

(Rutgers University Press, \$4). After first sketching her personality and intellect, and wisely refusing to whiten or blacken, Miss Nitchie analyzes her fiction to discover in it characters based on Shelley, Byron, Trelawny, and others of her circle. (But with so much non-fictional material about these people, an excavation of *roman à clef* has only an antiquarian interest.) As a widow she continued to write, impelled by profit instead of vision and recollection, and so her later writings are negligible in everything except copiousness. "Although the general reader would hardly care to peruse Mary Shelley's works," Miss Nitchie writes, "yet there is reward for so doing." She has performed that task conscientiously and sympathetically, using important unpublished material, but her book—through no fault of her own—will hardly cause a run on the forgotten works of Frankenstein's creator and Shelley's protector.

—R. H.

**PARTISAN HARVEST:** In degrees of permanence magazines perish quicker than paperbacks, and these in turn quicker than hardcovers. The *Partisan Review* recently anthologized its fic-

tion in a paperback; and now "The New Partisan Reader," edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv, (Harcourt Brace, \$6) chooses wide groupings from the last ten years of the magazine in a volume which is substantial in all ways. Several of the stories are re-reprinted, unnecessarily. Far more stimulating are the three other groups: Selected Poems, Interpretations, and Variety. Poems in magazines are not so perishable, at least not by such eminences as here: Lowell, Shapiro, Stevens, Roethke, Tate, Aiken—who can include them into their slim volumes. But in its varied essays and reviews this "Reader" salvages some extremely readable pieces. Of all the reviews, inadequately identified by the editors, Diana Trilling's on a Margaret Mead book, Mary McCarthy's on George Kelly's plays, W. H. Auden's on Oscar Wilde, and Sidney Hook's on Toynbee are among the best. The great catholicity of the *Partisan Review* in art, literature, religion, politics, theatre, movies—in other words, in all phases of our culture—appears here. It even has room for Cyril Connolly's impudent satire, "An American in London."

—R. H.

## The Criminal Record

*The Saturday Review's* Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CUCKOO LINE AFFAIR <i>Andrew Garve</i> (Harper: \$2.50)	Exemplary English gent develops woman trouble; murder doesn't help.	Plausible, convincing, up to dénouement, which isn't so hot.	Not hard to take
THE RED BISHOP <i>Howard Mason</i> (Mill-Morrow: \$2.75)	British playboy trails thugs aiming at horde of Rhenish gold.	Plot grows curiousest and curiousest, but chase is lively.	Dizzy but diverting
MY FAVORITE TRUE MYSTERY <i>Ernest V. Heyn, ed.</i> (Coward-McCann: \$3)	Thirty-six fact yarns by thirty name-writers; first appeared in <i>American Weekly</i> .	Cases, mainly new and good, suffer from over-compression.	Doesn't jell as book
THE GIRL IN LOVER'S LANE <i>Lewis Thompson</i> (Gold Medal: 25 cents)	Factual retellings, with large citations from testimony, of historical cases—this one is Hall-Mills. Also available, same price: "The Girl in the Stateroom" ( <i>same authors</i> ), "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing" ( <i>Charles Samuels</i> ), and "The Girl in the Death Cell" ( <i>Fred J. Cook</i> ).		Workmanlike, with sex stressed
NO MOURNING FOR THE MATADOR <i>Delano Ames</i> (Ives Washburn: \$2.50)	Dagobert and Jane Brown see bull get man in Barcelona (did winner have help?).	Setting agreeable, manner sprightly, cast confusingly abundant.	Mixture as before
SAY IT WITH BULLETS <i>Richard Powell</i> (Simon & Schuster: \$2.50)	Far East vet takes noisy bus ride, Chi to LA, as murders strew path; bright gal big help.	Plot bit too ingenious, but dialogue is peppy, scenery swell, pace hot.	No slow motion here
CURTAIN FOR A JESTER <i>Frances Boswell and Richard Lockridge</i> (Lippincott: \$2.50)	Knife (non-rubber) pinks NY practical joker; Pam and Jerry North help nice cops.	Fast-paced, smooth, but somewhat marred by spiderweb ending.	Easy to take

—SERGEANT CUFF.



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# ANNUAL GUIDE TO RELIGIOUS BOOKS

Of the nearly 1,000 religious books published during the past year, SR reviews and describes in the following pages approximately 150 that are especially noteworthy. Another group of religious books will be reviewed in our issue of April 10.



