

surest way to avoid war is to assert our willingness to wage it." But is this not at the very foundation of the "balance of terror" deterrent and the Kennedy foreign policy program? Buckley denounces what he considers the liberals' belief that Communist triumphs can be explained solely in terms of the internal conditions of the countries involved; but falls into the conservative error of blaming all Communist gains upon the failure of American foreign policy. It is a little too much to credit Herbert Matthews of the New York *Times* with the rise of Fidel Castro; it could be that the Cubans themselves had something to do with it.

William F. Buckley, Jr., has a personal right to prefer to be dead than red, to prefer to die standing up than to live on his knees. Unfortunately, he has nothing to say about the millions of people who would not even be given a choice in the event of nuclear war. When he writes that Communism is "the worst abuse of freedom in history," one wonders if he has ever read any history. Has he heard of Attila the Hun, for instance, or Tamerlane or the Spanish Inquisition? Has he heard of Adolf Hitler or the recent gangrene "unpleasantness" in Algeria?

Statements like these weaken the cause Mr. Buckley professes to espouse. Senator Barry Goldwater's good humor and sense of fair play have made the cause of conservatism politically respectable. Russell Kirk's brilliance and erudition have made conservatism academically respectable. But, with even Mr. Kirk conceding Mr. Buckley's talents for "showmanship" and his desire to scandalize, it remains to be seen whether he will yet make the cause of conservatism respectable in American letters.

**FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1029**

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1029 will be found in the next issue.

EP TRJOLA ROQALTMPQ BY
RSHPS AR KPA SPNRQP
LYH, EFPY KRA, AFP SPNRQP
BQ BYQGNRSALOMP.

F. LHLJQ.

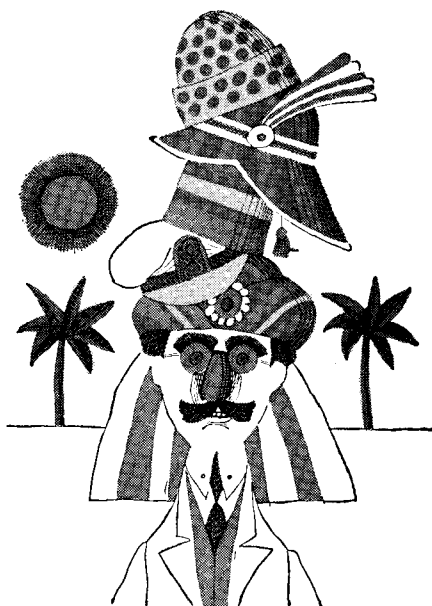
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1028

Cunning is the dark sanctuary of incapacity.

—CHESTERFIELD.

FICTION

Death of a Traveler



—From the book cover.

What's Become of Waring, by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown. 236 pp. \$4. Paperback, \$1.95), a predecessor to *The Music of Time* series, satirizes London's literary world. Charles K. Shapiro is writing a book about Anthony Powell.

By CHARLES K. SHAPIRO

ANTHONY POWELL, the ultra-urbane British novelist, is, by birth and choice, firmly and safely part of the Establishment. Residing pleasantly in Somerset, he can reflect on his schooling at Eton and Oxford, his friendships with both George Orwell and Evelyn Waugh, and, from a position on the uncommitted right, watch the changes in English society. Admired, paradoxically enough, by both the Angrys and their well-deployed enemies, his fiction is, in essence, the work of a cultured wit who is able to comfortably scan his own age. Best of all, he never goes beyond what he knows and feels. The territory of his eleven novels is, therefore, the world he understands and loves, and because he does care so, his humor has meaning as well as bite.

Powell is best known, of course, for his last six novels, part of an ambitious cycle entitled *The Music of Time*, a work that will ultimately total twelve volumes. This remarkable project is an elaborate class comedy which probes

the soul of modern Britain. Its popularity has been explained by Malcolm Muggeridge, who feels we are now in an age in which too little really matters. "Decaying societies, like decaying teeth, invite the tongue to probe, and touch the exposed nerve."

Powell's early probings were done in five prewar novels, which were, in a real sense, finger exercises for his later, larger effort; and one of these novels, *What's Become of Waring* (originally published in England in 1939), has just come out here. *Waring* is possibly Powell's shallowest novel, an extremely funny book with too many tricks for comfort. The plot, a complicated affair, lampoons the literary world of London as a search is made for facts about T. T. Waring, a famed travel writer whose death has apparently taken place on foreign soil in a strange manner. Various oddballs, most of them fashionable, are drawn into the chase; and assorted publishers, writers, spiritualists, and women are all displayed, observed, and caricatured. Clever things are constantly being said, pomposities are steadily exposed, but there is a vagueness of focus, perhaps because the presence of Powell's narrator is never felt except as an ambiguous force. In *The Music of Time* series we are able to evaluate the experiences described just because we have taken the narrator's measure. This does not happen in *Waring* and, as a result, the laughs, which come a bit cheaply, are forced out of situations rather than characters.

