloyed delight. Watch this fellow Heggen. He's terrific. . . .

STRAWES IN THE WIND. . . Detective stories, traditionally priced at two dollars a copy, will be two-fifty in most cases after January first. Marie Rodell of Duell, Sloan and Pearce has been thumping for the new price for over a year, but more cautious competitors hung back until soaring costs compelled them to follow her lead. . . . Penguin Books in England, originally published at thruppence, are now a shilling and will soon be more. Victor Weybright, of the American branch, bagged the British rights to John Hersey's "Hiroshima," while other English publishers were asleep, by guaranteeing a first printing of 250,000. . . . If enough Southern voters can be persuaded to read "The Shore Dimly Seen," a brave, forthright book by soon-to-be ex-Governor of Georgia Ellis Arnall, they may undertake some long-overdue housecleaning in their own bailiwicks. G.O.P. tidal waves unfortunately do



"I don't like it here, John. Try it under the big oak."

The Saturday Review

not sweep sheltered Southern shores, and the efforts of Northern liberals seem to strengthen, rather than weaken, the strangle-hold of disgraceful demagogues like Rankin, Bilbo, and Talmadge. Arnall thinks an aroused South can do the job itself. "There's nothing wrong with us today," he says, "that a good dose of real democracy won't cure." . . .

READERS OF BILL BENÉT'S Phoenix Nest will be interested to know that David Robbins has produced a one-reel, 16 mm. sound film, suitable for classroom use, that provides an intimate study of the photogenic William, and devotes considerable footage to his own rendition of one of his finest poems, "The Whale." . . . SRL's Bill Weber is also in the news. He has resigned as advertising manager of Scribner's to take an important post that will be announced shortly. His replacement will be Charles Scribner, Jr., Princeton '43, son of the president, and great-grandson of the founder of the firm. Scribner's is rounding out its first hundred years; Roger Burlingame's "Of Making Many Books" is a warm and rewarding chronicle of its rise. . . . Another publisher's son who is making good in a big way is Pat Knopf, who has learned to blend his father's sartorial elegance, his mother's nose for a best seller, and his friend Bennett's ability to make ten words do the work of one. . . . Hastings House has launched its series of dollar books, in full color, on purely American subjects, with four titles: "Audubon Birds," "American Wild Flowers," "American Life and Fashion (1650-1900)," and "Love and Courtship in America." A promising project! . . . Sign in a Fourth Avenue bookshop: "A new edition of 'Main Street,' by the author of 'Cass Timberlane.'" Time marches on! . . .

DALE WARREN, the Mortimer Adler of Boston, has just polished off a very neat article called "How to Read a Book" for the *Household Magazine*. Reminding his readers that "a book is only one-half of an equation; the other half is the individual who is reading it," Dale gets in a neat plug for the publisher's blurb on the dust jacket ("Take the laudatory adjectives with a grain of salt [Epsom?]," he suggests) and then sheds a tear or two for troubled authors. He quotes Fannie Hurst as saying, "I'm not happy when I'm writing, but I'm more unhappy when I'm not"; Voltaire as confessing, "If I had a son who wanted to write, I should wring his neck—out of sheer paternal affection," and Burton Rascoe lamenting, "What no wife of a writer can ever understand, no mat-

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The House of God

By **DESIDER HOLISHER**

● In America's little villages and great cities, along its highways, are magnificent cathedrals, great temples, fine old synagogues, and quiet wayside chapels. Each, in its own way, represents a full measure of love and devotion to God.

