



## BOOKS FOR AUTUMN READING

By ROCHELLE GIRSON, whose "*Maiden Voyages*" will be published next spring.

OUR PERDURABLE animal instincts expounded in Robert Ardrey's *Territorial Imperative* and Konrad Lorenz's *On Aggression* to the contrary, if the proper study of mankind is still man, the fall book calendar all but insists that he be or have been incarnate. Seldom has the year's major publishing season been so fertile with recollections, biographies, letters, and journals of the great. Perhaps never has one been so barren of equally stellar fiction. John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy* and *The Fixer*, by Bernard Malamud, have no apparent American contenders, from now until Christmas, as genuine literary events.

Nevertheless, taking book-seller encomia as an augury, it is predictable that multitudes will delight in *A Dream of Kings*, by Harry Mark Petrakis, whose *Pericles on 31st Street* was the surprise nominee of last year's National Book Award fiction committee. For devotees of Edwin O'Connor's Erin-in-Boston, there will be the nostalgic *All in the Family*; for those who relive the ancient Aegean civilization as reconstituted by Mary Renault, *The Mask of Apollo*—all reviewed in this issue.

Antedating Miss Renault by 1,000 years, in *King of the Two Lands* (Random House, \$4.95, Oct.) archeologist Jacquetta Hawkes demummifies the Pharaoh Akhenaten, allegedly the first to believe there was but one god—and he was the sun. The Normans who invaded England 900 years ago have also had a good press. With compassion for the underdog, Bryher balances the record in *This January Tale* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.50, Nov.). Another vanquished world—that of the Austro-

Hungarian Empire—is re peopled with magnates by Heimito von Doderer in *The Waterfalls of Slunj*, translated from the German by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$6.95, Oct.).

Disillusioned with the theater, August Strindberg echoes Balzac in *The Scapegoat* (Eriksson, \$4.50, Nov.), a tragicomic tale of venality, preening morality, and plunder, for which a Gothic mountain village is the backdrop. Arvid Paulson translated it from the Swedish.

Critics will look hopefully to Berry Morgan, whose Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship was for the first time granted to a promising—and ambitious—writer for the completion of a series of novels. The debutante volume, *Pursuit* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95, Oct.), introduces an aristocratic Mississippi plantation heir and his fanatical bastard son. Concluding the five-volume "Bucksin Man" series, Frederick Manfred, whom some consider "the Faulkner of Siouxsland," tackles an Oedipus theme in *King of Spades* (Trident, \$4.95, Oct.). "When the father returns home and finds his son and wife living together as man and wife, the events that follow," the publisher cautions, "are staggering to read." But not entirely unexpected. Incest figures, too, in *The Son*, by Gina Berriault (New American Library, \$4.50, Nov.). Winner of the *Paris Review*-Aga Khan Fiction Award, the author strips the psyche of a lust-lorn, disillusioned divorcee, who, having unmanned the men in her life, turns to a fifteen-year-old—her own.

More universal, sadly, is the passion in Jessamyn West's *A Matter of Time* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.75, Oct.), in which two sisters conspire to cheat the Grim Reaper of his cancerous victim's terminal agony.

Disdaining popular identification, the avant-garde initial novel in the head-

strong *Paris Review* Editions series, *Tlooth*, by poet Harry Mathews (Doubleday, \$4.95, Oct.), spins, through its protagonist's hallucinations, stories within stories satirizing, among other endeavors, archeology and medical research.

Two years ago Rebecca West published *The Meaning of Treason*, which may, after a decade's recess from fiction, have inspired her to toy with a humorous, turn-of-the-century spy-thriller, *The Birds Fall Down* (Viking, \$5.95).

AUTUMN fiction will also be leavened by a trio of laureled Europeans—Paolo Volponi, Uwe Johnson, and Pierre Gascar. As in his first novel, *My Troubles Began*, Volponi's 1965 Strega Prize-winner, *The World-Wide Machine*, translated from the Italian by Belén Severeid (Crossman, \$5, Oct.), relates the misery of a man awry with industrial society. Uwe Johnson, who received Berlin's Fontane award for *Speculations About Jakob* and the Formentor Prize for *The Third Book About Achim* (to be published in '67), this season appears with *Two Views*, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95, Nov.). The double vision is of a love affair between a West German photographer and an East German nurse frustrated by a contemporary bundling board—the Berlin Wall. Gascar, winner of the Prix Goncourt and Prix des Critiques, draws on his own rustic childhood for a pastorate of innocents with widening eyes in an Aquitaine hamlet. Entitled *The Best Years*, the novel was translated from the French by Merloyd Lawrence (Brazilier, \$5, Oct.).

