

mantic,' applied to a person, meant one readily influenced by the imagination, or impassioned by feeling and novels of adventure."

The three ladies cited certainly fit the definition, though in each case a streak of prudence tempered the high-flown ebullience. By efficient plotting Caroline secured a respectable husband to father her bastard, though the French government's intention that her predicament should make her ridiculous was fully realized. Marie d'Agoult, finally repelled by Liszt's snobberies and lies, chose abnegation, albeit a highly romantic version. (As Mr. Cronin comments, Romantic women tend conventionally to love only one man at a time, while the Romantic man may love several women simultaneously.) And Eve Hanska cautiously safeguarded her reputation, waiting for her husband's death before she joined Balzac—then was appalled by the mad extravagances of the Paris house that he had prepared for her.

Marie Bashkirtseff, the fourth of Mr. Cronin's quartet, alone appears out of place in his Romantic context. The adored only daughter of a rich, silly Russian expatriate who was separated from her husband, Marie seems to have been not only highly intelligent but fundamentally sensible. The Romantic extravagances she displayed were no greater than those likely in any young girl of any period, or, when a little older, in any young woman aware she was dying from tuberculosis. Those of us who first encountered her in the perhaps surprising surroundings of Jean Webster's *Daddy-Long-Legs* may well be astonished to discover what a sympathetic person she was. Not the least pitiable, she is by far the most likable of Mr. Cronin's quartet. It is hard to envisage the other three in any but their own time and environment; Marie is a universal creature, interesting beyond Mr. Cronin's deliberately confined context.



Eve Hanska, by Jean Gigoux, her lover after Balzac's death—"superbly romantic."

## The Six Hundred Million

***The American People and China***, by A. T. Steele (McGraw-Hill. 325 pp. \$7.50), ***Formosa Betrayed***, by George H. Kerr (Houghton Mifflin. 514 pp. \$6.95), and ***America and China***, by Chang Hsin-hai (Simon & Schuster. 288 pp. \$5.95), all examine the road that has led to the current fork in our relations with a people we befriended; but one suggests how it might be eliminated. Eric Britter, a British journalist who has reported on Asian affairs for some twenty-five years, is New York and United Nations correspondent for *The Times* of London.

By ERIC BRITTER

JUST about the biggest question mark in the political world today is: What should the United States do about China? Almost as big is the parallel question: What does China mean to do about the United States? Well, here are three books by experts in their respective fields, and although they give us much information on where we stand and

how we got there, only one—that by Dr. Chang Hsin-hai—attempts to tell us in somewhat sweeping terms what we should do, and none of them tells us precisely where we go from here.

The American people, after more than a century of championing the cause of the Chinese people against all comers, may well feel frustrated at the way things have turned out. By some quirk of history they find themselves ranged in apparently implacable hostility against those whom they had befriended for so long—the 600 million people of mainland China.

It can, of course, be argued—and is so argued by supporters of Nationalist China—that most of the mainland Chinese are kept in unwilling bondage by their Communist masters, that they have nothing but grateful feelings for the United States, and that given half a chance they would rebel against their present rulers and welcome Chiang Kai-shek with open arms. That theory cannot be substantiated unless and until the Nationalists return to the mainland in force, and of this there seems little prospect at present.

Realistically speaking, therefore, we have to face the fact that there is deep-seated enmity between the Peking régime

## Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

### POETS LAUREATE

England's poets laureate have included some of her best poets and some of her worst. Here, in chronological order, are a dozen of them, identified by their initials. James Killen of Chicago wants you to give them their full names and connect each with one of the works listed. Correct completion of more than six entitles you to the Literary I. Q. laurels. Answers on page 55.

