

nine bearers, all ex-convicts) we experience the texture and temperature of Africa, hear the silky swish of a hurled spear and the booming of frightened apes, smell hartebeestes roasting on wooden coals, see leopards stretched like orchids on some shadowy tree branch, watch impalas drinking at the water-hole with "neurasthenic frenzy," catch the imperial purple bulk of a bull elephant poised for locomotive charging, avoid spiders as big as soup tureens and "shaking like jellies on black, hairy legs," note crocodiles moving "like an assassin's thrust," and observe the glee with which local gourmets tear into the raw lard of a just-skinned hippopotamus for a windfall feast.

Mr. van der Post has the peacock touch as he follows Pierre through the startling, steaming jungles and

forests of the Dark Continent, the chief character of the book. In the climax of his gaudy trackings, Pierre discovers that the leader of the cunning Soviet underground making such diabolically clever use of native traditions is none other than John Sandysse himself. What happens thenceforth makes for enough daring and romance and spectacle to satisfy the most jaded cinemascopic taste. Nor should it be overlooked, among the detections, ambushes, assaults, and verbal glitters of atmosphere and description, that Mr. van der Post wishes also to throw a beam of light into the dark interior of bigotry that is at the root of the disquietudes and violences of Africa. His is a story addressed not only to one's sense of excitement and the exotic but also to his sense of honor and humanity.

Governor's Goal

"The Experts," by Martin Mayer (Harper, 304 pp. \$3.50), tells of the dilemmas faced by an able governor with an eye on the White House. Our reviewer is Joseph F. Dinneen of the Boston Globe, author of the biography "Purple Shamrock: James Michael Curley of Boston."

By Joseph F. Dinneen

DURING every Presidential term in the state houses of the country sit forty-eight governors waiting for lightning to strike. Some organize and prepare for it. Others pretend an indifference they do not feel. Either course is a political stratagem designed and modified from time to time to fit variations in political circumstances.

Martin Mayer is familiar with this phenomenon. He ought to be. He covered various state houses as a staff member of a labor paper before writing for national magazines; and he has been steeped in state administration since childhood. His father is a labor lawyer for the New York telephone workers.

In his new novel, "The Experts," Mayer examines the state administration of just such a candidate for President. His governor is purely fictional although he conforms to a pattern, and the State is not named. College presidents as political candidates are not uncommon. Wilson was a career president of Princeton; Eisenhower a transient president of

Columbia—and scholars of the stature of Fulbright appear from time to time on the national scene.

As the governor of a state, college president William Clelland has his eyes on the White House, and that, more than any other factor, determines the kind of administration he gives his state. He is lengths in front of other governors in the race for the nomination of his party and he cannot afford to make a mistake. He has loyal and competent advisers including his chief secretary, an experienced lawyer and politician, but he is also plagued by the usual incompetent, selfish, and scheming party hacks, leeches, and political parasites who surround every governor.

This greed is a constant threat to his candidacy, but he has a far worse handicap in his private life. Adlai Stevenson's divorce was a factor in the last campaign, but he overcame it. It is doubtful that it seriously affected his vote. Governor Clelland, though, is not only divorced, but has an illegitimate child by a Jewish girl with whom he is deeply in love.

Mayer's study also confronts the Governor with a decision to commute a life sentence or send an irresponsible moron to the chair. Because of this and the enmity of a newspaper reporter and his publisher, Clelland is given a political choice between the frying pan and the fire.

Mayer shows that an ambition to be President is responsible in a large measure for the honesty and courage of state governors. It is a force to minimize graft and corruption.



Notes

EN ROUTE TO BOHEMIA: Celia Kerr is the sixteen-year-old heroine of Nancy Hallinan's first novel, "Rough Winds of May" (Harper, \$3.95), and her evolution from the confines of the pleasantly gay and inconsequential bedlam of a large, boisterous middle-class English family to the stern, impoverished realities of bohemia, is revealed with great authenticity. Although Miss Hallinan's style is garrulous and her insights are not particularly novel, her characters are lively and entertaining. Celia's uncle, Fatuncle, who, in deciding to paint her, introduces her into a world that, despite its chaos and poverty, impresses her as being vastly more meaningful than the life she was born into and bred for, is a deeply felt and well-realized individual. The author captures the quality of children, of tired and unimaginative parents, of a Cockney servant—all with humor and verve.

Miss Hallinan's resemblance to Henry Green—seldom is the London fog so gray and dense, seldom are the servants more impudent—is marked, but despite both her versatility and sensitivity, the lack of discipline and the failure to winnow her material—as well as a tendency to resort to the smart, chic, facile, and, consequently, superficial, observation—has resulted in a novel that is brisk, but inconclusive, a novel that is far more exciting in its promise than in its fulfillment.

