

TRADE

Winds

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, doughty Prime Minister of Britain in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and *bête noir* of Disraeli, never would have entered the political arena at all if his father had not exerted relentless pressure, according to his latest biographer, Sir Philip Magnus. What Gladstone really wanted to be was a clergyman! Furthermore, claims Sir Philip, Gladstone not only had nothing to do with the Gladstone bag, but probably never heard of it. He did, however, invent the postal card. . . . Another absorbing new biography is "The Remarkable Mr. Jerome," by his great-granddaughter, Anita Leslie. Leonard Jerome founded the Jockey Club, raced yachts across the Atlantic, helped launch *The New York Times*, has a park and an avenue named after him in the Bronx, juggled railroads as though they were letters in a Scrabble game, and col-

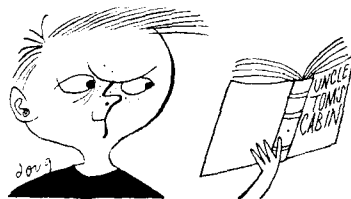


lected famous paintings, beautiful opera stars, and million-dollar bills—but none of these achievements is his chief claim to fame today. It was his beautiful daughter, Jennie, who really put the name of Jerome among the high and mighty. She did this by marrying Lord Randolph Churchill, and, in 1874, presenting him with a son. They named him Winston.

SPEAKING OF *The New York Times*, several officials of that admirable institute blew a gasket when H. Englert, the Americana dealer at Greeley, Pennsylvania, who ran an ad in the exchange column of the Sunday Book Review, suddenly mailed in a cancelation. Could it be that his ad had failed to produce results? "Perish the thought," explained Mr. Englert hastily. "We only want the newspaper delivery canceled temporarily. We are getting so much mail from our ad in your paper that we do not have time to read the news for the time being." Plug over. (Aside to Mr. Englert: try *The Saturday Review* some time!) . . . Herb Stein is panting for somebody to write a novel about the Hollywood surgeons who

collect such high fees from famous patients. The title, of course, will be "The Charge of the White Brigade." . . . Charlotte Tattersall writes that there should be room for a bookstore in the town of Sochoppy, Florida. You know, of course, that Sochoppy is located just off U.S. Highway 319, on the direct route from Tallahassee to the metropolis of Apalachicola. . . . The winter social season in the nation's capital is in full swing, and Senator Theodore Green, of Rhode Island, a bachelor still at eighty-six, is a bit confused by it all. Over cocktails at a foreign embassy the other day a writer asked him how many parties he was attending that evening. "Six," confessed the Senator, and pulled out his pocket diary. "Trying to figure out where you're going next?" joshed the writer. "Not at all," replied the Senator. "I'm trying to figure out where I am now!"

TIME MAGAZINE, going in for puns rather heavily of late, captions its review of "Sunset and Evening Star," the sixth and final volume of Sean O'Casey's memoirs, "O'Casey at the Bat." . . . Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom knows a fellow who read one how-to-do-it-yourself book too many. He is now serving a ten-year stretch for counterfeiting. . . . Mike Connolly encountered a kid in Hollywood who subsists entirely on gruesome "comics." He's read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" three times—and still thinks Simon Legree is the hero. . . . Publishers' Row was saddened by the death of two nationally renowned booksellers in recent weeks. In Kansas City, Estelle Schneider (whose "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table" had just been published as a striking dollar "flat") passed away unexpectedly, and, in Hollywood, Stanley Rose, whose main-stem bookshop was the gathering place for years of the film colony's avant garde, came to the end



of a particularly tortuous trail. Rose never came close to realizing his potentialities, but his was the sort of personality that persuaded friends to forgo repeated digressions. One of

NOTES from CALIFORNIA

Once, when we worked in a bookshop, we encountered people who wanted to buy a present for a friend "who didn't read books." This seemed very odd and presented us with a problem. We assume that anyone who reads this column has literate friends. For them we list a few suggestions for Christmas presents. The prices are expensive enough to be impressive; outside and inside, the books justify the extravagance.

After the Hunt, by Alfred Frankenstein (\$10.00), started out to be a study of a nineteenth-century American painter and ended up as a sort of detective story. It is not only rousing good reading but gives an excellent picture of nineteenth-century American still-life painting.

