

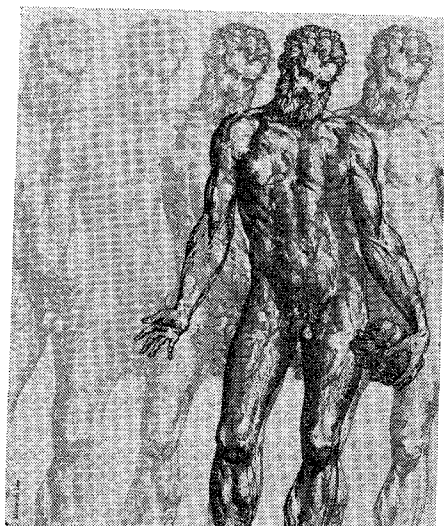
of this caliber: "Specific sexual sensations are derived from and concentrated-contracted in from that suffused sensory dilation which in this essay I have called the panaesthetic neotenic psychophysical tonus."

It may be left to the historians, if they think it worth while, to examine the supposed factual basis for this arbitrary five-fold division of history. The main biological, evolutionary principles that Mr. Heard uses to interpret those claimed facts and to give them current human significance are recapitulation and neoteny. Recapitulation is the nineteenth-century theory that the life of an individual (its ontogeny) closely repeats the evolution of its ancestors (its phylogeny). Both in its original form and as used by Mr. Heard, that idea has long since been exploded and discarded by qualified evolutionists. Those few psychologists who still take it as a working principle do so at great risk and contrary to evidence.

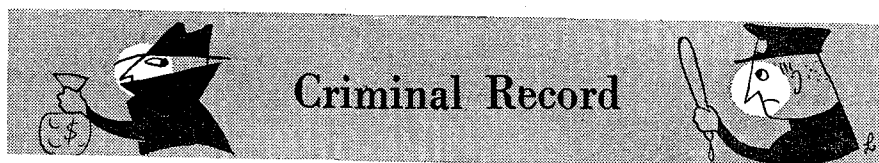
Neoteny has somehow been promoted by Mr. Heard to a creative principle on which the evolutionary progress of mankind depends. In fact, however, neoteny is quite simply the acceleration of sexual maturity to the point where animals otherwise juvenile nevertheless breed; alternatively, it means that maturation other than sexual is deferred or entirely eliminated. Opinions may differ, but probably few will consider this phenomenon especially desirable for mankind.

In some respects Mr. Heard's biological and psychological notions are not so much flatly wrong as shallow and distorted, in ways that cannot be fully stated and corrected in a brief review.

The publishers quote Christopher Isherwood as saying, "One almost feels that if human history had not existed Gerald Heard could have created it." As far as this version of it is concerned, he has.



—From "Five Ages of Man."



The Decayed Gentlewoman. By E. X. Ferrars. *Crime Club*. \$3.50. Edinburgh M.D., visiting London, becomes involved in murder case; second body turns up; valuable painting is center of attention. Sprightly yarn holds up well.

The Graveyard Rolls. By Maurice Procter. *Harper & Row*. \$3.95. Chief Inspector Martineau of Granchester (huge English city) explores high and low life to find killer of leading industrialist and kin. Good straight-out police job, but somewhat overcrowded.

The Grudge. By Bert and Dolores Hitchens. *Crime Club*. \$3.50. Dynamite bangs all over in this latest Southern California railroad-cops job by a tried and true team.

The Ipcress File. By Len Deighton. *Simon & Schuster*. \$3.95. Espionage fans will devour whole this highly literate, world-circling thriller by a British newcomer; there's even an honest-to-goodness appendix. You can't go wrong here.

The Killing Game. By Bill Knox. *Crime Club*. \$3.50. Chief Inspector Thane of Glasgow police and aides, in pursuit of killer, also have to keep eye on Russian VIP on tour; golf match at St. Andrews featured. Nice going all the way.

