

hospitals, especially as a four-dollar-a-month surgeon reveal Sam's dedication to his profession.

Nevertheless, Sam's innermost feelings don't penetrate the bulk of his book. What does a man ponder as he suffers a dozen years of personal torment, nearly ten of them in penal servitude, and then finally savors vindication—which comes from the same legal machinery that snatched away his prime years?

It is understandable that Sam's absorption with legal minutiae has become virtually an obsession, but these, from 1954-61, were thoroughly covered in the original book by Paul Holmes, *The Sheppard Murder Case*, published in 1961. (Strangely, this pioneer work is never specifically named by Sheppard in *Endure and Conquer* although attorney F. Lee Bailey in his eloquent foreword concedes that without it, "Sam would still be languishing behind prison walls.") Similarly, details of his wife Marilyn's murder July 3, 1954, and of Sam's comfortable life before the tragedy were copiously covered two years ago in *My Brother's Keeper*, written by Dr. Stephen Sheppard with Paul Holmes. Moreover, the prisoner's "mail romance" was widely reported in a 1964 North American Newspaper Alliance six-parter by Ariane herself as told to Jeanne King.

Sam's relentless recitation of familiar facts tends to numb the mind and emotions. What the reader—painfully conscious of the man's agony—wants to know of Sam Sheppard's personal story is not told. Whether as a result of natural reticence, an emotional block, legal caution, or publication pressure, the book's tone is too often flat, corny, even self-righteous.

For example, his brother Steve's boundless devotion and humor in cheering Sam for a decade elude this story. But Sam does complain that Steve—with whom his son Chip lived while he was in prison—passed on his "cynical traits" to the boy, and that Steve also encouraged the youth in scholastics rather than athletics, which Sam would have preferred.

Obviously, the second Mrs. Sheppard is no ordinary woman; one gets tantalizing glimpses of a complex and sensitive nature, but in her husband's autobiography little is revealed beyond Ariane's flamboyant side, which has already been overexposed.

The book has other lapses. The author fails to illuminate the backstage battle between the Ohio M.D.s and osteopaths, which may have partially influenced Sam's original conviction. He never mentions the New York private detective hired by the Sheppard family to prove his innocence.

It is exasperating to encounter phrases that suggest a revealing anecdote but

never tell it: "I am aware how this was accomplished, but it is better left unsaid"; "facts had been developed over the years that reflected unkindly on Marilyn"; "a witness who will not be named in this book."

The book also contains peculiar comments. Explaining why he shunned homosexual overtures in prison, Sheppard says, "If you were hungry, would you eat garbage?" And the reason why he decided not to commit suicide when he first entered prison, Sam writes, was because "I knew my father would never have stood for it." (Yet on a network television show promoting the sale of *Endure and Conquer* he dramatically announced that he carried a concealed gun into court while awaiting the verdict.)

Perhaps the book's flaws should in part be charged to Sheppard's publisher,

who by pulling the manuscript off the press one week after Sam's acquittal could boast of a "possible record-breaking event in publishing history." Such a production timetable enables needless errors to creep into copy. For example, Andrew J. Tuney, Jr., now a top aide to Bailey, is described as having "headed" the Boston Strangler Bureau when actually it was John S. Bottomly. Even more inexcusable is the absence of an index and chapter headings, thereby diminishing the book's reference value not only to legal scholars and students, but to Sheppard buffs.

The Sheppard case was a monumental miscarriage of justice. Unfortunately, the victim's autobiography never quite catches this monumental spirit. The epic book about the Sheppard puzzle has yet to be written.

