



Criminal Record

A Right to Die. By Rex Stout. Viking. \$3.50. Gargantuan Nero Wolfe and catalytic Archie Goodwin tackle double murders having overtones of racism; Evansville and Racine are visited. He's still a twenty-game winner.

A Kind of Anger. By Eric Ambler. Atheneum. \$4.95. Dutch journalist on Paris staff of U.S. newsmagazine is given forlorn-hope assignment when Iraqi politico is murdered in Zurich; most of action is on French Riviera. Typical Ambler creation, but with some deceleration in midstream.

Lydia. By E. V. Cunningham. Doubleday. \$3.95. New York insurance eye trails missing necklace over clutter of corpses; has help. Author's fifth "entertainment" (all are named on the hurricane principle, but not in alphabetic order) lives up to established high standard of fun and ferocity.

Accounting for Murder. By Emma Lathen. Macmillan. \$3.95. New York banking and management circles jarred when questing CPA is found strangled; Thatcher of Sloan Guaranty Trust scouts around for perpetrator of fiscal skulduggery. Prime comedy all the way.

Question of Loyalty. By Nicolas Freeling. Harper & Row. \$3.95. High-IQ Inspector van der Valk of Amsterdam police covers Holland, Belgium, and a corner of Germany in search of killer. Erudite, witty, and quite a little gem.

The Unprofessional Spy. By Michael Underwood. Crime Club. \$3.50. Barrister who lost London espionage case undertakes security assignment in Berlin, where he had been pre-1939 student; a girl figures. Highly astute and enjoyable comedy of errors, with fine picture of present-day Reich.

Don't Play with the Rough Boys. By Simon Troy. Macmillan. \$3.95. Sympathetic Inspector Smith takes charge when blunt instrument fells Londoner holidaying on Sussex coast; Yeats is quoted. Holds up nicely.

Michael Shayne's 50th Case. By Brett Halliday. Torquil-Dodd, Mead. \$3.50. Florida car salesman, homing from Miami convention, suspects wife's infidelity; appalling discovery is made. Congratulations on author's semicentennial production!

The Chill and the Kill. By Joan Fleming. Washburn. \$3.95. Rural vicar (unskilled driver) concusses sixteen-year-old girl; who develops second sight and foretells all sorts of dire things-to-be, including, you may be sure, murder. Whimsey abounds.

Crimes Across the Sea. Edited by John Creasey. Preface by Harold Brean. Harper & Row. \$3.95. Nineteenth annual anthology of Mystery Writers of America employs ingenious gimmick: British authors accent America, American authors accent Britain. One of the best in established series.

Don't Cry for Long. By Thomas B. Dewey. Simon & Schuster. \$3.50. Mac (Chi. eye) tangles with blackmail plotters, gal who gives him trouble, and gal who doesn't; there are dead. Smoothly functioning toughie.

The Emperor's Pearl. By Robert van Gulik. Scribners. \$3.50. Apparently unrelated pair of killings set Judge Dee on detection path. Welcome to a new series of these ingenious puzzlers.

The End of Solomon Grundy. By Julian Symons. Harper & Row. \$3.95. Residents of posh suburban London development take sides when one of their number faces trial for murder. Urbane, ironic, and highly satisfying.

The Laughter Trap. By Judson Philips. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50. Three murders and one near-miss jolt packed house at ritzy Vermont skiing resort. Weather cold, track fast, story uneven.

Secrets and Spies. By various writers. Reader's Digest Association. \$4.95. These 65 "behind the scenes" stories of the Second World War have all appeared in *Reader's Digest* in the past 22 years. Good for fast reading, but several yarns suffer from overcondensation.

The Duplicate. By H. Baldwin Taylor. Crime Club. \$3.50. Yankee village news-hawk has doubts about three-way slaughter wherein local cop is one victim; he looks into matters, as does female competitor. Rather leisurely.

The Liquidator. By John Gardner. Viking. \$3.95. British security killer-for-hire has hell of a time when amorous interlude on Côte d'Azur develops toughie overtones. Brisk, brash, bouncy, and bawdy.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

NOVELTREES

We are accustomed to associating trees in literature with poets and poetry. But Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, has assembled the group of novelists below together with the books they have written with real trees as titles. She wonders how many of them you can bring together. If the forest gets too deep, a clearing can be found on page 39.

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| 1. H. E. Bates | () <i>The Silk-Cotton Tree</i> |
| 2. Mary Stewart | () <i>The Chokecherry Tree</i> |
| 3. Aubrey Menen | () <i>The Jacaranda Tree</i> |
| 4. Michael Keon | () <i>The Christmas Tree</i> |
| 5. A. J. Cronin | () <i>The Hornbeam Tree</i> |
| 6. Isabel Bolton | () <i>The Juniper Tree</i> |
| 7. Frederick Manfred | () <i>The Ginkgo Tree</i> |
| 8. Howard Rigsby | () <i>The Dragon Tree</i> |
| 9. Faith Baldwin | () <i>The Durian Tree</i> |
| 10. Richard Mason | () <i>The Thorn Tree</i> |
| 11. Sheelagh Burns | () <i>The Flame Tree</i> |
| 12. Theodore Pratt | () <i>The Tulip Tree</i> |
| 13. Robin Estridge | () <i>The Judas Tree</i> |
| 14. Victor Canning | () <i>The Fever Tree</i> |
| 15. Esther S. Warner | () <i>The Olive Tree</i> |
| 16. Mary Ellen Chase | () <i>The Plum Tree</i> |
| 17. Cid Ricketts Sumner | () <i>The Fig Tree</i> |
| 18. Nelia Gardner White | () <i>The Ivy Tree</i> |



