

wondering if he would care to tell us his four? Here are four that I think meet all the conditions perfectly: *The Hobbit* and the three volumes of *Lord of the Rings*, all by J. R. R. Tolkien.

FREDERICK KELLERMAN.

Irvington, N.J.

HOW ABOUT THE NOVELS of Arnold Bennett? How about *Colin*, by E. F. Benson? How about *Rebecca*, by Daphne du Maurier? How about *I, Claudius*, by Robert Graves? How about *Lost Horizon*, by James Hilton? How about *King Solomon's Mines*, by Rider Haggard? How about *Those Barren Leaves*, by Aldous Huxley? Perhaps a bit too sophisticated for most high school seniors! So let's suggest *Treasure Island* or *Kidnapped*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. And then there's *Ben Hur*, by Lew Wallace. And the many breathtaking adventure stories by P. C. Wren. Also Nevil Shute's numerous and varied yarns, all intensely interesting, and all clean.

J. N. MEYER.

St. Louis, Mo.

### Malinowski at Yale in '36

JOHN MIDDLETON SAYS Bronislaw Malinowski taught at London School of Economics until 1938 [SR, Apr. 8]. I met Malinowski at the Harvard Tercentenary in 1936, and he was then teaching at Yale.

LESTER ALLEN, SR.

Chatham, Mass.

### Truths and Half-Truths

HOW GRATIFYING TO READ that Milton Konvitz has slain the jabberwock of Eric Hoffer [SR, Apr. 8]! Does a writer who, in his own words, "does not shy away from half-truths so long as they seem to hint at a new approach. . . ." merit the attention of a considerable part of the nation (*The True Believer* is read in many prep schools and colleges), or are we better advised to look elsewhere in our search for answers?

In imputing (by what right?) to "60 per cent of the population outside the South" his own aberrant ideology, he has written *finis* to his claim upon our time.

JEAN M. BAGLEY.

Avon, Conn.

IT IS DISGUSTING to have to admit that most of the whites in this country are on Hoffer's side, but I feel it is true.

KEN KASSNER.

Madison, Wis.

IT IS FRIGHTENING to think that Eric Hoffer could possibly be a "research professor" at any institution of higher learning.

GILDA G. EDMONDS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

MR. KONVITZ IMPLIES that the Negro revolution, particularly in the South, has moved forward "against overwhelming odds." Any movement that draws support in the form of hundreds of activists and thousands of dollars from other parts of the country, is almost universally favored in the national press, and has at its back the economic and military might of the federal government cannot justly be classified as a struggling minority group. It is easy to lead a "minor-

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## European Literary Scene

One of Paris's more curious plays of late is *L'Architecte et l'empereur d'Ethiopie*, by the young and independent Fernando Arrabal, born in Spanish Morocco in 1932. At odds with Spanish censorship since 1955 (a relationship hardly improved by his *Guernica* of 1960), Arrabal has chosen, like Miguel del Castillo, to live and work in France. In this more congenial milieu he writes plays abounding in surrealism and the absurd. His new play at the Théâtre Montparnasse consists wholly of a dialogue between an architect and an Ethiopian ruler who adopt successively other identities: tyrant and victim, actor and spectator, judge and culprit, etc. As a final act of communion the architect devours the emperor, drops one of his bones, and ducks down out of sight to search for it. Yet it is the emperor who bobs back into view, dressed as the architect. Despite Arrabal's allegation that his play clothes no message, Professor Charles Aubrun of the Sorbonne reads into this zany *vis-à-vis* a "tragic farce in which our age recognizes itself." Aubrun even decides that "there is almost no theater like that of Arrabal to purge my emotions so radically, as Aristotle said."

Despite this accolade and a prize last year from the Société des Auteurs, Arrabal is not really being taken seriously in France, if one is to believe the critic Colette Godard. Of his role as maverick she writes, "Our epoch is one of those that turn their backs on francs-tireurs even as it gives them awards."