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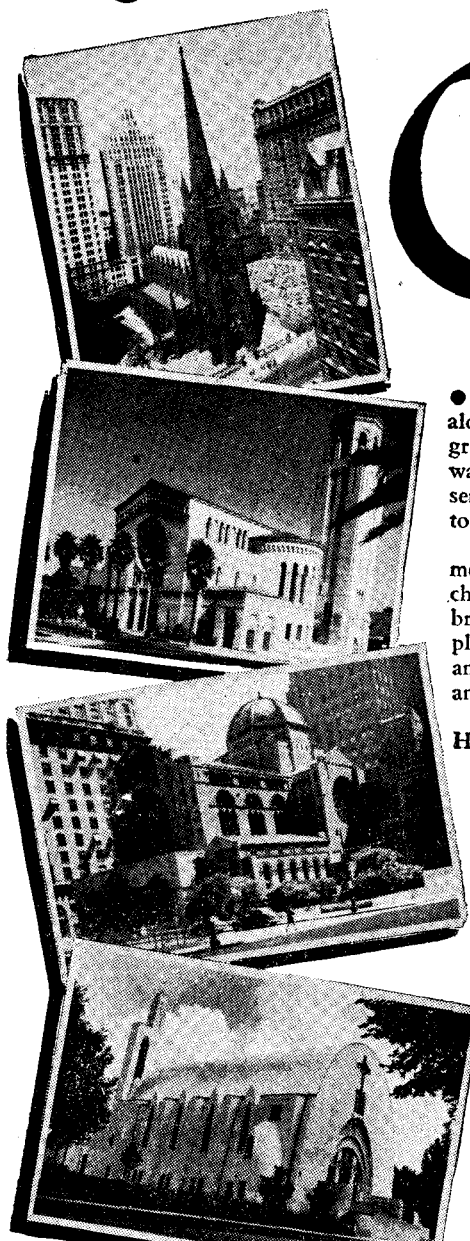
Cathedral of St. John The Divine, New York City
Riverside Baptist Church, New York City
St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City
Washington Cathedral, Washington, D.C.
First Unitarian Church, Old Salem, Mass.
Christian Science Mother Church, Boston, Mass.
Congregation Jeshuat Israel, Newport, R. I.
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One sentence only—from one of many letters—yet it gives some measure of the response **RECEIVE THE GALE** has inspired in its readers. Every day new letters come—from men and women of the broadest culture, well and widely read, diverse in occupations and interests, all stirred to write by the same feelings of delight and gratitude, the same thrill of discovery, the same joy of finding in the substance, vision and shape of this novel a necessary and long-sought reality.

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RECEIVE THE GALE

By Frances G. Wickes



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APPLETON-CENTURY



"Boid, B-I-R-D, boid."

ter if she lives with him for twenty years, is that a writer is working when he's staring out the window."...

HIS NOVEL "THE GREAT BALSAMO" successfully launched, Maurice Zolotow has applied himself to the completion of his widely heralded biography of Billy Rose. Week-ending with the Roses and their high-powered friends, Zolotow was awed at first by their proficiency in tennis, swimming, and small talk, and retired so far into his shell that, by his own admission, he was tabbed by the others as an "intellectual creep"—and forgotten. Came Sunday evening, however, and several rounds of potent libations—and suddenly a new Zolotow emerged. He banged out some expert barrelhouse and boogie woogie on the piano. He picked up the ladies one by one and whirled them about the floor in the style that once won him a cup at the Savoy Ballroom. He then confounded his audience with some of the tricks he had mastered while gathering the material for "The Great Balsamo" ("For some reason," he says, "all the tricks worked beautifully for a change"). The climactic hocus-pocus laid them in the aisles. "Are you sure?" said Mrs. Rose to her spouse, "that it shouldn't be *you* writing Zolotow's biography?"...

COMING ATTRACTIONS: From Harper's: Fannie Hurst's new novel, "The Hands of Veronica," in January; John Dickson Carr's latest chronicle of Gideon Fell, "The Sleeping Sphinx," a few weeks later. Mr. Carr is the author who exceeded all previous achievements on a recent bond tour by making *himself* disappear. . . . The Printing House of Leo Hart, in Rochester, is inaugurating a series to

be called "The Printers' Valhalla." Each volume will be devoted to an individual who made a noteworthy contribution to the development of bookmaking during the five hundred years of typography. The subjects of the first four volumes will be Daniel Updike, Isaiah Thomas, Gregory Dexter, and Peter Schoeffer. The last was an associate of Gutenberg. When and if Mr. Hart gets around to his townsman Elmer Adler, I hope he'll persuade Rockwell Kent to fill in the lurid details. . . . Viking's big bet for spring will be a new John Steinbeck novel, "The Wayward Bus," (a BOMC choice). . . . Vanguard will headline a first novel by Calder Willingham called "The Academy." The background is a military college. . . . Budd Schulberg's first book since "What Makes Sammy Run?" will be the story of a world's champion heavyweight. Saxe Commins says "It's a knockout!" . . . A. A. Wyn will publish Earl Browder's new book, "Toward Peace." Mr. Browder means peace with Russia, not the *New Masses*. . . .

