

Aron, Lord Franks, and Eric Weil answered the call. Now their essays, collected in *A New Europe?* (Beacon, \$3.45), edited by Stephen R. Graubard, probe Continental changes in education, culture, and basic attitudes toward the United States. One of the most formidable European figures of this century is also the author of one of its most imposing documents, *The Complete War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle* (Essandess, \$3.95), translated by Jonathan Griffin and Richard Howard. This illuminating book provides a magnificent key to the man who believes with a crusader's zeal that his destiny and that of France are interwoven. Fine history, with recollections of Churchill and Roosevelt and other wartime leaders, the *Memoirs* are also wonderfully poetic. *Le Maitre*, for instance, recalls, "As a young native of Lille living in Paris, nothing struck me more than the symbols of our glories: night falling over Notre Dame, the majesty of evening at Versailles, the Arc de Triomphe in the sun, conquered colors shuddering in the vault of the Invalides." As a footnote to the dark years of the Forties, William L. Langer's *Our Vichy Gamble* (Norton, \$2.25) speculates on what might have been had we not taken the course we did in our wartime French policy. It's all a little like Sunday morning quarterbacking but interesting as sidelights.

Many of the long-range shifts in European structure are the results of what in a clear, well-stated study Englishman G. H. Hudson, borrowing John F. Kennedy's phrase, calls *The Hard and Bitter Peace* (Praeger, \$2.50). While noting the rise of American influence in Europe since 1945, Hudson examines the differences between its potency and that of earlier foreign forces, and scrutinizes as well the weight of African and Asian states on the transatlantic scales. Thomas C. Schelling is also interested in international change, but in *Arms and Influence* (Yale University Press, \$1.95) his concern is how military power has been altered since the advent of nuclear weapons. Both Berlin and Cuba serve as examples of the "diplomacy of violence."

## Penmen

A. E. Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway* (Bantam, \$1.25) was the book that the novelist's widow tried to stop, although on the paperback cover one critic is quoted as saying that "Papa would have approved of it." It's doubtful. As uncompromising as Hemingway might have been, no one could savor the spectacle of himself in all his weakness, childish egotism, desperate search for youth, vitality and, indeed at the very last, for sanity itself. Nor in his hefty (722 pp.) and fascinating biography *Dreiser* (Bantam, \$1.25) does W. A. Swanberg spare his subject. He reveals

the writer as thoroughly unattractive—a rough, tough man, a lecher, a braggart, with little of the compassion he showed in such great novels as *Sister Carrie*.

John Middleton Murry's *Jonathan Swift* (Noonday, \$2.25), long unavailable, is a meaty account of the eighteenth-century satirist, who was as peculiarly perverse as some of Gulliver's fellow-travelers. The essence of a writer's work is reassessed in books by Albert J. Guerard and Richard Chase. Guerard's *Conrad the Novelist* (Atheneum, \$2.65) tries to isolate those qualities which distinguish the fiction, while Chase's *Walt Whitman Reconsidered* (Apollo, \$1.65) explores the idea that Whitman's complexity included the "good, gray poet" as well as the "obscene and immoral old man."

No less complex a personality is studied by Thomas Johnson in *Emily Dickinson* (Atheneum, \$2.75). Like Whitman she was frequently misunderstood. True, says Johnson, she was the willowly, white-clad Amherst recluse, but at the same time, an independent, strong-willed woman.

Among the more subtle views of Marcel Proust is Roger Shattuck's brilliantly illuminating *Proust's Binoculars* (Vintage, \$1.65). With remarkable perception Shattuck explores the shadowy relationship between time and light, past and present.