Nevertheless, there are many wonderful, isolated moments, most of them presenting the follies of literary folk:

"By the way, here is that American novel I told you about. Let me know what you think of it."

"Anything special?"

"I don't feel happy about the chapter where Irving and Wayne listen to the whip-poor-will."

The English publisher of this American novel—entitled *Lot's Hometown*, by the way—"began to loathe books, so that it seemed he had only entered the trade to take his revenge on them." Authors fare little better.

The dust jacket of *Waring*, chock-full of innocent biography, informs us that on his visit to the U.S. in 1961 Powell "was the hit of the literary season." We can only hope he was taking notes.

Cinderella, Full Circle

Inside Daisy Clover, by Gavin Lambert (Viking. 245 pp. \$4.50), tells, in diary form, of the Hollywood triumphs and tribulations of a precocious teenager who is a cross between Holden Caulfield and Lolita. Arthur Marx has written numerous articles about the movie colony, as well as several books, among them "Not as a Crocodile."

By ARTHUR MARX

IN HIS first effort since his widely acclaimed *The Slide Area*, Gavin Lambert skilfully belies one of the saddest truisms of the publishing business—that most "second" books would be more beneficial to their authors' reputations if they were consigned to the trunk instead of being published. *Inside Daisy Clover*, I'm happy to report, does not fall into that category. It is, in fact, one of the best and most unusual novels about Hollywood and its people that I have ever read—mainly because the author's pen was not dipped in the juice of sour grapes.

Daisy Clover, who chronicles her own story in some of the saltiest teenage language it will ever be your pleasure to read, is a cross between Holden Caulfield and Lolita; and if this book receives the attention it deserves, this engaging youngster should become one of the most talked-about characters on the present literary scene.

When we first meet Daisy she is a bright fourteen-year-old living with her mother in a squalid trailer camp in Playa del Ray, a tawdry beach resort on the fringe of Hollywood. Daisy's father deserted the two of them sometime before the story begins, and Mrs. Clover, as a probable result, is in a state of undiagnosed schizophrenia. Completely withdrawn, she sits in her trailer by the hour, keeping a dozen games of solitaire going simultaneously, and subsisting on refried beans.

Left to her own devices, Daisy falls into the habit of frequenting the Venice amusement pier. There, with the money she manages to save from her baby-sitting wages, she indulges herself in one luxury: for twenty-five cents a shot, she puts her singing voice on wax in the self-recording booth.

One day, purely for a lark, Daisy

enters one of her home-made records in a talent contest sponsored by Magna-gram Studios. Raymond Swan, who masterminds the studio, hears the record, falls in love with Daisy's voice, and before you can say "Cinderella" signs her up to a movie contract. Daisy's first two pictures are a success, and she seems well on her way to becoming an important star. However, a quirk in her character—her compassion for the little people of this earth—won't let Daisy play the Hollywood game. From the very first moment she reports to the studio she finds herself in a state of undeclared war with her employers and advisers.

This situation reaches its climax when, against the wishes of Mr. Swan, her self-appointed mentor, Daisy falls in love with and marries Wade Lewis,

a misfit actor, who is both an alcoholic and a homosexual. The disillusionment of this marriage sends Daisy into a decline, both morally and professionally. When she finds herself pregnant by another actor—a guitar-strumming folk singer—Daisy persuades her husband to lend his name to the offspring in exchange for an equitable property settlement. But this aura of legitimacy isn't enough to satisfy her friends and critics. As a result, they hop off the Daisy Clover band wagon when she most needs their help.

Laid bare in skeletal form, the story of Daisy's rise to stardom and her inevitable downfall may not seem out of the ordinary, but you can take it from me, it is. It is superbly written and fast-moving; its dialogue is witty and stiletto-sharp; it is sexy but not pornographic; and it contains not one stereotyped Hollywood character. Somehow Gavin Lambert has pulled off the miracle of modern literature: he has been able to tell a story about Hollywood without including in its cast of characters one Semitic, cigar-chomping, balding producer who mangles the English language.

Tom-Thumb Quixotes

The Glass Coffin and Other Stories, by Maurice Druon, translated from the French by Humphrey Hare (Scribners. 242 pp. \$4.50), good-humoredly mock such matters as decaying nobility, gambling tables, and marital mixups. Laurent LeSage is professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State College.

By LAURENT LESAGE

IF IT is true that most reading today is done on the subway, then interesting stories of lengths suitable for rides of varying duration have become literary commodities of first necessity. Maurice Druon's latest publication can be recommended as subway reading at its best. Even between two stops you can read all about an old gentlewoman who remembers when St. Pierre in Martinique vanished under lava. Her story has a neat little surprise for you at the end, as do most of these tales involving matters such as secret clauses in a will, luck at gambling tables, marital and amorous mixups, adventures in the two world wars. They average out at about eight pages apiece before the

punch ending, an exception being made for a novella about the degenerating provincial aristocracy, which is more commuters' fare.

Doddering nobility is a favorite theme in Druon's stories, which are



Maurice Druon—"good-humored mockery."