Theater Pictorial, by George Altman, Ralph Freud, Kenneth Macgowan, and William Melnitz (\$10.00), tells the story of world theater in pictures—from primitive times to the present. The collection of pictures is unusual and fascinating to look at.

The Moscow Kremlin, by Arthur Voyce (\$10.00), has nothing to do with politics or world revolution. It is the first book in English to describe the history, architecture, and art treasures of this fantastic structure. It is profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs, many of which are new to the West.

Art and Visual Perception, by Rudolf Arnheim (\$10.00), tells what to look for in art—in the light of modern psychology. The book is a scientifically sound and copiously illustrated discussion of the problems of balance, shape, space, light, color, and movement.

More moderately priced but no less handsome and desirable is *The Metamorphoses of Ovid*, a new version in English verse by A. E. Watts (\$5.00) and illustrated with the etchings of Pablo Picasso.

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA PRESS

Address: Berkeley 4, California

(Advertisement)

What poets and critics say about
MAX EASTMAN'S
Poems of Five Decades



© Editha Sherman

"This is a singing volume, full of life and vigor . . . One realizes with embarrassing tardiness how good a poet Max Eastman has always been. His many other activities have been the bushel that has hidden the light."

—RICHARD ARMOUR in the *Pasadena Star-News*

"Max Eastman is a poet of very great stature."

—OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY in the *New York Times*

"Max Eastman is a master of the art of poetry in America."

—MERRILL MOORE in the *Boston Post*

"This is the voice of great poetry: classical form, firm as the prism of glass; romantic color, free as the play of light that the prism turns to rainbow."

—E. MERRILL ROOT in *The New Leader*

"His 'Lot's Wife' is likely to outlast most of the verse done by his contemporaries."

—PAUL JORDAN-SMITH in the *Los Angeles Times*

Those familiar with Mr. Eastman's *Enjoyment of Poetry* and his famous essay on "The Cult of Unintelligibility" will have a special interest in this beautiful volume of his own verse.

\$3.75 at all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

Two long term solutions to the
Christmas Present Problem

Throughout the world people want to know what is going on in Britain and what the British opinion is on world affairs. They also want a concise presentation of this news and opinion. *The Times Weekly Review* is designed for them.

It draws upon all the resources of *The Times* for both news and pictures, its leading articles comment upon current events with the authority of the world's leading newspaper; and its reports on sport, the drama, music and the arts, financial and social affairs make it a complete weekly newspaper. Special articles and features exclusive to *The Times* are included in every issue.

The annual subscription rate for the edition by air express is \$10.00

THE ~~1944~~ **1945** ~~1944~~ **1945** ~~1944~~ **1945**
 LONDON

**WEEKLY
 REVIEW**

Send an annual subscription order now to Dept. A.S.,
The Times, London, Inc., 45, East 51st Street, New York 22, N.Y.

(Unesco coupons accepted.)

Wherever books and authors are talked about, *The Times Literary Supplement* is talked about too. For more than half a century it has kept its place as the foremost critical weekly in the world. Its aim is to promote learning without pedantry, and liveliness without affectation. It cultivates a fine palate so as to choose not only between good and bad, but between the subtle shades of contemporary writing which lie between extremes.

The Times Literary Supplement reviews not only all important English and American books, but also a choice of new books throughout Europe. There is no field of literature which it does not touch, and a review in *The Times Literary Supplement* is often itself literature. The annual subscription rate is \$5.00.

THE ~~1944~~ **1945** ~~1944~~ **1945** ~~1944~~ **1945**
 LONDON

**LITERARY
 SUPPLEMENT**

them, Eddie Brophy, dedicated this appropriate little poem to his memory:

You were a piece of Hollywood:
 a part
 Of pleasant times and places,
 And fond, remembered faces . . .
 Stored, in the attic of my heart.

Good rest, old boy,
 The best of joy
 Perusing that rare book,
 At which we haven't had a look:
 The missing page, the lost, im-
 mortal rhyme,
 Out there, on the other side of
 time.