Ellery Queen's 1964 Anthology. Edited by Ellery Queen. *Davis Publications*. *Paperback*. \$1. Two short novels (Stout and Armstrong), three novellas, and fifteen short stories make up this fourth annual offering (320 pages as always). An unbeatable bargain.

A Sad Song Singing. By Thomas B. Dewey. *Simon & Schuster*. \$3.50. Mac, Chi eye, accepts seventeen-year-old female client who seeks missing boyfriend; Illinois and Indiana rural areas covered; this one is tough and idyllic at same time. A feather in his cap.

The Neon Haystack. By James Michael Ullman. *Simon & Schuster*. \$3.50. Engineer revisits Midwest megalopolis in quest of vanished brother; all sorts and conditions of folk help and hinder. Panoramic performance holds attention nicely.

The Minister and the Choir Singer. By William Kunstler. *Morrow*. \$5.95. This full treatment of the Hall-Mills

murder case of 1922-on, certainly America's ranking unsolved murder of this century, is a lavishly detailed, thorough, intensely readable performance; author offers highly plausible explanation of what could have happened. Fine pix, too.

Down These Mean Streets a Man Must Go: Raymond Chandler's Knight. By Philip Durham. *Univ. of North Carolina Press*. \$5. This admirable summary of an ace crime novelist's career and critical scrutiny of his work is by an associate professor of English at UCLA.

Sprung: The Release of Willie Calloway. By Ken McCormick. *Foreword by Harry Golden*. *St. Martin's* \$4.95. Detroit newshawk presents detailed factual story of righting of miscarriage of justice in murder case involving Negro youth. Vivid and heart-warming.

Amateur Agent. By Ewan Butler. *Norton*. \$4.50. British officer who served in SOE (counterpart of American OSS) tells true story of recruitment and assignment of behind-enemy-lines operatives. Absorbing, authentic narrative has humor along with grimness.

The Chill. By Ross Macdonald. *Knopf*. \$3.95. Lew Archer, literate West Coast eye, looks into four murders covering twenty-two-year span and 2,000 miles. Holds up all the way, as expected of this skilled technician.

The Witch's House. By Charlotte Armstrong. *Coward-McCann*. \$3.95. When a pair of Southern California profs disappear simultaneously, their kinfolk call in cops (good ones); chase covers much ground. Exciting and well-paced, with cast of reasonable dimensions.

The Incident in the Merry Hippo. By Elspeth Huxley. *Morrow*. \$3.95. British commission making arrangements for independence of former African protectorate runs into snags, including murder. Memorable suspense number, with excellent humorous bits and a fine awareness of the locality.

Shirley. By E. V. Cunningham. *Doubleday*. \$3.95. Pert New York office gal, confronted by death threat, seeks to work herself out of jam by using her head; does all right. Subtitled "An Entertainment," and it's exactly that.

—SERGEANT CUFF.



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

It is not unusual to find available two books by the same man; but when that man is the author of *The Mothers* (Universal, \$2.65), a landmark in anthropology, and *Europa* (MacFadden, 95¢), a novel that is a masterpiece, there is cause for surprise.

Here are some bare facts about Robert Briffault: He was born in 1876 to a British mother and a French father, who raised him in Florence and educated him in England. Briffault finally became a doctor and emigrated to New Zealand. He served during World War I, after which, now a widower, he settled down in London with his children. In 1930 he married a second time, an American girl some twenty-five years younger. The Nazi occupation of France trapped him in that country for the duration of World War II. Afterwards, frail and ailing, he was denied a United States visa, in spite of his wife's efforts, probably because of his leftist sympathies. He was seventy-two when he died in London in 1948.

The present edition of *The Mothers* contains less than a fifth of the original text. The enormously erudite Briffault, who spoke four languages with equal fluency, was an early investigator of evolutionary theories, of psychology, and of anthropology. Angered by what he felt were highly questionable assertions on the part of men of international reputation that the earliest societies were patriarchal in origin, he abandoned medicine, and in 1927 published *The Mothers*, which effectively advanced the matriarchal theory of social origins and which stands as an anthropological milestone.