As if this grudging acceptance were not enough, Arrabal has suddenly found himself a *cause célèbre* in Spain. He recently submitted an essay, "A Panic Opera," to the conservative daily of Madrid, *ABC*, criticizing intellectual and theatrical life in Spain today. It unleashed a torrent of vituperation. The newspaper *Ya* headlined its reply "Arrabal Is a Madman." Barcelona's *Vanguardia* echoed, "Arrabal wants to set the theater at his own level: a meter and a half high." *Primer Acto* dismissed him as a "grotesque character." Even *ABC* turned around and called him a hayseed (*paleta*). Only *Insula*, the most serious literary monthly left in Spain, kept its head and published an open letter defending Arrabal's talent and his right of criticism. Among the names appended were Camilo José Cela, Juan Goytisolo, and Luis Buñuel, the film director who has had even more trouble than young Fernando with Spanish censorship.

As early as 1903 Rainer Maria Rilke wrote to his wife, Clara, of his desire to visit Spain. It was not until the winter of 1912-13, however, that he made the pilgrimage expected of all European lyric poets since Byron. The complete story of this mutual contact has now been chronicled in Jaime Ferreiro's *España en Rilke* (Taurus, Madrid). It is far more thorough than Hans Gebser's *Rilke und Spanien* (Zurich, 1946). Whereas no Mediterranean retreat could have proved such an inspiration to Rilke as the tiny cliff-state of Duino, both Toledo and Ronda did influence him greatly. In Ronda he wrote "The Spanish Trilogy," "The Angel," and "Ariel, the Airy Spirit." Strange to say, he did not take to Seville; he admitted to the Princess von Thurn und Taxis, "I expected nothing of Seville but the sun, and that's all it gave me. We have no reproach to make to each other." Rilke's admiration for the Spanish painters of the past — Greco, Goya, Velázquez — was great. At twenty he had written a sonnet to Velázquez. But the greatest living painter of Spain, Zuloaga, had been his personal friend since 1903. We possess several letters of Rilke's to this fine artist, who recorded the variety of the Spanish provinces and who inspired Rilke's two poems "Ballerina española" and "Corrida."

Ferreiro's scholarly book is divided into three parts: Spain as Presentiment



—Bettmann Archive.

Woodcut by Orlik of Rainer Maria Rilke  
—Spain was the poet's inner landscape.

(before 1912), Revelation (1912-13), and Resonances (post-1913). After Rilke left the peninsula the landscape of Spain remained forever with him. It was to become, as José Luis Cano claims, the poet's inner landscape, even during his final residence at Muzot in Switzerland. Ten months before his death, in March 1926, he confessed to Veronika Erdmann that there in his solitary life at Muzot he saw, reawakening in the light of the Valais landscape, the memories of Spain, with which he was ever more deeply identifying himself.

**The mod, beat, and miniskirt** generation of England may not know what to make of it, but BBC is spending over a quarter million pounds to film a twenty-six-episode serial based on *The Forsyte Saga* of John Galsworthy. The "man of Devon" was born just a century ago. Despite a Nobel Prize in 1932, Galsworthy has been slipping out of view even more quickly than his coevals Bennett, Wells, and Conrad. (Galsworthy's enduring friendship with Conrad began when he was a passenger under first-mate Conrad on a voyage from Adelaide to the Cape of Good Hope.)

It is hard to predict how understandable to younger Britons a man will be whose style progressed from that of Kipling to that of Turgenev. Still, in its day this *roman fleuve* on the dramas and feuds of an upper-middle-class family was supposedly a vehicle of protest against Victorian values. There was a humanitarianism in Galsworthy (his own generation even compared his novels to Shaw's plays). And his personal life was more unconventional than that of his fellow alumni of Harrow and New College. His long affairs with his cousin's wife (whom he later married) and with the young dancer Margaret Morris showed a fine unconcern for Victorian codes. It was only D. H. Lawrence who found him as hidebound as the yeomen and country squires from whom he was descended. Lawrence tried to undermine him: "When he comes to sex Mr. Galsworthy collapses finally. He becomes nastily sentimental. He wants to make sex important and he only makes it repulsive." BBC's costly attempt at rehabilitation is welcome. The Jolyons and Soames and Fleur and Philip and Irene will all be reliving their personal problems on the telly. England will have a chance to see whether, as Oonagh Morrison hopefully writes in *Books and Bookmen*, "the pendulum of taste is swinging back in his favor."