AARON SUSSMAN, who has created more than one best seller by his inspired advertising campaigns, is a rabid amateur photographer, not exactly averse to displaying specimens of his handiwork to all and sundry.

He and his wife returned from a late-autumn vacation to find four of his best friends waiting at his house as he drove up. "Golly, it's nice of you to come over so soon," said Sussman. "You must have missed me." "It isn't that," one of the friends explained cheerfully. "We've learned that it's best to visit you before you've had a chance to develop your photographs." **BENNETT CERF.**

So you think you want to live in a SMALL TOWN?

So you want to go to the country to escape the atom bomb?
Better read Granville Hicks' SMALL TOWN first!

So you want a home midst flowers, trees, birds and bees?
Better read Granville Hicks' SMALL TOWN first!

So you want to take part in the life of a small community?
Better read Granville Hicks' SMALL TOWN first!

So you want to be a member of the village fire department?
Better read Granville Hicks' SMALL TOWN first!

So you want to live in the country—away from the dirt and crowds of the cities? Out where the scenery is beautiful, and you call the butcher by his first name? It's a wonderful idea, but you'd better read Granville Hicks' SMALL TOWN first! This stringently honest account of what happened to an intellectual who moved to the country probably will cause considerable controversy, but no one will deny the author's candor. As he says in the preface: "A book of this kind is valueless unless it is honest. I have not wanted to hurt anyone's feelings, and if feelings are hurt, I'm sorry, but that was the chance I had to take."

After living several years among them, Mr. Hicks discovered that his small town neighbors were *people*, with a way of life that is not even faintly understood by city folk. He believes that when city intellectuals speak of "the people"—whether they consider them boobs or piously refer to them as the common man—they simply do not know what they're talking about. In a small town you work and play with "the people"; you talk to them in the streets and stores, you sit next to them in PTA meetings and at church.

With a mind trained to observe and interpret, Mr. Hicks learned a great deal more—good and bad—about people who live in small towns than any visiting sociologist could have discovered. In *Small Town* he describes what these people talk and think about, their opinions and morals, their religion, education, economic patterns, and political life, their virtues and faults.

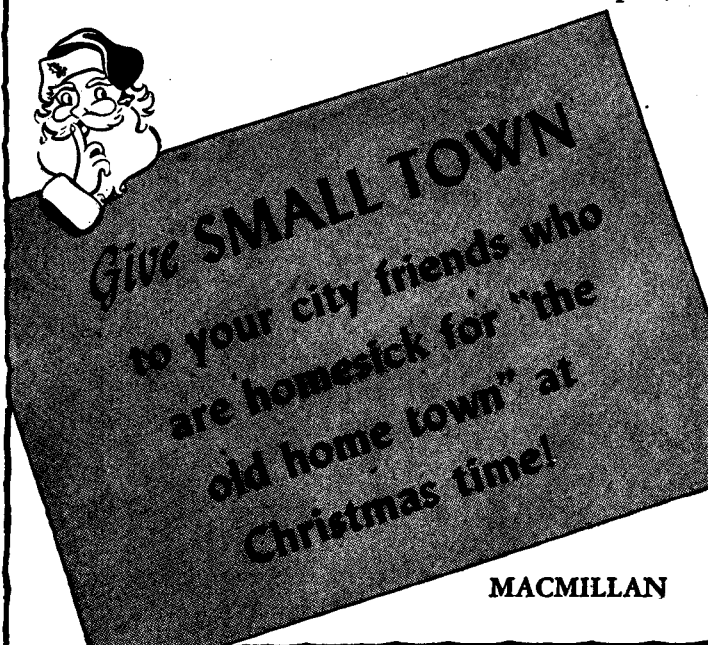
City people who long for a life in "the country" will be well advised to read this first-hand account of life in a small town before they buy their tickets from Times Square to Main Street.