Postponed from last spring, Françoise Sagan's *La Chamade*, translated from the French by Anne Green (Dutton, \$3.95, Oct.), is a cat's cradle of May-September matings, during which a hedonistic Parisienne reneges on the re-

sponsibilities of adulthood and adultery.

Last winter's *La Bâtarde* acquainted America with the sorrowful life of Violette Leduc. Telling of suppressed tenderness, thwarted love, and deprivation, the three novellas in *The Woman with the Little Fox*, translated from the French by Derek Coltman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95, Nov.), may reveal why Leduc's novels have been hailed by Camus, Cocteau, Genet, Sartre, and de Beauvoir.

Normandy, Burgundy, and Paris are the locales for the stories and a trio of novellas in *The Boarders in the Rue Madame: Nine Gallic Tales* (Morrow, \$4.50, Oct.), by Hallie Burnett, co-editor with Whit Burnett of *Story* magazine. Four of the twenty-one stories are of novella length in John O'Hara's *Waiting for Winter* (Random House, \$5.95, Nov.), which, like most of his titles, will be released on Thanksgiving. Tennessee Williams, too, in *The Knightly Quest* (New Directions, \$5, Nov.), has included a novella with four short stories—concerned, respectively, with a secret space weapon, imminent death, a paragon of selflessness, poor whites, and an interracial bond.

David Caute provides a vivid articulation of African politics and international cultural confrontation in his novel *The Decline of the West* (Macmillan, \$7.95).

Borrowing on Truman Capote, Congressman Gerald R. Ford of the Warren Commission, with the assistance of John R. Stiles, attempts through a "nonfiction novel" to make a recognizable human of Lee Harvey Oswald in *Portrait of the Assassin* (Ballantine, 95¢, Nov.).

Capote himself, as well as two other novelists—John Dos Passos and Vladimir Nabokov—this fall reminisce. There's no cold blood in Capote's reissued *Christmas Memory*, a nosegay to a boyhood Southern Yule (Random House, \$5, autographed, \$10, Nov.). The part of his beloved old-maid cousin will be played by Geraldine Page in the color film of the story, narrated by the author, to be presented on ABC-TV December 23rd. For *The Best of Times* (New American Library, \$5.95, Nov.), Dos Passos retracks his literary path to Paris in the Twenties, when he sharpened pencils with Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Joyce. First written by Nabokov during the Second World War, *Speak, Memory* (Putnam, \$6.75, Nov.) enlarges and substantiates from formerly unavailable archives an incandescent picture of the author's privileged youth in czarist Russia as heir to luxury, culture, and a politically liberal family tradition.

Scotching the legend that the late Prime Minister was an underachiever at Harrow, the first volume of his journalist son Randolph's biography, *Winston S. Churchill: Youth 1874-1900* (Hough-

ton Mifflin, \$10, Nov.), mines the P.M.'s first three decades' correspondence for, among other nuggets, the intelligence that Master Winston simply saw through the twaddle of conventional schooling, hence riveted his attention on subjects he thought useful.

Although he didn't learn to read until he was nine, Woodrow Wilson at the age of eighteen began methodically to horde his letters, scrapbooks, class notes, and essays. These, together with official and unofficial memorabilia, will ultimately fill forty volumes, edited by Arthur S. Link, who wrote the definitive biography of our twenty-eighth President. An endearing exhibit of Volume I, *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson 1856-1880* (Princeton Univ. Press, \$15, Oct.), is a shorthand diary that Wilson—then known as Tommy—kept as an undergraduate.

The first poet to address an American President's Inaugural asked Princeton Professor Lawrence Thompson nearly three decades ago to be his official biographer. "You've had a long time to turn me over in your mind," Robert Frost commented twenty years later. Thompson's first volume, *Robert Frost: The Early Years (1894-1915)* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$12.50, Oct.), sifts the complexities of the man and his art.

