



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

It's been said of the modern detective novel that Dashiell Hammett invented it, Raymond Chandler developed it, and Ross Macdonald polished it. Polished it is, to sleek chrome in Macdonald's new paperback, *The Far Side of the Dollar* (Bantam, 50¢), winner of the 1965 English Crime Novel award. Macdonald's hero, Lew Archer (whom movie-goers might recall as the taut-lipped "Harper"), is a tough, intelligent, Bogart-style private eye. "If Archer is cool, it's because he's the author's point of view," said Macdonald, who in private life is Kenneth Millar. "Writers are generally observers; if not they wouldn't be writers, they'd be doers." For all the tough-guy antics that Archer inflicts and endures, he's a serious man and the novels in which he appears are a maze of intricate plots in which the deep past is deftly linked to the present. "That's what I'm trying to do in my own life and my writing reflects it," the author said. "Fortunately the mystery form lets a writer go back and rewrite his story again." For all his literary complexity, Macdonald-Millar's life seems simple. He lives with his wife, Margaret Millar, another distinguished mystery writer, in an oceanside house in Santa Barbara, California, which he calls "an earthly paradise." Here the Millars are avid conservationists, concerned right now with keeping the California condor from becoming extinct. "If my books have a tragic hopefulness, it's because I think American society isn't in a good way. I'm trying to get at the problems that keep us from taking advantage of our heritage." Macdonald paused a moment. "That sounds pretty stuffy, but I guess I'm more serious than my books seem."

Some people can't take no for an answer, and in the case of Edmund Vincent Gillon, Jr., maybe it's just as well. When he took his manuscript of *Early New England Gravestone Rubbings* to publishing firms, most of them scarcely heard the title before closing the door. "Finally one publisher seemed intrigued," recalled Gillon in his New York apartment, which with its primitive antiques is an outpost of New England in Manhattan. "But then he did a survey of undertakers and there weren't enough of them interested." Of course, Gillon's book (Dover, \$2.75) would interest anyone who cares about Americana, undertakers included. The "rubbings" that fill its pages are the kind of imprint children make by covering a penny with a piece of paper and coloring it until the design appears. Collecting gravestone impressions doesn't seem extraordinary at all to Gillon, who grew up in the 1930s in Massachusetts. As a schoolboy he shepherded tourists through the historic Sturbridge Village sites. "After school I'd bike to the back country, stop at some secluded graveyard, scrape the lichen off the stones and get to work." Curiously enough, in all his hundreds of expeditions to gather rubbings, no one ever asked what he was doing. "Sometimes people would stop, watch me, and go on their way," said Gillon. "That's New England reticence." —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

Close to the heart of the matter in American fiction these days is Bruce Jay Friedman. An SR reviewer called him "a wild poet of the secret life, one of the funniest of writers, but with a dark echo to the laughter that gets painfully close to the bone." And you can't get much nearer to the marrow than his two novels *Stern* and *A Mother's Kisses*, now published in one volume (Simon & Schuster, \$2.25), which have quite a lot to say

about the complexity and grotesquery of human-beingness.

Satire and sometimes bold humor mark Flannery O'Connor's *The Violent Bear It Away* (Noonday, \$1.95), a novel about an orphan boy in the South, which for all its outright comedy comes close to tragedy.

American nobility, Boston branch, is the subject of Jean Stafford's *The Catherine Wheel* (Avon, 75¢), in which a Maine summer resort is the field for emotional fireworks. The prose as usual

is impeccable. Another deft, small-scale novel is Robie Macauley's *The Disguises of Love* (Pyramid, 75¢), in which an affair between a college professor and a student leads his wife and son to self-knowledge.

Castle Keep (Crest, 75¢), William Eastlake's novel about soldiers stationed in a medieval fortress during World War II, is concerned less with war than with men reacting to the absurdity of their times. An original book by a writer who in each of his past novels has attempted the uncommon.

Paul Horgan is an author who tends his own fires, unmindful of prevailing literary trends. *The Common Heart* (Popular, \$1.25) is a harsh look at the new culture of the American West and seems meant for the broad screen, while *Things As They Are* (Noonday, \$1.95), a slender book, seemingly autobiographical, reflects on a small boy's growing up in Catholic New England.

And just a note on a literary curiosity: Austin Tappan Wright's *Islandia* (Signet, \$1.25). First published in 1942, eleven years after the death of Tappan, a specialist in corporation law, the book has remained an "underground novel." It is an adventure story about a utopian country which Tappan's imagination supplied with a language, maps, and history.

America the Beautiful

Margaret Mead, best known for her observations of primitive peoples, shifted her gaze to the American character in *And Keep Your Powder Dry* (Apollo, \$1.95). Written in the 1940s and here updated to include a lengthy discussion of the Sixties, the book reviews traditional attitudes from naïveté to cynicism, apathy to activism.