People who now live, or have lived, in small towns will enjoy comparing Mr. Hicks' experiences—bitter and sweet, pleasant and unpleasant, exciting and monotonous—with their own.

Intellectuals will be interested in *Small Town* because it is in many ways a concise account of the position of all intellectuals in America.

Non-intellectuals will be interested in *Small Town* because it tells how intellectuals "get that way."

\$3.00 at your bookstore



"You name gone abraaaaaad, Mongoose"



THE confusion and bewilderment of New York City were sliding rapidly downhill and right off Kingston Bay into the ocean."

Those were Katherine Dunham's words for what happened to her when she took off for a busman's holiday in Accompong. Learning of her trip to a remote hill village in the West Indies, a dance fan might have assumed she went to rest after a busy winter touring the country with her dance group. Actually she was on her way to study the day and night life of the Maroons in the small village of Accompong, in the northeastern part of Jamaica. No other outsider had attempted more than an overnight stay.

Miss Dunham would never have handed herself this arduous assignment if she were not the excitingly dual personality that she is—half careful student, half passionate dancer. Her journey to Accompong was made possible by a Rosenwald Fellowship "for the purpose of studying anthropology and the primitive dance in the West Indies." Special training in field techniques at Northwestern University had prepared her.

For twenty-seven of her thirty days in Accompong, Katherine Dunham waited and hoped for the forbidden Koromantee dance. When it came she was a part of it. The Maroons had accepted her as one of them. Meanwhile she had been setting down in her notebooks lively and loving and accurate details of each Maroon day as she lived it.

Established in living quarters for which she was to pay rent of one dollar and a quarter for thirty days' tenancy, she wrote: "True to old Ashanti custom, lone palm trees were pointed out to me as owned by one man

but in another man's field. The owner may be far away, but the proceeds of his tree go to him or his family. Ownership of this single tree passes from father to son, and a Maroon would sooner touch a man's wife than the green fruit that grows on his palm tree."

On the evening of her fifth day she attended a dance. As the night grew and after "brief pauses for rum and to 'katch a bref' . . . the gentlemen no longer saluted the ladies with sweeping bows, but with a leap to the center of the square, a clicking of the heels high in the air, entresixes, backbends, and elaborate turns. The women's skirts began to climb, their eyes shone, their step was high and light, and the flashing of bare calves brought many a change of partner." Once she sat out a storm with only lizards and three mouse-bats for company. Once she chided a village patriarch for his failure to appear in church. He said, "Me cyarry me god inside me." On the trail of crime in Accompong, she discovered that "there had never been a murder, nor can a really serious fight or attack be recalled. Rape, as such, is unknown . . . To be shamed in public is the Maroon notion of ultimate disgrace and punishment."

She heard the abeng carry "talking messages" over the hills. She watched tunnel graves dug, like those of the Dutch Guiana Bush Negroes, and knew the reason for them (the diggers had never known):—"by digging a tunnel, egress of the body from the grave is made practically impossible. Then the spirit is thwarted and a playful one can't bring back the flesh with him if he chooses to return amongst the living."

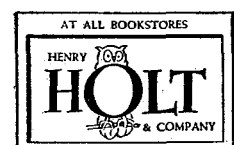
She learned that for a Maroon child "to have one's parents scold one before others is far more effective than the most severe corporal punishment . . . Sometimes a parent is forced to put a child to bed without its supper."

On Miss Dunham's last Maroon night, a traditional song, "You name gone abraaaaaad, Mongoose!" was sung as overture to a midnight graveyard meeting with a "duppy" who was to guard her homeward. Affectionately her Accompong friends sang the song a second time, substituting her name:—

"You name gone abraaaaaad, Katherine Dunham!"

KATHERINE DUNHAM'S *Journey to Accompong*

Illustrated by
TED COOK
\$2.50



The Saturday Review
of Literature

Clichés, Extended and Otherwise

GEORGE ARMS

AT the drop of a brass hat"—Fred B. Millett.

"To gild the lily with radiator paint"—Earnest Hooton.

"Brevity is the soul of lingerie"—Dorothy Parker.