How a solid insurance executive could be an avant-garde poet may be explained in the *Letters of Wallace Stevens*, edited by the paradox's daughter, Holly Stevens (Knopf, \$14, Oct.). Included in some 800 letters are observa-



tions on creativity and truth. For those who like to read other people's mail there will also be Volumes II and III of the *Letters of James Joyce*, edited by the novelist's biographer Richard Ellmann (Viking, \$25. Vol. I, revised, \$10. Boxed set of Vols. I, II, and III, \$35, Dec.). *Epitaphs of Our Times: The Letters of Edward Dahlberg* (Braziller, \$6.50, Nov.) also contains exchanges with luminaries, among them, Stieglitz, Dreiser, and Sherwood Anderson.

The first chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission retired at the age of forty-nine. His attempts at subsequent adjustment are the thrust of *The Journals of David E. Lilienthal, Volume III: Venturesome Years, 1950-1955* (Harper & Row, \$10, Oct.). The book's geography ranges from Wall Street to the Indus Valley, its personae from a Colombian dictator to Katharine Cornell.

"Louis XIV fell in love with Versailles and Louise de La Vallière at the same

time; Versailles was the love of his life." Thus Nancy Mitford sets the crisp tone of her opulently illustrated biography *The Sun King* (Harper & Row, \$15, Oct.), a refreshing refreshing of the seventeenth-century monarch, his mansion and multitude of minor amours. Contemporary fiction may have readied the world for the unbowdlerized memoirs of a notorious eighteenth-century philanthropist, poet, essayist, adventurer, Freemason, Rosicrucian, and librarian. For 145 years his racy anecdotes as an ultimately fatigued womanizer were gelded and pruned. Now faithfully rendered into English by Willard R. Trask, they will appear as *History of My Life: Volumes I and II Combined by Giacomo Casanova* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$7.50, Nov.). An extraordinary contemporary of Casanova is revealed in all her vivacity in *The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Volume III: 1752-1762* (Oxford, \$13.45, Oct.), edited by Robert Halsband. And another vibrant personality—the great Bernhardt—is the subject of a spirited biography, *Madame Sarah* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95, Oct.), by Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Inspired by Somerset Maugham's *A Writer's Notebook* (the author dismissed it as "jottings, nothing more. Grand for the . . . W. C."), for two decades director-playwright Garson Kanin conscientiously recorded immediately thereafter what he saw and heard during visits with the cultivated and splenetic Very Old Party. *Remembering Mr. Maugham* (Atheneum, \$5.95, Oct.) is Kanin's entertaining collation. "Willie" Maugham is also among the British literary and political lions remembered in *Harold Nicolson's Diaries* (Atheneum, \$7.50, Nov.). Edited by Nigel Nicolson, who incorporates letters to his mother, the novelist Victoria Sackville-West, this first instalment of a cosmopolite's journal weaves an elegant tapestry of the Thirties. The autobiography *Virgil Thomson* (Knopf, \$7.95, Oct.) begins with recollections by the composer and music critic of his birthplace, Kansas City, Mo., a wide-open town jiggling to the *Twelfth Street Rag*; it concludes with a plea for the establishment of a musical sociology. Interspersed with observations on his craft are memories galore—not least of the irrepressible Gertrude Stein, with whom Thomson created the opera *Four Saints in Three Acts*.

Although he bit the dust before he found it in gold, a tall, handsome Fortyniner with an keen sense of the dramatic left a treasure in his *Gold Rush Diary: Being the Journal of Elisha Douglass Perkins on the Overland Trail in the Spring and Summer of 1849*, now edited by Thomas D. Clark (Univ. of Kentucky Press, \$8.75, Nov.).

The art world and its fanciers will welcome Nicky Mariano's *Forty Years*

with Berenson (Knopf, \$5.95, Oct.), in which the protégée of the celebrated Renaissance connoisseur reports candidly on a civilized *ménage à trois*. Berenson hid at I Tatti during the Nazi scourge. René Gimpel, who trafficked principally in medieval tapestries, Rembrandts, and Watteaus, died in a labor camp in 1944. His journal, *Diary of an Art Dealer*, translated from the French by John Rosenberg (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.95, Nov.), contains vignettes of Degas, Picasso, Matisse, Renoir, and Braque. Mobiles and stables are the stuff of *Calder: An Autobiography* (Pantheon, \$15, Nov.), which is illustrated with photographs by the sculptor.

