

SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE, Robert Ardrey. Atheneum, \$6.95 (SR, Sept. 17)—Men and mockingbirds do not differ much; the defense of property against attack, asserts Ardrey, is instinctual and cannot be controlled by reason.

FROM SCOTLAND TO SILVERADO, Robert Louis Stevenson. Harvard Univ. Press, \$5.95 (SR, Sept. 3)—A footloose Stevenson is revealed in these sensitively written American travel papers, which include passages hitherto unpublished.

JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER: TWO ROADS TO THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, Peter Stan- sky and William Abrahams. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.50 (SR, Sept. 17)—Vividly por- trayed are two sons of the English intellectual aristocracy whose devotion to democracy im- pelled them to fight and to die for the Re- public.

AMERICA'S POLITICAL DYNASTIES: FROM ADAMS TO KENNEDY, Stephen Hess. Doubleday, \$7.95 (SR, Sept. 10)—The author questions American equalitarianism by demon- strating that the rule of an elite dates back in the U.S. to 1797.

THE MUTED REVOLUTION: EAST GER- MANY'S CHALLENGE TO RUSSIA AND THE WEST, Welles Hangen. Knopf, \$5.95 (SR, Sept. 17)—The two Berlins, maintains this firsthand report, have a common bond— Germany—that may yet surprise both East and West.

THE TIME BETWEEN THE WARS: ARMIS- TICE TO PEARL HARBOR, Jonathan Daniels. Doubleday, \$6.50 (SR, Sept. 3)—A journalis- tic parade of the individuals and incidents that marked this quarter-century in American history.

CHRISTIANS AND CANNIBALS, Norman Mailer. Dial, \$5.95 (SR, Sept. 3)—In a col- lection of occasional pieces, peppered inter- mittently with unoccasional poetry, Mailer

dissects, among other specimens, LBJ, *The Group*, and the amoeba.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON: A BIOGRAPHY, Alexander B. Adams. Putman, \$7.95 (SR, Sept. 10)—For bird-watchers and people- watchers, too, a fresh and loving account of the great naturalist's life and of his strikingly faceted personality.

WITH KENNEDY, Pierre Salinger. Doubleday, \$5.95 (SR, Sept. 3)—Recollections of the author's exciting, often exasperating days as press secretary to JFK, plus a thoughtful dis- cussion of the perplexities of "news manage- ment" in a free society.

BLOOD ACCUSATION: THE STRANGE HIS- TORY OF THE BEILISS CASE, Maurice Samuel. Knopf, \$5.95 (SR, Sept. 10)—Chron- icle in this "Dreyfus case with vodka" are the incredible ritual murder charges against Men- del Beiliss and their purpose: to divert the rallying liberal spirit in turn-of-the-century Russia by instigating a new pogrom.

Fiction

THE FIXER, Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95 (SR, Sept. 10)—The brutal murder of a child, an agitated Czarist Russia, and a malignant anti-Semitic conspiracy (sug- gested by the Beiliss case) form the noose snar- ing poor Yakov Bok, who learns not only to endure but to resist.

THE FACE OF ANOTHER, Kobo Abe. Knopf, \$4.95 (SR, Sept. 10)—A masked scientist asks, "What's in a face?" and learns the answer in all its inter- and intra-personal horror.

THE MUSIC SCHOOL, John Updike. Knopf, \$4.95 (SR, Sept. 24)—Unhappy love is the dominant theme in this latest harvest from the author's prolific sketchboard.

THE MAGIC OF SHIRLEY JACKSON, se- lected by Stanley Edgar Hyman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95 (SR, Sept. 17)—Ideal for the coming wintry nights, an omnibus volume of the works of a fierce visionary, whose eye penetrated the world of cruelty and madness.

JUBILEE, Margaret Walker. Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95 (SR, Sept. 24)—A poet's first novel evokes the colors, sounds, and texture of the Civil War South as experienced by its Negro slaves.

BLACK ANGELS, Short Stories by Bruce Jay Friedman. Simon & Schuster, \$4.50 (SR, Sept. 24)—Sixteen flights of fancy rooted in human reality comprise a new collection from the ever-surprising author of *Stern*.

OFFICE POLITICS, Wilfrid Sheel. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95 (SR, Sept. 17)—A little magazine's shaggy offices, a mad scramble when its charmingly despot Anglo-American editor is temporarily removed, provide the setting for a gleesome book.

TALES FROM MODERN INDIA, edited by K. Natwar-Singh. Macmillan, \$6.95 (SR, Sept. 24)—Introduces a contemporary literature that is still more closely allied to ancient Indian storytelling than to Henry James.

