

my carelessness about bad taste. I am not always conscious of bad taste myself, but I am pretty sensitive to what others will call bad taste. I think I have written a lot and sent it off to print before I actually realized strangers might read it." This last sentence suggests that for Faulkner writing was in an almost unique degree a matter of self-expression, not communication. "I listen to the voices," he said to Cowley. This doesn't mean that he wasn't a conscious craftsman; as Cowley puts it, he had talent as well as genius. But it was genius—or something equally mysterious and indefinable—that marked his early work; and perhaps it was no accident that this quality vanished when he was forced to think about the strangers who would be reading what he wrote.

After receiving the Nobel Prize, Faulkner up to a point accepted his public role. He made statements to the papers, went to Japan for the State Department, lectured at West Point, and spent two terms as Writer-in-Residence at the University of Virginia. He believed he had a duty, and he performed it with seriousness and fine courtesy. As I said in talking about *Essays, Speeches and Public Letters of William Faulkner* (SR, Jan. 8, 1966), "In his later years, if he was not as great a writer as he had once been, he was a great gentleman."

Faulkner did not have many friends among literary people, and it is our good luck that he and Cowley hit it off so well. Both Faulkner's letters and Cowley's reminiscences are informative, and Cowley's closing tribute to his distinguished friend is wise as well as warm-hearted.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

#### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1199

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1199 will be found in the next issue.

GCTXZBRP JG ZBIJUZTP D YDIIZU

CS IZYHZUDYZBI DBK BCI CS

JBRCYZ.

—T. H. GYJIW

#### Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1198

Ticket Collector—The man who never wants to see your ticket unless you are asleep.

—E. V. LUCAS.

## LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor



### Twain's Theology

REGARDING A. GROVE DAY'S review of Justin Kaplan's *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, no authentic evidence exists that Mark Twain was in jail either in San Francisco or New York. If he is quoted as saying so, he was simply joking.

As regards Day's statement "Sam never became a Christian," let me quote from what Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton, who officiated at Sam's funeral at the Fifth Avenue Brick Presbyterian Church on 24th April, 1910, wrote me: "To say that 'Mark Twain lived and died an atheist' is to misrepresent grossly the spiritual quality and moral conduct of the man. He felt 'the mystery of godliness' so much that to deny the existence of God would have seemed to him THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENT FOLLY."

In 1885, Clemens wrote a document giving an account of his faith, the first sentence of which was the unequivocal statement: "I believe in God the Almighty" and then: "I think the goodness, the justice, and the mercy of God are manifested in His works. I perceive they are manifested toward me in this life; the logical conclusion is that they will be manifested toward me in the life to come."

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Kirkwood, Mo.

### Killing Jobs

IT IS DEPRESSING TO READ the reviews of *Justice in Jerusalem* and *And the Crooked Shall Be Made Straight* by Arnold L. Fein [SR, July 2]. It is true enough that the world, particularly the West, should not forget that an estimated six million Jews were executed by the German government during World War II. We should not forget the rest either—particularly the huge numbers of East Europeans—though we are reminded of them less often. However, a show trial is not justified as a means of refreshing the memory of the world.

I understand that some members of our Air Force have been put on trial or are about to be put on trial in North Vietnam as war criminals because they bombed a country the United States has not declared war on. As Mr. Fein says, quoting Justice Jackson, there must be a beginning. There must be an ending as well. By Mr. Fein's fine reasoning the Seminoles might well have kidnapped President Jackson and tried him for attempted genocide. They could have made a very good case and might have been justified in killing him—that is, if every "people" have a right to avenge themselves on their enemies in their own courts. . . .

If it is true that "the prisoner in the dock is there because he has refused or is unable or unwilling to cope, meet with, or abide by the rules of the society in which he lives," then it is evident that Eichmann was in the wrong courtroom. He abided by the rules of

his society. If Mr. Fein means that he should have abided by the rules of the society of man, Israel is still the wrong place for the courtroom. . . .

I have not forgotten the crimes of WW II. But what we need to be reminded of, as Hannah Arendt knows and Arnold L. Fein apparently does not, are the horrible things that ordinary people can do. It is not so much the malevolent beasts we must watch out for as the efficient little men just doing their jobs—no matter how inhuman—and saying, "I don't make the rules, buddy."

ROGER GARLAND HORN.

Clarion, Pa.

### A Shade in '65

MY BRAZILIAN FATHER-IN-LAW was amazed to learn that José Lins do Rêgo died in 1937 [SR, July 9]. He claims he saw the writer in São Paulo only a few years ago! According to "o sogro," do Rêgo died around 1964-65 in Rio de Janeiro.

DENNIS J. MAHONEY.

Crawfordsville, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR regrets that, through typographical error, do Rêgo's death in 1957 was anticipated by two decades.

### Parody of Porter

NO DOUBT COLE and all the Porters are gyrating in their crypts if they are aware of Mr. Stanley Weintraub's reference to "Noël Coward's song *Let's Do It*" in his review of *Somerset and All the Maughams* [SR, July 9]. As Mr. Weintraub should know, the title is taken from Mr. Coward's own version of Mr. Porter's song as Coward did it at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas in 1955.

