

The Summing-up in Books for 1955

Continued from page 12

Margaret Higgins's "Red Plush and Black Bread," or Maxim Litvinov's (maybe) "Notes for a Journal."

Domestic problems, rather than international ones, predominated in the books that dealt with America at mid-century. There was the problem of "Government by Investigation" (the title of a book by Alan Barth), studied and condemned in such works as Telford Taylor's "Grand Inquest," Charles Curtis's "The Oppenheimer Case," and in several typically hard-hitting essays in Bernard DeVoto's final book, "The Easy Chair." There was the problem of integration-vs.-segregation, with answers supplied by the late Walter White in "How Far the Promised Land" and Lillian Smith in a prospectus for personal action, "Now Is the Time." There were problems concerned with education: "Why Johnny Can't Read," "The Restoration of Learning," "Academic Freedom in the United States." Of the few books on foreign policy possibilities the outstanding ones were Chester Bowles's generally optimistic "The New Dimensions of Peace" and Elmer Davis's generally pessimistic "Two Minutes to Midnight." Of foreign policies adopted since the war no author could speak more authoritatively than the man who adopted them, former President Harry S. Truman, whose "The Year of Decisions"

was the first volume of his extraordinarily well-written memoirs, a work that might well have been called (if Henry Adams hadn't preempted the title) "The Education of an American."

MR. TRUMAN'S book led a fine parade of American biographical and historical works, the largest single delegation of which was made up, as might be expected, of volumes about the Civil War period: Hudson Strode's "Jefferson Davis," Jay Monaghan's "Civil War on the Western Border," Sylvanus Cadwallader's "Three Years with Grant," Ralph Korngold's "Thaddeus Stevens," and the concluding volume of J. G. Randall's biography of Lincoln, "Last Full Measure," completed by Richard N. Current. But not all was Blue or Gray. Statesmen and generals were matched in number by authors and artists: Van Wyck Brooks's "John Sloan," C. M. Mount's "John Singer Sargent," Nathaniel Benchley's life of his humorist father, biographies of Henry and Brooks Adams by Elizabeth Stevenson and A. F. Beringause respectively, the letters of George Santayana, Gay Wilson Allen's life of Walt Whitman, "The Solitary Singer," and Thomas Johnson's interpretive biography of Emily Dickinson (this accompanied by a definitive edition of the Dickinson poems). American biographers also contributed notable studies of British literary figures: Harry Moore's "The Intelligent Heart" (D. H. Lawrence), Gordon Ray's initial volume in the first authorized biography of William Makepeace Thackeray, and John Malcolm Brinnin's personal account of a poet's hectic and heartbreaking final years, "Dylan Thomas in America." (Falling partly into this category would be the South Seas journal of the American Fanny Stevenson, edited by Charles Neider and making its first appearance in print, under the title "Our Samoan Adventure.")

For one Marjorie Morningstar who relinquished her dreams of theatrical fame for pleasant domesticity, the year's books were loaded with accounts of ladies who didn't: Gertrude Lawrence, Mrs. Fiske, Gracie Allen, Mary Pickford, Katharine Cornell, Ethel Merman, Garbo, Ethel Barrymore, Laurette Taylor, and Lola Montez. In fiction the theatre was glorified by Clemence Dane in "The Flower Girls." How long, one wonders, would Marjorie have lasted in that menage?

In poetry the three generations



Some Literary Lights of 1955: Bernard DeVoto, Harry S. Truman, Charles DeGaulle, Elmer Davis, Jessamyn West, Dylan Thomas, Hudson Strode, Marguerite Higgins, J. G. Randall, Lillian Smith, Conrad Aiken, Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

were nobly represented: the elder, with Conrad Aiken's "A Letter to Li Po" and William Carlos Williams's "Journey to Love"; the middle, with the collected poems of Spender, Graves, and Jarrell, and "The Shield of Achilles," by W. H. Auden; and the younger, with new work by Robert Conquest, John Ciardi, and Donald Hall.