Figuring in Wallace Fowle's critical biography *Jean Cocteau: The History of a Poet's Age* (Indiana Univ. Press, \$5, Oct.) are Apollinaire, Diaghileff, Maritain, Genet, Mistinguette, and Stravinsky. The last and his music are analyzed in Eric Walter White's *Stravinsky: The Composer and His Works* (Univ. of California Press, \$18.50, Oct.).

The grand Old Lady of Thirty-ninth Street was metamorphosed into a dazzling debutante at Lincoln Center September 16th. To complement the milestone, SR's Music Editor Irving Kolodin updated and expanded his chronicle of her glories and flaws, *The Metropolitan Opera, 1883-1966* (Knopf, \$15).

Robert Lewis Taylor, Pulitzer-prized for his novel *The Travels of Jaimie McPheeter*, hazards a hatchet woman in *Vessel of Wrath* (New American Library, \$6.95, Nov.). Not only did she sling at saloons; the redoubtable Carry Nation was also testy about tobacco and sex.

"It's just a minor affliction," Earl Schenck Miers dismisses his cerebral palsy; he's always been too busy living—being a historian and juvenile author, editor and father—to be downed by "the shakes" that have dogged him since birth. Persuaded now to write about himself, Mr. Miers, who has thirty-eight impersonal titles to his credit, offers encouragement to the handicapped and particularly their parents in *The Trouble Bush* (Rand McNally, \$5.95, Nov.).

The man and his mail-order bride who excavated Troy and Mycenae more than once found their marriage in shards, according to *One Passion, Two Loves*, by Lynn and Gray Poole (Crowell, \$6.95, Oct.), who from newly unearthed letters, diaries, and photos have reconstructed the turbulent private and public lives of Heinrich and Sophia Schliemann.

Rather than surrender to the Romans after a three-year siege, in 73 A.D. 960 Zealots committed suicide in a rock fortress overlooking the Dead Sea. In *Masada* (Random House, \$12.95, Oct.) the spading from 1963-65 that uncovered one of history's most heroic struggles is recapitulated by the director of the ar-

cheological expedition, Yigael Yadin, who was Chief of the General Staff of the army during Israel's War of Liberation. To document *The Pleasure of Ruins* (Walker, \$7.50, Nov.), British novelist Rose Macaulay dug into her own reactions to the monuments of the past, as well as the impressions of such literary gadabouts as Petrarch, Goethe, Shelley, Byron, and James. Illustrated with photographs, the volume combines a cerebral and visual projection into ancient civilizations as far afield as Angkor and Macchu Pichu.

Catherine Drinker Bowen, author of *Yankee from Olympus* and *The Lion and the Throne*, dramatically retells the genesis of our own country in *Miracle at Philadelphia: The Story of the Constitutional Convention, May to September 1787* (Little, Brown, \$7.50, Nov.). Daniel Boorstin, winner of the Bancroft award for *The Colonial Experience*, has edited *An American Primer* (Univ. of Chicago Press, \$14.95, Oct.), to which eighty-three ranking U.S. historians have contributed and commented upon what they regard as the nation's most seminal documents since the Mayflower Compact. A companionable two-volume set is *The Historians' History of the United States* (Putnam, \$16.95, Nov.), edited by Andrew S. Berky and James P. Shenton, who have winnowed from works by the specialists the crucibles in America's growth.

**E**VIDENCING the desuetude of one—the Monroe Doctrine—is the plethora of books about Vietnam. Frank N. Trager, professor of international affairs at New York University, offers an overview of the war there and its import to the free world in *Why Viet Nam?* (Praeger, \$4.95, Oct.). Disassociating himself from any school of thought on the war, USIA official Douglas Pike, who for the past twenty years has lived in Japan, Korea, the Philippines, and Vietnam, reproduces in *Viet Cong* (M.I.T. Press, \$8.95, Nov.) many of the circa 200 NLF documents captured in battle. From these, buttressed by interviews with 150 Viet Cong defectors, emerges a self-portrait of the Communist insurgent movement in South Vietnam.

What America's purpose in a turbulent world should be is among the questions weighed by John Bartlow Martin in *Overtaken by Events* (Doubleday, \$7.95, Oct.), an account of the Dominican crisis, in which, as President Johnson's personal envoy, Martin was a participant. Intrigue figures in both his book and that of Hernane Tavares de Sá, *The Play Within the Play: The Inside Story of the UN* (Knopf, \$5.95, Oct.), purportedly an "exposé of what really goes on" at the United Nations Plaza. Cogitating "the implicit logic of relations among politically organized col-

lectivities" is the loftier purpose of French political theorist Raymond Aron's *Peace and War: A Theory of International Relations* (Doubleday, \$10, Oct.).

