

Fiction

Continued from page 17

the late 1930s, it revolves around sixteen-year-old Joe Burns and his drunkard father. The condition of their life together is one of conflict, neither of them able to understand what motivates the other to be what he is, and both pretending not to care. Finally the struggle is ended by death, and Joe, able now to comprehend some of the broken ties that bound him and his "old man" together, can begin to get free of them as he never could before.

Honesty of feeling and knowledge of one's subject are not enough to make a novelist of the first rank, but they help a lot, and Mr. Erno, though his first book is far from faultless, seems to have them. Sometimes they augur a steady artistic development which is worth keeping track of, and we can hope that such is the case here.

—JEROME STONE.

VALIANT MAID: To plot a clean story line through the politico-military mess churned up by the Wars of the Roses is no easy job, but Barbara Jefferis somehow manages to do it in "Beloved Lady" (Sloane, \$3.95). It is only occasionally that the romance of Margery Paston gets lost in the showers of Lancastrian arrows and the tangled switches of Yorkist allegiance. A lesser heroine than Margery would have been permanently lost in the clutter. Whether they wore the white rose or the red, well-born girls of that pragmatic era were married off as instruments of family advantage. Fourteen-year-old Margery loved Richard, who had neither wealth nor power, and, come death itself, would marry no other.

Though Richard was her father's bailiff, indispensable to landed gentry on the make, the Pastons scorned him as a son-in-law. Margery nursed her family through the epidemic and stood by them loyally in the confused civil strife, but she rejected the suitors they chose for her. Neither her mother's brutal beatings nor semi-starvation in an unspeakable hell-hole broke her purpose or her spirit. When it came to defense of the last estate left her beleaguered family Margery was beside Richard on the parapet swinging a right stout axe. Old Sir John had been mistaken in degree but not in kind when he called her Joan of Arc.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

REDEEMER OF ROME'S NAME: Stern Tacitus, lamenting the decay of the old Roman spirit, would have given a respectful "Ave!" to Ralph Graves's

via GREECE
and the Mediterranean

The exciting way to Europe

★ THRIFT SEASON FARES
★ SUPERLINER COMFORT



GREEK LINE
TO
LISBON · NAPLES
SICILY · ATHENS
(Piraeus)

More for your money with appreciable savings in the "off-season". To romantic ports, Athens, gateway to all Europe. The 23,000-ton OLYMPIA... 90% of space reserved for Tourist passengers. Luxurious First Class. Also service to Eire • France • England • Germany

For courteous service and expert advice, without cost or obligation, See Your Travel Agent.



NEW YORK • BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO • MONTREAL

"I have only one
passion, only one
mistress, and
that is France:
I sleep with her."



Here—from public statements
and private conversations, off
guard and on—is Napoleon—as
no other book has ever shown him.

The Mind of Napoleon

A SELECTION FROM HIS WRITTEN AND SPOKEN WORDS



Edited and translated by
J. CHRISTOPHER HEROLD
At all bookstores, \$5.00
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

EGYPT

the NEAR EAST
and PERSIA

A fascinating tour beginning March 2nd, through April 25, 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.

Jamaica

MONTEGO BAY • KINGSTON



WINTER SPORTS
WITH
WEST INDIAN
FLAVOR!

ONLY NON-STOP

Super Constellation
LUXURY SERVICE

Water-skiing at a wonderful 80°, skin-diving, fishing and golf... balmy ocean breezes. Less Than 6 Hours From N. Y.,

AVIANCA

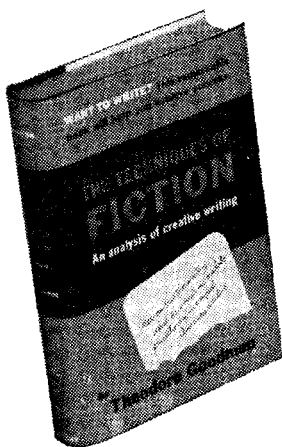
Oldest Airline in the Americas

See Your Travel Agent or

PAN AMERICAN Gen'l Ag'ts
80 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. ST 6-0600

IDEAS ON CREATIVE WRITING

Which Have Inspired a Whole Generation
of Successful American Writers



For many years young writers of talent have been attracted to and inspired by Professor Theodore Goodman's course in creative writing at The City College of New York. Now Teddy Goodman's book *THE TECHNIQUES OF FICTION, An Analysis of Creative Writing*, has just been published. Imbued with all the color, originality, and wit of his famous personality, the book is a summary of his ideas about fiction as a vital experience for both the reader and the author. Professor Goodman examines and analyzes:

- ➔ How the author and the reader share the illusion of the fictional world.
- ➔ The seven parts of fiction: conflict, image, pattern, character, emotion, idea, and style.
- ➔ Techniques of writing monologue, narrative, conversation, and description.
- ➔ The ways in which writers communicate ideas to their readers.
- ➔ The evolution of modern writing styles.