## Atahualpa and the Spanish

***Royal Commentaries of the Incas and General History of Peru, by Garcilaso de la Vega, El Inca, translated from the Spanish by Harold V. Livermore (University of Texas Press. 2 vols. 2,156 pp. \$17.50), is an account by the son of a conquistador and an Inca woman. J. H. Parry is the author of "The Spanish Seaborne Empire," and other books.***

By J. H. PARRY

IT IS strange that we should have had to wait so long for an acceptable and complete English translation of the *Royal Commentaries*. An English version of the entire work appeared, it is true, in 1688, translated by Sir Paul Rycaut; but Rycaut's knowledge of Spanish was sketchy and many of his renderings can only be called grotesque. In 1869 Sir Clements Markham brought out a workmanlike, if somewhat pedestrian, translation, but only of the first nine books. In 1963 an English version of the first ten books appeared: the nine books of the first part and one of the eight (much longer) books which comprise the second part. This last version, however, was translated not from the original, but from the French of Alain Gheerbrant. Neither the 1869 nor the 1963 translations is entirely satisfactory; and until now there has been no modern rendition of the last seven books.

The first part of the *Royal Commentaries* tells the story of the Inca rulers of Peru, down to the division of the empire between Huáscar and his usurping half-

brother Atahualpa. The second part describes the coming of the Spaniards, their conquest of the Inca empire, and their subsequent civil wars. This second part was first published in 1616—the year of Garcilaso's death—under the title *General History of Peru*, not by Garcilaso's own wish but because the licensing authority in Spain would not have the word "royal" applied to so sanguinary a tale of faction and rebellion.

On the subject matter of his first part Garcilaso—himself, through his mother the princess Chimpu Oclo, a descendant of Inca rulers—wrote with unique authority. In claiming, as he did, that the Incas brought peace and civilization to a formerly barbarous land, he was wildly wrong, as archeologists have since discovered; but for an understanding of life in Peru under the Incas, the *Commentaries*, based—as he himself wrote—on long conversations with his aging relatives, remains by far our most important source of information. The Spanish conquest, on the other hand, was described by several eyewitnesses who took part in it, before Garcilaso was born. Garcilaso's father arrived in Peru with Pedro de Alvarado in 1534, and he himself was born in 1539. He knew most of the conquerors personally, but many of them died or were murdered when he was a small boy. His account of these events, therefore, is not unique, and in many instances not firsthand.

If his work is to be regarded simply as a "document"—as a source of historical and anthropological evidence—there is some justification for treating the first part as more important than the second, and for printing it separately. But the

*Royal Commentaries* is much more than that. It is a considerable work of literature, an enthralling and at times genuinely tragic story, and a moving revelation of the emotions of a sensitive man who felt himself the heir to two distinct races and cultural traditions. It derives its force and charm from the duality of its author's character, origin, and experience. Long though it is, the work must be read as a whole if it is to be properly appreciated.

To insist on the unity of the *Commentaries* is not to say that its two parts are alike; on the contrary, they are contrasted with subtle skill. In the first part, a procession of shadowy Incas crosses the stage. Each accedes gravely, visits his dominions, confers benefits on his subjects, enlarges the empire by invariably successful campaigns, and finally is called to rest with his ancestor the Sun. The serene formality of the account is enlivened by interpolated descriptions of Inca customs and daily life, depicted with homely, perhaps autobiographical detail. The second part is full of the clash of arms. The contending actors, brave and crafty, magnanimous and ferocious, generous and greedy, are all distinct individuals, many described in familiar detail. Even though Garcilaso was not present at several of the scenes he recorded, his historian's imagination rarely played him false. Of the fateful afternoon at Cajamarca, when Atahualpa was kidnapped and his retinue killed, Garcilaso tells a tale of misunderstanding, cross-purposes, and half-formulated fears, more subtle and far more convincing than the simple story of treachery and daring recounted by Francisco Xeres—who was present, but who was not a historian, nor, it may be added, a particularly honest man.

