

American engineer who take a perilous and symbolic journey on a junk up the Yangtze River.

SIX FEET OF THE COUNTRY. By Nadine Gordimer. Simon & Schuster. \$3.50.
A collection of short stories about contemporary South Africa written with wit, sensitivity, and understanding.

SON OF DUST. By H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan. \$3.75.

The story of a man who loved both God and another man's wife, set in medieval England.

STORIES. By Jean Stafford, John Cheever, Daniel Fuchs, William Maxwell, Farrar, Straus. \$3.95.

A nice collaboration of contemporary short-story talent for the fastidious appetite.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH. By Honor Tracy. Random House. \$3.50.

A wild and satiric adventure in Ireland which pokes fun at almost everything on the Emerald Isle.

THE SUCCESS. By Helen Howe. Simon & Schuster. \$3.95.

A Boston Brahmin marriage, a divorce, a glamorous career are the ingredients of the heroine's not-so-successful life story.

THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING. By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.

A delightfully comic novel in which an extraordinarily human Welsh librarian is sorely tempted in flesh and spirit.

THESE THOUSAND HILLS. By A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.95.

All about Lat Evans who traveled the cattle trail from Boise City to Montana, started his own ranch, met a couple of women, and married the right one.

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD. By Nicholas Monsarrat. Sloane. \$4.95.

British civil servants, an Oxford-educated chieftain, an unscrupulous journalist are among the fauna of the fictional island of Pharamaul.

THE VOICE AT THE BACK DOOR. By Elizabeth Spencer. McGraw-Hill. \$3.95.

The sympathetic story of a Mississippi sheriff whose aim is to give justice to whites and Negroes alike.

AMERICANA

THE AGE OF FIGHTING SAIL. By C. S. Forester. Doubleday. \$5.75.

The history of the naval war of 1812 told with the salt and tang expected from the creator of the inimitable Captain Hornblower.

AS I SAW THE U.S.A. By James Morris. Pantheon. \$3.95.

The report of a critical, sometimes caustic, always perceptive Englishman.

AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA. By Edwin Way Teale. Dodd, Mead. \$5.75.

A nature-travel book which follows the autumn bloom from Cape Cod to California.

THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC: 1763-1789. By Edmund S. Morgan. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

A very readable little volume on the period from the end of the Seven Years' War to the ratification of the Constitution.

A CARNIVAL OF BUNCOMBE. By H. L. Mencken. Edited by Malcolm Moos. Johns Hopkins Press. \$4.50.

A collection of political pieces written for *The Baltimore Evening Sun* during the Twenties and Thirties with the Mencken style at its rambunctious best.

THE CIVIL WAR. By Otto Eisenschiml, Ralph Newman, and E. B. Long. Grosset & Dunlap. 2 vols. \$10.

An account of the war by men who fought in it and illustrated with contemporary photographs.

HIGH, WIDE AND LONESOME. By Hal Borland. Lippincott. \$3.75.

A New York newspaperman reminisces about his own pioneer boyhood in the high country of eastern Colorado.

THE HOME RANCH. By Ralph Moody. Norton. \$3.50.

The story of a young boy's summer on a ranch and the growing-up process in the Western style.

HOME TO TEXAS. By Stanley Walker. Harper. \$4.

Reminiscences of ranch life interwoven with

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Made to Wear a Ribbon

THIS is the time of year when the cheese people tie ribbons around their mail-order gruyère, the orange marmalade people nest their jelly bottles in green tissue paper, and a man can't go to the jug store without receiving a handsome gift decanter at no extra cost. Who can blame the members of the publishing fraternity for greeting the season with big or pretty books that carry off a ribbon with especial aplomb?

Looking over the books that the publishers have put together with more than one eye peeled on December 25 we find that they fall naturally into four types: old favorites done up in attractive new packages, picture books (photographs, old prints, drawings made meaningful by connective text), albums of reproductions of great art, and collections of cartoons. The sports fan has not been overlooked by the bookmakers, either. We'll have some suggestions for his benefactors next week.