HOG BUTCHER, Ronald L. Fair. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.50 (SR, Sept. 3)—This in- dictment of civic corruption and its crip- pling effects tells of the wanton police shooting of a young Chicago Negro, and of his only avenger, a ten-year-old man.

DARK PLACES OF THE HEART, Christina Stead. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$6.95 (SR, Sept. 17)—A compassionate journey into two dim souls who destroy all they touch, yet re- main strangely unaffected.

ART

Exhibitions

ART OF THE UNITED STATES: 1670-1966, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. A loan exhibition featuring 275 American painters and sculptors celebrates the opening of the new Whitney Museum.

WATER-COLORS AND ILLUMINATED BOOKS BY WILLIAM BLAKE, Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. A fine group of works, all from the splendid collection of the Pierpont Morgan Library, spotlights this eni- gmatic and rarely seen English artist.

MADE OF IRON, St. Thomas University, Hou- ston. Representative iron works of art from the Third Millennium B.C. until today trace the de- velopment of sculpture from the time of the Sumerians to contemporary European and American welders.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY ACQUISITIONS, Cleveland Museum of Art. Nearly 160 works from all periods and countries, often of the highest quality, honor this museum's fiftieth anniversary. Included are paintings and draw- ings by Goya, Giovanni di Paolo, Dürer, Van Dyke, and Ingres. Closes October 16.

100 WORKS FROM THE MONTREAL MU- SEUM OF FINE ARTS, Philadelphia Mu- seum of Art. A loan exhibition of many of Montreal's finest paintings starts a seven-stop tour of the United States. Closes October 23.

PHOTOGRAPHY

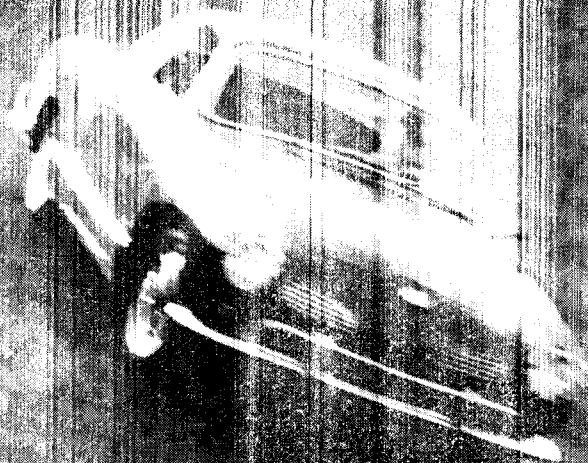
Publications

SANDBURG: PHOTOGRAPHERS VIEW CARL SANDBURG, edited and with an introduction by Edward Steichen. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$10.75. With the master of images revealing the master of imagery, photobiography is at its finest. Reflecting sixty years of close friendship (most of them as "brothers-in-law who became brothers"), the glow of this collective tribute comes straight from the heart of its esteemed editor.

WITNESS TO OUR TIME, by Alfred Eisen- staedt. Viking Press, \$16.95. 400 photographs in black-and-white and color record the past three decades in the life of the world and the world of the *Life* photographer. Through this visual time-capsule one becomes stunningly aware of the coalescence of these two worlds and the role of the photojournalist as history's "fish-eye" lens.



"But by the time I found out money doesn't buy happiness, I already had ten million dollars."



The mighty, new 53 h.p. Pussycat.

(g-r-r-r-r-r)

We've got a ferocious Pussycat on our hands: The Volkswagen Karmann Ghia.

It's running around with a new, air-cooled engine that's producing more power in all four gears.

(In other words, it can now beat an old Karmann Ghia at a stoplight.)

It has a new top speed of 82 mph.

And has new disc brakes up front (the kind you pay extra for on most other cars).

Of course, being a Volkswagen,

there are some things that haven't changed and never will.

Around 28 miles to a gallon of gas... 40,000 miles to a set of tires... VW parts at VW prices... quick service... and a price tag that remains a low \$2250.*

So it's still an economy car.

Only now it growls all the way to the bank.

The Volkswagen
KARMANN GHIA



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Ladybird Country

THE LAST ROSE of summer is the glow that remains from a late-season foray into the redoubt of Jackson Hole, an oblong of high Wyoming plain walled in by the Grand Teton mountains. The Snake River rushes across the face of the flatland connecting the crossroads called Moran, up near Jackson Lake, with the metropolis of Moose. It has to be said that Moose is something less than a city, for it includes no more than a post office, a gas station, a tackle shop, a mountain chapel, a fur-trader museum, and the local headquarters of the National Park Service, which administers the Grand Tetons.