*Recommended books for Lenten reading by Catholics, selected by Maria Augusta Trapp, head of the Trapp Family Singers, are listed on the opposite page. Reviews of Catholic books appear on this and the three following pages. (The sketch is of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.)*



*Recommended books for Lenten reading by Protestants, chosen by Dr. Nels F. S. Ferré, professor of systematic theology in the Vanderbilt University School of Religion, are listed on page 44. Reviews of Protestant books appear on that and the following four pages. (The sketch is of Riverside Church, New York.)*



*Recommended books of Jewish interest, selected by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn of Brandeis University, are listed on page 49, followed by reviews of books in that field. (The sketch is of the Temple Emmanuel, New York.)*

A checklist of recent religious books in all fields, compiled by Siegfried Mandel, begins on page 52.

## The Corporals of God

*"The Manner Is Ordinary," by John LaFarge (Harcourt, Brace. 408 pp. \$4.75), and "Obedient Men," by Denis Meadows (Appleton-Century-Crofts. 308 pp. \$3.50), are the autobiographies of two Roman Catholics, the former an American who has served with distinction in the Society of Jesus, the latter a Briton who was a member of that Order and left.*

By Anne Fremantle

THE tragedy of the nineteenth century, Pope Leo XIII averred, was that the workers were lost to the Church. Father John LaFarge's long life has been spent in a tireless attempt to make the twentieth century redeem this tragedy of the nineteenth, at least on this continent. For charity is no substitute for justice withheld, as St. Augustine pointed out fifteen hundred years ago, and Father LaFarge's constant efforts to further the cause of social justice, his devotion to the welfare of the industrial worker, of the Negro, of the underprivileged everywhere, his profound concern for race problems, are an eloquent restatement, in our own day and age, of that truth. Alas, many Christians often forget that the Church considers itself historically as the appointed defender of the rights of man.

Of life in the Society of Jesus its founder remarked that "the manner of living is ordinary." In the case of John LaFarge, a member of that Society, whatever the manner may be, the matter is not. The son of a famous American artist (one of the first to understand and appreciate Japanese and Chinese art in this country), brother, uncle, and cousin of others almost equally famous, John LaFarge includes Benjamin Franklin and Commodore Perry among his forbears. One of nine brothers and sisters, he grew up at Newport, Rhode Island, and had a glorious childhood, swimming, sailing, scrambling over the gorse-gold dunes. He devoured the classics, whether of music, literature, or painting, and was in every sense of the word a very well-nourished boy. Before he was twelve he already felt he wanted to become a priest. In his choice of Harvard as a university, as well as in his voca-

tion, he had the warm support of Theodore Roosevelt and the devoted affection of Henry Adams, two of his parents' closest friends. He is candid enough about how unlikely, humanly speaking, it was that he should be a priest. "The priest must be a man of the people, all things to all men, and personally I was somewhat reserved and fastidious." He was delicate, and the life is demanding physically; he was self-centered, and the life is one of total dedication. "But the conviction grew it was something God wanted of me."

AFTER a stimulating and healthy life as a seminarian in Innsbruck, John LaFarge became first a priest, and then, in America once more, a Jesuit. His assignments have been varied: on Blackwell's Island he assisted over 3,000 dying people to final peace within eight months; for fifteen years, working among rural Negroes and whites, in Southern Maryland, he had to drive miles in a buggy to say mass, snow-whitened in winter, dust-whitened in summer. Here he counted a whippoorwill calling 375 times, and snakes fell from the church roof as he preached. Here he was suspected, by his Protestant colleagues, of making moonshine. Had he not a large bin of corn for his horse, a copper kettle, a baptismal font, a good supply of tubing with which he had unsuccessfully tried to heat the church, and an abundance of soft-drink bottles left over from a recent church festival? As editor of *America* during World War II he hoisted as a "visible sign" the seven-point "pattern for peace," in subscribing to which Catholics, Protestants, and Jews could insist on a minimum of ethics between peoples as between people. Politics *must* be a moral activity, Father LaFarge declared weekly in his editorials, to all who would read.

Father LaFarge founded and organized the Catholic Interracial Councils, where Negroes and whites meet weekly to work together and to try to see their joint problems together. He also helped to get the National Catholic Rural Life Conference started, and was tremendously active in what he calls the "green revolution." He was one of the founders, too, of the Liturgical Arts Society, and the National Liturgical Society, which exist to empha-