New Packages

THIS year the publishers seem to have outdone themselves in this department. The watchword of the trade at the moment is *e pluribus unum*, or possibly *multum in parvo*. And not so *parvo* either; the average package book of this Yuletide would make a lethal weapon.

This upcoming Christmas's most packaged author, a veritable Olympic champion of reissuance, is without question John P. Marquand. "The Late George Apley," "Wickford Point," and "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" have been girdled into a 1,285-page, three-and-a-half-pound sockdolager called "North of Grand Central: Three Novels of New England" (Little, Brown, \$5.75). (Westchester County is north of Grand Central; why not "East of Greenwich"?) There are new prefaces by the author and a general introduction by Kenneth Roberts. And do you remember Mr. Marquand's Mr. Moto of twenty years ago—the poker-faced Japanese secret agent who understandably went to earth well before Pearl Harbor? There were three Mr. Moto novels, and they are now back in print as a 447-page unit, "Mr. Moto's Three Aces" (Little, Brown, \$3.95).

Against this behemothian pair totaling 1,732 pages Thornton Wilder's

publishers can offer only a modest 309-page job in "A Thornton Wilder Trio" (Criterion Books, \$3.95), comprising "The Cabala," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and "The Woman of Andros." There is an introduction by Malcolm Cowley. The Wilder compilation is, however, a deeper resurrection than the Marquand; its elements first appeared, respectively, in 1926, 1927, and 1930.

Magazines no less than individual authors tend at this Christmas season to be turned over to the entrepreneurs of packaging technique. Consider "Editor's Choice" (Random House, \$3.95), a selection of twenty-six stories that have appeared in *Good Housekeeping* during the past fourteen years. The choosing editor is, naturally, Herbert R. Mayes. His choices are not all name authors, though he does include the getting-around John P. Marquand. "A Treasury of True: The Best of Twenty Years of the Man's Magazine" (Barnes, \$7.50) is made up of thirty-one fact yarns, including Mike Stern's disclosure of the murder of OSS Major William V. Holohan, which had national and international repercussions. There is illustrative material in abundance, some of it in color. "Ten Years of Holiday" (Simon & Schuster, \$5.95) contains pieces that cover the earth, all by name authors. The selections have been made by the editors of *Holiday*, and there is an introduction by Clifton Fadiman. One selection in the 600 pages, "Boston," is by John P. Marquand. Cleveland Amory, writing about "High Society, U. S. A.," also manages to get in a few words about Boston. Budd Schulberg is the only author who is common to these three



—From "A Merry, Merry Christmas Book."

periodical compendia, though there are numerous doubletons.

The two volumes of **"Stories to Remember"** (Doubleday, \$7.50), edited by Thomas B. Costain and John Bee-croft, cover a broad area. Here are six complete novels, selections from five others, and twenty-seven short stories for a resounding total of 1,018 pages. No Marquand here, no Schulberg, but one of the six complete novels is Thornton Wilder's **"The Bridge of San Luis Rey."** Other authors are Poe, Hawthorne, O. Henry, MacKinlay Kantor, Edith Wharton, Stephen Vincent Benét, Enid Bagnold, plus plus plus. It is good to see Max Beerbohm's **"A. V. Laider"** chosen over **"Enoch Soames,"** the usual editorial favorite. There are full-color double-spread title-pages and numerous line cuts through the text.

