

academic Rachmaninoff, but wanting the authority, the substance, the drive inherent in the music. Grumiaux, of Belgium, did play Mozart (G major Concerto, No. 3) with a suavity, a sweetness, and yet a robustness of style that put one in mind of Jacques Thibaud in his great days. For Mozart his tone was sensuously broad and full, yet controlled by a bow arm marvelously disciplined to a total always appropriate. Grumiaux, who is thirtyish, should be with us for years to come.

Honegger's "Monopartita," for all its science and propulsion, added to no more than another demonstration of the limited stature of even today's most respected composers. It compresses five tempo changes into a single consecutive movement lasting

about fifteen minutes, in a rather lifeless pattern of busy rhythms not too well integrated.

Also new during this week was a Dohnányi Concerto for Violin (No. 2 in C minor), introduced at a Philharmonic-Symphony seance by Frances Magnes, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting. It runs to four movements, and ventures new territory by subtracting the violins from the orchestral strings, with the intent to give the soloist more prominence. To my ear, the odd prominence of the lower strings—violas, cellos, and basses—was more of a distraction than any conventional scoring, hence a double disservice to the soloist. Miss Magnes played powerfully, if a little crudely, with a big tone not notable for warmth. —IRVING KOLODIN.

---

## FICTION

(Continued from page 17)

---

er's opinion it is more entertaining and convincing than A. B. Guthrie's Pulitzer Prize winner, "The Big Sky." If it appears to be somewhat oversexed, it can be argued that our ancestors who crossed the mountains and tamed the wilderness must have been as virile and demanding of life as any breed of men and women who ever lived.

### Fiction Notes

**BACK OF TOWN.** By Maritta Wolff. Random House. \$3.50. Maritta Wolff's annals are never of the simple or the deserving poor. Her poor live rather just this side of the underworld. They are heavy drinking, given to violence, and unfortunately likely to have hearts of gold behind their brash exteriors. This tale deals with the misadventures of one Sherry (that's the hero, named Sherwood). Back from the wars, he finds himself rather carelessly married to Fay, who is dying of cancer. After she does so he again gets himself carelessly trapped into marriage with a girl he doesn't love. Meanwhile his true love, Nell, is being lustily noble all over the lot, and periodically Sherry and Nell get into screaming, kicking, and scratching fights. This is intended to show that their love is true, lasting, and real.

Miss Wolff writes with a brisk assurance and a gift for homely detail that carries you along with a minimum of pain. The vigor of her prose can beguile you into thinking that the figures she is agitating are more than cardboard. Unfortunately they are not, and the promise that was given with "Whistle Stop" is yet to be redeemed.

**SARAH HALL'S SEA GOD.** By Theodora Du Bois. Doubleday. \$2.75. Widowed Sarah Hall could never be quite sure whether it really was or was not the Sea God Poseidon whom her grandson Michael had called up from the sea by a blast on an antique trumpet. It might have been the missing Hartford dentist, Archie Gilley. However, he said he was Poseidon and, before you knew it Sarah, along with Michael and her love-sick niece Jane, is sailing briskly down the inland waters toward Florida. The eupeptic and euphoric sea god is at the helm. There are adventures and misadventures along the way, a few apparent miracles, a nice romance for Jane, and Sarah's family problems are all straightened out by Poseidon before

---

## Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

### REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Jean Creighton and Margaret Valentine, of Hamburg, New York, present the following excerpts in reference to the deaths of certain Shakespearean characters. The first initial of each one spells out an appropriate time for violent death. Allowing five points for each identification and thirty for the vertical identification, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and sixty or better is excellent. Answers on page 43.

1. "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft.  
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!"
2. "Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once dispatch'd."
3. "Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,  
And die in music, (Singing) 'Willow, willow, willow!'"
4. "... Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking."
5. "... Our royal master's murder'd!"  
"Woe, alas! What, in our house?"
6. "Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth  
At Tewksbury."
7. "... and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him where in gore he lay insteeped,  
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face."
8. "... Who is that they follow?  
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken  
The corse they follow did with desperate hand  
Fordo its own life?"
9. "... 'A made a finer end and went away an it has been any christom child.  
'A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide."
10. "... The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the Queen's speed, is gone."
11. "Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty?"
12. "... Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.  
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after?"
13. "... Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it."
14. "... and, for his passage,  
The soldiers' music and the rites of war  
Speak loudly for him."

Mrs. Archie Gilley descends and carries him off.

Mrs. Du Bois takes us on this excursion into fantasy with a deft hand. She doesn't quite keep clear of the shoals of farce, but she keeps things spinning fast enough so that you'll enjoy most of the trip. This sort of thing used to be called hammock reading.