Garcilaso's own fairness and honesty are transparent, even where his deepest prejudices are involved. He revered his Inca ancestors, and was passionately concerned to show that they were civilized and beneficent rulers. He admired his *conquistador* father also, and respected the courage and the rough generosity of many of his companions. As a pious son of the Church he considered

that the conquest of the Incas by the Spaniards was justified by the need to redeem a heathen people. He made no attempt to gloss over the crimes committed on both sides; but he was consistently charitable in his judgments. The bitterness of Atahualpa's end, he remarks, was the Inca's atonement for his many cruelties. He has even a good word for Francisco de Carvajal, Gonzalo Pizarro's savage lieutenant, with his brutal discipline and his macabre practical jokes. Carvajal, says Garcilaso, was bred to arms, knew no other life, and always counted courage and loyalty above all other virtues. Of Gonzalo himself, the brave and blundering rebel, Garcilaso speaks with positive affection.

Poor Garcilaso! His charity, his fair-mindedness, his literary skill did him little good. He was brought up a Spaniard, and went to Spain at the age of twenty-one. He served his king in arms as his father had done, but was refused any reward, because, it seems, his father on one occasion in the intricate civil wars of Peru had momentarily supported the wrong—that is, the losing—side. Later in life Garcilaso entered the Church, and spent his middle and old age in contemplation and writing; but even then the authorities caviled at granting permission to publish his books. No wonder he grew cautious. The only hint of meanness in his career was his refusal to support the petition of 567 surviving Incas, begging jointly for pensions commensurate with their former royal rank. Gar-

cilaso could easily imagine how the king's advisers would react to such a claim.

Garcilaso seemingly did not feel any difficulty in reconciling his two loyalties, to his Spanish king and to the memory of his Inca forebears. He did not, apparently, suffer seriously from what is nowadays called discrimination. There is only one bitter passage in the *Royal Commentaries*, and that concerns Spanish women—not surprisingly, considering that his father abandoned his mother to marry, at the king's desire, a Spanish lady. It is the well-known story of the Spanish women sent to Peru to marry *conquistadores*, mocking the appearance of the battered old warriors who were to be their bridegrooms. Far better marry an Indian than any of these trollops, said one old campaigner who overheard them; and Garcilaso clearly agrees.

Harold Livermore has provided an excellent translation, in English as clear and simple as Garcilaso's own Spanish; a brief and judicious introduction to each part, with an account of Garcilaso's life and works; and a first-class index. The University of Texas Press has provided two handsome volumes. The yellowish paper on which the book is printed may not be to everyone's taste, and the binding, for two such heavy volumes, might well have been a little more solid; but the print is clear and the proofreading beyond praise. Garcilaso has at last an English translation worthy of his quality. And high time, too.

## How testing helps your child in school and college

by GENE R. HAWES

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"You and your search for the perfect wave!"

# Dixie's Difficult Perfectionist

**Jefferson Davis: Private Letters, 1823-1889**, selected and edited by Hudson Strode (Harcourt, Brace & World. 567 pp. \$7.50), reveals the Confederate President as a warm-hearted man of high principle and an unshakable conviction of the rightness of his own opinions. William Bruce Catton is co-author of "Two Roads to Sumter."

By WILLIAM BRUCE CATTON

THIS correspondence provides a supplement to Hudson Strode's three-volume biography of the Confederate President. Most of the selections are personal letters never before published, chiefly between Davis and his wife; some three-fourths of them are drawn from the period after Appomattox, with particular emphasis upon Davis's two years in federal prison following his capture in the spring of 1865.

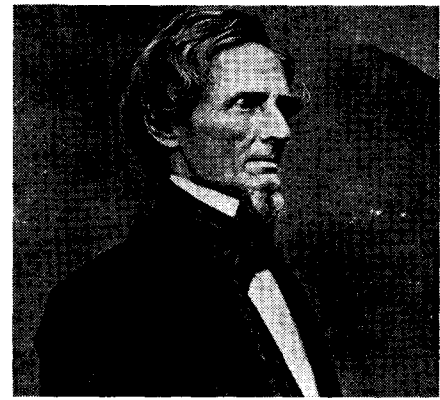
The collection serves to reinforce what Mr. Strode maintained with such tireless insistence throughout the biography: that Jefferson Davis was not merely a leader of great ability, lofty principles, and boundless courage, but also a warm-hearted human being, a devoted husband and father, a man of great kindness, patience, and charm. One is inevitably impressed by the even-tempered fortitude with which Davis endured appallingly large quotas of obloquy, defeat, hardship, and personal heartbreak. Despite provocation, the letters are remarkably free from bitterness. This refusal to hurl maledictions or give way to spite, even in private, may have owed much to the breastplate of righteousness which he had buckled on early in life; but the inner strength and self-control that accompanied it are equally impressive.