Such reworkings of clichés are commonly met with in what we read today. They come from writers in as diverse professions as the three quoted here—a literary scholar, an anthropologist, and an author of light verse. "Echo phrase" is a term for their turns of speech as neatly descriptive and as standard as any. The clichés that they echo are any familiar combination of words, whether a literary quotation, proverb, or hackneyed phrase.

The increasing frequency of echo phrases shows a concern with clichés that has become a modern trend. Of course, you can go as far back as the Wellerisms in the "Pickwick Papers" ("Business first, pleasure arterward, as King Richard the Third said ven he stabbed the t'other king in the Tower, afore he smothered the babbies"), or even farther. But a conscious and almost systematic attention to clichés perhaps arose first with James Joyce and his generation. Today S. J. Perelman is one of the more celebrated practitioners. You can also find less polished disciples in Samuel Goldwyn ("They are always biting the hand that lays the golden egg") or the late James B. McSheehy ("Let us take the bull by the tail and look the matter squarely in the face"). Ed Wynn's pole eleven feet long, to use on people that he wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole, brings additional merriment to the hackneyed spirits of our times.

My own concern is not in the general significance of the trend, but with a highly specialized instance of the echo phrase that no one has previously noted. I call it the "extended cliché," by which I mean the continuation of a familiar phrase with a conscious regard for the further exploration of its meaning. It is

rarer than other types of echo phrases, but has more quality.

Before we get to the extended cliché, these other types need defining. This will both help achieve a better understanding of the most distinguished type and serve as an end in itself. Since stylists have done little with the subject (a page by Porter G. Perrin provides the most extensive discussion), I have had to coin my own terms. Besides extending a cliché, a writer can anticipate, interpolate, garble, or reverse it.

Anticipated clichés are the opposite of extended clichés in that they explore the meaning before using the familiar formula. Ambrose Bierce furnishes an example: "Here's to woman—ah, that we could fall into her arms without falling into her hands." More usually the form embodies simple qualification or negation. In this fashion, John Buchan defined an atheist as "a man who has no invisible means of support."

Interpolated cliché, a frequent type, explores the meaning within the formula by inserting another word. When Otis Ferguson hit off Alexander

Woolcott as being "of the first dish-water," he interpolated. Clifton Fadiman shows still greater skill by interpolating a familiar line from "The Tempest" with a phrase equally familiar: "It is of such stuff and nonsense that dreams are made on." Clare Boothe's remark about "politicians talking themselves red, white, and blue in the face" contains a three-way echo.

Garbled clichés, which alter the formula to achieve the effect, also occur frequently. Selling his biological birthright for a mess of morons" is Earnest Hooton's contribution to the genre. Often this type utilizes punning, as in the familiar phrase of unidentified origin: "Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder."

Reversed cliché, an exploration of meaning by transposing existing terms, has the distinction of belonging largely to the nineteenth century. Though it is comparatively rare, I shall give quite a few examples, for it has some well-known literary patrons. Let us begin with Henry James's "You can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse." James was also the subject of this form of persiflage when Mrs. Henry Adams wrote after finishing "A Portrait of a Lady" that "poor Henry James always chews more than he bites off." And James's friend W. D. Howells did a whole article on "Reversible Proverbs." "Spoil the rod and spare the child" was one of his favorites.

Outside of this literary circle, we find others doing the same thing. Both Bob Ingersoll and Samuel Butler are credited with "An honest God is the noblest work of man." In 1943 Winston Churchill's reference to the then-current stage of the war as "the end of the beginning" may have been his own creation, though he could have taken it from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In the same year a British columnist fobbed off a reversed cliché (or, more properly, an inverted Wellerism) on Keats. When

Homo Loquens

By David Morton

THERE was the way the bough bent low,
As though with fruit, but no fruit there,
And a bird, his head cocked sideways—so,
And the rounded, blue, auricular air;

There was the garden's choral voice,
The many-tongued, now fallen still
Under the mazed, compulsive choice
Of listening, as the only will . . .

And what it was they listened for,
And listened to, and leaned to hear,
Was a new sound upon this star,
Was Adam speaking—to his dear.