As always, many works refused to fit into neat categories. . . . Two best-selling women writers found, and shared, inspiration along the shoreline: Anne Morrow Lindbergh in "Gift from the Sea" and Rachel Carson in "The Edge of the Sea." . . . Eric Hoffman wrote epigrams in "The Passionate State of Mind" and T. H. White rewrote a medieval bestiary. . . . Literary critic Edmund Wilson wrote of "The Dead Sea Scrolls" and drama critic Kenneth Tynan wrote of bullfights in Spain. . . . Cambridge University Press published what may have been a Chaucer "first," but "The Equatorie of the Planetis" will never take the place of "The Wife of Bath's Tale." . . . T. E. Lawrence's long-guarded "The Mint" was published at last. Richard Aldington offered evidence claiming to prove that Lawrence was an impostor, and Calvin Hoffman leveled a similar attack on William Shakespeare. . . . Finally, it was a year in which "Eggs I Have Laid" was closely followed in publication by "Eggs I Have Known."

And that, Johnny, is just a sample of what you've been missing.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 652

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 652 will be found in the next issue.

KLTLRK SR VFL BHIEV'A

GSSV EG QSW YEDD, IWV

BLCLCILB EV KEKR'V YSBO

GSB VFL BHIEV!

B. L. AFHQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 651

The arts may die of triviality, as they were born of enthusiasm.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

Amy Loveman

Continued from page 22

goodbye, adding it was nice to be able to meet someone in the same line of business. The incident delighted Miss Loveman and she told it often.

Almost everywhere she went she met people who wrote poetry. Invariably they would follow up the meeting by submitting verse for publication in *The Saturday Review*. Miss Loveman had the incredibly difficult job of returning 98 per cent of these submissions, and it is a tribute to her genius in human relationships that her rejection letters never lost her a friend.

She never got tired of reading poetry; indeed, I doubt that there is more than a handful of critics who have had to read more of it—good, bad, and in-between—during the past thirty-five years. With it all, she never wrote a poem in her life. "I wouldn't dare to," she said, "knowing how well supplied the world already is with bad verse."

I AM still looking through the doorway into her office.

In the top center drawer is a folder containing some correspondence that was turned over to her in June 1942. The correspondence had to do with a surprise party in her honor. Originally the party was not to be larger than fifteen or sixteen persons. We planned to give Miss Loveman a gold medal for her contribution to literature in particular and cultural values in general. But dozens of letters came in from people asking to share in the tribute. Each letter established the writer's admiration and affection for Miss Loveman. Finally it became necessary to hire a small ballroom at a large hotel.

Miss Loveman knew nothing about the surprise party until she was escorted into the hall.

Tributes at the dinner came from Thomas Lamont, Elmer Davis, John Mason Brown, Harrison Smith, Henry Seidel Canby, Christopher Morley, William Rose Benét, Oswald Garrison Villard, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Simeon Strunsky, Bennett Cerf, and *SRL's* editor. It was a

chance to confess our love in public and we made the most of it. Several days after the dinner we gave her a neat bundle of the letters requesting that we enlarge the dinner—letters reflecting the overflow of genuine affection. She treasured the packet and kept it in her top drawer.

There were other honors. Columbia University gave her the University Medal for Excellence in 1945. Wheaton and Wilson Colleges gave her honorary degrees in literature. In 1946 she received the Constance Lindsay Skinner Achievement Award.

It is doubtful, however, whether anything gave her greater satisfaction than to be able to work with new writers, helping to remove the roadblocks in the way of publication. Her advice was precise, crisp, practical, built on a solid foundation of reasonable explanation. And underlying everything else was an almost epic kindness. This combination of incisiveness and kindness characterized her entire life.

Amy Loveman was less cluttered emotionally than any person I have ever known.

Her horizons were unblurred by petty assertions of a sovereign ego. Her concerns pointed outward, and it carried over to others. I can't recall ever hearing a petty argument in her presence. I can think of many animated conversations in her home or office, but I can't recall a single instance when people did not respond to her presence by liberating themselves from trivia.

Her nobility was a universe: and to know it was to soar inside it. No wonder that so many people came to her; there were peace and purpose in her life and incredible strength, and it gave nourishment to others. The human mind feeds on great expectations, but there must also be great reassurances. These reassurances have to do with the natural goodness of man. Such assurances are forever sought but are not easily come by. The evidence for them cannot be spun out of abstract evidence or persuasion. They exist in living tissue or not at all. Amy Loveman carried this proof; it was visible; it was recognized; it could be shared.