- |       |     |                                       |
|-------|-----|---------------------------------------|
| J. D. | ( ) | 1. Alexander's Feast                  |
| T. S. | ( ) | 2. The Battle of Blenheim             |
| N. T. | ( ) | 3. The Careless Husband               |
| N. R. | ( ) | 4. The Grave of King Arthur           |
| C. C. | ( ) | 5. In the Month When Sings the Cuckoo |
| T. W. | ( ) | 6. Lady Jane Grey                     |
| R. S. | ( ) | 7. The Medal of John Bayes            |
| W. W. | ( ) | 8. Nightingales                       |
| A. T. | ( ) | 9. Ode to Duty                        |
| A. A. | ( ) | 10. Panacea, a Poem on Tea            |
| R. B. | ( ) | 11. Reynard the Fox                   |
| J. M. | ( ) | 12. Ulysses                           |

and Washington, an enmity that may yet plunge the world into nuclear war. It is a grim prospect, made the more so by recent events along the southern periphery of China from India to Vietnam. The prospect is not much improved by the knowledge that developments along the western border of China may soon reflect the growing friction between Peking and Moscow.

In the circumstances, what do our first two authors, A. T. Steele and George H. Kerr, have to suggest? (I shall come to Dr. Chang Hsin-hai later.) The former, a long-time foreign correspondent who knows his Asia of old, is obviously as frustrated as most Americans by inability to get firsthand information out of China today. Mr. Steele makes a thorough analysis of the changing course of American public opinion since the rise of Chinese Communism in the Twenties, and he shows how it was affected by the activities of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy and the China lobby. Summing up, he writes:

If there is to be a re-examination of our China policy, those Americans who want it will have to make themselves heard in stronger, clearer and more insistent tones. Only in such circumstances is the President likely to consider taking the initiative in the matter. The late President Kennedy once said that he favored opening windows toward China. He was never able to do much about it because of the need to keep Congress in line on higher priority issues. President Johnson, with a much larger popular mandate and a stronger hold on Congress, has enough political elbow room in which to initiate a public discussion and thoroughgoing restudy of our China policy if he would.

Mr. Kerr is more direct in his approach. He frankly believes that Formosa and its people have been betrayed, principally by the Nationalist Chinese under Chiang Kai-shek, but also to a degree by American policy-makers who did not see to it that Formosa was given the right to self-determination after World War II. He has little patience with the doctrine enunciated by President Truman in 1950 (at the outbreak of the Korean War) to the effect that the "determination of the future status of Formosa must await the restoration of security in the Pacific, a peace settlement with Japan, or consideration by the United Nations."

But, however ardently he espouses the cause of Formosan independence, Mr. Kerr has to admit that its leaders are lacking in unity and drive. They seem to spend most of their time in exile bickering among themselves, from Hong Kong to Tokyo and Philadelphia, while on the island itself they have knuckled down to Nationalist "tyranny."



*"You realize, don't you, that this will change all Western literature!"*

Therefore, the dilemma of the American people is not resolved by either of the first two books under review, much as they add to our background knowledge. Instead, they appear to make the dilemma more acute. Clearly, what is needed is the courage to make that "thoroughgoing restudy" which Mr. Steele envisages, regardless of how much unpopularity and loss of face it may entail.

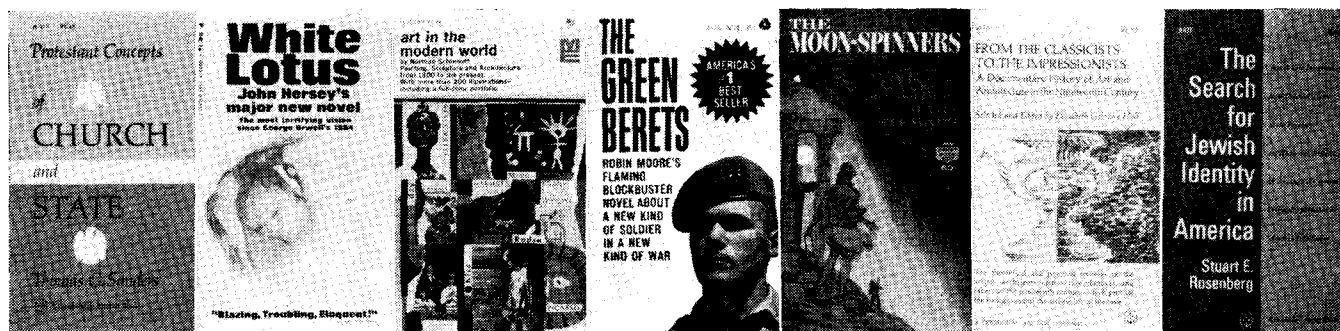
This is where Dr. Chang Hsin-hai comes in. His "restudy," whether one finds it thoroughgoing or not, is calculated to make him unpopular in many quarters. It calls upon the United States to hand over Formosa unconditionally to the Peking régime, admit that the situation in South Vietnam has become "a costly fiasco," abandon its close alliance with Japan and its alleged policy of "persuading India to take up arms against China," and support the admission of Peking to the United Nations.