CHASE SMALL.

Boonton, N.J.

### Sir Herbert Released by Horizon

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS, writing from Munich [SR, July 2], quite correctly credits Faber & Faber as the publishers of Herbert Read's new book, *Collected Poems*. Faber & Faber publishes Sir Herbert's work in England. Horizon Press is publisher of the book (and most of Sir Herbert's other books) in America. We published the *Collected Poems* here June 2nd.

COBURN BRITTON.

New York, N.Y.

### Vitiating Two-letter Word

DANIEL STERN'S MISQUOTATION of Emily Dickinson's phrase "zero at the bone" ("The Snake") in his review of *Landscape in Concrete* [SR, June 25] (he says "zero in the bone") interestingly illustrates how just that wrong two-letter word weakens the phrase's startling impact!

CLARENCE NOEL JOHNSON.

Chicago, Ill.

# Whatever Happened to the American Male?

*He has given way to boredom, restlessness, discontent and frustration. Why?*

By RICHARD TAPLINGER, *president of Taplinger Publishing Co.*

THE AMERICAN woman has been dissected, analyzed, and reported on repeatedly during the past several years in an effort to discover where her training for the job she has to do (being a woman) went sour. For most American girls are raised to be almost anything but women—and their husbands and children suffer accordingly. So, too, do these women, unfulfilled as their husbands' competitors and as women.

And where has the American male been all this time? Equally unfulfilled and deflated, insecure and demasculinized by the same rapidly changing society that has knocked the American female off her already precarious feminine balance.

In *The American Male: A Penetrating Look at the Masculinity Crisis* (Coward-McCann, \$5.95) Myron Brenton, an experienced and meticulous researcher in the social sciences, explores in fascinating detail the basic features in contemporary society responsible for the male's loss of his manhood—or at least the loss of his image of himself as a man, which amounts to almost the same thing, except that loss of manhood can be permanent; a lost image can be reconstituted.

This book might have been evaluated by an anthropologist (many of whom contributed ideas to it) or a social scientist (a group also well represented herein) or a male with the problems of his middle-aged generation; it is the last point of view that this comment represents. Mr. Brenton's study will no doubt be read avidly by a great many literate males; every woman who wants to understand men will find it instructive. And by understanding I don't mean the saws "All men are just little boys," or "Men are all the same; they all want the same thing." Actually men do all want very much the same thing, but it isn't quite the simple one generations of girls have been taught by their mothers it is.

What is the male's problem? A thirty-six-year-old civil engineer quoted in the book says, "I don't get it. I've got everything. I really have. All the same, now and then, I get the feeling I'm in a prison or something. Happens when everything's on top of me, closing in,

you know? That's when I start wondering if it's all worth it. Sometimes—this is funny because my Dad didn't have much of anything—sometimes I think he might have been better off."

The author cites an insurance underwriter who admitted, "There are times when I want to chuck it all and take a raft down the Amazon!" A week later he called to say that he was starting to take karate lessons. The insurance underwriter himself provides an object lesson in terms of what is troubling the contemporary American male. He told me that, like everybody else, he has good days and bad ones with his wife, who, he says, is fairly strong-willed. ('Either she tries to boss me around or bitches that I let her boss me.')

"I work hard all day. Get fed up to the teeth with all kinds of people constantly complaining about this and that," a supermarket manager in his thirties told Mr. Brenton. "When I come home, all I want to do is relax. Just dump myself in the easy chair and forget the nagging housewives. So what happens? My wife greets me at the door with a long list of everything that went wrong in her life that day. And the kids are right there, too, with their beefs. That's about the time I'm ready to run—right out to the nearest bar somewhere." Succinctly summing up such male complaints, Dr. Gertrude Hengerer observes: "Men are looked on as people

to come and fill in . . . to mow the lawn and fix the refrigerator. Men are looked on as functional."

The American male's twin problems, says the author, are: "1. How to reconcile the sedentary overrefined present, which is marked by an extreme lack of physical challenges, with the age-old image of the male as hunter, builder, hewer of wood, and drawer of water—a male who, in short, establishes a primitive contact between himself and his surroundings. 2. How to reconcile the supposedly democratic present, with its emphasis on equal rights for women, with the age-old image of the male as provider, protector, and possessor—a male who, in short, is given unquestioned sanction to exercise his patriarchal duties and prerogatives."

And what are the elements that have contributed to his problems? His job gives him no sense of masculine accomplishment; the long hours of work necessary to supply his family's demands cut down his position as head of the family to one of almost noninvolvement. The first time he comes home at 9:00 or 10:00 and no one in the family looks up from the television until the commercial he realizes how very uninvolved he is. The breakdown of barriers between the sexes often has him washing dishes, diapering babies, and doing other jobs he has always regarded as "womanly." His wife's competition as wage earner, even



*"I suppose it's crass as hell, but sometimes when I think of how rich I am, I want to cry out for joy."*