On the right-hand side of her desk are some souvenirs of a trip to Europe last summer. She went with her brother Michael. It was her first visit since the summer of 1914. She was especially eager to see England again, and nothing was more of a lure in England than Jane Austen Country. No



SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

The Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street,
New York 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription
for the term indicated below:

- ☐ One year \$ 7.00
- ☐ Two years 12.00
- ☐ Three years 16.00

Please note: The above rates apply to the
United States and its possessions.

Canada: One year \$8, Two years \$11,
Three years \$19.

Other Foreign: One year \$9, Two years
\$16, Three years \$22.

Payment is enclosed ☐

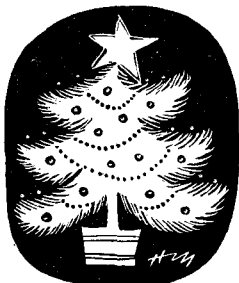
Please send me a bill* ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____



writer in any language had a greater hold on Miss Loveman's affections than Jane Austen. She was fascinated by Jane Austen's ability to reconstruct a life with such meticulous regard for the anatomy of human emotion. The fact that Jane Austen could engage the attention of the reader without a circus of aberrations or bloodletting or rampant irrationality—this to Miss Loveman was the mark of a real novelist. This ability to make a casual life compelling seemed to Miss Loveman to represent a major challenge in fiction.

A year earlier, in the summer of 1954, it had become necessary for Miss Loveman to undergo surgery in an attempt to arrest the illness that was to cost her life. She had taken with her to the hospital a single book: Jane Austen's "Emma." It was to be her sixth rereading of the classic.

The operation prolonged her life by perhaps a year and a half. Within a few weeks after coming out of the hospital she was back at her desk again—both at SR and Book-of-the-Month Club. She was thinner—much thinner than we had ever known her—and her skin had faded. But she proclaimed that she had never felt better and spoke excitedly about her

plans to go to Europe with her brother. She saw just as many people and gave no evidence of disability.

The trip to Europe added to her portion in life. There was a sense of fulfilment in her manner when she returned in the fall. But time was running out. She continued to lose weight and took longer to get from one place to another. She amazed her good friend and physician, Dr. William M. Hitzig, by insisting on her ability to continue in her work. And even when taking a few steps required almost superhuman power she insisted that Dr. Hitzig not trouble to visit her at her home; she would go to his office.

"I feel so guilty about taking up Dr. Hitzig's time," she said. "When I look in his waiting room and see people who really need his help I almost feel like apologizing to them. Dr. Hitzig is a miracle man and I'm afraid I'm keeping him from working miracles where they are really needed."

She lived alone but she refused to allow a nurse to stay with her. In this way the weeks passed until one day she telephoned the office to say she felt somewhat tired and would not be coming to work.

Dr. Hitzig, who deeply respected her determination to keep going, did not order her to the hospital until very near the end. She refused ambulance service, insisting on walking to the car. I held her by the arm and felt nothing but frail bone. She seemed to exist on sheer will power.

Then, on the way to the hospital, she asked: "How is Pat? I was so sorry to hear about his illness." Patrick Mahoney is the night elevator man in our office building. "Pat is such a nice man," she said.

She took with her to the hospital her Book-of-the-Month Club reports. "I'm not sure I'm going to be able to get out in time for the meeting of the judges Friday," she said, "but my work is here and it's up to date."

On Friday morning she spoke to Mr. Scherman and gave him all the last-minute information about her Club reports. On Saturday morning the nurses reported she was becoming increasingly weak. But in the afternoon she rallied. She chatted with her three brothers, Herbert, Ernest, and Michael. Ernest and Herbert had brought their wives; Michael is unmarried. After they left, she started to read the galley proofs of a book for the Club. Early in the evening she told Dr. Hitzig she was happy with her nurse and her room and the general hospital care.

Shortly before midnight she fell into a coma. The end came at two a.m. Sunday, December 11, 1955. The memory and wonder of her will endure and it will sustain us.

—N. C.