Not surprisingly, the letters also bring many of Davis's opinions into sharper focus: his devout belief in state sovereignty and the right of secession; his genuine sympathy for the Negro, tightly interwoven with a conviction that race relations belonged in Southern hands; his dislike of politics; his love of books and the contemplative life. Letters from friends and admirers suggest that Davis commanded not merely loyalty but deep affection and something like veneration from many of his associates.

Yet the picture remains incomplete.

One emerges from this collection, as from the biography, convinced that Mr. Strode has mistaken the truth for the whole truth, which is bad business for anyone and fatal for a historian. Take Davis's unswerving belief in the correctness of his own views. That breastplate of righteousness may or may not have been easy to wear, but it must have been enormously difficult for others to confront, especially on a permanent basis. Davis's warmth and charm were reserved for those who agreed with him—and there were far too many others.

High principle, devotion to duty, iron self-control, and compassion operated within a framework that was essentially narrow, rigid, and exclusive (Mr. Strode would be the first to call an abolitionist to account on such grounds) and a world-view that missed as much as it encompassed. Davis's opinion of politics



—Bettmann Archive.

Jefferson Davis — "even-tempered fortitude."

affords a clue: "Notwithstanding my years of political service," he wrote in 1878, "I had no fondness for it and felt always a distaste for its belongings."

Here speaks a high-minded man, to be sure; but also one who ignored a vital ingredient in American history and a basic element in human relations. Adapting Leo Durocher's classic remark, it is possible to argue that those who detest politics will tend, in a political situation, to finish last. And whether they are nice guys will always be a matter of opinion.

## Soul-Searching in Tennessee

**Ely: An Autobiography**, by Ely Green (Seabury. 236 pp. \$4.95), transcends bitterness in the witty account of a despised mulatto's adventurous life in the mountains of Tennessee. Margaret Walker, who is professor of English at Jackson State College, is the author of the novel "Jubilee."

By MARGARET WALKER

THIS brief autobiography of a troubled boy seeking identity, acceptance, and recognition is unlike any other story of race. Poignant and powerful, it may trouble the conscience of many Americans; however, the author's nostalgic recounting of life in a past generation, with its episodes of high adventure, will also fascinate many.

Ely is a mulatto, but the theme of miscegenation appears with fresh and vivid variations. His story begins when he is called "nigger," and he tries to discover the meaning of the word. His foster mother says, "If you don't stop annoying people about being a Negro I will whip the life out you. . . . Stop asking people questions, especially like that. . . . We are all niggers and there is nothing wrong about it." The story continues with Ely's growing perception:

"White people seem to like bastards, but Negroes don't." "I was having a struggle within; trying to get this Negro religion worked out, and learning to hate white people, after I had been taught that they were all God's children and we are to love everybody." Despised, rejected, and bewildered, he suddenly lifts himself out of a welter of confusion to articulate his fight against bitterness and hatred.

Nevertheless, Ely, who is what his people would call "a natural-born storyteller," relates his painful tale with a bright sparkle of wit. His foster mother, Matt; his two sets of parents; his friend, Jack Prince, and his remarkable grandfather, Ned, are all unforgettable characters. However, the most interesting sections of the autobiography deal with Ely's life as a trapper, hunter, and digger of "gensend" or genseng root, which is noted for its medicinal qualities and abundance in the mountains of Tennessee. And the great incident of the book—the hunt for a huge wild hog—is in the tradition of Tolstoy's wolf hunt and Faulkner's bear.

In her introduction Lillian Smith makes the apt comment that "Ely is a most extraordinary document." It is, indeed; judged by any standards the book comes out a living whole.