All this does indeed amount to an "agonizing reappraisal" of America's approach to Asia generally and China in particular. Its advocacy comes rather oddly from a man who, after having served Nationalist China for years as a senior diplomat, has become a self-styled "expatriate" with his family in the United States, where he teaches at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey. Obviously, he has undergone a change of heart and his book, to quote Mr. Edgar Snow's tribute to it, is "candid and even confessional."

But that is not to say that Dr. Chang's arguments are altogether convincing. He devotes one chapter to America's relations with India and another to her relations with Japan, and both are highly biased. Thus, he says that India was "egged on" by the United States to assume "a positively aggressive and antagonistic" attitude toward China, and he quotes Mr. Krishna Menon in support. He sides with Peking in claiming that India invaded China in 1962 rather than the other way round.

Dr. Chang warns that "before we know it, all of Japan may be bristling with bayonets again," and he says, rather vaguely, that Prime Minister Sato "has given the impression—some say more than the impression—that Japan looks forward to a day when she may repossess the island" (Formosa). There are many other tendentious statements in the book.

Such sweeping assertions do not help to strengthen Dr. Chang's main thesis, which is that good feeling between China and the United States is essential for world peace. One can accept that as axiomatic without, however, accepting the author's further suggestion that the present Sino-American enmity "has perhaps evolved according to plans conceived and executed by the masterminds in the Kremlin." This imputation of Machiavellism, like the author's allegations of Indian and Japanese aggressive designs upon China, really puts too much strain on the credulity of any fair-minded man.



## PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

From Maria Edgeworth and Ann Radcliffe, both so beautifully parodied by Jane Austen in *Northanger Abbey*, right down to Daphne du Maurier, who is imitated by practically everyone, the Gothic novel has maintained its traditional formula. The mixture usually includes a gallant if timid heroine, a mysterious hero, a suspicious old retainer dressed in black and rattling keys, a secret door, a rusty dagger or two, and an ill-heated, fog-shrouded castle on a lonely moor, or on a crag teetering at the edge of a foaming sea. Ah, those wuthering heights.

Like the early books, today's fantasies are apt to be written by women, such as Queen of the Gothics Mary Stewart, whose novels including the two newest, *The Moon-Spinners* (Crest, 60¢) and *This Rough Magic* (Crest, 75¢), number nearly 5,500,000 copies in print. Victoria Holt (*The Legend of the Seventh Virgin*, Crest, 75¢), Anne Maybury (*Green Fire*, Ace, 50¢), and Dorothy Eden (*Darkwater*, Crest, 60¢) are typical. On the other hand, the American Dorothy Daniels, Marilyn Ross, and Paula Little, all Berkley authors, are actually Norman Daniels, Dan Ross, and Paul Little. English writers excel at the form. Says Ace editor Evelyn Grippo: "The English get all moody and broody about their countryside, all those old estates and isolated moors."

Not only must the inside of the Gothic novel conform to tradition; so must the outside. Berkley's Jean Kritz says, "Covers must be blue." Red or green will not do. The picture must show a wisp of a girl fleeing alone at night from a sinister castle, darkened except for one lighted window—presumably the room where Mrs. Rochester is chained to the bedpost.