**The premiere of Bertolt Brecht's** 1919 comedy *Die Fischzug* (The Haul of Fish) took place not in his beloved "Spitzbart" Germany but in Heidelberg. Its farcical plot is evocative of a medieval novella, though it has also been com-

pared to the story of Vulcan, who was roundly punished and incidentally crippled by Jupiter for "hauling" the latter's querulous wife, Juno, back to Olympus, whence her spouse had expelled her. In Brecht's play an unhappy fisherman returning home without a catch has over-  
consoled himself with drink. Finding his adulterous wife and her lover, he captures them in his net and has them cast into the sea, presumably to drown. However, the latter-day Juno makes her way home again to resume henpecking her husband. This was apparently the last pure farce Brecht could write. His next two comedies, *Mann ist Mann* and the *Dreigroschenoper*, were much funnier but laden, too, with social significance. A decade later his espousal of a Marxist theater ruled out any such uncommitted burlesque as the *Fischzug*.

**Jean Prasteau** publishes in *Le Figaro littéraire* a slight but amusing essay on the headaches of scholars whose life work is the collecting, editing, and publishing of elusive letters by French authors. Georges Lubin, editing the correspondence of that vociferous, cigar-smoking novelist George Sand, has been too lucky for his own comfort: he expected to be coping with 6,000 letters, but now faces the preparation of 16,000 instead. Henri Mitterand, publishing Zola's works, admits that there are scores of letters he cannot trace, including sixty or more sold at auction in London

as recently as 1928. Thousands of autograph pages of Zola held by Fasquelle, Zola's literary executor, have disappeared into thin air. M. Del Litto, the Stendhal scholar, is stymied by a collector in Florence who keeps a tight grasp on Stendhal's library and manuscripts. Perhaps the unhappiest of this confraternity last month was Philippe Auserve, who had published in *Le Figaro littéraire* a few of the hundred unedited letters of Baudelaire from the edition he has now completed for Grasset. A rival Baudelairean in Switzerland, who holds only fifty *inedita*, attacked poor Auserve in a violent and confused tirade obviously grounded on professional jealousy. Maurice Chapelan slashed back in Auserve's defense. One recalls the noisy but futile clash of the two warriors in Baudelaire's sonnet "Duellum."

**The Slovenians are sensitive** about the fact that Serbo-Croatian is the official language of Yugoslavia—the same sensitivity the Cataláns feel about Castilian. Still, Slovene is an active literary tongue. The PEN Center for Slovenia has sent me its bulletin *Le livre slovène*, along with a fine volume of Slovene poetry, which I have enjoyed. The sociopolitical content is at a minimum, and reminiscences of war, partisan fighting, social problems are treated quite vaguely. Thus Matej Bor, who translated ten plays of Shakespeare and wrote the first  
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## Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

### L U V

What the Bard hath joined, let SR readers not leave sundered. New Yorkers Sara Fleming of Manhattan and Rita D. Jacobs of Flushing, who have both contributed to this mixup, ask you to restore the lovers to each other and to their play. All ends well on page 53.

1. Angelo	A. Anne	<i>All's Well That Ends Well</i> (    )
2. Antipholus	B. Bianca	<i>As You Like It</i> (    )
3. Bertram	C. Celia	<i>A Comedy of Errors</i> (    )
4. Claudio	D. Helena	<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> (    )
5. Dumaine	E. Hermia	<i>Measure for Measure</i> (    )
6. Fenton	F. Hero	<i>The Merry Wives of Windsor</i> (    )
7. Florizel	G. Julia	<i>A Midsummer-Night's Dream</i> (    )
8. Lucentio	H. Katharine	<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i> (    )
9. Lysander	I. Luciana	<i>The Taming of the Shrew</i> (    )
10. Oliver	J. Mariana	<i>Twelfth Night</i> (    )
11. Proteus	K. Olivia	<i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> (    )
12. Sebastian	L. Perdita	<i>The Winter's Tale</i> (    )