

must be provided by the individual in relation to his own special talent and experience. Mr. Garrison is at every point, as his title suggests, an able guide. He is clear, concrete, and, above all, kindling.

The workshop exercises he suggests at the ends of chapters are not only a test of the writer's ability; they also test his character. Those who like only to talk about their writing will skip them and go on making talk. The writer, however, will pile in; endurance as well as enthusiasm is part of his equipment. Mr. Garrison helps by outlining a method of work. The would-be writer might begin his exciting chores by taking himself round to the bookstore, buying, studying, and applying this book. —CHARLES LEE.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS. Edited by Lionel Trilling. Farrar, Straus & Young. \$3.50. This volume is an auspicious beginning for a new series of great letters. Such a project is badly needed, for it presents to the common reader one of the most delightful of literary types. Usually the standard editions of letter-writers exist in formidable scholarly completeness or—if out of print—in clumsy and inaccurate Victorian editions. Of all the branches of writing the letter is one of the most appealing and should be easily available. It is the most human type, to begin with, in the sense that it is universally practised—by literate as well as literary folk. It is the most varied, too, for to the letter-writer there are no keep-off signs (as there may be in more exacting literary exercises), and he can range over the limitless bounds of innocence and experience.

With Keats we have a rare case of a great poet who is a great letter-writer, and, as Professor Trilling remarks in his admirable introduction, Keats's charm is inexhaustible. What is most remarkable about the letters in general is that in them we see a naked mind and sensibility. He does not sheathe his ideas but lets them drop off his pen with a startling intimacy. We forget that he is separated from us

by time and other barriers, and we come as close to his candid mind as is possible through the printed word.

There are several fresh features in this edition. The letters are arranged in three groups, each introduced by a brief biographical statement to fit them in the sequence of Keats's life, and at the beginning is a series of thumbnail sketches to identify his correspondents. Then, the text of the letters reprints that of the standard edition of Maurice Buxton Forman, retaining the original spelling, punctuation, and abbreviations of Keats's manuscripts. In his case it was a wise decision, for the reader is soon accustomed to the unorthodox usage; and the individuality of the writer is strengthened, the timbre of mood particularized. And, finally, one of the main treats of the volume is Professor Trilling's long introduction, a brilliant analysis of Keats's mind, personality, and stature.

JUST AS IT HAPPENED. By Newman Flower. Morrow. \$4. In his long career Sir Newman Flower has been an editor of magazines, an editor of a publishing house (Cassell), and a biographer of Handel, Sullivan, and Schubert. But it is as a book editor that he gathers the material for these reminiscences. They are a succession of glimpses of writers and other celebrities. Henley and Stevenson, Hardy, Kitty O'Shea, Lily Langtry, Oscar Wilde, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and Stephen Zweig are some of the people he met or knew. But he did not know any of them intimately enough to give us more than a superficial glimpse of them; he does not see into their personalities more deeply than, say, a gossip columnist.

The main part of his story is himself and his climb to success. Although one may read this with sympathy it is not so exciting to the spectator as it was to the climber. More specifically, his book is marred by two faults, one his own and one his editor's. He cultivates the anecdote, as served up in after-dinner speeches, with relentless regularity, and even the good ones are marred by this monotony. His editor's fault is that the book lacks an index, which is certainly required in such a potpourri.

ROBERT BURNS. By David Daiches. Rinehart. \$3.50. As a poet and as a man Burns enjoys a reputation which is secure, universal, and often inaccurate. Very useful, then, is David Daiches's solid little book; it is a first-rate critical study of the poetry and of the man who produced it. He presents an introductory chapter on the Scottish literary tradition, which explains much that is strange in Burns's work. Poetically he was caught between two worlds, a vernacular folk literature of Scotland and a formal genteel literature of England. His writing swings from one to the other and often combines both. Such a dichotomy is a suggestive one when applied to Burns, where Professor Daiches deals with it

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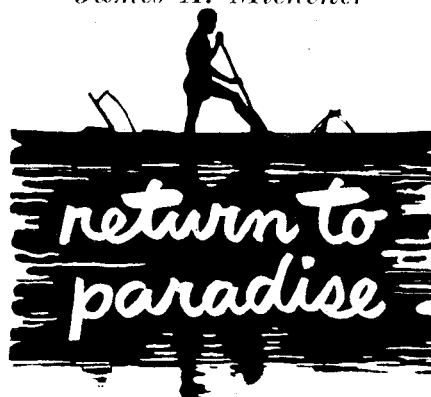
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most persuasively. It can also be a suggestive one when applied to other literatures where a local cultural tradition—an underground one, so to speak—contends with one superimposed by political or social forces.

The rest of the book is a judicious balance of biography and critical comment on Burns's poetry, with emphasis on the latter. The roles of Burns as lover, as drunkard, and as illiterate ploughboy are carefully analyzed to disentangle the fiction from the man. In his discussion of the poet and of the poetry, which is dealt with in great detail, the author's knowledge of Scotch life and traditions is enormously helpful. His study is not only an enlightening book but an agreeable one as reading.

THE ABC OF READING. By Ezra Pound. *New Directions*. \$1.50. This is a lively, entertaining, and sometimes instructive excursion into literary criticism. In the first of two long sections Pound explains what he understands to be the meaning and purpose of literature. "Language is a means of communication," he states at one point. What would be platitude from another is revelation from him. In his exposition he offers some brilliant observations and insights about poetry; and his general disregard or contempt of academic opinion is refreshing. But his shortcoming—one may discount his pugnacity and crank opinions—is that he deals in fragments; that is, he splutters a series of observations and analyses which are individually coherent, but which do not fuse into a progressive or developing discussion.

