

MORE OF THE GRACES: This is Frank Swinnerton's thirty-second novel, his first having been published fifty years ago. "A Tigress in the Village" (Doubleday, \$3.95) is the second volume of a family story that began with "A Woman from Sicily"; but it may be read without reference to its predecessor, and it is unlikely that very many readers who missed the earlier volume will be tempted to turn back to it.

The family with which Mr. Swinnerton is concerned is named Grace. It consists of Jerome and Mary Grace, their three children, and an orphan named Dulcie, whom Mrs. Grace has taken under her motherly wing. They live in the East Anglian town of Prothero, and, when the action begins in 1921, Philip Grace is nineteen, Raymond is sixteen, Jane is thirteen, and Dulcie Hunter is fifteen. Jerome, son of "the woman from Sicily," is an unsuccessful solicitor with psychopathic tendencies. Mary is the incarnation of goodness. Philip is a sensible fellow who is studying to be an architect; Raymond is a fat and foolish dreamer; Jane compacts charm, beauty, and social competence in one small body; Dulcie adores Philip.

How Jerome collapses under pressure, how Mary triumphs over disaster and temptation, how Philip eludes a siren's net, how Jane demonstrates her social competence and finds Clifford Salvage, how Dulcie's dream comes true—all this, and more, Mr. Swinnerton tells us.

It would be pleasant to say that he does it in the manner of his best novels. But the truth is that he does it in a style almost indistinguishable from that of the writers whose interminable daytime radio yarns have sold American housewives uncounted tons of soap. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

AFTER THE BATTLE: Zoë Oldenbourg's new novel, "The Chains of Love" (translated by Michael Bullock; Pantheon, \$4.95), reminds one of the melancholy French love song:

The pleasures of love last but a day
The sorrows of love endure a whole life long

The setting is Paris between 1947 and 1951; the story tells of numerous Europeans, uprooted by wars, who "have no other country than the Left Bank." Possessing neither nationality, nor religion, and unable to make of love a lasting relationship, these solitary beings wander in and out of an artificial ambiance without finding an identity.

The novel begins with the return to Paris of a soldier, Russian-born,



Zoë Oldenbourg—"masterly in depicting tortured hearts and minds."

French-bred Elie Lansky, who had been detained overtime in a German prison camp and is restored to his family and friends at a time when the war hero has already ceased to be in vogue. Although he has a "redoubled longing for roots," he is wary of attachments even to his prewar love and the six-year-old daughter he discovers. Gradually his role in the novel shrinks until he is completely—and dramatically—obliterated.

Thereafter the author shifts her interest to the girl, Stephanie Lindberg, through whose eyes we reach the end of the book, only to leave her with her destiny hopelessly unresolved. In accordance with the old adage that woman lives by love alone, the chains of love are the bitter-sweet bondage of the heroine's existence.

Love for her father, a German-Jewish refugee, who forbade her to marry a Gentile, was the first of Stephanie's series of chains. The second was the memory of Elie, "the load of a lost love," which prevented her from belonging to anyone else until his return, when she became aware of his inadequacies. She accepts a third chain in the guise of the erratic Polish artist, Aron Leibowitz, who captures her and then tires of her just when she is at last finding strength as well as tyranny in love. At the end of the book Stephanie appears somewhat less tightly bound as the mistress of a cosmopolite art dealer, Herman Martínez.

Paris serves as a background but not as a melting pot for these non-French characters. They never experience a sense of belonging. Phlegmatic, brooding, they are haunted by unanswered questions about God, love, Communism, the role of the artist in society. Zoë Oldenbourg has a probing mind. She is masterly in depicting the tortured hearts and

minds of these tired Europeans who have weathered one more war without finding any solutions to their anxieties. —ANNA BALAKIAN.

MEWS VIEWS: Rosalie Packard's thinly disguised story of her own early married life, "Love in the Mist" (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50), is distinctly hammocky reading. Or perhaps bus fare? Though probably even to be read in a long-distance U.S. bus might cause this author's U-stomach some qualms (her heroine only travels in a battered, old green Bentley). But she does convey England most agreeably, and it is nice to know that one American is so engagingly Anglophile as to dote on the view of the Brompton Oratory and the V & A's cupolas seen from her mews window. But she gushes too, too much, starting off on page one with how toothsome her James is all the time (and irresistible while shaving) and ending on page 203 with her new baby "the most enchanting object, red, distorted and squalling," she had ever seen. She is Splendid about Girl Guides, and such a Comfort to the local Vicar, and kind to the Poor, while admitting she secretly yearns for Diors and Dufys and, of course, cold martinis. She spends so much time discussing James's glamour with her girl friends that one fears he is never properly fed. And if he really is the rolled-umbrella type, he must deprecate quite so much of his exquisite domestic bliss coming out, not in the wash, but on the (undotted) line!

—ANNE FREMANTLE.

**FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 839**

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 839 will be found in the next issue.

