

## Fiction

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of the weaknesses of Victorian fiction its looseness of structure, its inadequacies of style, its poverty of ideas—his novels nevertheless rise above fluctuations of taste. In their genial sanity and keen-eyed wisdom they offer not only a precious documentary record of the age in which he lived but a continuing source of that enchantment which only the rarest of God's spirits can provide.

## Notes

**EAST LYNNE ON THE MISSISSIPPI:** The paddle-wheelers get up steam again in "Blue Hurricane" (Lippincott, \$3.75), F. Van Wyck Mason's latest contribution to the War Between the States. Ironclads, timberclads, nautical battering rams, and the rest of the non-descript navy that fought the North's freshwater battles are given a quite realistic outing. There is drama aplenty in the river war, and when Mr. Mason sticks to recounting it he does not do too badly by the reader. But where the author ventures off the Mississippi and on to the dry land the adventures of his hero, Bule Hurricane, begin to sound like a sequel to "East Lynne."

Matthew Hovey, the principal player in Mr. Mason's tremendous cast, is a young Down Easter who finds himself unable to enter the ministry because of certain deficiencies in his history. Upset about this, Matt commits what he expects is murder, becomes a copperhead trader, and goes to heck generally. But when his fiancée turns up in a St. Louis fancy-house (with amnesia) Matt comes to his senses and goes straight. He gets a job helping to convert river boats into steam rams, and then serves as an army officer on one. Besides these matters Matt is involved in a genealogical tangle and a mess of coincidental hokum that is strong meat for all but the most devoted reader. —MARTIN LEVIN.

**THE LATEST FROM JALNA:** "Variable Winds at Jalna" (Little, Brown, \$3.95) is Number Fourteen in the sturdy series that has been to Little, Brown what A. T. & T. is to widows and orphans. Mazo de la Roche's hordes of fans will be relieved to find the old manse still standing in the midst of its five hundred rolling acres, immune to the twentieth century, though a victim to television. (The Master of Jalna enjoys wrestling.) The fluctuating breezes that blow through this latest phase of the Whiteoak saga

bring good luck to at least one wayfarer. Maitland Fitzurgis, an otherwise normal Irishman, is about to make the horrible misstep of marrying Adeline Whiteoak, who everyone knows is attached to her father, Renny, and beloved by her cousin Mooney. By a minor miracle, Fitzurgis misses becoming one of Renny's peons and bolts to the freer air of New York City.

Of course, there is much more to the newest Jalna epic than Adeline's debacle. Pheasant, Piers, "Nooky," Archer, and others of the clan drift about the premises. Roma, a Jalna maverick who paints her toenails, makes off with a couple of young men. Renny buys a race horse. And several romantic liaisons are firmed up. For the uninitiated a family tree is provided, though the Whiteoaks are pretty hard to sort out even when you know who they are. —M. L.

**YERBY RIDES AGAIN:** Frank Yerby admitted in a recent interview that he looks upon his craft with the workmanlike eye of a plumber. To carry on with the plumbing analogy—Mr. Yerby seems to have brought a few tools too many to his latest job of work, "Benton's Row" (Dial Press, \$3.50), and to have sealed them up in the pipes. The result is odd in the extreme: water spouts emerge from what should be faucets, the drains are all stopped up, and everything in the book is one sodden mess.

Actually, Frank Yerby is one of the best bad writers going. He is able to give simulated life to even the phoniest bit of melodrama, but in his latest epic he simply overreaches himself in all directions. It is billed as "a four-generation novel of the South." The first generation is represented mainly by Tom Benton, a cotton-planting antebellum satyr who is finally plowed under after 146 pages of lusty living. The rest of the book attempts to follow the active lives of Tom's progeny, both legitimate and otherwise. I say "attempts" because it would take a genealogist to keep all the histories straight. Let's see now—Hank Dupré, the legitimate son of Jeb Dupré, who was the natural son of Clint Dupré (the natural son of Tom Benton by Lolette Dupré), is killed during World War I. Babette Dupré (Lolette's sister) is admired both by Tom and his son Wade. Babette becomes a sporting-house madam, Tom is shish-kebabled by Louis Dupré (Babette's papa), Wade is killed by his hogs. Now Roland Benton, the legitimate great-grandson of Tom, marries Athene du Bousquier, whom he met in Aunt Stormy's house in Passy. . . . Oh, well, never mind. —M. L.

## Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of considerations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

**THE ADVENTURERS.** By Ernest Haycox. Little, Brown & Co. \$3.95. A Western about the early days of Oregon, about a struggling threesome (two men and a woman) there, and about the realistic ways in which they plot out their lives. A Literary Guild selection for January by the author of "The Earthbreakers."

**THE AMERICAN FRONTIER:** Our Unique Heritage. By Nelson Beecher Keyes. Hanover House. \$3.50. Some known and not so well-known facts about certain appurtenances of manifest destiny, from Columbus all the way up to 1880 when the frontier, as such, had been rolled back into the Pacific, together with some evaluations of the legacies bequeathed by that era to the present-day America.

**BRIDE FOR NEW ORLEANS.** By Edward F. Murphy. Hanover House. \$3.75. All about a toothsome but apparently innocent dish named Yvonne Delisle who has a deuce of a time in and around New Orleans when that city was young, and of her yearnings to help men, prostitutes, and nuns, all three, and of her consequent trials and tribulations.

**CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL ISSUES.** By Raymond L. Lee, James A. Burkhardt, and Van B. Shaw. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$3.95. An anthology of journalistic and other writings covering such broad subjects as Society and Social Change, Democracy and the Ideologies, Personal Maladjustment and Crime, Rival Economic Ideologies, and many others.

**DAUGHTER OF THE KHANS.** By Liang Yen. W. W. Norton & Co. \$3.50. The personal reminiscences of the daughter of a conservative Peiping family who broke the traces, saw a little of Rangoon, Kuning, wartime Chunking, and other spots before she married an American and settled down in Hong Kong.

**THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN.** By William W. Lockwood. Princeton University Press. \$10. The record of the ways by which Japan managed to emerge from national poverty to industrialization, all in the space of three generations, and of some significant factors involved in Asiatic economic development and underdevelopment.

**THE INTELLIGENT HEART:** The Story of D. H. Lawrence. By Harry T. Moore. Farrar, Straus & Young. \$6.50. A biography of the man who so loved his mother and so hated his father that he wrote "Sons and Lovers," including some new material from those who knew him in his cradle and on his deathbed, and also some 200 hitherto unpublished letters.

**K-2, THE SAVAGE MOUNTAIN.** By C. S. Houston and R. H. Bates. McGraw-Hill Book Co. \$6. This one is about an expedition to the highest unlimbed mountain still left in the world (K-2 in the Karakoram Range), and largely of a forced descent when one of the party took sick, together with appendices for those interested in mountaineering, including discussions of equipment, food, medical problems, finances, and other matters.

**THE RED CARPET.** By Marshall MacDuffie. W. W. Norton & Co. \$4.50. Or "10,000 Miles through Russia on a Visa from Khrushchev," being the sixty-five-day adventures of an old UNRRA chief in the Ukraine who got back to his old stamping grounds and other behind-the-curtain places.

**THE RISE OF FRENCH LIBERAL THOUGHT.** By Kingsley Martin. Edited by J. P. Mayer. New York University Press. \$3.75. A scholarly search into the origins of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, with much probing into how they came about and into their meanings and relative political importance.

**THE TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION CLASSICS.** Edited by Harold W. Kuebler. Hanover House. \$2.95. A collection of writings which seems to fall under the general heading of science fiction by such writers as Edgar Allan Poe, Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ambrose Bierce, and of some living ones too.

**WORLD POPULATION AND WORLD FOOD SUPPLIES.** By Sir E. John Russell. The Macmillan Co. \$8.50. Some mighty facts about the condition of food production with the conclusions that some of us will manage and that others, unhappily, need help. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

## Fine Arts

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however, are unsolved and probably will remain so due to the lack of documentary proof. Mr. Michener clears the clouded reputation of Utamaro, glorifies Sukenobu, and attempts to place Harunobu and Toyokuni in an honest light. The delightful story of the publisher Tsutaya Jusaburo is told and a detailed account of the process of printing a woodblock is given. All of this the author does with an ease that is hardly equaled in other books relating to this subject. The Binyon and Sexton "Japanese Colour Prints" is the only other work that covers in one volume the range to be found here. The recently published "Japanese Masters of the Colour Print," with text by James Hillier, falls short of Mr. Michener's work, for it is but a brief thumbnail sketch.

Nevertheless, the book leaves much to be desired by the specialist. Although it gives the impression of a scholarly work, it is not adequately documented. There are numbers of errors, typographical or otherwise, in the spellings of Japanese names, though surprisingly few for a work of this nature. The make-up of the book may drive some readers to distraction, for one finds oneself constantly shifting from the section containing the text to the section containing the plates.

Also on the debit side is Mr. Michener's attempt to present a brief history of Japanese art. He evidently lacks a thorough background in the subject and much of the information he gives is muddled. One also feels at times that personal preference guides him more than facts. When he discusses and condemns the erotic prints he shows a decided misunderstanding and thoroughly Western approach. Finally, it is truly a sad duty to report on the colored plates, which are very poorly reproduced. It is tragic that an art which relied so much on line and technical skill should be maltreated by our mechanical processes, especially in a fairly costly book.

A final judgment, however, is pleasant to give, for the book does largely attain the four stated objectives and is less costly than comparable works of merit. As a last note, we must re-

member that the Ukiyoe was a product of a period immediately following war and a reestablished Japanese economy, much as the present. I wonder if it does not provide us with a clue to the future pattern of Japanese artistic development. The "floating world" was one of delight and Mr. Michener has done well by it.

## Victorian Buildings

**FROM SOANE TO PUGIN:** Professor Henry-Russell Hitchcock of Smith College, the architectural critic who did so much to make the International Style stylish, giving us the gospel according to Gropius, Le Corbusier, Mies, and Oud as long ago as 1932, knows very well that nothing like the same interest will ever be aroused in the protagonists of his latest contribution. Yet he has bravely devoted ten years to a monumental two-volume study of the "Early Victorian Architecture in Britain" (Yale University Press, \$20), covering the period 1837 to 1852, from the death of Soane to that of Pugin.

The period is worth more than a casual glance. And, despite Sir Kenneth Clark's urbane sketch of the Gothic Revival and Michael Trappes-Lomax's enchanting biography of Pugin, no one has plumbed the depths before this. Mr. Hitchcock, who seems to have read everything in print, and stared as eagerly at prisons and warehouses as at clubhouses and country seats, has more than one odd bit of information to offer. He reminds us of the prefabricated iron palace of King Eyambo on the Calabar River in Africa, and he can't help dedicating a special paragraph to the strange retreat, half Oriental and half Tudor, of Count Worontzow-Dashkow at Alupka in the Crimea. It was Alupka that housed Churchill at the Yalta Conference.

Since Mr. Hitchcock obviously knows more than any man alive about this subject, it is really a pity that he has paid so little attention to the art of communication. His admirers, and he has a great many, are bound to be baffled, for there seems to be neither rhyme nor reason in the organization of his material. To make matters worse, there is next to no historical background.

With all its faults, however, this is the reference work to which the author of a civilized account of Victorian architecture will have to turn again and again. Perhaps Mr. Hitchcock will be that very person. He has proved in his monograph on Wright that he is able to condense and summarize the findings of a scholar.

—WAYNE ANDREWS.

## Newspapers

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squelched at once by the Governor and Council of the colony because it contained not only "sundry doubtful and uncertain Reports," but "Reflections of a very high nature." In a broadside proclaiming their "high Resentment and Disallowance" Governor and Council "strickly" forbade anyone "for the future to Set forth any thing in Print without License first obtained from those that are or shall be appointed by the Government to grant the same." This was progress over Virginia. But still it reflected authority's desire to suppress any news it did not control before presentation to the public.

So it was that when in 1704 John Campbell started the first successful American newspaper, the *Boston News-Letter*, he was careful to get permission. He announced in large type, right under the title on the front page, that his sheet was "Published by Authority." Only so was it possible for the *News-Letter* to survive.

Now why should our early printers and publishers have had authority on their necks? The reason lies, I submit, in that same fundamental nature of journalism that is common to our colonial journals, to today's large daily newspapers, and indeed to all the newer instruments of communication—TV, radio, moving pictures, picture magazines, and all the rest. Indeed, it has been the same ever since man came down from the trees. For the function of journalism, as distinct from the particular medium that performs that function—whether printed newspaper or any other—is as old as man.

This is because man always lives in a world bigger than the one he can see, hear, or in any other way experience at first hand. Perhaps if we were cast away on an island only a little bigger than one we could ourselves walk around twice a day we would still welcome the services of a reporter. He could tell us whether there was game or other food on the opposite side, or perhaps whether an enemy or a rescue ship was approaching. To learn what is going on out of eyesight and earshot man has always had reporters of some sort—tribal gossips, the early storytellers or medieval minnesingers, *Acta Diurna* (the wall newspaper of the Roman Forum), town criers, coffee houses, handwritten news-letters, and so finally the printed newspaper and all that has followed since.

The reason we need some such report is that we really live in two

