

Herald and News Book Reviews

Literary Highlights

THE ROAD TO TYBURN: The Story of Jack Sheppard and the 18th Century London Underworld. By Christopher Hibbert. World. \$4.95.

In the first quarter of the 19th Century there lived and died a criminal who caught the interest of such artists as Sir James Thornhill and Hogarth and of such a writer as Defoe. Jack Sheppard was his name, and it stands, or stood once in the vulgar mind, for a heroic success in a foul and evil way of life.

In the back streets—and in some squares and broad avenues, too—life generally was passed in want, squalor and filth. A man could be hanged for a sheep or a lamb, he might be pressed or starved or lashed to death for offenses that today would draw no more than a judge's harsh reprimand. Prostitutes began their business at 12, and many a woman was stripped to the waist and flogged or sent on by fire and stake to a better world.

Sheppard, of an honest but poor family, got an education, and served a decent apprenticeship but an insatiable desire for Edgeworth Bess set him to thieving. He was caught, escaped, caught and escaped again and again by feats almost as spectacular as Cellini's flight from the Leads of Venice. He kept hoping to the end and as the cart was driven from under him on the Tyburn gallows, he expected a surgeon might bring his still warm body back to life. Hibbert piles one repugnance on another, adds gory scene to gory scene to get an uncommonly grisly account.

TOMORROW AND YESTERDAY. —by Heinrich Boll. Criticon. \$4.50.

Two boys, Martin and Heinrich; their mothers, Nella and Frau Breilach; uncles who are permanent uncles and some who are make-believe, parttime uncles; the palely sinister Gaseler; Albert, the family friend—these unsettled people carry the story of present-day Germany.

But in the background lurk tragically the dead. Albert's Irish girl was stricken in London. Heinrich's young father had been trapped in his destroyed tank. Nella's Ray had been sent to death stupidly and mercilessly, and it was Gaseler's fault. Then there was the artist murdered by Nazis in the mushroom cellar.

There are superb bits: The baker grasping feverishly for the widow and leering with his dumb, insistent, lascivious "Oh you;" the boy who learns arithmetic quicker in the black market than at school.

These are people with all the normal passions, thirsts and appetites and few of the normal satisfactions for them, people with the conventional ideas about morality and honesty but living in a world where the conventional has no significance. This is a startlingly illuminating picture of ends without middles, thumbs without fingers, parts that don't become wholes, a bedeviling of frustrations and deprivation. Perhaps no war is as bad as its aftermath. Boll, suggests. His best novel so far, this is brilliantly the rags and tatters of defeat.

Current Best Sellers

FICTION

BY LOVE POSSESSED, James Gould Cozzens.

ON THE BEACH, Nevil Shute. PEYTON PLACE, Grace Metalious.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS! Max Shulman.

LETTER FROM PEKING, Pearl Buck.

NONFICTION

BARUCH: MY OWN STORY, Bernard Baruch.

THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS, Vance Packard.

WHERE DID YOU GO? OUT, Robert Paul Smith.

THE NEW CLASS, Milovan Djilas.

THE DAY CHRIST DIED, Jim Bishop.

Murder & Mystery

Mystery fans will be happy to know that Mrs. Baker's cozy rooms on Baker Street have been acoustically refurbished so their most famous tenant, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, can exercise his massive deductive powers in the hi-fi medium.

Except for the inoffensive presence of a few pick up microphones, the sound engineers have left the old place pretty much intact. The old violin still rests on the bookcase, the Persian slipper of choice tobacco in its usual place on the mantle, and sound of a horse carriage approaching down the cobblestone streets announces that once again murder and mayhem are about to be committed and detected in the foggy depths of Victorian London.

Sherlock Holmes, who began as a short story character, successfully moved to the theater, the movies, radio and then television, has no trouble weaving his old mystery magic from a long playing phonograph record.

London Records gives him a splendid debut in the hi-fi field with Sir John Gielgud in the role of Holmes, Sir Ralph Richardson as the bumbling Dr. Watson and Orson Welles as the sinister Professor Moriarty.

Even the most diehard William Gillette and Basil Rathbone fans, for whom there can be no other Sherlock Holmes, will be forced to admit that Gielgud gives an exciting, charming performance, bringing just the right combination of sarcasm and devilish arrogance to the role.

The only fault, and it is a small one, that could possibly be found is with the selection of stories. The album includes a portion of "The Study in Scarlet," where Watson first meets Holmes, almost all of "The Affair of Charles Augustus Milverton" and all of "The Final Problem," where Holmes and Moriarty presumably go to their doom after a hand-to-hand struggle on the edge of a deep canyon.

Oddly enough, in not one of these selections do we hear Holmes solving a case or exercising his famous deductive powers, except to note that Watson has been to a Turkish bath because his shoes are tied a certain way.

It is to be hoped however that, like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, London Records and Sir John Gielgud can be persuaded to bring Holmes back to life again after the so-called final problem and set his nimble brain to work on many more cases. Doyle tried killing his detective off and the public would not stand for it. Record fans will no doubt react the same way.