—DACHINE RAINER.

COMING OF AGE IN CALIFORNIA: "Castles in the Sand" (Morrow, \$3) starts out as a promising bit of whimsy about a little lad whose head is addled by too much Melville. But William S. Stone's novel founders on the shoals of realism, and succeeds in making the reader feel queasy rather than charmed. Little Jeremy Bentley, an eleven-year-old "Typee" enthusiast from Maine, goes out to visit his arty Cousin Martha on Monterey Bay. Before you can say "Omoo," Jeremy has infiltrated the neighboring ménage of Andre Tourneur, a beret-topped bohemian who, Aunt Martha thinks, is "rather like a French Noel Coward." Tourneur lives in a watery castle which had been erected by an eccentric tuna skipper, and his household includes a fourteen-year-old

(Continued on page 42)

New Assaults on Our Pocketbooks

"The Changing American Market," by the Editors of *Fortune* (Hanover House, 304 pp. \$4.50), is an analysis of the recent changes in our population, its needs and its preferences, and how they are apt to affect business in these United States. John S. Gambs, our reviewer, is professor of economics at Hamilton College.

By John S. Gambs

THE PAST fifteen years of American social and economic life have been fabulous. We have had millions more babies than we thought we could; we have had no postwar depression; we have in a long period of hot and cold war produced awesome guns and butter enough to make ghee for the cakes that the Parsee-man bakes—or, at least, that is what some officials want us to do with our surplus butter. All sorts of curious socio-economic customs are springing up. The well-to-do are wearing overalls; black tie has turned into Scotch plaid; barefoot boy with cheeks of tan needs twenty dollars' worth of rod and reel to go fishing up the crick.

The editors of *Fortune* have been fascinated by all this, and have written a book about the changing American market, a market that reflects the swift events of our dynamic world. They have made an interesting study of how and why consumers are spending their money; they have tried to determine the size of certain future markets and to identify for business enterprise those areas in which vague consumer longings and inchoate needs can, over the next five years, be whipped into effective demand.

Their analysis rests on several bases, a fundamental one being demographic. A wave of teen-agers is coming up; this means invasion by a people that devours 4,000 calories per capita per day—an unmistakable hint to the food industries. Foreseeable marriages and births suggest what demands will be made on wedding-ring merchants and diapermongers. Another basis of analysis and prediction is current trends in national income and its distribution. Income per head is rising, while the rich are becoming poorer and the poor richer. Thus, the

market for ninety-foot yachts and inferior foods are both declining. But goods aimed at an increasing number of families earning between \$4,000 and \$7,500 cannot miss. Analysis proceeds in various other ways, until a well-rounded statement is made of how much income the United States will generate in the next few years, and how consumers will probably spend it. And, of course, the consumer must spend most of his growing income if we are to have continuing prosperity. Should he save too much of it, he would invite depression. The editors of *Fortune* are well aware of this basic Keynesian principle—indeed, it is here that the broader significance of their research is to be found.

IF THE book is sound in its analysis of the present and immediate future of the American market—and there is no compelling reason to question its substantial validity—then some readers will close this volume with a sense of dismay. What will happen to a large part of our increased income is this: some producers are going to try to soak it up by putting more labor into their products, as frozen peas now comprise the labor of shelling; others will claim a larger share of our dollars by building in as standard what was once extra, as heaters are now built into cars; others will ab-

sorb part of our additional income by campaigns of obsolescence—perhaps consumers can eventually be induced to trade in their flat silver every two years. And that is how the money will go.

Now, it is certainly true, as has been said above, that if America produces exceedingly and generates greater income, we consumers will have to spend most of it to keep our economy on an even keel. And it is also true that, as penury in America diminishes, more of us can afford to buy the novel, the frivolous, the highly differentiated, the over-refined—that's what being rich means. Even so, there is some danger of going too far, and of neglecting fundamental needs that even this richest nation on earth has not begun to meet adequately. Perhaps the most obvious one among these is schools. Another is civil defense; Sweden spends seventeen times more per capita. The mentally and emotionally handicapped are increasing with the population, and like us they live longer because they, too, have better diets and access to antibiotics. Only the most rudimentary provisions are being made for those neglected souls. Our highways are poor and unsafe. Our prisons are antiques. And, perhaps worst of all, hospitals have a long way to go before they are as up to date as the lapis lazuli slacks that grandpaw wore last summer.

Perhaps the editors of *Fortune* will some day turn their considerable talents and their sense of community obligation to the question of how needs such as these can be whipped up into effective demand and be made to soak up the waxing income of a nation already incredibly rich.