The second section of his book is an anthology of poetic exhibits which illustrate his theories; these selections, as one might expect, are off the track of most anthologies. His emphasis on European and vernacular instead of insular British literature is a reminder of areas usually neglected by English readers. And, finally, he gives a short essay on metrics whose main theme is a musical one.

This is a reprinting of a book that originally appeared some years ago, but as with others of their reprints the publishers do not supply the date. It would be a small concession to those readers who suffer from an academic taste for chronology.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 902)

MARGUERITE HIGGINS:
WAR IN KOREA

(The Report of a Woman Combat
Correspondent)

In his book, "Strategic Problems of China's Revolutionary War," Mao Tse-tung included a remark which we would do well to remember: "A Soviet war lasting ten years may be surprising to other countries, but to us this is only the preface."

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	Recording Technique, Surface	PERFORMANCE
	ENGINEERING	AND CONTENT

FOCUS ON CLARINET

WEBER: CLARINET CONCERTO #1 IN F MINOR; #2 IN E FLAT. Alois Heine; Mozarteum Orch., P. Walter. Period SPLP 529

► Close, deadish, rather nakedly revealing recording—one can even hear the clarinetist's fingers! Tends to give exaggerated impression of poor ensemble.

These succeed the now popular Clarinet Concertino—two bright, dramatic works, wonderful listening if hardly great. Usual catchy Weber tunes.

MOZART: CLARINET QUINTET, K. 581. Augustin Duques, quartet (Eidus, Green, Zir, Ricci).

► Dull in the highs and the surfaces are punk, but the recording, a bit distant and fairly live, is nevertheless quite nice to the music in both works. Good balance.

These two clarinet quintets are so utterly unlike in recorded sound that musical judgment is easily confused. I prefer by a bit the Duques version (and the horn is nice, too), though the Lyricord Forrest version will sound far more impressive on fancy machines. (Neither version is as juicy as the Kell playing on old 78's. Just as well!)

MOZART: HORN QUINTET, K. 407. Ottavio De-Rosa; quartet (above). Stradivari STR 601

MOZART: CLARINET QUINTET, K. 581. Sidney Forrest; Galimir Quartet, Lyrichord LL 10

► Utterly unlike above—sharp, hi-fi recording, very close, string sharp, clarinet, tinny. Good sense of presence, though.

HINDEMITH: CLARINET SONATA (1939). Sidney Forrest; Benjamin Topas. Lyrichord LL 15 (with Piano Sonata #3)

► Same hi-fi, rather flatly tinny clarinet sound as Mozart (immediately above); the piano is excellent, if a bit in the background. (It's not as effective as a solo with this microphoning. Too far away, acoustically.) In the songs the voice is also slightly off-mike, distant. Not bad.

A solidly academic Hindemith, at least in this performance; much expressive canonic writing, a well built, non-startling work. Last movement nicely humorous.

BERG: FOUR PIECES FOR CLARINET AND PIANO; PIANO SONATA, OP. 1; SEVEN EARLY SONGS; SONGS, OP. 2. Sydney Forrest, Benjamin Tupas, Catherine Rowe (sop.). Lyrichord LL 13

► A good recording, wide range but less sharp, better liveness than the above Lyrichords; takes fine advantage of the bewilderingly brilliant lves tone colorings. As pure sound, a good record to try.

Same outward medium and recording—utterly different music! Here is the mystic, post-Wagner, post-Mahler Berg, ranging from rather sentimental early songs through the moody, nightmare sincerity of the dissonant short clarinet works. If you dislike Hindemith you'll probably esteem this.

IVES: VIOLIN SONATA #2; FOUR PIECES FOR CHAMBER ORCH.; CLARINET TRIO: LARGO. E. Magaziner, vl.; Frank Glazer, pf.; David Weber, clarinet. Polymusic PRLP 1001

► A good recording, wide range but less sharp, better liveness than the above Lyrichords; takes fine advantage of the bewilderingly brilliant lves tone colorings. As pure sound, a good record to try.

An excellent cross-section of the mercurial, eccentric Ives—always the unexpected, seldom the consistent, with flashes of genius, great originality combined with much corn, noisily arbitrary dissonance, programmatic hokum. A challenging, irritating record!

PIANO BRAHMS AND SCHUMANN

SCHUMANN - BRAHMS RECITAL. ("Papillons," Toccata; Intermezzi, Op. 117, 118, 119, etc.) Gyorgy Sandor. Columbia ml 4375

► Columbia's best. Still a trace of percussive sound, but the over-all effect is liquid, natural, very free of flutter.

I have nothing but enthusiasm for Sandor's Brahms and Schumann, warm, musical, modest, nicely fluent and unheavy.

BRAHMS: THREE INTERMEZZI; TWO RHAPSODIES. Wilhelm Kempff. London LPS 205

► Closer, softer-toned, more massive piano than Columbia's—yet still a bit percussive. Excellent, flutter-free.

Heavier, more Germanic playing of Brahms, but an authentic tradition and very musically done. A fine record.

SCHUMANN: PIANO SONATA #2; "KINDERSCENEN." Jacqueline Blancard. Vanguard VRS 415

► Excellent piano, brilliant but never percussive; only fault is (as in other Van-guards) over-recording of loudest parts occasionally.

Blancard's Schumann is good. I'd say her miniatures are best—"Kinderscenen." The sonata is a bit un-plastic.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY