

Saratogas and Newports, and the West did its best to supply them at Manitou and Monterey and Pasadena. This sort of tourism—which Dr. Pomeroy believes exerted an effeminizing influence on the West—was modified successively by the nature- and landscape-seekers, the outdoor movement and, most especially, by the automobile.

All these progressive phases are dealt with in turn and good humor. The account sometimes lacks a unity and becomes episodic, but Dr. Pomeroy has sought out a wealth of documentation, much of it in the words of the travelers themselves. (In fact, his footnotes are so extensive he has adopted the questionable practice of lumping them together, not more than one to a page, so that the reader can't always identify the specific source.

In the end, the author comes to the conclusion that although the great day of Western tourism, quantitatively, may still lie ahead, the tourist as an outsider, a rare bird on whom the season is always open, is a vanishing species. Cityscape and landscape are merging, and the tourist is continually meeting himself coming home. The West today, he notes, is less toured upon than touring. The Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast areas now exceed all other sections of the country in percentages of families taking vacation trips.

Dr. Pomeroy is a little uneasy about this state of affairs. He echoes at times the often excessively sentimental nostalgia for wilderness which marks the extremists of the conservation movement. The day has arrived when one may find banana peels on summits in the Tetons or smoked oyster tins in the gorges of Dinosaur National Monument, and this makes no one very happy. But the bananas and the oysters were consumed by persons likely to be among those most shrill in defense of pristine wilderness, and the Westerner is moved at such junctures to insist on some human values—his own. There's a balance to be won. A ski lift up a fairly small mountain can be as spiritually renewing to thousands as a vast and inviolate wilderness is to an intense few.

The West and its tourists in all their varied plumages now enjoy both, and "In Search of the Golden West" explains why, for economic if not esthetic reasons, both will be conserved. Dr. Pomeroy has given us an acute, engaging, and provocative book: a lively look at ourselves as dudes and dude-wranglers over a century in which both time and tide were westward running.



—From the book.

Betel-leaf seller of Central India seated on a table in the streets.

## Young Gentleman in the East

**"Personal and Oriental," by Austin Coates** (Harper. 259 pp. \$4), is a peripatetic Englishman's account of his journeys through the Far East. Robert Payne, an old Asian hand, reviews it.

By Robert Payne

IN THE OLD DAYS the Grand Tour consisted of a voyage to England, France, Italy, and perhaps a few of the major Mediterranean islands. Fashions change, and the present-day young man of quality is likely to make the journey to the Far East. He peers through the bamboo curtain, visits the islands, talks with a few important dignitaries, spends a season or two in a Buddhist monastery, falls in love briefly with a Javanese girl, and returns home with the satisfying feeling that there has been a vast improvement in his sensitive awareness of the world's problems.

For perhaps half the length of his new book, "Personal and Oriental," Austin Coates gives the impression of being a young man of quality vastly entertained by the spectacle of himself wandering through legendary landscapes. He is amused and tolerant. Passport officials annoy him, he has little good to say for the government of Burma. Benares bores him, Pakistan is dismissed with a wave of the hand, and he is not altogether happy in the dance halls of Manila. But these are minor worries, and at the worst crises with passport officials he remains the urbane spectator, who can

find something good to say even about bureaucrats.

If this were all, the book could be dismissed out of hand as just one more youthful excursion into the Asian scene. Mercifully it is far from being all. It is an uneven book, which sometimes gives the impression of being written by two separate people, one of them confused and gregarious, writing at great length about the middle-class families with which he stayed during his travels, the other a solitary who knows exactly where he is going. So in Japan, where he wandered alone, he writes with admirable precision, and in Hong Kong, where he stayed with a brawling family divided between a multitude of loyalties, he writes loosely, and in India, where he had many friends and also took part in solitary journeys, he writes at times brilliantly, at times with astonishing dullness. Friends seem to get in his way. He is at his best wandering around a country, tasting the sights and smells, talking to strangers.

He gives an excellent description of a few winter weeks in Japan. He visited Kyoto, Nara, and the Koyosan monastery, and brings them to life on the page—the gentleness and delicacy of the Japanese countryside, the mist lifting and the lakes mirroring the seven-tiered pagodas. The ordinary life in a Japanese home is faithfully recorded. It is a ceremonial life, and he pays tribute to the richness of the ceremonies. Japan intoxicated him, as it has intoxicated many others, but I have rarely read so vivid an account of a man's wanderings in that en-

chanted land. Here he is describing his entrance into a monastery:

I reentered the forest. On several sides arose pine-covered hills, on their lower slopes the long sober roofs of the monasteries. Small lanes led to them here and there through the trees. The smoke of cooking fires—pine smoke—rose to mingle with the falling mist. Woodcutters were returning to the village in rough-cut winter coats and cloth shoes. As I reached the canopied gate of the monastery where we were staying, and entered the age-old garden with its dwarf groves, lakes and ornamental bridges, two of the novices were just finishing a game of tennis. They greeted me, and the elder, who spoke some English, asked me to wait while he lit a lamp.

That night, kneeling before a low table and waiting for the wine to be served, it seemed to him that all the veils lifted, and quite suddenly, the miniature wine-cup still raised in his hand, he reached a pinnacle of earthly existence, beyond which it was not possible to go. He describes this mystical moment with complete conviction and with disarming humility. It was brief and blinding, and at the same time very quiet: the authentic flash had appeared, and afterwards there was darkness.

In Japan he is in his element, but there is an awkwardness in his account

of Hong Kong which may be due to too great a familiarity. Freshness comes again in a country house in Bengal, when he describes old Devadas Babu, a rich scholar and landowner suffering from cancer, fading into the obscurity of suffering.

So he goes on, detailing his experiences, botching Burma, and very nearly botching the Philippines, but at home in India and Japan. In those countries he could see the manifold problems of the East with greater discernment.

One day in Calcutta, looking towards the great hump of Asia behind him, he wrote concerning China and India the best and bravest words in the whole book:

My Chinese friends, menaced by Communism, took refuge in Confucius, quoted classic sayings from the Han dynasty, or else buried their bothered heads in the Church, which consoled them in a medium that was not quite their own, but was at least alive, real, and belonging to the twentieth century. My Indian friends, after discussing Communism in China and the East in general, moved on to the more congenial subject of the latest developments in European philosophy, literature, and art, and their relation to current Indian thought. My Chinese friends had arrived at a full stop of utter uncertainty, where for my Indian friends there was not even a comma.

## Lady in Italy

*"The Surprise of Cremona," by Edith Templeton (Harper, 295 pp. \$3.50), is the journal of a spirited Englishwoman as she travels through Italy, from Cremona to Arezzo. Professor Thomas G. Bergin of Yale's romance department reviews it.*

By Thomas G. Bergin

EDITH TEMPLETON'S "The Surprise of Cremona" typifies my favorite kind of travel reading—an informal presentation of a good deal of information about the area covered, together with, *en passant*, a fairly detailed picture of the author. I think American readers will enjoy this British lady's gay and impressionistic record of her little tour from Cremona to Arezzo and may even forgive her disparagement of Wisconsin as well as her cavalier treatment of certain contemporary fetishes.

For the subject matter alone her book merits acclaim. Travel books of the discursive sort dealing with Italy include not uncommonly a chapter on Ravenna, but the towns of Parma, Cremona, and Mantua are frequently passed by even as the *rapido* from Milan passes them by, with brief notice and no encouragement to linger. And only very specialized books take you to Urbino. But Mrs. Templeton lingers everywhere and everywhere she enjoys herself. She admires most of the monuments and gives us, quite painlessly, a good deal of information about them, indulging in historical-sociological sallies when it suits her and picking up—indeed, though it be tactless to say of a lady, occasionally being picked up by—some interesting characters on her road.

Parma has not only cheese but Napoleonic memories, Mantua has not forgotten either Virgil or Gonzaga, Cremona has more than one surprise in its history, and Ravenna has its unique mosaics and its Byronic associations, and on all these subjects our happy guide, breezy, vivacious, full of her own prejudices and eager to share them with us, comments ebulliently. Her ideas on art, literature, and history are strictly her own: she cannot forgive Marie Louise for turning away from Napoleon, she explains Virgil's melancholy in economic terms, she has a poor opinion of the great Suabian Frederick II and an attitude of disconcerting irreverence towards Dante. I do not find her history always sound nor am I



## Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

### THEY WENT OVER THE HILL

Military personnel have been known to bypass discharge papers and to take unannounced departures. David A. Bernstein of Portland, Oregon, submits a fictional squad of such deserters and asks you to identify the works in which they appear (or disappear), and to supply the names of the authors. Courts martial will be convened on page 28.

1. This American soldier deserted the A.E.F. in post-First World War Paris after being unjustly arrested and imprisoned by the M.P.'s.
2. As the German armies in northern Italy collapsed in the spring of 1945, this Austrian deserted his unit and, guided by his father, returned to his Tyrolean homeland.
3. Although this redcoat deserted Burgoyne's army after its defeat at Saratoga, it was held an "honorable desertion" and he was paid a bounty when he rejoined the British forces in New York.
4. This Union private in an Ohio regiment in the Civil War deserted to the Confederate cause, was captured, escaped, was recaptured, and executed as a spy.
5. An Armenian serving in the Turkish forces, he deserted after the brutal slaughter of his compatriots by the Turks.
6. He deserted the German army on the eve of its evacuation of Paris in 1944 but was turned over to the Gestapo by an erstwhile friend.
7. A swim in an icy river and a rowboat ride over a stormy lake brought this youth to Switzerland after he deserted the Italian army.
8. His love for a Gypsy girl led this promising young non-commissioned officer to desert the Spanish army.