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

One of the most colorful as well as prolific authors around is John D. MacDonald, who has already written fifty novels, 500 magazine articles, and a new series with such dazzling titles as *The Deep Blue Good-By*, *Nightmare in Pink*, *A Purple Place for Dying*, *The Quick Red Fox*, and *A Deadly Shade of Gold*. The prismatic hero is a loner, a boat bum, a "thinking man's Robin Hood" called Travis McGee, who, like MacDonald, lives in Florida. "McGee's not bad," said MacDonald during a recent New York visit. "In our culture everybody's a displaced person, so it's no wonder it's easy to identify with McGee." An even more practical reason for keeping McGee unfettered by family, friends, or furniture is to keep the series from bogging down. "Whenever I get tired of McGee living on that houseboat in Ft. Lauderdale I can just move him to New Orleans or the West coast or any new harbor. That keeps the story line free and easy." Asked why the kaleidoscopic assortment of titles, MacDonald wearing black hornrimmed glasses, a blue blazer, and a silvery crewcut, replied, "The colors will help readers identify the books they have read much easier than if they were numbered. The series, *deo volente*, will go on to at least ten, and think of the colors I haven't even used yet . . . like beige and amber and indigo and—say, what about puce?"

Jean-Paul Sartre, who recently refused this year's Nobel Prize, has written a stirring study of yet another passionate Frenchman, Jean Genet, criminal, genius, and, in Sartre's book, *Saint Genet* (Mentor, \$1.25). "Genet is a man-failure," writes Sartre. "He wills the impossible in order to be sure of being unable to achieve it and in order to be able to derive from the tragic grandeur of this defeat the assurance that there is something other than the possible." . . . Another uncommon literary combination is Ezra Pound, who collaborated with Marcella Spann in creating an anthology of poetry, *Confucius to Cummings* (New Directions, \$2.75). In 1956, when Mr. Pound was at Saint Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., Miss Spann, then a graduate student at East Texas State College, wrote to him requesting an interview on her forthcoming trip East. She attended one of the now-famous literary hoedowns under the trees. "I think he got the idea that I could make a suitable selection for junior college kids when he borrowed my copy of *Spirit of Romance*, in which I had marked certain passages," said Miss Spann. "He was pleased with the markings and told me that I had picked the best of the books—so he came up with what he thought was a workable arrangement. He would choose the poets necessary for the picture and I would choose the poems."

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

The war novel has many guises, from the straightforward exploits recorded by Norman Mailer and James Jones to the more subtle, satiric trilogy by Evelyn Waugh called *Men at War*. The first two novels, *Men at Arms* and *Officers and Gentlemen*, have just been published in one weighty volume (Dell, 75¢) about Guy Crouchback, an earnest Englishman, gentleman, and officer, who in the final book, *The End of the Battle* (Delta, \$1.75), learns that national pageantry is less enduring than personal honor. And often, like the best of Waugh's earlier works, this trio maintains a precarious

and lovely balance between hilarity and tragedy. James Gould Cozzens's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *Guard of Honor* (Harvest, \$2.45) reveals the life of World War II air force men, the fly boys without the glamor of leather jackets and silk scarves. H. L. Humes's *The Underground City* (Random House, \$2.45) tells about another war waged beneath Paris during France's occupation.

Also among the new paperbacks are E. M. Forster's early (pre-1914) tales, *The Eternal Moment and Other Stories* (Universal Library, \$1.65), which are as dryly impeccable as this opening line of the title story: "Do you see that moun-

tain just behind Elizabeth's toque? A young man fell in love with me there so nicely twenty years ago." It was E. M. Forster who wrote of his contemporary Virginia Woolf: "She gave acute pleasure in new ways, and pushed the light of the English language a little further against darkness." Both *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse* (Harvest, \$1.45 each) have just appeared in handsome new editions.

Noted, too, among new fiction: William Humphrey's brooding first novel, *Home from the Hill* (Knopf, \$1.95); Günter Grass's madhouse tale of post-war Germany, *The Tin Drum* (Pantheon, \$2.45); Erich Maria Remarque's sardonic and funereal *The Black Obelisk* (Crest, 75¢); Gerald Warner Brace's brisk story of a New England past, *The Garretson Chronicle* (Norton, \$1.65).

Our Times

One of the bedazzling and bewildering aspects of life in this decade has been the increased availability of "culture" through the mass media. This is a matter of some concern to the contributors to *Culture for the Millions* (Beacon, \$1.95), an uncommonly energetic symposium edited by Norman Jacobs and offering articles usually more in sympathy than disagreement with the proposition that catering to popular taste tends to corrupt art. The outspoken spokesmen include Randall Jarrell with some witty words on "A Sad Heart at the Supermarket," James Baldwin, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Oscar Handlin, and Hannah Arendt, who mourns that "those who actively promote this decay are not the Tin Pan Alley composers but a special kind of intellectual, often well read and well informed, whose sole function is to organize, disseminate, and change cultural objects in order to make them palatable to those who want to be entertained or—and this is worse—to be 'educated.' That is, to acquire as cheaply as possible some kind of cultural knowledge to improve their social status."

That distinguished arbiter of artistic