NPFAGLK PFLDO OP

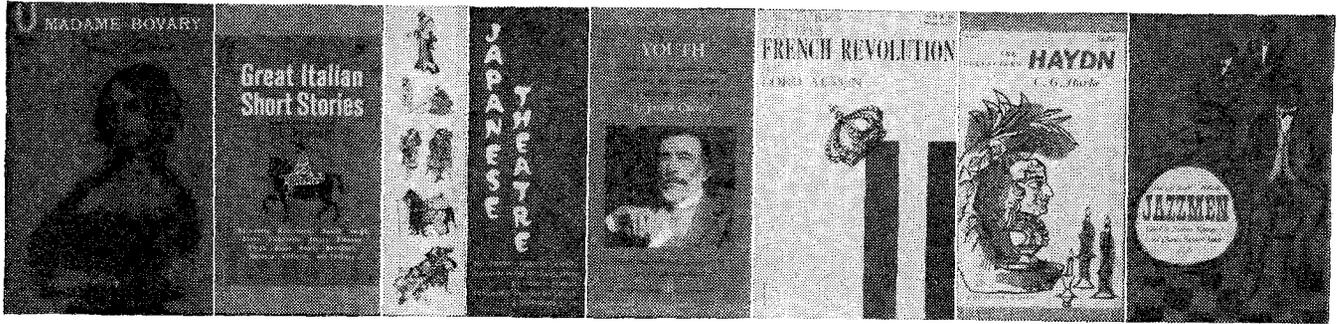
DGHK KQKM GM

RKTT GM GASM.

—D. L. XPDZ.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 838
Contempt is egotism in ill humor.*

—COLERIDGE.



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

CALL THEM ANGRY, or what you will," says H. F. Paroissien of Penguin Books, "the English playwrights are very much alive, making news, and, most important, writing plays and getting them produced." Specifically, he is speaking about Doris Lessing, Bernard Kops, and Arnold Wesker, whose plays appear in Penguin's "New English Dramatists." . . . A very young "angry" is Shelagh Delaney, the nineteen-year-old English girl whose "A Taste of Honey" played successfully to London audiences this past season. Evergreen has anticipated its New York première with a paperback edition.

POETRY IN PAPERBACKS seems weighted in favor of the Beatniks. Encouraged by the hearty success of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "A Coney Island of the Mind," New Directions will publish the verse of his protégé, Gregory ("Fried Shoes") Corso. "Gasoline" was the succinct title of his first book; this one is "The Happy Birthday of Death." . . . Evergreen's forthcoming book of Jack Kerouac's poetry, "Mexico City Blues," is a multi-chorused work which "puts jazz into words" . . . For the un-beat taste, Macmillan, the publishers of Yeats and Marianne Moore, plans a series of original poetry in paperback. Reed Whittemore, Katherine Hoskins, Ramon Guthrie, and David Galler lead the fall list.

BATTLE OF THE BOOKS: To meet the surge of Communist literature in the Far East, British publishers have sounded a call to arms. With the help of a £500,000 government subsidy inexpensive paperbacks will now be distributed throughout Asia. Many publishers prefer the "oblique approach" to propaganda, which means that the books will be largely fiction and non-political classics. . . . In our own country an organization known as FRASCO (Foundation for Religious Action in the Social and Civil Order) is preparing a pre-stocked bookshelf of twenty paperbacks describing Communism, Democracy, and the difference between them. This little library will be available for overseas as well as in the U.S.

MARK HARRIS, who teaches at San Francisco State College, is the author of "Wake Up, Stupid" (Knopf, \$1.45), published this month as an original novel in paperback. In view of Mr. Harris aversion to facts, (see opposite page), it's ungenerous to report that he was born in 1922, in Mount Vernon, N. Y., was graduated from the University of Denver, B.A., M.A., University of Minnesota, Ph.D., spent two years in the army, worked as a reporter (where he so beautifully absorbed "the felt quality" of baseball), married in 1946 Josephine Horen ("who's not too crazy about publicity"), and is the father of Hester and Anthony Harris.

MORE QUALITY IN PAPERBACKS: Frederick A. Praeger, the most recent entry into the paperback field, will publish two dozen books a year, including originals as well as books from their own backlist. The first is "The New Class," by Milovan Djilas, the ex-vice president of Yugoslavia, who is still languishing in prison for his outspoken political ideas. . . . One of the large mass-market paperback houses, Berkeley, has announced a new "quality line" called Medallion. The first four authors for August—Josephine Tey, Lord Russell, George Orwell, J. P. Donleavy—give some idea of the brightness and diversity of Medallion's plans.

—R. W. S.

FICTION

Short-story collections in paperback cater to all appetites. P. M. Passinetti's "Great Italian Short Stories" (Dell, 50¢) is robust fare, sampling works from Boccaccio to Moravia, while "Rashomon and Other Stories" (Bantam, 35¢), by Ryunosuke Akutagawa, is intended only for the most refined palates. Camus, Faulkner, and Mauriac are among the illustrious contributors to "Great Stories by Nobel Prize Winners" (Noonday, \$1.95), as well as less-read writers, such as Grazia Deledda, Knut Hamsun, and the Danish realist Henrik Pontoppidan. Joseph Conrad never won the Nobel Prize, but his own brilliant stories in "Youth" (Anchor, 95¢), which includes "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether," make one wonder why. George Washington Cable's "Creoles and Cajuns" (Anchor, \$1.45), by the first of the "Southern writers," recreates the life of New Orleans after the Civil War.

Three of fiction's most famous heroines are available in paperback. Daniel Defoe's bawdy "Moll Flanders" (Houghton Mifflin, 95¢), who consorted with thieves and lived in Newgate Prison, wouldn't seem to have much resemblance to the gentle Jane Eyre. But Mark Schorer, in his introduction to Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" (Houghton Mifflin, 95¢), writes, "each is a woman alone, making her way in a hostile world and making the world submit to her ways." Emma Bovary, who had less luck in making her way, is represented in two editions: Lowell Bair's new Bantam (35¢) translation has a brief but excellent preface by Malcolm Cowley. Universal's "Madame Bovary" (95¢) is in a larger and more attractive format, but an introduction would have been helpful.

HISTORY

"Clergy and laity, saints and sinners, spiritual experiences, love, bat-