

in the deepest sense Judith Rossner may be saying that we must each create ourself, or perhaps that self-discovery breeds self-generation.

The premise on which this fiction is built—that is, Beth's situation—is bizarre, but once it is accepted the reader will have no difficulty in believing what follows. One watches her change and grow with steady curiosity, and wonders whether she will flourish under her new protector. Beth has told her tale with quiet competence, and many will read her story with quiet enjoyment.

Cecile Shapiro

Cecile Shapiro is a free-lance critic.

SEVENTEEN LOST STORIES BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

compiled by Craig V. Showalter
Doubleday, 273 pp., \$5.95

IT IS A LONG TIME SINCE Somerset Maugham has been heard from as an imaginative writer except through reprints of familiar work. He stopped producing fiction some years before his death in 1965, when he was almost ninety-two, and since then we have had mostly gossip and memoirs about him as a fretful ancient who stammered malice out of a Chinese-mask face.

His wide popularity has continued, however, although his plays no longer flourish in the theater. Leading critics have never granted him very much in the way of stature, even for his famous novel *Of Human Bondage*. Today many of his frequently praised short

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1372

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1372 will be found in the next issue.

QA NHS, CMAXOETAY RHO
DCCY YAERTYP DOE QEHP-
PCSTYP NSAZ AYC CSSAS EA
HYAERCS.

—TDQCY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1371

There isn't a parallel of latitude but thinks it would have been the equator if it had had its rights.

—MARK TWAIN.

She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk

supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in Taiwan, India, Brazil, Thailand and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)



Write today: Verbon E. Kemp CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in _____
(Country) _____ Address _____
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. City _____
I will pay \$12 a month. State _____ Zip _____
I enclose my first payment of \$_____.
Send me child's name, story, address
and picture. Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to Government's Advisory Committee on
give \$_____. Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax de-
☐ Please send me more information. ductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge,
Toronto 7

SR 40N0

stories seem to deserve no more than the word "competent," which used to irritate Maugham. Yet some of them are still entertainingly readable. Consider, for example, the somewhat autobiographical spy tales in the Ashenden sequence, or, to pick out a rather romantic piece, "The Fall of Edward Barnard," an interesting counterpart of the novel *Moon and Sixpence*.

And now we have a rediscovery of seventeen stories designated as "lost." Maugham apparently wanted them to stay that way. First published between 1898 and 1908, in magazines and in one collection, they are undoubtedly the short fiction he once later mentioned as "immature" and "best forgotten." He had taken what he needed from several for subsequent work, and he even rewrote some of them completely, keeping the original titles. All this adds to the interest of the stories concerned, for readers often enjoy looking over a writer's shoulder.

If these readers will compare the original version of any of the tales in question with its final appearance in *The Complete Short Stories*, they will find a growth and maturity; and this applies in every case. The improvement is particularly noticeable in "The Happy Couple," whose scene Maugham switched from England to France when he rewrote it. The two central figures stand out more effectively in a foreign setting, and Maugham deepened the perspective of the story by adding a shrewdly observant narrator as well as a physical detail which makes more plausible the action of a jury in freeing the ostensibly guilty "happy couple" in a murder case.

As separate stories, none of the present seventeen are up to the author's best, and a number are downright amateurish, such as the trifling "Flirtation." "The Choice of Amyntas," an attempt at a comic fable, and "Faith," a sardonic tale set in a monastery, make for uphill reading. But some of the stories have, at least in embryo, the characteristics Maugham buffs like, particularly the urbanity of tone, the drama of surprise, and the manipulation of irony.

Several of the early tales that were not retouched or entirely rewritten later are fun to read for their own sake, for example "Cupid and the Vicar of Swale," "Good Manners," and "Pro Patria." They mark the beginnings of Maugham's comic inventiveness, which in 1930 led to what remains the most enjoyable of all his writings, the novel *Cakes and Ale*.

Harry T. Moore

Harry T. Moore, a research professor at Southern Illinois University, is at present editing the letters of Maugham's friend Richard Aldington.