A founder of Students for a Democratic Society and supporter of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, twenty-six-year-old Jack Newfield spells out in *Prophetic Minority* (New American Library, \$5, Nov.) the planks of the New Left and scores the inequalities that seeded the Socialist-oriented rebellion. Employing the tape-recorder technique of his *Children of Sanchez*, Oscar Lewis pinpoints one example of inequality in *La Vida: A Puerto Rican Family in the Culture of Poverty—San Juan and New York* (Random House, \$10, Nov.). TV entertainer Steve Allen excoriates another in *The Ground Is My Table* (Doubleday, \$3.95, Nov.), in which he inveighs against the injustice to the migrant farm laborer, who even after Steinbeck's eye-opening *Grapes of Wrath* still suffers oblivion. A guaranteed annual income is mandatory, asserts Richard M. Elman in *The Poorhouse State: The American Way of Life on Public Assistance* (Pantheon, \$5.95, Nov.). Implicit in the words of the welfare "cases" interviewed by the novelist, poet, critic, and broadcaster is an indictment of the bureaucratic methods that shrivel the spirit of indigent recipients. The hammer and sickle emblemizes the answer to want among many. In *The Searchers: Conflict and Communism in an Italian Town* (Quadrangle, \$6.95, Oct.) former relief worker Belden Paulson in collaboration with ex-Communist leader Athos Ricci takes the pulse of discontent that, but thirty miles from Rome, swiveled 75 per cent of a community to the Left.

Perhaps more disturbing to the Italians is Gabriella Parca's thesis that they're largely lousy lovers. Mollycoddled, narrow-minded weaklings—that's what Signorina Parca discovered during depth interviews with gentlemen aged twenty to fifty, reported in *Love Italian Style* (Prentice-Hall, \$4.95, Nov.).

A thorn to Rome, if not the Italians, offers a more sanguine view than heretofore of the Catholic Church in *Paul Blanshard on Vatican II* (Beacon, \$5.95, Oct.), in which the Ecumenical Council's endorsement of social reform is applauded for having "brought the Church down from pie in the sky to the great human movements for peace, racial justice and plenty." To Millar Burrows's mind, "an excellent instrument of the ecumenical dialogue now being undertaken" is Father Alexander Mone's  
(Continued on page 81)





# The Literary Sampler

Excerpts from the Season's Well-Seasoned Titles

## The Art of Staring

THE LEGEND, PARTLY FOSTERED BY HIMSELF, that Winston was a preternaturally stupid little boy has doubtless encouraged habits of indolence in many generations of other schoolboys, and has no doubt often afforded some solace to their parents. We have seen enough of his work to denounce this legend as false. He was not stupid; indeed he early showed originality of mind. He was obstinate, rebellious and mischievous. No one could not make him do or learn anything against his will. Unthinking schoolmasters found it easier to write him off as stupid than to scrutinize and adapt their own methods. Yet, despite his ostensible failure at school, these unhappy years were far from wasted. His parents kept him at a distance and this, combined with his mutinous outlook at school, early compelled him to stand on his own feet and to make his way in the world by his own exertions and by his own methods. He had to fight every inch of his road through life; nothing came easily to him, not even oratory and writing, in which he was later to excel. To achieve success he had to develop that intense power of concentration which, as it grew, was to serve him and his fellow countrymen so well. In later life he was fond of quoting Napoleon's phrase: *L'art de fixer les objets longtemps sans être fatigué*. This priceless gift was perhaps intuitive to Napoleon—but it had to be remorselessly mastered by Winston. Nonetheless history may decide that he ultimately exercised this mental power as abundantly as did Napoleon.

—From "Winston S. Churchill, Youth, 1874-1900," by Randolph S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin, Nov.).

