

## Fiction

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a Kikuyu nurse and an English corporal, he explores interracial relations on an individual and cultural level. The hero wants to marry the Negro nurse; she is attractive, more intelligent, and better educated—although every obstacle was placed in the way of her receiving an education—than the hero. It is through the girl that the hero, who is almost unbelievably naive, is introduced to the full import of Jim Crow. The hero's solution—to marry his girl and have children—in an individual campaign against racism—is repudiated by the girl, who, during her lover's absence to another section of Africa, marries a black and writes the hero an eloquent letter explaining that she is lacking in courage.

"Look Not Upon Me" provides us with a fairly complete indictment of British colonial policy in Africa, and with a convincing interpretation of why the Mau-Mau got started during the Second World War. Mr. Jones does not approve of Mau-Mau terrorism, but recognizes that the Kikuyu have legitimate grievances that must make one, if not sympathetic to, at least understanding of, their explosive politics. His book is not a propaganda story in the usual manner: the figures are not dummies holding up placards with the author's opinions; on the contrary, the characterization is psychologically sound, and while the background is significant and compelling, the romance is not altogether subservient to it, but is quite moving. Mr. Jones's thinking is not profound, nor is his style particularly distinguished, but "Look Not Upon Me" is nevertheless a pleasant as well as serious work.

—DACHINE RAINER.

**SWAGMAN'S DAUGHTER:** Australia is home to certain species that have survived from prehistory and, judging from the fiction that comes our way from Down Under, the swagman comes closest of humankind to being one of them. An undomesticated nomad with astonishing stamina, a touchy code of honor, an appetite for combat and the aboriginal's kinship with nature, he has in him something of the original stuff of which the earth was made. Such a man of the roads is Macauley, hero of D'Arcy Niland's "The Shiralee" (Sloane, \$3.50). His shiralee—itinerant's pack—is Buster, his four-year-old daughter. He had taken her along in blind rage, to hurt his adulterous wife. The child, gallant as she was, proved a burden, slowing

her father's pace, hindering his access to jobs, spoiling his pleasure in roistering pals and willing wenches. But Buster loved him fiercely and possessively, refusing to be parted from him even for a comfortable sojourn among friends. Resentfully at first, then anxiously, Macauley nursed her through the flu. His love for her grew as he fought his wife's vicious attempts to get the child away from him. When a hit-run motorist all but snuffed out the little one's life the father sweated out agony in a soul that had found a new spiritual dimension. There are raw violence and stark beauty in the frontier-like landscape that Mr. Niland limns so tautly and evocatively. The more exquisite, by contrast, is the tense little drama played out in two proud, lonely hearts.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

**TAIL TALES:** The editor of a science-fiction magazine once explained to me that the entire literature of fancy is based on the question "What if?" The author must ask, and then logically and inventively proceed to answer, such questions as "What if there were such a thing as reincarnation?" "What if the age of ice should come again?" "What if wishes did come true?" "What if people had tails?" This last

what-if was once enchantingly propounded by Stephen Vincent Benét in "The King of the Cats," the story of a musical prodigy who drew magnificent new sounds from a symphony orchestra by conducting with his tail. Benét's tailed man turned out to have fur beneath his dress-shirt, but the what-if had enriched our literature with a delightful new character.

The same what-if has now been made the subject of "The Age of the Tail" (Little, Brown, \$3), a sort of science non-fiction book by H. Allen Smith, and I think it might be said that H. Allen Smith has explored the subject of tails to the very end. He has discussed, as an impish social historian, how ladies would coif their tails, how workmen would shield their tails from injury, what the etiquette would be for tail-conduct at weddings, dances, and business meetings. Since this is H. Allen Smith, you may be certain that there are many winks and sly digs in the ribs and excursions into the unbearably funny subject of household plumbing.

It's possible that this might have been the subject of a bright little article, but there's hardly enough for chapter after chapter of exhaustive speculation. The net result is caudal anesthesia.

