

tal for the murder, Illoma is forced to become the concubine of the Teniente, the brutal white official who is political *sina qua non*—governor, prosecutor, and judge—in the Old City. He refuses to secure Quiello's release until Illoma leads him to the Inca treasure. She takes him high up into the mountains, into a hidden valley. There, having made sure he will not be able to find his way out again, she shows him the Inca gold, and jumps from a cliff to her death. This should be sufficient to indicate the romantically wide-eyed afflatus distending the shape of the novel. It is to be regretted, because Mrs. Attwood demonstrates that she is quite comfortably able—while writing the first two thirds of the book—to create compelling mood and character. Only when the exigencies of an absurd denouement can no longer be postponed does successful illusion collapse under the weight of extravagant incident.

—NICOLAS MONJO.

LOST SOULS IN BOSTON: Siegel Fleisher's "The Lion and the Honeycomb"

(Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) derives its title from a poem by Yeats, which in another part says: "Seek out reality, leave things that seem." In his novel, for which he was awarded a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship, Mr. Fleisher plots the courses of two lonely seekers after the sweetness inherent in reality. One of them is Ralph Taber, a young man running away from grief caused by his wife's death. The other is Mabel Barnum, the common-law wife of a small-time criminal. Their lives run parallel through most of the book, touching only occasionally, and the contrast between them serves to emphasize the simple human aspirations which both share. It also accentuates the melting-pot atmosphere of the Boston slum in which they live. Ralph loses his sense of bitter futility by developing a feeling of compassion for a dying neighbor in his rooming house. The old man (significantly named Adam) rewards Ralph by giving him a heightened insight into his personal conflicts. Taber's redemption is completed by a new love. Mabel is not so fortunate;

her happiness turns to bitter ashes.

Mr. Fleisher tells these tales well, when he sticks to telling them, and he communicates a feeling of warmth for some of his characters. But it seems to this reader that he belabors his subject unduly, overlaying with surplus rhetoric what he has already made quite evident. He dilates on the themes of love and death with a literary garrulosity that tends to diffuse the strength of his novel. Echoes out of "Dubliners" float up to assail the eye and ear. Poetic interchapters, transposing the city images of Eliot, create pretentious interruptions. "The Lion and the Honeycomb" is at its best when Mr. Fleisher is directly saying what he sees and feels. At other times, the cold shadow of erudition falls between the idea and reality of Mr. Fleisher's prose.

—M. L.

TEACHERS' WORLD: "The End of the Week" (Macmillan, \$3.50) makes the atmosphere of an American elementary school so palpable that one can almost breathe the acrid odor of chalk dust, feel the entangling coils of red tape, and smell the decay of the educational process. Teachers are gray people, Virginia Chase makes one of their number observe, "... squat gray or wisp gray or mole gray ... living in a tight little world of their own ... letting their minds slip, their spirit die" Miss Chase takes a searching look at the tight little world of a microcosmic public school, and creates a kind of "Spoon River Anthology" of its inmates. Not all yield to the pervading grayness; some struggle to retain their individuality and the priceless human relationship between student and teacher (in a class of fifty pupils). But it is a three-sided battle—between the school administration which regards its wards as statistics, the teacher who tries to regard them as people, and the parent who doesn't care one way or the other.

Miss Chase captures a moment of arrested motion in the lives of thirteen teachers. Some are awaiting a shabby little party for one who is leaving, others are following their small separate destinies. In each case Miss Chase creates a believable picture of an individual's hopes, achievements, and frustrations. There is a unifying thread of suspense running through the book, and there are refreshing flashes of ironic humor. But the most abundant element in "End of the Week" is that of truth. Miss Chase has put thirteen lives on view and let them speak for themselves. There emerges not only that pathos of the gray people, but also the sad travesty of learning which public education has become in many places.

—M. L.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CONTENT ASSIGNMENT <i>Holly Roth</i> (Simon & Schuster: \$2.50)	British newsman trails Yank gal-friend (big-time op.) from Berlin to mid-Manhattan—	—with stopovers at Albany, Syracuse, Utica (reason: too many Reds).	Brisk show
JOURNEY TO NOWHERE <i>Nedra Tyre</i> (Knopf: \$2.75)	Jittery Va. jane (hubby twice tried to kill her) takes trip.	Long on atmosphere, short on excitement; not in the groove.	Her first still her best
THE CASE OF THE FORTY THIEVES <i>John Rhode</i> (Dodd Mead: \$2.50)	Dr. Priestley once again puts Supt. Waghorn of CID on right track.	More activity than usual for this author; big theft racket.	He's done worse
LAWYERS DON'T HANG <i>Glenn Barns</i> (Arcadia: \$2.50)	State crime investigator gored as committee prepares to move in; local legal lights worry.	Some stock characters, but rest ring true; attention-holding performance.	Clean-cut job
I'LL BURY MY DEAD <i>James Hadley Chase</i> (Dutton: \$2.50)	Midwest promoter's brother plugged; sundry other corpses clog story.	Cast large, girly, but not many of them come alive.	Sex and confusion
ALL THAT GLITTERS <i>Manning Coles</i> (Crime Club: \$2.75)	Tommy Hambleton tours Germany on trail of swiped plane plans.	Familiar mixture of international mayhem and mirth.	Peppy as ever
LOVE BADE ME WELCOME <i>John Lodwick</i> (Roy: \$3)	Paris gal throttled; Sûreté and Yard collaborate to good purpose.	Covers big territory, but yarn is told with zip and humor.	Nice going
PERSONAL COLUMN <i>Various Authors</i> (Roy: \$3)	True London <i>Times</i> accounts of British and Continental crime careers.	Case histories ignore police work; accent methods, jail life.	Excellent olio

—SERGEANT CUFF.