## Stage Front

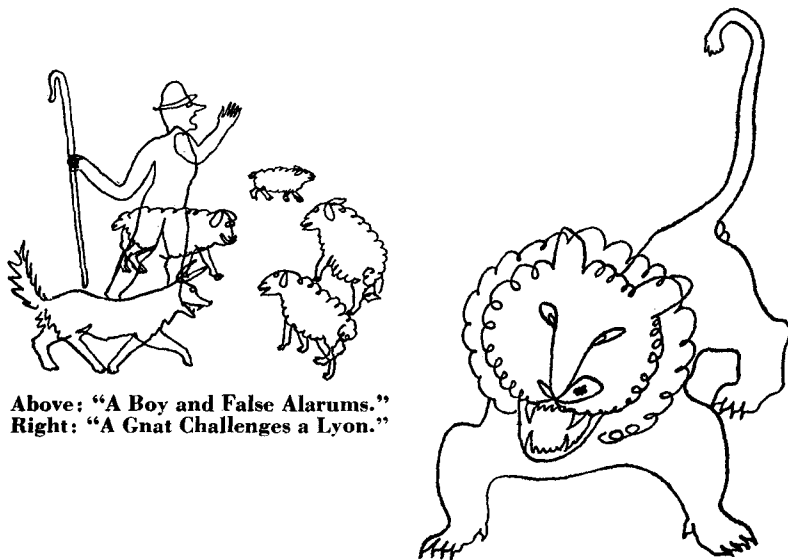
For anyone to whom "the Method" is still a mystery, *Stanislavski and America* (Premier, 95¢), edited by Erika Munk, goes a long way toward solving

it. Stella Adler, Sanford Meisner, Lee Strasberg are center-stage to interpret the impact of the Moscow Art Theater upon our own drama. One of the best pieces is a lengthy interview with actress Geraldine Page, who went so far as to clarify aspects of her role in *Summer and Smoke* with a psychoanalyst. Another contributor to the book is Eric Bentley, recent recipient of the George Jean Nathan Award for dramatic criticism and the author of *The Life of the Drama* (Atheneum, \$2.95) a sober, balanced account of various dramatic forms by a man who can eagerly appreciate both Racine and Brecht.

A youthful critic and one often on the griddle these days is Robert Brustein. As dean of the Yale Drama School, he has been outspoken in his defense of the "peace plays" produced under his aegis. If the essays in *Seasons of Discontent* (Essandess, \$1.95) are often outrageous, they also comprise a lively and provocative survey of the New York theater from 1959-65, when he was the *New Republic's* critic. Among plays reviewed: Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* ("the enormous sum of Zero"); Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* ("For sheer theatrical skill, no American, not even Williams, can match him").

One of the drama's most original creators, August Strindberg also wrote a series of strange autobiographical "novels," which remain unique in their blend of fancy and fact. *A Madman's Defense* (Anchor, \$1.25) indicts his first wife, the actress Siri von Essen, for her attempts through infidelities to drive him mad. It all reads like a Bergman script.

A literary collector's item is the 1931 limited Paris edition of *Fables of Aesop*, now here in a charming paperback facsimile (Dover, \$1.25). Neatly retold by the seventeenth-century's Sir Roger L'Estrange, the text, preserving words like "lyon" and "wolfe," is quaint. However, fifty wonderfully inventive Alexander Calder drawings, impertinent as any of the artist's wire sculptures, make a delightful, modern counterpoint to the thoroughly moral tales.



Above: "A Boy and False Alarums."  
Right: "A Gnat Challenges a Lyon."

# One With the World

**Maiden Voyages: A Lively Guide for the Woman Traveler**, by Rochelle Girson (Harcourt, Brace & World. 245 pp. + Appendix and Index. \$5.75), shares the joys and jolts experienced by SR's book review editor while journeying about four continents. Co-author with Cornelia Otis Skinner of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," Emily Kimbrough has also written about her holidays abroad in "Forever Old, Forever New: Travel in Greece," "Pleasure by the Busload," "Water, Water Everywhere," and "So Near and Yet So Far."

By EMILY KIMBROUGH

ANY WOMAN, if she is like Rochelle Girson, can travel alone anywhere. I should like a show of hands from those who could do this: Duffel bag in hand, Miss Girson on foot left a hotel at Ibarra in Ecuador to catch a bus to the Otavalo fair at half past four in the morning. She could hear, and see in the moonlight, an Indian following her. However, sprinting she reached the bus stand before he caught up.