The vital impact of recent immigration on America is noted by Lloyd Morris in *Postscript to Yesterday* (Harper, \$2.45), a social history of U.S. life and thought from the turn of the century through World War II. In *Ancestors and Immigrants* (Science Editions,

\$1.65) Barbara Miller Solomon is also concerned with newcomers. Hers is a history of Boston of the past century, when the intellectual and financial élite were threatened by the influx of Irish that eventually diverted the course of New England tradition. Such mutations are by no means limited to the past century, as Patricia Cayo Sexton points out in *Spanish Harlem* (Harper Colophon, \$1.45), an absorbing analysis of New York City's Puerto Rican ghetto.

The architects, city planners, and cultural philosophers who attended the Design in America symposium at Princeton in 1964 were concerned with the face of the nation. *Who Designs America*, edited by Laurence B. Holland (Anchor, \$1.45), presents ten essays from the conference which comprise a lively discussion of the looks of things, from a cigarette package to an urban development.

"There are many roads to insanity and our culture has probably trod them all," writes Jules Henry in *Culture Against Man* (Vintage, \$2.45), an outspoken, thoroughly personal book about the way we live now. Mr. Henry includes just about everyone, from disorderly teen-agers to the aged in their "human obsolescence."

The Mind

Dear old mother; she's the villainess capable of maiming her young as malevolently as any high-strung she-mink. And if you don't believe it, take a look at Dr. David M. Levy's *Maternal Overprotection* (Norton, \$2.95), the eminently readable results of research among parents and youngsters at New York City's former Institute of Child Guidance. Case histories often make fascinating reading; in these, children both rebellious and dependent display the wounds of smother love. The ultimate in mother-hate is Fredric Wertham's *Dark Legend* (Bantam, 75¢), a real-life Oresteian tragedy in which a young boy commits matricide.

More for social scientists than the concerned parent is Susan Isaacs's *Intellectual Growth in Young Children* (Schocken, \$2.45), based on schoolroom observation, which asserts the value of new and varied stimuli in promoting child development. Gisela Konopka's *The Adolescent Girl in Conflict* (Spectrum, \$1.95) deals primarily with teenagers in reformatories; but these studies, more compassionate than cool, of young women who have clashed with society touch upon the plight of all youngsters facing an alien adult world.

Two new books by Theodor Reik are *Psychology of Sex Relations* (Evergreen, 95¢) and *Curiosities of the Self* (Noonday, \$2.25). In the former the psychologist differentiates between love and lust

and expounds on "ego-gains and sex gratifications." The essays in *Curiosities of the Self* range from "Murder in Mind," about the unconscious impulses in all human beings to harm those close to them, to a provocative piece on the psychological conditioning of Jews in American culture.

Dr. Eric Berne, who scored a success with *Games People Play*, wrote *The Structure and Dynamics of Organizations and Groups* (Evergreen, \$2.45) as a handbook on the mental health of aggregations. Based on studies of such varying groups as the army, universities, and penal institutions, Dr. Berne tries to determine what happens when a group "ails" and ceases to fulfill its functions and purposes.

The Little Moron jokes aren't as dumb as they seem, according to Martin Grotjahn, M.D., whose *Beyond Laughter* (McGraw-Hill, \$2.95) relates humor to unconscious impulses and examines its vital role in the development of maturity.

The German Question

In its own specific way Siegfried Krauer's *From Caligari to Hitler* (Princeton, \$2.95) has become a classic of its period, those years after the First

World War when Germany's films—and who could ever forget Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel*?—reflected the restless, cynical atmosphere that helped pave the way for Adolf Hitler.

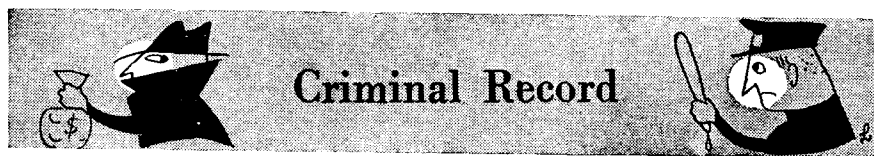
"Governments must often negotiate and live on peaceful terms with other governments whose domestic policies they find distasteful," observes Martin Gilbert; and though he might have been referring to any international policy, in *Britain and Germany Between Two Wars* (Barnes & Noble, \$2) he discusses Winston Churchill, Neville Chamberlain, and Lloyd George, among others, in a careful study of England and emerging Nazism.