He has been called "the first angry man." In 1935, when he was nearly sixty, his *Europa* appeared. Witty in tone, panoramic in scope, daring in style, it presents Europe in the years that led to the First World War. But it also has the ingredients of every great novel: a variety of characters clearly seen and deeply felt.

—ROLLENE SAAL.

Fiction

An important segment in the unfolding epic of the Glass family is J. D. Salinger's *Franny and Zooey* (Bantam, 75¢). Each of these two stories ran through an interminable number of pages in *The New Yorker*. Franny is mystical, and Zooey takes a long, long bath. Both are wonderful. So is *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (Delta, \$1.65), Muriel Spark's original and characteristically devastating tale of a teacher's influence upon some impressionable young ladies. An equally unusual academic personality is Professor Timofey Pnin, the non-hero of Vladimir Nabokov's *Pnin* (Atheneum, \$1.25), a novel that Mark Schorer has aptly described as "profoundly delightful." Less profound but just as appealing is Pamela Frankau's *A Wreath for the Enemy* (Signet, 60¢), about a madcap adolescent on the Riviera. The first section, "The Duchess

and the Smugs," is just about perfect.

An uncommonly good Southern novel is Elizabeth Spencer's *The Voice at the Back Door* (Signet, 75¢). The voice is that of a Mississippi Negro: "It seemed that they had heard him for certain all the time, for no telling how long, for it is part of the consciousness of a Southern household that a Negro is calling at the back door in the night."

Duly noted: François Mauriac's glistering portrait *Thérèse* (Noonday, \$1.65, translated by Gerard Hopkins); Leo Rosten's *The Return of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N* (Harper, \$1.35)—we're glad to have him back; Eric Ambler's super-thriller *A Coffin for Dimitrios* (Dell, 60¢).

Center Stage

Long before the theater of the absurd presented characters conversing in ash cans, German dramatists were experi-

menting with the bizarre and dreamlike. *An Anthology of German Expressionist Drama* (Anchor original, \$1.45), edited by Walter H. Sokel, offers plays by Georg Kaiser, painter Oskar Kokoschka, and (prize of the collection) Bertolt Brecht's *Baal*, appearing for the first time in English.

Each of these plays points the way to Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona* (Vintage, \$1.45, translated by Sylvia and George Leeson), a five-act drama about conscience and guilt in postwar Germany. Our own selection for the absurdest of the absurd is Lawrence Ferlinghetti's *Unfair Arguments with Existence* (New Directions, \$1.50), seven brief plays; one of them is set in the ladies' washroom on an ocean liner, while the protagonist of another is an alligator "six feet long, no longer so young."

One of the season's most talked-about collaborations is Edward Albee's dramatization of Carson McCullers's novel *The Ballad of the Sad Café* (Atheneum, \$1.75). SR's Henry Hewes called it "the most fascinating and evocative work by an American playwright (or perhaps one should say two playwrights) this season." Also newly available is Miss McCullers's *The Member of the Wedding* (New Directions, \$1.25), which won the 1950 New York Drama Critics Award and introduced Julie Harris to theatergoers.

Duly noted: Laurel Masterpieces of Continental Drama; the three volumes, properly annotated and introduced by Norris Houghton, include *The Golden Age* (75¢), *The Romantic Influence* (95¢), and *Seeds of Modern Drama* (75¢). Barbara and Arthur Gelb's *O'Neill* (Delta, \$3.75), nearly 1,000 pages long, is tirelessly researched, endlessly detailed, and exhausting except for the most ardent devotee. Lee Simonson's *The Stage Is Set* (Theatre Arts, \$3.95) is the story of stagecraft, its past, present, and future, by a man who ought to know.