DRY FLY? The Atlantic Monthly magazine may have a reputation of being dry but you could never tell it by the favorite recreation of its editor, Edward Weeks. It's fishing.

Atlantic's Success Rests With Policies

By W. G. ROGERS

Associated Press Arts Editor

NEW YORK — You remember that story about the Atlantic being a girl's best friend? If she carried a copy of the magazine with her on her travels, she was as safe as if she stayed home for no one would accost her.

Then there was the riddle proposed by one disgruntled Atlantic editor about another one, Horace E. Scudder:

Why was Scudder a greater man than Moses? Moses only dried up the Red Sea, but Scudder dried up the Atlantic.

Edward Weeks laughed and said yes, he knew about these stories and he added there were others, and he certainly didn't think they hurt the magazine of which he has been editor almost 20 years.

Weeks was here from Boston, his HQ, in connection with "Jubilee: One Hundred Years of the Atlantic" (Atlantic-Little, Brown). It's a mammoth selection of stories, poems and essays—couldn't it have been called "The Sea Around Us." They were culled by Weeks and Emily Flint from the estimated 100 million words appearing in that venerable magazine since Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes and others sat down to plan it in the Parker House in Boston in 1857.

Though a New Jerseyite by birth, Weeks believes in Boston. How does it happen, that while other magazines, monthlies and weeklies with enviable reputations and noble histories, have disappeared from our literary scene, his Atlantic goes on and on?

Partly because "we never left New England," the genial editor answered. "It might hurt us to move to New York. We are a New England operation, to a lot of people we represent New England."

"Another reason, I believe," he went on, "is that every time we have had a bad dip in circulation, and we have had some very bad ones, we have changed editors. I'm the ninth. Bringing in fresh points of view makes it possible for the magazine to remain freshly contemporary. We couldn't run today on the wave lengths of the 1920s."

"We used to have 5,000-word articles, now they must be shorter. We used to have many English contributors, now we use more Americans. A long time ago we

serialized long novels. Now we are more apt to serialize fiction, and it is much shorter.

"We are nonpartisan. We are not carrying out a policy of a particular publishing house; we are on our own. But at the same time we do not avoid controversy. A piece on Billy Graham for example got us 60 angry cancellations, but a lot of support, too. That isn't a big figure in a circulation of a quarter million, of course."

The problem at the moment is short fiction. With the small check-book he can carry, he says, he has a hard time finding the two short stories he publishes every month. He has found some writers among the press. Some of his best contributions have come from news people on the New Orleans Times-Picayune, the Baltimore Sun, the Portland Oregonian, the Providence Journal, the Washington Post, The Boston Globe and the Louisville Courier-Journal, among others. He also visits about a dozen campuses every year, not only to lecture but to scout for material.

"Who Steals Art Masterpieces?"

by JERRY KLEIN



Jewels, fun, and other valuables can be turned into hard cash by thieves, but why do they steal works of art? No one will touch a "hot" masterpiece, yet many priceless pieces disappear and are never seen again.

TODAY'S

Family Weekly

Another Outstanding Feature of the SUNDAY
Herald & News

Russian Novel Causes Stir; But Is Not Complete Heresy

NOT BY BREAD ALONE. By Valdimir Dudintsev. Translated from Russian by Edith Bone. Dutton. \$4.95.

Red tape balks a Red inventor in this new first novel which has stirred up a great official fuss in Russia.

The story opens in distant Siberia and closes in Moscow — which to be sure is pretty distant, too. The boss of a local factory, Drozdov, has been badgered a couple of years by a man he tends to regard as a crackpot, Lopatkin, a lone-wolf inventor who wants the state to adopt his original scheme for casting iron pipe.

But it isn't the conventional, Communist way of casting, the party doesn't approve. It seems there is an official scientist who, with Soviet blessing has the one and only official Marxist method and he, Avdiyev, has no intention of letting an outsider try out new-fangled ideas.

Lopatkin fell in love with pretty Jeanne and kept her attached to him by exaggerating the success of his invention. Drozdov's wife, Nadia, falls in love with Lopatkin, and when Drozdov is promoted to a Moscow post and Lopatkin goes there to campaign for his pipe, they all meet again.

The body of this long novel concerns the intricate machinations of innumerable bureaus and bureaucrats to get pipe cast by the new right way or the old wrong but politically correct way. There are conniving, false denunciations, police interrogations, violations of state secrets, and at start and finish, as if for a sop to us effete westerners, a bit of loving.

Actually Dudintsev has a touch of that old 19th Century Russian creative magic, and for a time you are led happily to think he is concerned with impassioned people whom he can bring movingly to life. But instead he is writing about a system and it does not take him many chapters to exhaust my interest in ways of casting pipe.

Author Of The Week



VALDIMIR DUDINTSEV the Russian who made himself some dangerous critics right in the Kremlin with his novel "Not By Bread Alone," was born in the Ukraine in 1918. A graduate of the Moscow Law Institute, he served in the Russian Army and was wounded. This is his first novel, but he has published other poems and short stories.