"If writing can be taught, Professor Goodman could certainly teach it. I learned a great deal from his courses and am deeply grateful to have been one of his students."

Paddy Chayefsky

Order *THE TECHNIQUES OF FICTION* at any bookstore; or send \$3.50 (plus 11¢ City Sales Tax in New York City), to:

LIVERIGHT, Publishers

386 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 16

Money back within ten
days if not satisfied.

FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST

GOOD USED BOOKS

50c-\$1 Thousands of librarians and bargain-wise book-buyers get their books from us at regularly fantastic savings. You can too! Lists are free; just drop us a card.

EDITIONS, Desk SR, Hempstead, N. Y.

"The Lost Eagles" (Knopf, \$3.95). For in this stirring re-creation of the late Augustan era the glitter of empire shows tarnish and no longer dazzles the barbarian Germans. The novel opens with the annihilation of three crack legions in the Teutoburg Forest, a defeat so final that Rome never again sought conquest east of the Rhine. The name of Varus, commander of the lost legions, became a synonym for shame. Young Severus Varus, cousin of the slain general, swore to Augustus that he would bring back the golden eagles captured by the barbarians.

The youth's secret weapon was something scorned by Romans, the German tongue. Severus humbled himself to study dialects and learn the ways of the victorious tribes. In Germanicus's army he saw arduous Rhine service and after six years brought back the first eagle to the indifferent new Emperor, Tiberius. When at length the young patriot recovered the second eagle Tiberius declared that the honor of Rome was satisfied.

But Severus's honor was not satisfied. Fighting his lonely way to the far northern Germans who held the third eagle, he pretended to turn tribesman. Had his love for a German girl not broken tribal law tragedy would not have darkened the path to his dangerous goal. As it was, corrupt Rome, that cared little for the other two eagles, did not know now what an old-fashioned Roman had won.

—A. F. W.

Screech Owl

By Laura Benét

WE WERE strolling in
the wood
When we heard your cry
That was like a mind
deranged,
Like a voice from Erebus,
As your shape rose duskily
From a glimmering birch tree,
While your clattering bill
gave token
Once discovered you must flee
To the nethermost domain
Before the dawn caught
you again.

Whose soul do you harbor then,
Dwarf night wizard, tiny ghost?
Are you a member of that host,
Who thrive on plotting,
seek to kill
Weaker creatures by their will,
Feed on darkness, carry fear
On their wings to mice
and men?

Away to witches in the weir!

Russian Literature

Continued from page 19

is the opposition of some of the most talented Soviet writers to the Party's rigid regimentation, and over the years much of the best of Soviet literature and criticism has reflected this spirit of opposition. For example, though it is true that one purpose of the Second Congress of the Writers Union was to whip dissenting authors and critics back into the "happiness" of willing conformity to Party direction, yet the speeches of many of the prominent writers, among them Ehrenburg, continued the note of protest. To be sure, these speeches did not question the ultimate authority of the Party in literature, but they did point out the harmful results of Party controls. And in one form or another a kind of anguished plea was made for the right of the artist himself to determine what is art. Thus the distinguished poetess Olga Berggolts warned in her speech: "... from time to time we ourselves seem to betray art, to depart from its great laws. And art ceases to be a part of life the moment it stops being art. With a kind of timidity inspired by the yelps of the critics, we still do not appraise our work and the state of literature by the criterion of artistry, yet without artistry neither ideological content nor *partiinost'* exists in art."

This spirit of dissent, so well symbolized by "The Thaw" of Ehrenburg, has continued and seems even to have won at last a concession from the powers that be. For a recent article in the Soviet *Literary Gazette*, by the famous author Alexander Fadeev—often a Party mouthpiece in things literary—announces (as reported by *The New York Times*, September 30, 1955) that the concept of Socialist realism must be brought up to date; that it should include the use of symbolic and supernatural devices, which formerly had been condemned as "bourgeois formalism"; that classical bourgeois authors should be studied for their ability "to show the new and positive in life"; and that those who try to discredit or destroy Soviet artists devoted to Marxism-Leninism, simply because they seek their own original way out in solving artistic problems, are the real enemies of art.

These are trifles, but they do suggest that the literary icecap has begun to thaw. After all, insists the disillusioned actress in Ehrenburg's novel, "There is such a thing as art." Perhaps Soviet officialdom is also beginning to think so.

Americana

Continued from page 14

to do with tracing the influences by which over a period of some half dozen years the manner of life lived in the area underwent slow but inevitable changes until in the end what had been as wide-open and uninhibited an existence as the country had ever known was transformed into one not markedly different from that of the rest of the nation. There were of course a number of factors responsible for that change, the chief of which—as the author makes clear—was the arrival in ever-increasing numbers of women from the States, coming out to join their menfolk who had gone on ahead.