It turns out that few of the Gothic ladies, with the rare exception of Mary Stewart, write under their own names. Both "Joan Winslow" of *Griffin Towers* (Ace, 50¢) and Paperback Library's "Judith Ware" (*The Faxon Secret*, 50¢) are Ware Torrey Budlong. It is curious that "Anne Maybury" hides her real name; it's Edith Arundel, and what could be more Gothic than that? One of the unsolved mysteries is the identity of "Victoria Holt," whose publishers shed no light on her real name or sex. An apparent outstanding example of a male Gothic writer was the late Joseph Shearing, whose deft romances were admired by both Rebecca West and Sinclair Lewis. But, alas, he turned out to be Gabrielle Margaret Long.

**That color and design** are important in selling books is borne out by Bantam's new edition of John Hersey's *White Lotus* in two different covers. The same beautiful girl in shackles appears on both; but one book sketches her subtly in white, while the other shows her off in buy-me bright red. Bantam editors felt that the book appeals to two types of readers, the serious ones attracted by the allegorical implications and the Hersey name and those who do their book-buying on impulse. White or red, for intellectual or browser, the price is the same, \$1.25. . . . An international venture in publishing just launched is World University Library, which gathers scholarly books for laymen from eight countries and in seven languages, and promises more than 100 volumes. First titles include Peter Hall's *World Cities* and Jagdish Bhagwati's *The Economics of the Underdeveloped Countries* (\$2.45 each). McGraw-Hill is the U.S. publisher. Actually, the firm has a double role, distributing the books in Spanish throughout Latin America as part of a McGraw-Hill International venture. . . . That handsome young soldier on the cover of Avon's best-selling *The Green Berets* (95¢) is the real thing. He's twenty-five-year-old S.Sgt. Barry Sadler, a friend of author Robin Moore and a member of the Army's tough, karate-trained combat soldiers. While leading a patrol in Vietnam, Sadler fell onto a poison-tipped bamboo stick. His recuperation gave him time to practice on his guitar, write a few songs about the soldier's lot, and record his own *Ballads of the Green Berets*, which he hopes will do as well as the runaway book.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

### Fiction

Among the less familiar works of Leo Tolstoy are *Childhood*, *Boyhood* and *Youth* (McGraw-Hill, \$1.95), and *Resurrection* (Norton, \$1.95). The first, originally published as three separate books in 1852, 1854, and 1856, when the author was in his twenties, presents him as "Irtenev" in an introspective, autobiographical work that laid the foundations of his fame. The story of a woman unjustly convicted of murder, *Resurrection*, his last novel, completed in 1899, is a blistering attack on the czarist legal and penal systems.

In *Poor White* (Compass, \$1.65), whose theme was anti-industrialism, Sherwood Anderson returned to the Midwestern setting of his masterpiece, *Winesburg, Ohio*. Anderson and his works, strongly American in idea and landscape, played a vigorous part in William Faulkner's development. Faulkner's *Mosquitoes* (Dell, 60¢) recalls New Orleans in the gaudy Twenties. It's still a long way to Yoknapatawpha County. That same year, 1927, Conrad Aiken wrote *Blue Voyage*, included in *Three Novels* (McGraw-Hill, \$2.25), along with *Great Circle* and *King Coffin*. Two years later Aiken won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry. In his preface to *The Collected Short Stories of Conrad Aiken* (Meridian, \$2.95) Mark Schorer calls him one of the true "men of letters" of our times.

An unusual and uneven assortment, edited by Donald M. Allen and Robert Creeley, *New American Story* (Evergreen, \$1.45) samples prose of such lively ones as Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, Michael Rumaker. More direct than the writing are the authors' statements at the end of the book, where Burroughs declares, "Junk is not a kick. It is a way of life." William Eastlake says that "Writers exist so that people can try to recapture their youth, their fresh vision." Le Roi Jones remarks: "My influences have been Joyce, Dante, Burroughs, Ginsberg, Olson, Heidegger, Mao Tze-tung, and Negro music."

Also noted, admirably: John Braine's *The Jealous God* (Popular, 60¢), all