Thomas Paine

Continued from page 7

been violent and your conduct contumacious. You appear to be a troublemaker not only in politics but in society and religion as well.

PAINE: Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph.

CHAIRMAN: There is one matter that puzzles me, Mr. Paine. We may doubt that you are worthy of a statue anywhere, but certainly Providence, Rhode Island, would seem to be the last place that should commemorate you. In the first place it was founded by a devout and pious man, Roger Williams, and founded as a Christian commonwealth, and you have scandalously attacked Christianity. In the second place we have evidence here that you went out of your way to criticize Rhode Island when she exercised her sovereign right of refusing to ratify the proposal for a 5 per cent impost for the Congress in 1782.

PAINE: I have never yet made, and I hope I never shall make it the least point of consideration whether a thing is popular or unpopular, but whether it is right or wrong. Neither is there any Delegate from the State of Rhode Island who can say that I ever sought from any man any place, office, recompense, or reward on any occasion for myself. I have had the happiness of serving mankind, and the honor of doing it freely.

CHAIRMAN: Your answers are very ingenious, Mr. Paine, but plausible as they are they have very little to do with the subject of this inquiry. I think the evidence that I have brought out here, in this examination, makes it inescapably clear that you are a controversial character. And surely even you will agree, Mr. Paine, that a community like ours is much safer and happier when it is free from all turbulence and controversy?

PAINE: There are some Truths so self-evident and obvious that they ought never to be stated in the form of a question for debate, because it is habituating the mind to think doubtfully of what there ought to be no doubt upon. But you will permit me one final observation. In my own lifetime, as you know, I was tried and imprisoned. But *these* are the times that try men's souls.

EGYPT

the NEAR EAST

GREECE and PERSIA

A fascinating tour beginning March 2nd, through April 24, 1956. Cairo, Luxor, Jerusalem, Petra, Amman, Damascus, Baghdad, Teheran, Isfahan, Beirut and Istanbul, and extending to GREECE, Delphi, Olympia, Epidaurus, Corinth and Athens. Leadership: Dr. James H. Breasted, Jr. Colorful, informative and delightful. Write:

BUREAU of UNIVERSITY TRAVEL

13 Boyd Street

Newton, Mass.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

Looking for a publisher? Learn how we can publish, promote and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of others. All subjects considered—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. New writers welcomed. Write today for our 24-page, illustrated Booklet FF. It's free.

Vantage Press, Inc., 120 W. 31 St., N. Y.
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28
In Wash., D. C.: 1010 Vermont Ave., N. W.

SOILED CLOTHES CAN SPOIL TRIP



Hand Laundry Kit for Travelers

Eliminates hand laundry problems anywhere in the world. TLK concentrated detergent works wonders, in any water. Pleasant, safe on all fabrics. Neutralizes, brightens like new. Leaves hands soft and clean. Two weeks' supply... 28 individual packets in box, \$1.00 postpaid. Kit weighs less than 6 oz. Send to:

TLK PRODUCTS • 3630 Lee Rd. • Shaker Hts., Ohio

The World

Continued from page 19

that the protector might become aggressor in turn? Could Beneš, who permits himself to say that in 1940 he thought the Soviet Union was planning to use its alliance with Nazi Germany in order to "intervene in a mainly, or even exclusively, revolutionary sense at the moment when both sides were too exhausted to defend themselves against a social revolution," really take the treaty's assurance of "non-interference in . . . internal affairs" as a sufficient guarantee? It seems unlikely, but he was willing to go far, even to the point of introducing major socialist innovations at home, to achieve an enduring alliance with the Soviet Union, knowing that his country's ultimate fate depended on the intentions of its eastern neighbor. Stalin revealed these in 1948, and his ruthlessness makes one wonder whether it was in the realm of the possible for Dr. Beneš or any man to have charted a course that would have protected the freedom of Czechoslovakia. There are historical situations when patriotism and intelligence are not enough, and when virtue and success are incompatible.