Say, hello, to
 You know who. . . .
 Patience, kid.
 Smile.
 Just a little while,
 An' we'll be seein' you.

P.S. You never fooled me with
 your cynic's mask,
 Shielding the inner strife,
 You were a little boy lost. . . .
 Lost in the dark of life.

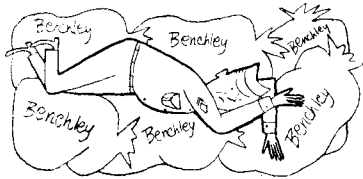
THE BOOK JACKET for "Case File: FBI," a whodunit by Mildred and Gordon Gordon, portrays a blow-up of a fingerprint. This is not any old fingerprint, the authors will have you understand, but an authentic reproduction of the print of an old English professor of Gordon's—the one who told him he'd never make a nickel out of writing. . . . Kathleen Mahaffey, of the University of Texas Press (Kay Sproul, late of *The Saturday Review*, is also prospering there), tells of the time an important professor submitted a painstaking, but decidedly inferior, translation of a lengthy Roman classic. Diplomacy was the order of the day, because the professor had a lot of weight to throw around the campus. Accordingly, Miss



Mahaffey led with, "What a superb, literal translation, Professor! It's a pity, however, that one gets the feeling that the charm of the six-volume original is somehow missing." "Oh," said the professor hastily, "I was going to add that later."

GERALD M. DURRELL'S "The Bafut Beagles" (Viking) is a captivating story of the Fon of Bafut, and the astonishing beasts that roam his African kingdom. In Campbell's Book Store, just outside the UCLA campus, the genial proprietor strove mightily to

impress a customer with the book's merits. The customer inquired dubiously, "What in the world is a bafut beagle anyhow?" Jean Kelley, stationed nearby, volunteered, "A dog without shoes on." Some Fon, hey kids? . . . Odds-on bet for Number One fiction best seller in the spring: John Marquand's "Sincerely, Willis Wayde." Herman Wouk and Budd Schulberg will be in there pitching, too. . . . In the foreword to "The Benchley Roundup" (Harper), a collection of his father's greatest and funniest pieces, Nathaniel Benchley tells of the time during World War II when an Air Force sergeant barged up to Benchley and announced without preamble, "I don't like your work." It developed that his beef was legitimate. He had hitched a ride from Africa to Italy aboard a cargo plane, and the only available sleeping space had been on bags full of overseas editions of Benchley's books. "By the



time we passed Sicily," said the sergeant, "I was so stiff and sore that I prayed I'd never hear the name Benchley again!"

IN SCRIBNER'S BOOK STORE, John Terres found a copy of Whitney Oates's "The Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers" next to Charles Talbot Onions's "Anglo-Saxon Reader," informed the clerk, "I know my Oates better than my Onions." . . . In the Golden Book Series, Simon & Schuster uncovered a brand-new author for the volume entitled "From Then to Now." He is John Philip Leventhal, ten-year-old son of S. & S. bigwig Al Leventhal, and the fact that the first printing of his opus totaled 520,000 copies hasn't turned his head at all. He's declined invitations to appear on a half-dozen radio and TV programs. Faye Emerson, one of the rejected applicants, opined bitterly, "He's probably holding out for 'Author Meets the Critics'." . . . Norman Krasna's advice to aspiring young authors: "Write a masterpiece. There's always a good market for masterpieces." . . . The publishers of James Michener's "The Floating World," a definitive book about Japanese prints, were completing the advertising plans when a horrified assistant burst into the room screaming, "Do you realize the publication date you've set for that book? December 7!"

The date was hastily changed to December 6.
—BENNETT CERF.



*The best-selling novel
that the well-informed
are reading with
excitement and
deep emotion*

"Exciting . . .

a huge and fascinating work . . . Unforgettable."

—GILBERT HIGHET, *Harper's*

"Intrigue after intrigue . . .

explosive climax . . . A book that one reads with excitement and with profit."

—GRANVILLE HICKS,
N. Y. Times Book Review

"Sweep and vitality . . .

that are conspicuously lacking in much of today's fiction . . . Absorbing and powerful."

