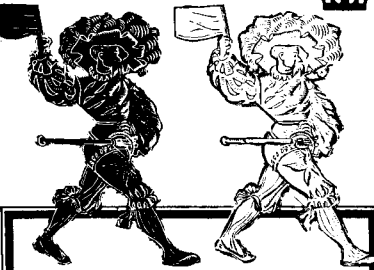


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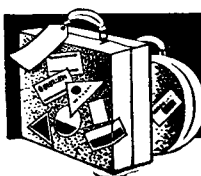
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## BOOKED for TRAVEL

### SOUTHERN COMFORT

DOWN in the shufflin' Southland this time of year, they are just getting around to having the kind of weather New England enjoys in late August. If things go along same as usual in 1948, and there appears to be no cosmic reason why they shouldn't, the mid-South resorts of Pinehurst and Southern Pines will register an average mean temperature of fifty-one degrees all during November.

Should you happen remorsefully to have given up New England until next June you might indeed get in a few extra, if unlooked-for, licks down at Pinehurst, N. C., which, besides the weather, looks like an old-fashioned, albeit displaced, New England village. Pinehurst has five hotels. The Carolina and the Holly Inn are operated by Pinehurst, Inc., and the Berkshire, the Manor, and the Pinecrest are independent. The largest, most expensive, most Bostonian, most English of the lot is the Carolina, which gets a minimum of \$22 a day, American plan, for two. During the autumn season everybody dresses mighty all-fired tweedy. Wednesday and Saturday evenings formal dress at the Carolina is indicated but optional. During March and April it is optional but *de rigueur*, suh. The other hotels are informal.

Pinehurst has three golf courses named, with a certain defiance of imagination, No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. There are, in addition, two eighteen-hole putting courses and a practice ground known quaintly as "Maniac Hill." Autumn is also the horsey season in the mid-South, and the Pinehurst hotels arrange hunt breakfasts, and all-day horseback rides, in preparation for which a kitchen staff is dispatched to some woodsy midday rendezvous.

If you would just as well sit on the porch and breathe, Pinehurst has some of the finest breathing air in these parts—salty, tangy, dry, and fresh. The whole place is built on the Carolina sandhills, an area once covered by an ocean that receded two million years ago. The salty, tangy, dry, fresh sea-air effect still lingers like an incredibly lasting perfume. The sandy soil permits the athletic fields to dry off quickly after a rain, and, what is more, acts as a filter on the local water supply. No other resort can make that statement.

The sportin' life over at Southern Pines, spang on Route 1, six miles

from Pinehurst, is pretty much the same. A weekly schedule of horse shows begins November 1, and there is hunting on the local grounds for quail, turkey, and deer. Golf is the main reason for exercise, however, there being no less than eight courses within the surrounding five miles. Of Southern Pines's nine hotels the biggest is the Highland Pine Inn, a few blocks away from the center of things in Weymouth Heights. During the current season it operates on a modified American plan—room, breakfast, and dinner—with rates running from \$6.50 to \$9.50 per person. If you are passing through on your way to Florida, Southern Pines Cottages, one mile south on Route 1, are modern, nicely furnished, and recommended by the AAA.

The mid-South, if you measure from the Pinehurst-Southern Pines area, is about 570 miles south of New York, 330 miles from Washington, 550 miles southeast of Cincinnati, 425 miles north of Jacksonville, and 120 miles west of the sea. The Seaboard Airline Railway services both resorts from the north, the Norfolk & Western from the west. If you're driving, take Route 15 for Pinehurst, Route 1 for Southern Pines, the two main highways that lead south from Union territory.

—HORACE SUTTON.

### TRAVELERS' TALES

THE WORLD FROM JACKSON SQUARE. Edited by Etolia S. Basso. New York: Farrar, Straus. 1948. 405 pp. \$4.50.

WELL we've had New Orleans every other way; now we have a New Orleans Reader, one of Farrar, Straus's City and Country Reader Series. What the book amounts to is a chronological anthology of New Orleans essays beginning with an early French memoir dated 1697 and ending with a piece by John Peale Bishop which originally appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1936. Sandwiched in between are missionaries, Mark Twain, Galsworthy, Dos Passos—anybody with a literate pen and an interesting tale about New Orleans.

In 1727 Sister Hachard, an Ursuline nun, was living in the city on bread made of "corn rather than wheat . . . buffalo, deer, turkeys . . . rice . . . and hominy . . . boiled with water and served with butter or gravy. The peo-

ple of Louisiana find this very good." Mark Twain, in the city after the Civil War, finds the "war is what A.D. is elsewhere; they date from it." They also complain about it. A New Yorker commenting on the beautiful moon got the answer, "Bless yo' heart, honey, you ought to seen that moon befo' the waw!"

New Orleans as a jazz center is recorded, and there is also a rather apt sketch of the city as a breeding swamp for demagogic politicians ("The Boys in the Upstairs Room," by Hamilton Basso). There are a few other stories but that one, although written in 1930, seems to bring the town ironically up to date.

**ISLES OF RHYTHM.** By Earl Leaf. New York: A. S. Barnes Co. 1948. 211 pp. \$5.

The author-photographer has produced nothing less than a remarkable set of photographs on native dances of the Caribbean Islands. He avoided—even when they were to be found—the big tourist pavilions, and daringly invaded the waterfront joints, the honky-tonks, the West Indian rum mills to record the local drum beats and undulations. The ten-page series of an orgiastic voodoo ceremony in Haiti, all made with flash, is worth the price of admission by itself. A commentary, often just as sensuous as the pictures, tells how he got his material, and yet escaped unscathed.

**LANGUAGE THROUGH PICTURES.** By George and Louise Pfeiffer. Garden City: Garden City Publishing Co. 1948. 276 pp. \$2.50.

A short-cut to what the authors call a "living vocabulary" is the idea behind the more than 2,900 words and expressions listed in English, French, and Spanish besides simple sketches. More than adequate as a prompter for the traveler who has some knowledge of either French or Spanish, possibly a successful crutch for the tourist who has nothing of either language. For all the skill in classifying the material, it probably would take a smarter tourist than the writer to get by with just this book.

**THE MAGIC LAND MEXICO.** By Ralph Hancock. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1948. 307 pp. \$4.

This is about as complete a guide-book on Mexico as could be put into one volume—Mexico City alone deserves a book by itself. There is information on everything from tourist cards to entrance requirements for commercial travelers; a whole chapter on automobile itineraries (most tourists apparently drive to Mexico these days); a long chapter on towns

# Conjugation in the Caribbean

I—Ah Go Kissi Fissi

EDITOR'S NOTE: For readers planning a Caribbean cruise, for readers staying at home and wishing they were taking a Caribbean cruise, and for those who must await the demise of a rich uncle or a call from "Stop the Music" before entertaining the thought, SRL offers a series on native languages of the West Indies and northern South America. The first article, on talkee-talkee, will be followed by Papiamento in an early issue.



—From "Africa, I Presume?"

OF the three million African Negroes who ended up in the Caribbean area as slaves, there were a few indomitable black men who ran the risk of the death penalty to escape bondage. They chose the most inaccessible jungleland they

could find in which to hide—the interior of Netherlands Guiana, now called Surinam. This tangled mass of tropical verdure conveniently held back the white man, which it continues, in a large part, to do to this day.

These refugees of the slave market took up in Surinam where they left off in Africa, still remote and esoteric in their ways, and independent and slightly scornful of civilization. They became known as Bush Negroes, or Djukas.

Today the Bush Negro comes out of the jungles long enough to trade his wares in the riverfront towns, and necessarily he has made one concession to civilization. He has developed a language to carry him through these bartering periods and whatever other brief association he may have with the white man. It is a pidgin language, half African and not unlike English baby talk, and it is called talkee-talkee. It belongs only to the Bush Negroes of Surinam, and it is rarely heard outside the boundaries of that country. The Bush speaks it with the broad open vowels characteristic of African tribal speech.