To the student of human behavior the story of that transformation from a predominantly male population to one in which the sexes were fairly evenly divided makes interesting and perhaps significant reading. For the changeover was not accomplished without a certain amount of strain and friction. Men who for a year or two had been completely free agents in not a few instances found it difficult to abandon the allure of the barroom, the gaming table, and the compliant ladies of pleasure for the simple joys of domesticity. Virtue was triumphant in the end but it was a long and sometimes painful process, and Mrs. Margo's narrative brings that seldom emphasized phase of the gold rush into sharp focus.

Notes

LINCOLN'S AIDE: "Close up your affairs and go to Washington and wait for me. A. Lincoln." This note, written in December 1860, to a newspaper editor in his stripling twenties was the spark for the fascinating memoirs of William O. Stoddard, which now appear as "*Lincoln's Third Secretary*" (Exposition Press, \$3.50). The memoirs, covering the four years that Stoddard served on the White House staff (with his own latchkey to the Executive Mansion), were written in his old age for his family. They have been edited by his son, William O. Stoddard, Jr. While the editing is lacking in scholarship and while the foreword, by the Rev. Dr. Edgar Dewitt Jones, drips with unction, Stoddard's own unaffected narrative of his Lincoln days comes through virtually unscathed.

Stoddard met Lincoln in Illinois, wrote an editorial that had some influence in getting Lincoln nominated, campaigned vigorously in 1860, and

came to Washington as a clerk to sign land patents for the President. Actually he served principally as a correspondence and appointments secretary to Lincoln; on occasion he undertook inspection trips to the war theatres, dealt tactfully with Mrs. Lincoln when Nicolay and Hay could not, and, in general, served the President with shrewdness and understanding.

Stoddard writes simply and well about his experiences. He tells what he saw, what others said. He does not pretend to have been a big wheel, nor even an intimate of Lincoln. It is this absence of vainglory that gives these memoirs their readability. Stoddard, quite unconsciously, has written a first-class piece of reportage.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

YANKEE INVENTIVENESS: A good share of the old Yankee genius was tinkering. The New Englander of two hundred and more years ago did it himself and took pride in the contraptions that resulted. "I could make anything a body wanted—anything in the world, it didn't make any difference," Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee boasted "and if there wasn't any quick new-fangled way to make a thing I could invent one." This Yankee inventiveness has interested many historians, and now the list includes Edmund Fuller, whose "*Tinkers and Genius*" (Hastings House, \$4.50) is the most recent in the American Procession Series under the general editorship of Henry G. Alsberg.

Old New England was stony, mountainous, and wooded; it was sparsely populated. Its inhabitants had to improvise to overcome nature's handicaps, or to make virtues out of them. The geographical factor thus accounts in great measure for New Englanders' adaptations of the water wheel and the forge, and for their subsequent skill in mechanical matters.

The persons who wielded the skill and gave life to it—from David Bushnell and his submarine to Chauncey Jerome and his brass clocks through Charles Goodyear and his rubber process—were almost without exception interesting and crotchety in their own right. Mr. Fuller tells their stories well, with copious quotations from contemporary documents.

In concentrating on inventors as people Mr. Fuller has not neglected the technical aspects of their labors; but, happily for most laymen, he explains the inventions simply. The result is a lively and well-integrated chunk of our social and mechanical history, and a very respectable addition to the American Procession Series.

—A. W.

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; intovings; 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.

LITERARY SERVICES

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Theses, Books, Plays, MSS. delivery all publishers. Editing, ghost-writing, speeches, theses, all subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. Murray Hill 7-5690.

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms. Daniel Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPTS! Literary agents 34 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent: books, novels, articles, stories, plays. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

FICTION AND NONFICTION MANUSCRIPTS accepted for marketing. No reading fees. JOHN HINSHAW, LITERARY AGENT, 15 West 44 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79 St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

LITERARY AGENT—Constructive criticism, editing, typing if required. MAXINE O'BRIEN, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Calif.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

WASHINGTON RESEARCH CONSULTANTS, 1700 Harvard St., N.W., Washington 9, D.C., consult local libraries and archives for you. Romance languages, German, Russian. Columbia 5-3393.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

RECORD MART

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering). \$3.95, \$6, \$7.50 up. Recorder music and records. Free catalogue R85, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

RECORDS FROM YOUR TAPES—Ideal gifts, perfect money-makers! Hi-Fi reproduction all speeds, any quantity. Musical groups, weddings, speeches, etc. Write for free folder and prices, Recorded Publications Labs., 1570-1582 Pierce Ave., Camden 5, N. J.

ART

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

(Continued on page 42)