—BEN RAY REDMAN,
Saturday Review

"Tremendous compass . . .

a multitude of characters, a multitude of poignant individual dramas, a multitude of memorable scenes and powerful episodes."

—CHARLES J. ROLO, *The Atlantic*

"Energy and power . . .

a sweep that often recalls the classical masters of Russian fiction."

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

"Undeniable narrative power . . .

we are in the presence of a true creative work."

—THEODORE H. WHITE,
The Reporter

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

629 pages • \$5.00

A National Best Seller—
for more than 9 months!

THE MIND ALIVE

By Harry and Bonaro

Overstreet

\$3.75

Reach for the Sky

by PAUL BRICKHILL

Biography of Douglas Bader, legless ace of the R.A.F. " . . . a thrilling story."—*The New Yorker*.

4TH PRINTING Illustrated. \$3.75

**Faith
AND
Freedom**

By BARBARA WARD

How the forces that shaped the past can save the future. "A book of wisdom, eloquence, and timeliness. Read it."—*Saturday Review*. By the author of *Policy for the West* and *The West at Bay*.

\$3.75

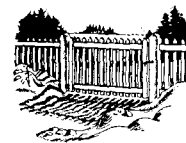
**A Guide to
the Planets**

By PATRICK MOORE

Highly expert, highly readable, this is the complete layman's guide to the solar system—its planets, satellites, movements, life, history and exploration by man. Illustrated by diagrams, photographs and color plates.

\$4.95

By the same author
A GUIDE TO THE MOON. \$3.95



MARY
ELLEN
CHASE

The White Gate

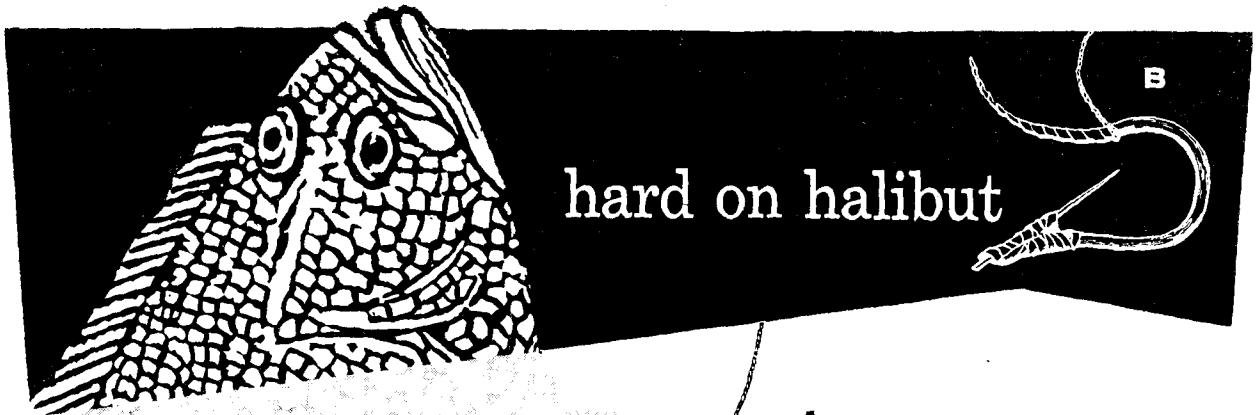
ADVENTURES IN THE IMAGINATION OF A CHILD. "Conjures up a shimmering and affectionate picture of a pattern of existence whose like we shall not see again."

—DAN WICKENDEN,
N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review
". . . nostalgic, lyric and joyous."

—*The New Yorker*

Decorations by Nora S. Unwin. \$3.00

At all bookstores • W. W. NORTON & COMPANY "Books that live" N. Y. 3



hard on halibut



LONG BEFORE CHRIS COLUMBUS made October 12 famous, North American Indians were hooking halibut with that crude gadget labeled (A). Later, our Pacific Northwest Indians improved it (not, however, from the halibut's viewpoint) by curving it (B). Which led to today's efficient, machine-made halibut hook (C).