Anthologizing by category is enjoying the customary seasonal afflatus. Louis Untermeyer's **"A Treasury of Ribaldry"** (Hanover House, \$4.95) is not a set-piece of erotica but a most agreeable assemblage of 675 pages devoted to "the paradox of love and laughter" and covering the period from 700 B.C. to now. **"America Remembers: Our Best-Loved Customs and Traditions"** (Hanover House, \$3.95), edited by Samuel Rapport and Patricia Schartle, is an effective nosegay of nostalgia composed of eighty units and 669 pages. Two of the units are by John P. Marquand. The names are good, and they are not all writing names. **"A Treasury of American Folk Humor"** (Crown, \$5) is edited by James N. Tidwell, who merits congratulations for omitting Mark Twain's **"Jumping Frog"** (as too well known) and the often corny humor-by-mis-spelling of a century ago. There are 620 pages. **"Omnibus of Fun"** (Association Press, \$7.95) has been put together in 625 pages by Helen and Harry Eisenberg and 125 (listed) helpers. Everything is here from the baby-bottle race to the womanless wedding. There are seventy pages of "quiet games," which you might show to the family upstairs, but be careful—among them are the tractor pull and the rooster fight. Apparently a treasury or omnibus of fewer than 600 pages forfeits its franchise. But this year's crop offers an exception. **"The Teacher's Treasure Chest"** (Prentice-Hall, \$4.95), edited by Leo Deuel, with an introduction by Benjamin Fine, education editor of *The New York Times*, contains a mere 372, but it crowds into this space sixty-four units, many of them by authentic teachers—Mary Ellen Chase, Irwin Edman, John Erskine, Gilbert Highet, and Jesse Stuart are among them. One of the contributors is John P. Marquand,



—From "Phiz: Illustrations from the Novels of Charles Dickens."

"Mr. Carker Introduces Himself to Florence and the Skettles Family."

and this is the last time that the name of John P. Marquand is going to appear in the present dissertation.

Bigness is not the *sine qua non* of the anthology—look at *Reader's Digest*. **"The Best Science Fiction Stories and Novels: 1956"** (Fell, \$3.50), edited by T. E. Dikty, eighth in an annual series, runs to only 256 pages but launches whole fleets of space ships. (Practical note from the space front: Eleven science-fiction magazines in England during the year, but Australia sprouted three new ones.) **"Animals All"** (John Day, \$3.75) is shorter still—253 pages—but it is the most unusual "theme" collection of the year. In each of its fifteen stories (Thompson Seton, London, Van Vechten, Terhune, Maeterlinck, *et al.*) an animal is the hero and chief character, and none of them talk—they just make like animals. Christmas books about Christmas are relatively uncommon now that Mr. Dickens is no longer producing, but here's one: **"A Merry, Merry Christmas Book"** (Prentice-Hall, \$2.95), garnered by Eric Posselt—fifteen jolly stories about Christmas

by modern writers (Benchley, Morley, Beerbohm, Ade, Leacock, Runyon are among those present). Then there is **"A Christmas Triptych"** (McKay, \$1), by Felix Timmermans, a Dickensian bit (French style) of forty-six pages in gay red wrappers, a sort of glorified Christmas card.

There remains a cluster of books in the show-case class. **"Walt Disney's African Lion"** and **"Walt Disney's Living Desert"** (Simon & Schuster, \$10 each) are superb all-color picture books; the illustrations are from the famous nature documentaries, and have been reproduced by Marc Barraud in Switzerland. The text of the first is by James Algar, writer-director of the films, and of the second by Louis Bromfield, Julian Huxley, André Maurois, and others. Comparably spectacular is **"The Book of the Sky"** (Appleton-Century, \$10), edited by A. C. Spector, with selections from Petrarch, Rabelais, Donne, Whitman, Gilbert, E. B. White, etc. More than aviation is discussed: astronomy, the migration of butterflies, weather,
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The Saturday Review

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A New Level of Attention

TOKYO is one of the world's best listening posts. Like Istanbul on the other end of Asia, it is both a contact point between East and West and a bustling exchange center of ideas and opinion. Here are some impressions growing out of a brief visit to that center:

The United States has begun to regain some of its lost prestige and respect among the peoples of the Far East. We are still a long way from occupying the favored position we held fifteen years ago, when we were identified with the cause of justice in behalf of peoples who had been deprived of it for centuries. But at least the downward drift has stopped. And it seems clear that there is now a new level of attention for what we say and want to do.