## Mickey Finn for Moths

LET ME ALSO EVOKE THE HAWKMOTHS, the jets of my boyhood! Colors would die a long death on June evenings. The lilac shrubs in full bloom before which I stood, net in hand, displayed clusters of a fluffy gray in the dusk—the ghost of purple. A moist young moon hung above the mist of a neighboring meadow. In many a garden have I stood thus in later years—in Athens, Antibes, Atlanta—but never have I waited with such a keen desire as before those darkening lilacs. And suddenly it would come, the low buzz passing from flower to flower, the

vibrational halo around the streamlined body of an olive and pink Hummingbird moth poised in the air above the corolla into which it had dipped its long tongue. Its handsome black larva (resembling a diminutive cobra when it puffed out its ocellated front segments) could be found on dank willow herb two months later. Thus every hour and season had its delights. And, finally, on cold, or even frosty, autumn nights, one could sugar for moths by painting tree trunks with a mixture of molasses, beer, and rum. Through the gusty blackness, one's lantern would illumine the stickily glistening furrows of the bark and two or three large moths upon it imbibing the sweets, their nervous wings half open butterfly fashion, the lower ones exhibiting their incredible crimson silk from beneath the lichen-gray primaries. "*Catocala adultera*!" I would triumphantly shriek in the direction of the lighted windows of the house as I stumbled home to show my captures. . . .

—From "Speak, Memory," by Vladimir Nabokov (Putnam, Nov.).

## Stress

. . . PRESENTLY I HEAR MYSELF saying to WSM, "This beauty [Vivien Leigh] and I had one hell of a scrap the other night, and it was all on account of you."

"How so?" asks Maugham.

"Well," I explain, "we were talking about *Then and Now* and I referred to the play as *mandraGola*, which is the way we say it in America. At least, it's the way we said it when I was a student at the American Academy and we did the first act of it as an examination play." Maugham's eyebrows are arched. Vivien wants to talk, but I will not let her. "I know it's said differently in England and differently in Italy. But *we* say *mandraGola*. So, of course, my friend here put me down pretty sharply—"

Vivien interrupted. "Not sharply enough," she said. "I don't know *why* he insists on being so stubborn. We all know it's pronounced *mandRAgola*."

I take over again. "Just a minute, baby. We've got the horse's mouth right here. Mr. Maugham, what is the correct pronunciation?"

"Well," said Maugham, "so far as I know, there is no question that the name—" here he took a sip of his stinger before continuing "—is pronounced 'mmmm-mm-mmmm'. . ."

I was horrified. Something about our nervous excitement had communicated itself to him and he was stuck on that "m." In this case it was not possible to switch to another word. Under the table I saw him snap his fingers and punch his palm; above the table his anguished face was still trying to free the word.

"Mmmmm-m . . ." His face exploded. His jaw went mad, his eyes rolled back in his head, and out roared the word, 'mmmagenaMERingolaMEDranLOLO!'

Ruth closed her eyes. I felt my face flush. People at the surrounding tables looked over at us, and even one or two of the waiters could not help but stare.

"There. What did I tell you?" I heard Vivien say with cool, casual triumph.

—From "Remembering Mr. Maugham," by Carson Kanin (Atheneum, Oct.).

## The Looks of Music

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY I took Miss Stein a musical manuscript, the setting for voice and piano of her *Susie Asado*. Reply was instant:

. . . I like its looks immensely and want to frame it and Miss Toklas who knows more than looks says the things in it please her a lot and when I know a little other than its looks but I am completely satisfied with its looks, the sad part was that we were at home but we were denying ourselves to everyone having been exhausted by the week's activities [actually that was the day she cut off her hair] but you would have been the exception you and the Susie, you or the Susie, do come in soon we will certainly be in Thursday afternoon any other time it is luck but may luck always be with you and a happy New Year to you

always

GERTRUDE STEIN.

—From "Virgil Thomson," by Virgil Thomson (Knopf, Oct.).

## Order in the Court

HUMOR BUBBLES UP through the dramatic tides of contest in the most unexpected ways. A blue-coated court attendant reported to Justice Geller that one of the jurors was taking notes. This resulted in a conference with counsel and then the judge's learned lecture to the jurors on the inadvisability of this practice. Although it was not forbidden, it sometimes gave the juror the notion, when he got into the jury room, that his arguments were entitled to more weight because he had memoranda to back up his recollection. This would upset the desired objective of free and equally balanced discussion. If a juror needed to have his memory refreshed, he could call for the particular testimony or exhibit and the stenographer would read it to all the jurors. Furthermore, while making notes the juror's attention might be