

Langston Hughes—answered the call during the “Negro Renaissance.” Today a host of established poets, writers, and artists are judged not as “exceptional” Negroes but as Americans. This is what Locke above all strove for and this is what Mrs. Butler has convincingly narrated.

CIVIL WAR GUERRILLAS: “He made his name a Cain’s mark. . . . Because of him widows wailed, orphans cried, maidens wept, as they lifted the lifeless forms of loved ones from bloody fields and bore them reeking to untimely graves.” This passage concludes the first chapter and sets the tone of William Elsey Connelley’s “*Quantrill and the Border Wars*” (Pageant, \$7.50). The book, first published in 1910 and now offered again to “*aficionados of Civil War history*,” describes in sensational detail the exploits both real and legendary of William Clarke Quantrill, the guerrilla chieftain who fought for the Confederacy in Kansas and Missouri.

As history Connelley’s narrative belongs to a bygone school of theatrical antiquarianism, and the oldtime flavor is borne out in the book’s format, with its footnotes that crowd out the text and its inset pen-and-ink drawings, including three “Bones of Quantrill’s Right Arm now in Collection of Author.” Homer Croy, in a rather extravagant introduction to the book, characterizes it as crime history. The reader who accepts it on this basis

may find its crackle of Sharp’s rifles a welcome change from the roar of sawed-off shotguns. —HAL BRIDGES.

CONSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM VS. NATIONAL SECURITY: The efforts of the Federalist Party in 1798-1800 to suppress all criticism of John Adams’s Administration by the Jefferson Republicans is given detailed, scholarly examination in James Morton Smith’s “*Freedom’s Fetters: The Alien and Sedition Laws and American Civil Liberties*” (Cornell University Press, \$5). The nation at the time was embroiled in a half-war with France, and the Federalist excuse for violating the Constitutional freedoms of speech and press was national security. The modern parallels, which the author tries not to belabor, are obvious; then as now American citizens fell victim to faceless informers and presumptive guilt. John Marshall, the only Federalist who in any way opposed the Sedition Law, criticized it not as unconstitutional but as unwise. Nor did Hamilton, contrary to what numerous biographers have written, disapprove of the Federalist measures; rather, he “became a leading advocate of their enforcement.” In the end the Federalists failed to silence criticism, and the American people in electing Jefferson President in 1800 voted against repression. Yet, one might ask, how well do modern Americans know this lesson of the past, since so many in recent years have seemed willing once more to subordinate Constitutional freedoms to national security.

—H. B.

THE AMERICAN DREAM: Six lectures which explore the popular views that successive generations of Americans, from the eighteenth to the twentieth century, have held in regard to the motives and guiding principles of the founders of the thirteen colonies and the leaders of the American Revolution are collected in “*The Legend of the Founding Fathers*,” by Professor Wesley Frank Craven (New York University Press, \$4.50). Abandoning the main traveled roads of the national historians for the leisurely side-paths of local history and patriotic literature, the author traces a legend that has been ever changing yet in its essentials remarkably enduring, even under the onslaughts of debunking historians of the 1920s. And what is the legend? In simplest terms it is the American dream of men who sought freedom under God in a new land that was destined to be a light to the world. With how closely the dream conforms to reality Professor Craven is not much concerned. He is content to seek out what Americans have believed, without trying to correct them.

—H. B.

Personal History

Continued from page 18

link between life and death. The poet has no jurisdiction over this region and his only responsibility is to explore it. . . . It means going down into myself, into my night. . . . it means taking the poetic state by surprise.

The core of his creed is renewal and “one cannot renew oneself without living dangerously and attracting slander.” He also believes in surprise danger, liberty, and the value of poetry for its own sake. “Poetry, *la lux spirituel* . . . the only thing in the world that makes existence worthwhile in a materialistic age . . . the richest life of the spirit.”

The pages of Miss Crosland’s carefully documented, shrewd, understanding biography are filled with the names of famous men and women in their relation to each phase of Cocteau’s work: Satie, Picasso, the Six—there are too many to begin to mention them all here. Yet to the reader who knows his work only in part, has seen perhaps, “*La Belle et la Bête*” but has not read “*Le Potomak*” or “*Le Grand Ecart*,” a discussion of the value of his work as a whole is more to the point than a list of personalities, however glittering. The ballet was the predominant influence in his life which is why he refers to himself as a choreographer. “The impact of his work is theatrical and its buoyancy grace, and fluidity are perpetually close to dancing.”

It was Diaghilev who in 1911 first made Cocteau, up to then a precocious and popular but slightly brash young man, begin to discover himself, with the famous dictum “*Etonne-moi*.” Cocteau took the injunction for a devise, and has astonished his world ever since, “running faster than beauty,” never doing the same thing twice, in “an unending, compelling, closely disciplined dance.” Miss Crosland shifts her metaphors to predict that “during the next fifty years his reputation will have the ups and downs of a roller coaster and the sharp turns of a *corniche* road.”

One thing is sure: No dancing partner or sharer of the ride—including his fellow members of the Académie Française, into which he was inducted last year after a campaign delighting all Paris—is likely to find himself bored. In an age when individualism becomes rarer every day, even in France, Cocteau, the creative artist, “must expect to be noticed.” Miss Crosland’s excellent and sympathetic biography serves as a good introduction to anyone who may have overlooked him.

FRASER YOUNG’S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 691

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 691 will be found in the next issue

ZY XWXXRV AB BY

AOAEVBDVZN YO URYCNB

RYZTVO NFCZ NFCN XRYMZ

XK NFV BWDDVBBUWR

NVCDFVO.

—BAO MARRACQ YBRVO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 690

Doubt is brother-devil to
Despair.

—JOHN O’REILLY.

Fiction

Continued from page 14

Australian "pioneers" are building a beef empire. Julie Kirkbride, a city girl, came to Kootapatamba as the wife of Tad Kirkbride, the second son of the near-fabulous Thaddeus Kirkbride. Julie didn't like Kootapatamba very much. When it was wet the leather grew moldy, the nerves got tight, and stronger minds than Julie's slipped their moorings from the loneliness engendered by a million acres covered with nothing more exciting than ant hills, boab trees, dingoes, and "black fellers." Justin Bayard, a provincial policeman, blunders into Kootapatamba with his prisoner, Emu Foot, on a dog leash. They have been ambushed by Kapundas, a native tribe out to exact "black" justice on Emu Foot. Bayard soon finds that he is a nuisance to everyone—to the white people who don't like "coppers," to the Kapundas who are out to polish off Emu Foot, and to the natives who resent his holding Emu Foot prisoner. But Justin Bayard, a weary and stubborn man, remains a cop and does his best to do his duty. He manages, however, to fall in love, to lose Emu Foot, and to inherit a third share in Kootapatamba before he's done.

Mr. Cleary has brewed a familiar stew, tossing in the required vegetables, adding a pinch of salted sex, the necessary soupçon of race attitudes. There is even a comic Chinese cook named Sammy. Mr. Cleary may live in Australia, but he's got his typewriter sights lined up on Hollywood.

—DAVID KARP.

ENTENTE CORDIALE: Three generations of Deschamps, thrifty peasant farmers of France, and three generations of Treleavens, sturdy middle-class small shopkeepers across the Channel, are the leading characters in F. T. Giles's "A Rose for Marianne" (Little, Brown, \$3.75), which spans 100 years and three wars. When third-generation John Treleaven and Marie Thérèse Deschamps fell in love and married the event united two families, national counterparts of one another but with a total lack of mutual understanding, respect, or sympathy. To the Deschamps, whose men in each generation had fallen in wars with Germany, the English were a cold, materialistic, incomprehensible people who refused to recognize in the Boche a common enemy; reluctant allies whose help to France had always been little and late; who, smug on their island, would not understand what it meant to live side by side to a ruthless nation which periodically sprang at one's throat. The

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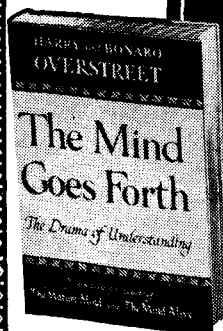
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