The lakes nudge up against the mountains, and many of them are decorated on the piney shore line with lodges and camp grounds. There is a federal bide-awee for elk to the south, national forests to east and west, Yellowstone to the north. The west is a wall of robust white-capped peaks which the French explorers called the Grand Tetons. It means big bosoms, and at least one guidebook to the area clucks about the "romantic name" which the Gallic pioneers gave it. In the French it is *mammae's* most ribald appellation.

What with the great mountains, the surrounding forests, the silver lakes, the itinerant moose and resident elk, and the pontoon boats skittering down the Snake River, Jackson Hole and the Grand Tetons is Ladybird Country.

What with the Johnsons urging us all

to stay home and gasp at our own landscapes, and the United States Travel Service barking on alien shores for foreigners to visit the U.S.A., it somehow ought to be made easier to breach the mountain fastnesses, especially for those who come by air. The Boeing of Western Airlines which I boarded in Los Angeles was a joy, but the great gladness ended at Salt Lake City. There, one has to change to Frontier Airlines, and never was a flying circus more aptly named. Reservations which had been made for four seats two weeks before, and confirmed by wire, somehow failed to show up on the manifest. "You're on wait list," said each of the three counter clerks who milled about in some confusion. "There are nine in your party, correct?" With no trace of impatience, unless you count the smoke that poured from my ears as I prepared for involuntary blast-off, I whispered quietly, through my teeth, that there were four in my party and that they had confirmed the space fourteen days ago. Four seats they finally, with great effort, found, and obliged us with the favor.

They could have taken nine of us, had there *been* nine of us, for there were fourteen empty seats on the DC-3 they rolled out, no doubt straight from the Smithsonian Institution, to take us to Jackson. It was a bronco ride all the way, and no pioneer passenger riding Upchuck and Earpop Airlines in the 1930s ever had a rougher passage. I confess to

being somewhat wide-eyed, a few days later, when the Denver papers carried stories headlined FRONTIER AIR SETS RECORDS. Operating profit was up to \$749,000 from \$314,000 in July, the month of the strike, and net profit showed a 114 per cent gain. Small wonder.

What makes the Grand Tetons visitable, or at least habitable, for those from the urban East and West are the lodges and campgrounds, most of which have been sprinkled through the Grand Tetons by the ubiquitous Rockefellers, whose innkeeping interests are strung now from the Virgin Islands to Hawaii. Most elaborate of all is Jackson Lake Lodge, a giant cantonment that is the most modern of the national park lodges. Its main house was sited by no less a connoisseur of the grand outdoors than the late John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who, before he let the architects go to work, had a platform built at just the proper height and just the proper angle to get the best view of the Tetons rising there so audaciously across the plain. When he finally gave his approval, the platform was torn down and the building rose on its site, the plate glass windows of the main salon affording visitors the exact view he had ordained.

THE coloring is magnificent in the fall when the aspens turn yellow with a sort of orange blush. With the yellow of the cottonwoods it makes a striking contrast, and nobody minds that the red of the Eastern maples is missing. The streams are low in the fall and clear, and the fish feed off the top, which makes the season ideal for those out to hook a trout—cutthroat, brook, or rainbow. The Yellowstone elk come down from the high altitudes as soon as the season turns cold, and wander into the Jackson refuge—anywhere from 6,000 to 10,000 head. Sometimes, by special permit, they can be hunted, a way of thinning the herd when the land becomes overgrazed. The cold-storage company in Jackson sells elk, and elk or buffalo salami frequently shows up in the lunches packed by the lodges in the Tetons.

In summer there are enough activities to satisfy a Catskill *tumler*. Horseback rides snake over the trails, pack trips penetrate the fastnesses of the forests. Two open-air swimming pools have been built to cool the guests who have come to be refreshed by nature. A new golf course has been built. The lodge itself stages *Gros Ventre*, or Big Belly Breakfasts, twice a week, offering trout, ham, sausage, lamb chops, liver, and breakfast steak all for \$2, cereal, eggs, and juice included. Back of the house, tours cruise through the butcher shop, the bakery, the kitchen. While parents are anesthetizing themselves over a quiet cocktail, ladies hired by the lodge chloroform the



Colter Bay—"Luxury" camping, with cafeteria and dining porch, and swimming from a stone beach, are among pleasures offered in the shadow of the Tetons.

—H.S.