

ness, but driven on by a wholly delightful sincerity and the gift of naive emotion to which expression in both life and song is free and inevitable. Put this one down merely as honest writing and mildly entertaining reading.

Eurasian Nightingale

RED SUN SOUTH. By Oswald Wynd.
New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948.
276 pp. \$3.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

WHEN the Japanese occupied Singapore, Elizabeth Rennforth, a war-widowed Eurasian nurse, became matron of a civilian hospital from which all the English nurses were carried off to internment. Her struggle to keep the hospital operating in spite of Japanese indifference, ineffi-

ciency, and cruelty provides the principal matter of this second novel by the author of "Black Fountains," winner of the 1947 Doubleday Prize Novel Award.

Well, there is plenty of material here for excitement—an underground movement against the Japanese in which Elizabeth, her sister Mary, and her brother are all involved; gun-fights, torture, ambushes, and hair's-breadth escapes. There is also a credible rendering of the way occupation must have been. Elizabeth's heroic job of keeping the hospital going by a skilful handling of the Japanese contributes a useful understanding of the role of the collaborator. Mr. Wynd, who served in Malaya with British Intelligence and was subsequently captured and taken to Japan where he had been born, is in a position to know whereof he speaks.

Cruelly beaten by the Japanese in an attempt to learn the secrets of the

underground after her brother was cornered and shot, Elizabeth gains the protection of Captain Hagamoto of Japanese Intelligence. Hagamoto, also a Eurasian, has adopted allegiance to Japan as his solution of the Eurasian dilemma. He tries to teach Elizabeth, who had been married to an Englishman, the same hatred of the white man that he feels himself. But Japan's "mission" in Asia is not convincing to one who can see its results.

This relation between Elizabeth and Hagamoto is the principal one in the book. The position of the Eurasian between two cultures is full of dramatic interest. It is capable of producing an exciting story. But because Hagamoto is too selfish to care for anything but himself and because Elizabeth has no interest in him except as a means to keep the hospital supplied, "Red Sun South" fails to engage the reader's emotions. Mr. Wynd treats his Eurasians more as problems than as people, and this is fatal to a novel, whose business is to engage the emotions. Elizabeth is understood but not felt, yet it is through her if at all that the reader must be carried into the story.

Mr. Wynd's insight into Japanese character, on the other hand, is often acute. General Sukiyama's pompous naivete and preposterous English are well rendered. The curious and revolting relationship between love and murder, shown in Mary's experience with her Japanese suitor, carries us close to the core of that ambivalent attitude toward the mother image which explains a good deal of Japanese behavior. The Japanese desire to conciliate and irreconcilable sense of racial superiority which soon led to wholesale atrocities when the conquered people failed to bow to it is well illustrated.

But these things, however excellent, do not make a novel. The flaw in "Red Sun South" is that it explains instead of creating. The difficulty is sensed first in the dialogue, where people seem to be explaining things to the reader instead of talking from within. Another symptom is the way the story fails to fill up the nearly four years of history in which it is set. The total effect is as if Mr. Wynd could not quite make up his mind whether he wanted to write a fast-paced and superficial adventure story, a penetrating portrayal of the Eurasian dilemma, or a journal of life under Japanese occupation.

Yet when all these things have been said, the book does succeed in recreating the nightmare quality of the years of occupation, and in rendering a picture of what we were fighting in the Orient.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

In the thirty-three familiar quotations below, names of parts of the body have been omitted. Can you fill in the blanks? A score of twenty is par, twenty-four is very good, and twenty-eight or better is excellent. Answers are on page 31.

1. I dream of Jeanie with the light brown
2. And yet you incessantly stand on your
3. To be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the
4. Silence sounds no worse than cheers after earth has stopped the
5. Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure
6. And then the lover, sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad to his mistress'
7. Reproof on her lip but a smile in her
8. Truth from his prevailed with double sway.
9. How sharper than a serpent's it is to have a thankless child!
10. Of all sad words of or pen the saddest are these.
11. Blessings on thee, little man, barefooted boy with of tan!
12. Into the of death, into the mouth of hell, rode the six hundred.
13. Thy is as a tower of ivory.
14. He was the mildest manner'd man that ever scuttled ship or cut a
15. I have a left that is a miracle of loveliness.
16. and the man I sing.
17. Hardly we learn to wield the blade before the grows stiff and old.
18. Emprison her soft and let her rave.
19. The moving writes, and, having writ, moves on.
20. By the pricking of my something wicked this way comes.
21. Music hath charms to soothe the savage
22. Fifteen men on a dead man's
23. Give, oh give me back my
24. But at my I always hear Time's winged chariot hurrying near.
25. Her exceeding small, the fives did fit her shoe.
26. He had a broad face and a little round
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
27. If I can catch him once upon the, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
28. A cannon ball took off his
29. Her rich attire creeps rustling to her
30. His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide for his shrunk
31. Her beneath her petticoat like little mice stole in and out.
32. Come, and trip it, as you go, on the light fantastic
33. The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their

MAKING OF LITERATURE

(Continued from page 7)

moves quickly into the utilitarian, where it informs without lifting the imagination, or records without attempting to reach the emotions. A history must focus within the margins of art, but the historian must cross them to follow our writers into the actualities of American life. He must write a history of the books of the great and the near-great writers in a literature which is most revealing when studied as a by-product of American experience.

Inside these margins are so many notable writers that the emphasis must inevitably fall upon men rather than upon movements and institutions, although these must not be neglected. There is available for discussion the enlightened common sense of Franklin, the first to make a modernizing Europe feel that there was a still more modern America. There are the astonishing intellects of a Hamilton and a Jefferson, arguing great causes in letters and documents which became the political classics of their times. We have the communicable fire of Thomas Paine, the most effective propagandist of modern times before Hitler, and his antithesis in the history of human liberty. In the youth of the nation, the art of style was mastered by Irving, suave in a tumultuous commonwealth. In the same decades, the equally great art of storytelling was enriched by Cooper, who added to the sagas of the world the heroic myth of Red Indian and pioneer. All Europe read him for half a century. There is the somber beauty of Hawthorne, the moral romancer as Milton was the heroic poet of Puritanism; the fierce humor of Thoreau's individualism; the shrewd saintliness of Emerson, who spiritualized expansion; the soul-plunging adventures of Melville's imagination; the prophetic Whitman, seeking and finding new rhythms in which to sing democracy and the future of the common man. We have had historians who were also men of letters, and statesmen like Lincoln who could say the word which makes aspiration articulate. There was Henry James, looking both ways across the sea from an Atlantis of his own creating; and Emily Dickinson, who saw eternity through the windows of Amherst; and Mark Twain tasting the bitterness of unchartered freedom while he told tall tales of an expanding America. There was Henry Adams, one of the great mind-searchers of our age.

It may enlighten the reader if he

will think of the history of American literature as the record and analysis of a series of cultural waves beating in from across the Atlantic to our shores in a continuous series, and changing their form and nature and sometimes their direction as they sweep over the New World.

THE first waves that came with the explorers and the settlers of the seventeenth century retained their European characteristics with only slight modifications from circumstance. When the wilderness became new towns and organized communities, and immigration swelled into the floods of the eighteenth century, the waves became more numerous and more complex. For nearly two centuries they were dammed by the long walls of the Appalachians, yet their contour and content were subject to changes only less extensive than the novelties in the actual experience of millions of settlers now committed to a life in which opportunity, hardship, and danger were in equal proportions.

After the Revolutionary War, and the establishing of independence, it-

self a modifying influence of tremendous force, the wall of the mountains was breached in a dozen places, and waves from the seaboard pool, and new waves from across the sea, swept into the Mississippi valley and on toward the Western mountains and the Pacific. Here, in this vast frontier, the Colonial culture of the East and, later, the powerful literatures of what was now an old New England and a mature East and South, were fertilized by pioneer experience, dynamized by the sense of a continent in unity, and transformed by the needs and new imagination of a people no longer European. Sectional literature became national literature. And while new ideas from abroad were continually absorbed, currents typically American in their influences began to roll back toward Europe and the rest of the world, a process of reversal that had begun with Cooper and Emerson in the early nineteenth century.

By the twentieth century and especially after its First World War, the United States was no longer a New World. Culture was now not immigrant here except on a basis of equal

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