**TALES OF THE TWO BORDERS.** By Walter O'Meara. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.75. Those who have read with pleasure—as did this reader—Mr. O'Meara's former novels of life on the Canadian border country may be a little disappointed with this collection of seven short stories. There is still here the same ability to evoke a natural setting—a swirling stream, an untracked wilderness, a quietly primitive village—but the stories seem thin and contrived, frail scaffoldings on which to hang Mr. O'Meara's unquestionable affection for a life that is comfortably far from the maddening stream.

Here, then, are seven mildly adventurous or mildly romantic tales set in the natural settings which Mr. O'Meara can describe with such lucid and unaffected prose. Four of them deal with life along the Canadian border. Two of them are fables from Mexico. One is a strange import which deals with an Oliver Onions type fantasy in Charleston. All of them show the hand of a skilled writer whose eye has been too assiduously fixed on writing for the slick-paper magazines.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

**FRASER YOUNG'S  
LITERARY CRYPT No. 454**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 454 will be found in the next issue.*

QEGPY PB QEGPY, EUM UAY

YA GN LSZUR AZY AL YQN

CPUMAC GH EUH TEU, GZY

IAEFNM MACUBYEPXB E

BYNV EY E YPTN.

—TEXJ YCEPU.

*Answer to Crypt No. 453*

A man always has two reasons for doing anything—a good reason and the real one.

—J. P. MORGAN.

**NATURAL SUPERIORITY**

(Continued from page 9)

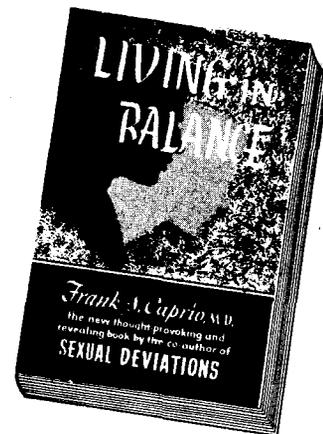
gether from consideration the psychological influences exercised by the differences in the hormonal secretions of the sexes, one can safely say that the mother-child relationship confers enormous benefits upon the mother which are not nearly so substantively operative in the necessary absence of such a relationship between father and child. The maternalizing influences of being a mother in addition to the fact of being a woman has from the very beginning of the human species—about a million years ago—made the female the more humane of the sexes. The love of a mother for her child is the basic patent and the model for all human relationships. Indeed, to the extent to which men approximate in their relationships with their fellow men to the love of the mother for her child, to that extent do they move more closely to the attainment of perfect human relations. The mother-child relationship is a dependent-interdependent one. The interstimulation between mother and child is something which the father misses, and to that extent suffers from the want of. In short, the female in the mother-child relationship has the advantage of having to be more considerate, more self-sacrificing, more cooperative, and more altruistic than usually falls to the lot of the male.

The female thus acquires, in addition to whatever natural biological advantages she starts with, a competence in social understanding which is usually denied the male. This, I take it, is one of the reasons why women are usually so much more able to perceive the nuances and pick up the subliminal signs in human behavior which almost invariably pass men by. It was, I believe, George Jean Nathan who called woman's intuition merely man's transparency. With all due deference to Mr. Nathan and sympathy for his lot as a mere male, I would suggest that man's opacity would be nearer the mark. It is because women have had to be so unselfish and forbearing and self-sacrificing and maternal that they possess a deeper understanding than men of what it is to be human. What is so frequently termed feminine indecision, the inability of women to make up their minds, is in fact an inverse reflection of the trigger-thinking of men. Every salesgirl prefers the male customer because women take time to think about what they are buying, and the male usually hasn't the sense enough to do so. Women don't think

**JUST PUBLISHED**

**NOW—**

**YOU CAN OVERCOME  
YOUR OWN EMOTIONAL  
CONFLICTS — UNDERSTAND  
YOURSELF — PHYSICALLY,  
MENTALLY AND SEXUALLY.**



**LIVING IN BALANCE** gives you a tested, specific plan for understanding yourself and other people about you. Here are medically sound and psychiatrically proved explanations of *why we behave and mis-behave as we do*—from infancy through adolescence and adult life. Now you can enjoy freedom from tension and worry about domestic and business problems, conflicts of emotion in love affairs and sexual matters, for here in unabridged, straightforward language Dr. Caprio, in his well-known fine style, thoroughly explains: *Who Is a Normal Person, What Causes Unhappy Marriages, Adultery and Philandering, Neurotic Wives, Neurotic Husbands, Right Attitude Toward Sex, How Love Must Be Earned, Conquest of Fear, Alcoholism and Frustration, Suicide, Self Analysis Through Dream Interpretation, Jealousy* and all of the other emotional and sexual conflicts that needlessly ruin business careers, marriages and a normal sex life. 246 pages, postpaid.....\$3.75

**THE ARUNDEL PRESS, INC.**  
P. O. Box 2606, Washington 13, D. C.

**THE ARUNDEL PRESS, INC.**  
P. O. Box 2606, Washington 13, D. C.

Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ please send me  
\_\_\_\_\_ copies of **LIVING IN BALANCE** by Frank S. Caprio, M.D.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_