Travel

Continued from page 66

ALE FOR 30 CENTS. A color TV was tuned to the evening news. A band of young Japanese antiwar demonstrators snaked across the screen, but few of the men looked up from their glasses.

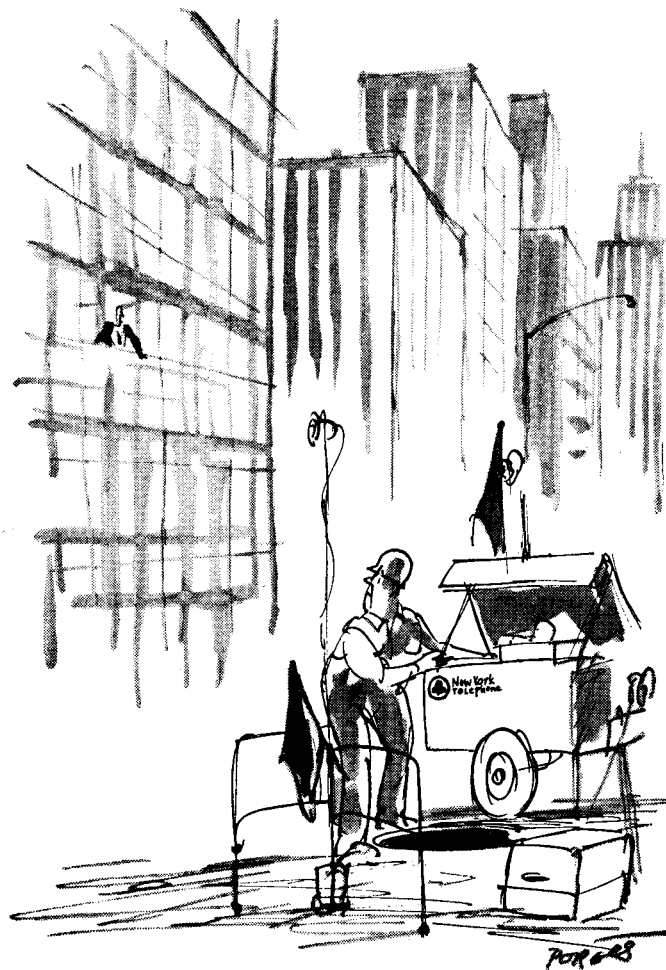
7:30 p.m., the White Horse Gallery, Second Avenue and 89th Street. Irish drinking men seldom bother with Upper East Side singles bars, even those ostensibly dedicated to the welfare of the Republic, or local Gaelic football teams. "The whole scene," said White, invoking an un-Gaelic expression, "is schlocky." There is a certain gimmickery about the White Horse, too, but the owners—Peggy and Sean Doyle, a Dublin couple—have pulled it off cleverly. There is a small bar near the front door and two long narrow dining rooms hung with original lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts by Chagall, Picasso, Kollwitz, all bearing appropriately high price tags. I found some rare art in the men's room, too—highly original (if unquotable) graffiti.

White Horse waiters seem a gentler lot than the heavies who push drinks in the neighboring singles mills. We

took a small table with wood benches in a corner and warmed up for dinner with glasses of Harp Lager and a jukebox serenade of "The Indian Love Call" by Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. Then, no doubt to the discomfort of the bearded young man eating alone across the aisle, White and I launched into a duet of "Joe Hill," he leaving me behind after the first stanza and sailing through a second and third in solo. Labor songs, he explained, were among the first he had learned. "I joined the Labour Party when I was four," he said. "My father was a capitalist—he owned a liquor-dispensing shop—but he belonged to the party and brought me to meetings when I was old enough to walk."

We each had the \$3.75 Irish Mixed Grill, an assortment of bacon, sausage, lamb chop, blood pudding, tomato, and chips. To Irish eyes the platter was notably lacking in liver and kidney, and the blood pudding was a mite crusty.

8:40 p.m., Jim Downey's, Eighth Avenue and 44th Street. Since Downey sold out to a conspicuously un-Irish combine earlier this year, the venerable after-theater spot has undergone a costly, gaudy renovation. Its manager, Jack Sullivan, is Irish enough, but even



"Can I have an outside line?"