—LEE ROGOW.

## The Criminal Record

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

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
POISON IN PARADISE <i>Anne Hocking</i> (Crime Club: \$2.75)	Blackmailing landlady of London pub takes final drink; Yard ace queries patrons.	Pleasant, straightforward with good detection. sound cast, nice pace.	Very easy to take.
SCALES OF JUSTICE <i>Ngaio Marsh</i> (Little, Brown: \$3)	Retired British colonel clouted; highbrow Yardman Alley follows fish-littered trail.	Plenty of kitties too; Nurse Kettle a real creation; usual deft handling.	Among her best.
FLIGHT INTO TERROR <i>Lionel White</i> (Dutton: \$2.75)	Innocent bystander, tagged in Miami killing, lams to NY with other people's dough.	Slightly incredible yarn has moments of action, but personnel don't make the grade.	No Pulitzer prize.
NIGHT DROP <i>Frederick C. Davis</i> (Crime Club: \$2.75)	Cole and Speare, NY pvt. eye team, on warpath for blackmailer, see nude male topple from skyscraper.	Elaborate formula job has some lively moments; personnel not wholly credible.	So-so.
A QUESTION OF MURDER <i>Anthony Gilbert</i> (Random: \$2.75)	Arthur Crook, gentleman sleuth, comes to aid of English village miss as tongues wag following recluse's demise.	Local color, characterization, nice; kiddie and kitten have important share as melodrama unfolds.	Leisurely pleasant.
MURDER IN FIJI <i>John W. Vandercook</i> (Macmillan: \$2.75)	British Agent Lynch and Yale Prof. Deane team again, this time to solve mid-Pacific killings.	Dead flies provide clue in case rich in background; reissue of 1936 opus.	Welcome back.
BENEFIT OF CLERGY IN AMERICA <i>George W. Dalzell</i> (Blair, Winston-Salem, N.C.: \$4.50)	"Literacy test" in felony cases, ancient right not concerned with marriage, was last used in Boston Massacre of 1770.	Penetrating, comprehensive, authoritative, witty; admirable for legalists and general crime reader.	Excellent study.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

## Charles Rufus Morey

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University, these gentlemen will stay flunked." Never in the years that followed did compromise attempt to rear its ugly head in McCormick Hall.

Morey was a relentless fighter and a persistent money-raiser for the things in which he believed. Chief among the latter were the ideas and theories which he and his associates developed. Building followed building, but primarily, while he left the questions of painting in the hands of his competent colleague Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., he built about him a congeries of disciples who have devoted their lives to pursuing trails of investigation which he had already blazed. If he has been accused of having created too many students in his own image, the American professorate and museums have been the gainer from the deficiencies of his greatness; for it is largely because of him that the tone set by the College Art Association, of which he was a founder, has been able to gain acceptance of the Fine Arts as a separate and full-grown discipline. And it is the very authority which he created for this discipline which persuaded the Institute for Advanced Study to bring to Princeton a group of distinguished humanists from abroad to complement the regular members of the university faculty.

In the half-century that marked Rufus Morey's active career—he was born in 1877—the progress of medieval studies in the United States had developed a curious and somewhat unexpected pattern. In the major universities the emphasis had been on political and economic history. Others had given, particularly at Columbia and Harvard, a stimulus to the Romance languages in which attention was almost equally divided between Dante, Chaucer, and the *chansons de gestes*. Medieval art, if it was included in the curriculum at all, was the property of the schools of architecture, where the barrel vault of the Romanesque builders was studied in its relation to the architecture of Greece and Rome, together with the new problems of the soaring vaults and flying buttresses of the Gothic style. Invention of construction appeared more important in the early years of the twentieth century than esthetic considerations. It was then that American philanthropy sought to clothe the new academic standards with the respectability of colleges wrought in pseudo-Gothic imitation of Oxford and Cambridge.

Against this bogus architecture Morey and his opposite number on the

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