Milton Mayer's *They Thought They Were Free* (Phoenix, \$2.45) pursues the paths of ten Nazis who, for reasons ranging from fervor to fear, followed Hitler from 1933 to 1945. The book is both informative and highly dramatic.

Hitler's promise of "an Empire that will last a thousand years" was less a madman's illusion than a dream based upon the historical precedent of the Holy Roman Empire. Richard Grunberger's *Germany* (Harper Colophon, \$1.45), a lean and lucid book, explains the events that led from the bright hopes of the Weimar Republic to the suicides in the Berlin bunker.



"A true liberal would tolerate my Rotarian viewpoint."



An Agent in Place: The Wennerström Affair. By Thomas Whiteside. Viking. \$3.95. This is a definitive and thoroughly absorbing account of the career of the Swedish colonel who betrayed the West for fifteen years, during five of which he was stationed in Washington.

Saturday the Rabbi Went Hungry. By Harry Kemelman. Crown. \$3.95. Rev. David Small, hero of the memorable *Friday the Rabbi Slept Late*, scores again when a north-of-Boston death develops religious subtleties. Wise and witty.

Olley. By Martin Waddell. Stein & Day. \$3.95. Youthful London antique dealer finds self innocently involved with espionage set; zestful and hilarious tale is enlivened by superb chase sequences (but what is "Irwin Shaw" doing in this galley?).

Pure Poison. By Hillary Waugh. *Crime Club*. \$3.50. Chief of Police Fred C. Fellows of Stockford, Conn., tackles a tricky one when school official imbibes strychnine; search takes in New Jersey, Indiana. Back in the groove again.

The Cool Cottontail. By John Ball. Harper & Row. \$4.50. Discovery of body in swimming pool in California nudist park gives Virgil Tibbs, Pasadena Negro lawman, chance to prove himself again. Sensitively and sensibly handled.

Murder Roundabout. By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott. \$3.95. Demise of slightly passé movie beauty sends Capt. Heinrich of N.Y. state police hither and yon in pursuit of killer; Porsche admirers will not be pleased; poison ivy figures. On the ball.

The Case of the Worried Waitress. By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow. \$3.50. Perry Mason fights way through tangle of financial shenanigans to aid comely gal; Hamilton Burger goes soft; fractured paragraphing persists. Rather heavily involved.

The Dark Trade. By Anthony Lejeune. *Crime Club*. \$3.50. London newshawk who moonlights as intelligence sleuth takes bumps on home ground and in Paris, where teddy-girls take over; love finds a way. Noisemaker.

Some Avenger, Rise! By Lesley Egan.

Harper & Row. \$4.50. L. A. police sergeant, accused of bribe-taking, battles way back with assistance of lawyer pal. Search for framer is thorough but protracted.

Exit Screaming. By Herbert Dalmas. Walker. \$3.50. One-man plot to murder Ivy League college prexy leads to exciting doings, with climax arriving in stadium packed with big-game fans (but who won?). Amiably preposterous.

The Blind Cave. By Leo Katcher. Viking. \$4.50. CIA agent Richard Landon (his cover is journalism) has himself a wild time among (you've guessed it) the Isles of Greece; he's hunting three kilos of plutonium. A real sparkler, written with grace and wit.

A Business of Bodies. By Stanton Forbes. *Crime Club*. \$3.50. New England sub-freshman (good kid) narrates this tale involving substituted corpse and related chicanery. Morticians will grit teeth.

The Evil That Men Do. By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50. Posh Manhattan hostelry is scene of wild confusion, murder included, as unsought guests attempt takeover; nice resident manager gets the answers and the culprits. Sound intramural number.

The Old Trade of Killing. By John Harris. Sloane-Morrow. \$4.95. Four British vets of 1940s Sahara fighting seek paymaster's chest but run into competition, treachery, and a bumbling Yankee archeologist and his charming niece. Action-packed, with vivid glimpses of desert life.

Enter Certain Murderers. By Sara Woods. Harper & Row. \$4.50. Killing at roadside phone booth wins interest of Antony Maitland, London barrister, when he learns that Scotland Yard is looking suspiciously at two of his friends. Leisurely and lethal.

The Private Face of Murder. By John and Emery Bonett. *Crime Club*. \$3.50. Inspector Borges of Spanish police here makes a second welcome appearance as he looks into pair of "accidents" in coast resort favored by English expatriates.

The Baron and the Chinese Puzzle. By John Creasey (writing as Anthony Morton). Scribners. \$3.95. Remember the Baron, London jewel thief who went straight and became consultant to Scotland Yard? Well, this time he flies to Hong Kong (where so many mystery writers seem to be active these days) and has a real exciting visit.

—SERGEANT CUFF.



"The only drawback to the plan is I'll owe him a testimonial dinner."