Jet-Speed Politics

NORTH AFRICAN BACKGROUND: Edmond Stevens, the Rome-based correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*, knows North Africa at first hand and in depth, from Tangier all the way across the south Mediterranean shelf to Tripoli. In "North African Powder Keg" (Coward-McCann, \$3.75) he has written a valuable report on that important part of the map. The need for sitting still while writing kept him from returning to the area after a last long visit in early 1955, but he has evidently kept in close touch. His account is as current as a man could make it in the unequal race of rapid events against the sluggish machinery



of presses and binderies. He has brought his story up to the eve of August 20, a fateful day of butchery in Morocco and Algeria.

Stevens's book is nevertheless already far behind the times. The fact is that North Africa has been revolving too fast for any reporter to hang on except in tomorrow's headlines. Only in Algeria is the situation superficially the same as Stevens describes it, although vastly matured in potential. To the east the inner rifts of the independence movement have made ancient history out of the nationalist war on France and now promise a new war strictly among Tunisians. To the west the quick changes are even more incredible: El Glawi of Marrakesh has somersaulted into a prostrate position at the feet of his old enemy, Mohammed V; the French have not only restored a Sultan whom they deposed but are counting on him as their prime guarantor in Morocco; the Sultan, the *medina* terrorists, and even *Istiqlal* are being challenged in their nationalist credentials by the wilder patriotisms of the Riff mountaineers.

None of this is Stevens's fault, obviously. But his book has a weakness which he contributes all on his own. There are usually two sides to every argument, even in North Africa, where utter rejection of an opponent's position, down to the smallest particular, is a first rule of debate. An outside reporter diminishes his usefulness if he gets as red in the face as the principals in his story. Stevens thinks the French have been wrong. This reviewer agrees. But not 99 per cent wrong, which is about the ratio of space which "North African Powder Keg" gives to exposition of the anti-French case.

Stevens's record of France's mistakes is a competent guide to the years of wasted opportunity in North Africa. As such, it helps to explain the recent whirlwind of French reversals. But, because of almost exclusive concern with the sins of the colonizers, it provides little illumination of the self-made snares which lie ahead for the colonized now that they are beginning to be free.

—HAL LEHRMAN.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers; unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of *The Saturday Review*. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word; 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

BOOKS

BARNES & NOBLE has over a million books in stock . . . used and new, current and out-of-print. Free search service. Catalogues issued. Name your interest. Libraries and book collections purchased. Books . . . our only business since 1874. **BARNES & NOBLE, Inc.**, 105 Fifth Ave., NYC 3. Dept. SR.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. **PYTELL'S BOOKSHOP**, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. **TRUTH SEEKER CO.**, 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

WE HAVE OR WILL LOCATE any book available. **WEBB BOOK SERVICE**, 200 East Walter Road, South Bend 14, Indiana.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. **ORIENTALIA**, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

BOOKS—current fiction or nonfiction. Prompt service, satisfaction guaranteed. **Charles Book Service**, 141 Lenox Road, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature, Free. **New York Labor News Co.**, Dept. C, 61 Cliff St., New York 38, N. Y.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. **Transbooks**, Box 22-S, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

CHRIST'S BIRTH: Genealogy, 25¢, Bulletin, Box 87-SR. Cathedral Station, NYC 25.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS at lowest prices! Try us. (No obligation.) **INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS**, Box 3003-F, Beverly Hills, Calif.

WORLD SELLING, buying half-century—rare books. Fine sets. Free Service. **CRIST BOOK SHOP**, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minn.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll Get It! **CHICAGO BOOK-MART**, Chicago Heights, Ill.

THE BOOKFINDER will find that wanted book. Box 204, GPO, NYC 1.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. **MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE**, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Address **BOOKPLATES**, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

ART

LOUVRE, NATIONAL GALLERY, METROPOLITAN, DETROIT INSTITUTE, WORLD MASTERPIECES & GREAT ART NUDES, 2" x 2" Gorgeous Color Slides, 25¢ each. Send \$1 for 4 samples & catalogues. **ARTCO SLIDES**, Box 46123SR, Hollywood 46, Calif.

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. **Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.**

(Continued on page 34)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1134)

ANN BRIDGE:

A FAMILY OF TWO WORLDS

The beautiful *pukas*, or slung bags, worn by chiefs of the Ogowe and Abomba tribes, woven by men out of the fibre of pineapple leaves and adorned with elephants' whiskers, contained stitches still in use in Venice, such as the lovely *punto in aria*.