Two massive world developments have contributed to the improved standing of the United States among the Asian peoples. The first, of course, is the horror and sense of shock produced by the brutal suppression by the Soviet of the Hungarian rebellion. Since the USSR and the U. S. have been juxtaposed against each other in the battle for world public opinion, when one goes down the other usually goes up. The gradual decline of our influence after the end of World War II was marked by a corresponding climb in the standing of the Soviet. But the sudden turn of events in Hungary has thrown not only Soviet Russia but world Communism into an abrupt retreat. This could be of the profoundest historical importance. For the Soviet up until now has claimed it was being victimized by the ugly propaganda of those who were trying to destroy it. It could come before the peoples of Asia and

Africa who were clamoring for freedom from outside rule and pose as their champion. It could talk about a better world in which there would be neither hunger nor oppression nor colonial domination. And very little that we could say about the nature of Communism and its totalitarian character could offset the image of a powerful Soviet standing for social justice and national independence for the Asian and African peoples. All this has now changed.

With no group did the name of the Soviet exercise greater magic than the young students. Some of my most vivid memories of visits to Japan, Indonesia, Malaya, India, Pakistan, and Ceylon during the past eight years are of question periods at universities when determined young people would try to get me to back down on some of the statements I made about the dynamics of the totalitarian state, whether Communist or Fascist. For the young people wanted nothing so much as a design for a better world and they sincerely believed, many of them, that this design carried the Soviet seal and that no force in the world could keep it from coming into being. But now, with Hungary, an angry reversal of conviction has come. Students in Asia and Africa are demonstrating outside Russian embassies and consulates. The same sense of justice that attracted them to Communism in the first place is now supplying the heat and energy for their protests against the destruction of the freedom movement in Hungary. And as eyes and hopes turn away from the Soviet, there is a natural tendency to look for a new champion. And all at once America and Americans are being re-appraised in a new light.

This leads to the second important

development that has contributed to the upturn of our position in the East. While there was not too much enthusiasm for our vacillating foreign policies, and while people were often astounded at the lack of American knowledge and sensitivity on issues of deep historical concern to those directly involved, it is now felt that when the Middle East crisis broke America showed mature judgment and restraint. In particular, it is felt that the speech of President Eisenhower on October 31 may represent a vital turning point away from what could have been the eruptive beginning of a world war. In that speech the American President defined basic principles in the relations of nations to each other in a way that caused many parts of the complex Middle Eastern crisis to fall into place. In just seven words he stated the basic challenge of our age: "There can be no peace without law." He did not condone the provocative and inflammatory actions of the Egyptian Government that led to the sudden moves by the Israeli, British, and French Governments, but he also made it clear that the only hope for the world was to create a situation in which justice could be achieved without force.

NO ONE knows whether the many fuses of a hydrogen bomb war that are now spluttering can all be stamped out. But if by some miracle this can be done, there will open out a stage for effective action such as the world has not known since 1945. The principle of a U. N. Police Force has been accepted. This force must be broadened and permanently established. But all its implications must be fully understood. A police force must have behind it all the agencies of law enactment and interpretation if it is to be responsibly operated. It must have the confidence of the peoples. Therefore, an attempt must be made to implant in the U. N. responsible and effective agencies of world justice which can command the respect and confidence of the world's peoples. There can be no peace without law, but there will be no respect for law unless law exists for the purpose of assuring justice. Where there is no justice the people will take the law into their own hands.

The new level of attention enjoyed by the United States may well serve as the basis for advocating the big and bold measures that can make world law a reality. World law cannot come into being without inspired advocacy. It must be the kind of advocacy that seeks more than a way out of the present convulsions. It must seek an end to the age of world anarchy and the beginning of justice among nations and men.

—N. C.