The crowd waiting there deflected his pursuit. She pushed her way onto the

**A belly-flop into the Otavalo mud—a raisin-eyed Indian boy to the rescue.**

—Photographed in Ecuador by Rochelle Girson.



bus; a local woman "carrying a huge bundle lost her footing and fell flat against the steep steps, which did not deter a big man from using her as a ladder. . . . When the bus halted at Otavalo, the passengers poured out. The Indians were clustered nearby as I stumbled off the high bottom step and took a belly-flop into the mud—a comedy turn that convulsed them. A raisin-eyed Indian boy helped me up, slung the strap of my flight bag over his shoulder, and said to me in Spanish that he would be my guide. He told me his name was Manuel Dias and that he had eight years. I blotted up as much of the mud as I could with a tissue, smiled at the Indians to show that I, too, liked a good laugh, and, heigh-ho, we were off to the fair."

All those who raised hands may now follow Miss Girson. She will lead you and, anticipating every exigency, great or small, show you how to emerge triumphant and solvent. All you need provide, beyond what she advises, are fortitude, energy, and fearlessness.

Miss Girson did not set out to be a solitary traveler, but after a shakedown cruise she eliminated companions because they overweighed her. Solo she could do more, move faster, and make new friends more widely and frequently.

A woman standing alone with bags too heavy to carry and no taxi in sight will attract a man without sinister purpose—on his part. He only wants to help the helpless little creature. If that journey's end is the deposit of her bags at the hotel, and dinner or drinks at a café not suitable for an unescorted woman, his purpose and hers have been happily achieved.

For a number of years I have put in a notebook practical suggestions as I have come upon them in travel books. As I read *Maiden Voyages* I started to extract items for my list. I began to lag around page sixteen. At page twenty-three I gave up: I was transposing the whole book longhand to my memorandum pad. I have never found so much travel information packed so solidly into such a modest container—245 pages.

In addition to the hardy show-of-hands group who will follow this blazer of a single-file trail, there is the middle-of-the-road traveler who likes a companion on either side. I belong here. After saying where I would like to go, I want someone else to do the mapping

out. This is partly because I cannot read maps, and partly because I am easily confused by timetables. I winced when I read how much money Miss Girson tells me I could save by doing without the services of a travel agent, but realistically I know that the price of incompetence has to be included in my budget.

There is a third group of travelers. It is made up of the stay-at-homes, who have little opportunity to go away but who take flight or ship vicariously, by reading. They are not interested in the minutiae of transportation. They like to know what happened when the writer got there. A great deal happens to Miss Girson.

*Maiden Voyages* belongs to all these groups. The reason for this wide membership is Miss Girson's capacity for enjoyment. She relishes what she sees, hears, even smells, and relishes her preparations for enjoyment. Hers is an invitation to laughter, frequently audible, and to learning—in practical areas. She expects you to do your reading elsewhere for history and art.

She does not want me for a companion and, frankly, I do not want her; I have neither her stamina nor digestion; but I will not travel again without *Maiden Voyages* by my side.

ALTHOUGH I MISSED HAVING *manna* in the Fertile Crescent, I did try *sangat*, an unleavened Persian bread that looks like whole-wheat matzo and tastes like damp ones. Isfahan bakeries festoon their fronts with them—evidently not to dry out. In Egypt, as an appetizer, one dips folds of *pita*, a similar pancake, into *homos*, which is a paste of chick-peas diluted with one of *tehina*, and that's sesame seeds puréed with water.

The whole Middle East has marvelous kebabs, which means any grilled meat (the "shish" is the skewer). The Iranians distill the petals of the damask rose and other blossoms to flavor their puddings and sweets, and are fond of throwing cherries, apples, nuts, and a variety of dried fruit into their *khoreshes*, or stews. One of them—*Mullah Ghas Kardeh* (Swooned Priest)—is said to be so succulent that the *mullah* fainted from the joy of eating it. The Turks, who claim to have invented the kebab, have a dish called *Imam Bayildi* composed of the same ingredients—eggplant, onions, and tomatoes—that *their* prayer leader, the *imam*, liked so much he also fainted. (I get a bit of vertigo myself from eggplant.) Regardless of who was its innovator, the Turks win hands down with the most sensual-sounding victuals: e.g., a typical dessert, *Kadin Göbeği*, or Lady's Navel, and *Kadin Budu*, Lady's Thighs, which is meatballs.

—From the book.