THIS IS HARD

ON HALIBUT but it helps make things easy on the people who read the article on "Fishery" in World Book Encyclopedia. These pages are lively, interesting, informative, largely because the man most responsible for them is a four-way expert: (1) he owns a Pacific Coast purse seining vessel, (2) he's an expert on fishing of all kinds, (3) he's no amateur as a writer, and (4) he does excellent pen-and-ink drawings. All of which contributed to World Book's story of "Fishery."

Accurate, informative, colorful: no wonder more people buy World Book than any other encyclopedia.

WORLD BOOK encyclopedia

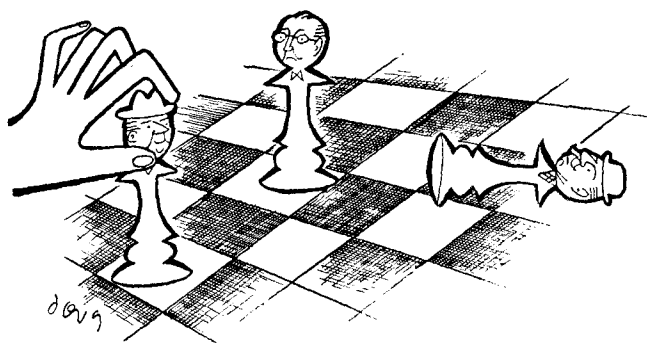
Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division
Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

Also publishers of Childcraft, America's famous child development plan

The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 11, 1954

THE JUDGMENT OF THE DIPLOMAT



By A. J. P. TAYLOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: The diplomat serves two masters: the facts as he sees them and the employer (king or electorate) to whom he explains the facts. Recently there has been a great deal of American discussion about how objective the diplomat can afford to be in appraising the facts, and how frank he can afford to be in explaining them to his chief. The cracks in both relationships are the subject of this article by Professor A. J. P. Taylor of Oxford, whose enormously controversial "The Course of German History" (1945) established him as one of the foremost diplomatic historians of the time. These days Professor Taylor is also an English TV-personality. Here his thesis is that "the people" are cleverer than the striped-pants set allows, and the professional diplomats make a lot of trouble for themselves by condescending to the boss.

EVERY diplomatist dreams of independence. In an ideal world, he imagines, he would be pitted against the representative of a rival power as in a game of chess. He would be free to make his moves without anyone at his shoulder, suggesting other moves or even forbidding the moves that he would like to make. Then, he supposes (quite wrongly), he would always win. But this ideal situation has never existed. Not only do spectators comment and interfere. In the diplomatic game of chess the very pieces have a will of their own and rush over the board in unexpected directions. Kings and queens have always insisted that the player of the game is their servant, not the other way round. Bishops announce

that they take their orders, not from the player, but from someone who is not in the room at all. Knights develop absurd points of honor. Nowadays, worst of all, the pawns assert the rights of "the common man," and insist on having the moves explained to them before they will move at all, and then often move in quite a different direction. The diplomatic player abuses his pieces, declares that foreign policy is impossible in a democracy, and refuses to accept responsibility for the outcome. He expects to lose; and he remains disgruntled even when he wins.

This is not a new problem. At most, the problem is presented in new terms. No diplomatist has ever enjoyed a completely free hand. Perhaps Rich-

elieu could really do what he liked; but that was in days so far off as to be by now legendary. No other foreign minister could rattle along according to his own inclination. Every royal master had whims of his own—antiquated prejudices, family ties, fragments of knowledge to which he attached exaggerated importance. Which of the old masters could count on getting his own way? Certainly not Talleyrand, whose ideas were constantly overruled by Napoleon. Nor Metternich, who had the greatest difficulty in drawing his emperor Francis into action of any sort. And least of all Bismarck, who admitted that William I caused him more trouble than any foreign power. These great men sometimes cheated their employers; but for the most of their careers they were absolutely dependent on decisions of slow-witted, suspicious monarchs they had to cajole. And yet they succeeded, though not as completely as they liked. If our present-day diplomatists say that foreign policy is impossible in a democracy, that is their fault, not the fault of the people. Diplomatists are the servants of the state. In a democracy they exist to serve the needs of the people; the people do not exist to serve theirs.

Those who conduct foreign policy always resent this. They like to make out that foreign affairs are a mystery; and they really believe it. Diplomats live in a world apart. They spend much of their time in foreign