Although talkee-talkee has imported heavily from English, several other languages have also had an influence. The Bush has picked up

scattered French from the convicts who have been released from the penal colony of Devil's Island just off the Guiana coast. The word *bon*, in its original meaning (good), is in general use, and it is even attempted with a certain amount of the proper nasalization.

Spanish has contributed *balata* (dancing song) and *camissa* (shirt). An occasional Hebrew term like *trafer* (taboo) has been picked up from migrant Jews from Brazil.

Though Surinam is a colony of the Netherlands, it is quite a paradox that Dutch has had almost no influence, perhaps because the Negro has never mastered guttural sounds. And through it all there are many words like *pekein* (small), the original African which somehow has hung on without change for better than three centuries.

Given some of the local idioms, talkee-talkee is quite intelligible to the white man, once he understands that there is no rule of grammatical construction. The nouns and verbs are inserted in a sentence wherever the Bush thinks that they will carry the most emphasis. Although not a written language, by use of arbitrary spellings, it is possible to show how closely the Djuka language resembles English baby talk:

English	talkee-talkee
country	condree
foot	futu
finger	fingra
mouth	muffo (or the Spanish boca)
boat	boto
water	watra

In sentence form talkee-talkee is slightly more complex: *Ah go kissi fissi* (I go to catch fish); *Tamara Ah so go honti* (Tomorrow I shall go hunting); *Pekein so, me sabby, matti* (I understand a little, friend); and, *You sabby talkee-talkee, masra?* (Do you understand talkee-talkee, master?).

The life of the Bush Negroes is very uncomplicated, hardly more than hunting, fishing, and small-scale agriculture of peanuts, maize, and yams. Every once in a while they turn loose their social life and rock the jungle night with the primitive, mystic *dansi-dansi*. They exhibit no yearning whatsoever to adapt themselves to civilization as the white man knows it, and it is still an unspeakable crime to wear a pair of shoes.

outside Mexico City with important places to visit, hotels and local fiestas, and a chronological list of fiestas and holidays throughout the nation, which somewhat overlaps the previous one but which permits the prospective tourist to pick out festivities which will take place while he is visiting the country. If you're interested in baseball or bullfights, cockfights or cabarets, the section on "Mexican Recreations" will tell you all you need to know, and for the more serious-minded, there is also a section on archaeological sites which the author considers "excitingly mysterious." Most of the book is in a more sober, matter-of-fact vein, however.

**OUR SUMMER WITH THE ESKIMOS.** By Constance and Harmon Helmericks. Boston: Little, Brown. 1948. 239 pp. \$3.50.

The Helmericks, the husband and wife team who wrote "We Live in the Arctic" and "We Live in Alaska," have written another story of their frost-bitten explorations in the north country. This is no guide to the tourist's Alaska of Juneau and Skagway. The Helmericks's story begins at Hughes, north of Nome and Fairbanks and continues north of the Arctic Circle to Barrow and Beechey Point on the Arctic Ocean. Here, as you might suspect, they shoot polar bears, go ugrug hunting when they need soles for their boots, and run into Eskimos who like to mix their talk with an occasional *okiedoke*.

**SOUTHERN EMPIRE: Brazil.** By Bertita Harding. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1948. 200 pp. \$3.50.

The latest in Coward-McCann's Invitation to Travel Series is a straightforward traveler's guide to Brazil, perhaps a little thin on description and heavy on plain, unadorned listings. If I were a prospective traveler to Rio I would like to know more about the Casablanca night club than that it is "very chic," and more about the Farolito Dancas than that it is "popular." Travel facts written without humor go down rather drily, and if there is to be a criticism of Bertita Harding's otherwise capable compilation of Brazilian tourist information that's where the trouble lies.



# The Film Forum

## THE FOREIGN FILM

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Twenty years ago, with the coming of sound, the cinema ceased to be truly international. Since then it has been difficult—almost impossible outside the largest cities—to see the films of foreign countries. Today, however, enterprising distributors of foreign entertainment films are making many of them available in 16mm., realizing that their screening at clubs and other groups will increase their chance of wider acceptance in the theatres.

If in your locality you can get thirty people or more who want to see one of these films, rental and express charges will cost you no more than a theatre ticket. Why not form a film society—in cooperation with your local film council, if you have one—for regular showings during this winter season? THE FILM FORUM will review other outstanding films—American as well as foreign—available on 16mm., and will gladly furnish a more complete list on request. Many new titles will be added this fall.

## FRENCH

### GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS

May be rented from Brandon Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (93 minutes.) \$25.

Based on the Goncourt Prize novel "La Guerre des Boutons" by Pergaud. Two small French villages are separated by a bridge, but they share a church; a feud of long standing is brought to a head as one group prays for rain to aid their cabbages and the other prays for sunshine to ripen their grapes. The children take up the cudgels and declare war on one another. There is an unforgettable scene in which all the little boys, completely unclothed, battle it out as all the little girls stand on the sidelines cheering.

### CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS

May be rented from Brandon Films. (Expurgated edition for use with young people available from International Film Bureau, 84 E. Randolph Street, Chicago 1, Ill.) (90 minutes.) \$20-25.

When first released, "La Kermesse Heroique" was awarded the Grand Prix du Cinéma Français and the gold medal at Venice. It is a ribald, and at times unseemly, story of the predicament of an old Flemish town on the eve of a carnival as the Spanish Armada takes over. The men of Flanders hide as the women entertain the soldiers. The photography reminds one of Breughel and the plot of Boccaccio. It is an adult film. The shorter version lacks some of the sharp Gallic wit, but remains an excellent motion picture.

### GRAND ILLUSION

May be rented from Film Program Services, 1173 Sixth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. (90 minutes.) \$25.

Jean Gabin and Eric von Stroheim enact the tale of the futility of war and the need for the brotherhood of man. The time is World War I, the place a prison camp in Germany, but

the message is timeless. Such a film makes us realize the potentialities which Hollywood has not realized.

## ITALIAN

### SHOE SHINE

May be rented from United World Films, 445 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. (88 minutes.) Rental varies; apply.

The aftermath of World War I in Italy saw the decline of one of the largest film industries; the reign of Mussolini saw the collapse of its cultural output. It is significant that the end of the Second World War and the removal of Italian Fascism has been the herald of a renaissance in motion-picture activity. "Open City," "To Live in Peace" (SRL, Jan. 1), and "Shoe Shine" have had an impact on film which has been exhilarating. "Shoe Shine" is now available on 16mm. It is the story of postwar Italy and the problems of reconstruction as seen through the eyes of two young boys driven to tragedy by a world which has lost its conscience. An Academy Award winner.

## RUSSIAN

### THE NEW GULLIVER

May be rented from Contemporary Films, 80 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y. (73 minutes.) \$25.

The Russian cinema has long followed Lenin's admonition that the theatre is a weapon in the class struggle, but many of their films have achieved a degree of merit independent of the propaganda. "The New Gulliver" is one of these. It is a free adaptation of Jonathan Swift's classic in which the aristocrats abuse the proletariat. The satire is incisive and at times hilarious. The whole effect is made even more creditable by the use of the kind of puppets (3,000 of them) George Pal employs with much less wit.

### STONE FLOWER

May be rented from Contemporary Films, 80 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y. (85 minutes.) Rental varies; apply.

At the International Film Festival held in Cannes, France, "Stone Flower" was awarded first prize for color. It is a process used exclusively in the Soviet Union, and in many ways is superior to Technicolor, Cinecolor, or Kodachrome. "Stone Flower" is a simple folk tale handled with all the grandeur and flourish of a Wagnerian opera; it is a beautiful film, and an interesting example of the later Russian ideology.

## YIDDISH

### DER DYBBUK

May be rented from Contemporary Films, 80 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

Last season Theatre, Incorporated brought over the Habimah Players from Palestine and the most popular play in their repertoire was "Der Dybbuk." Ansky's dramatization of an ancient Jewish story is a masterpiece of Yiddish literature, and the screen version is equally important in its field.

—A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.