

Herald and News Book Reviews

Literary Highlights

HERE LIES MARGOT by Pamela Hill. (Putnam): A fictionalized version of the life of a remarkable woman — Margaret of Burgundy, "who knew all the rulers of 15th Century Europe and married three of them."

Margaret was a pawn in the bride-bed politics of the Renaissance who became a queen in all but name. She even acquired the name when, at the age of three, she "married" Charles VIII of France, but the French took it back when they annulled the marriage eight years later.

Her other husbands, though far from nonentities, were less exalted: Crown Prince Juan of Ferdinand and Isabella's Spain; and Philibert, duke of Savoy. Her marriages were brief; she was twice a widow at 24.

She found a talent for administration when she undertook to run charming, irresponsible Philibert's small, strategic duchy. After his death, she served long and wisely as regent of the Netherlands for her father and her nephews, the Holy Roman Emperors Maximilian I and Charles V.

Miss Hill has clothed the bare bones of Margaret's story with vital flesh in her book, which is presented as a deathbed autobiography. The result is a warm, touching story of a woman learning the joys of love and the tragedies of bereavement.

The book takes its title from a surviving scrap of Margaret's poetry, a jocular epitaph she composed during a terrifying storm at sea when, after her unconsumed union with Charles and a proxy marriage to Juan, she was on the way to meet her new husband: "Here lies Margot, bonny bride; Married twice, yet maiden died."

The days of the New England whalers were notable, and many stories have been written about them. But a whaling story that keeps the reader almost entirely on dry land is unusual. Henry

Beetle Hough does this with success in **THE NEW ENGLAND STORY** (Random House), a novel of the relationships of a whaling family over three generations.

It is the story of Capt. Enoch Adams of Dinton Port, of his three wives, and of his descendants. Enoch, the story relates, has been immortalized in Archer Templeton's novel "Bildad's Locker," written a century ago.

Young Edgecomb Hartwell, a budding novelist of today, finds in a New York second-hand store some old letters which lead him to believe that "Bildad's Locker" does not tell the real story of Enoch. He goes to Dinton Port to investigate. And how right he proves to be! From letters, from missing pages of Enoch's journal, from Miss Harriet Craddock and from Enoch's granddaughter Nancy, Hartwell pieces together the real story including the amours of Enoch and of his roving son Argalis.

Hough, himself a descendant of whaling men, is a novelist and, with his wife, editor and publisher of the newspaper Vineyard Gazette of Martha's Vineyard. . . .

Arthur T. Hadley, a newspaperman who worked for both New York Gov. Averill Harriman and for presidential candidate Adlai S. Stevenson draws on these experiences for **THE JOY WAGON** (Viking), a satirical novel on American politics.

The joy wagon in the novel is the vehicle used by the backers of Microvac to haul him around on his campaign for the presidency. Microvac is a miniature electronic calculator, so brilliant it almost becomes President of the United States.

The idea may be thin but the author knows his politics and the book is amusing reading. . . .

Beacon Press, which published **THE SLEEP OF THE JUST**, reports it to be the first book by an

Books Depict Several States

THE NEW JERSEY CITIZEN.

By James P. Hackett. Rutgers. The state's geography, history and resources; its government in all branches and numerous services; its highways, airports, railroads, and resorts; its products from oysters to eggs, as newsman Hackett says, and even to mosquitoes, help make up this inclusive, lively picture. There are photos, charts and maps.

OKLAHOMA: A Guide to the Sooner State. Compiled by Kent Ruth and the staff of the University of Oklahoma Press. Univ. of Oklahoma.

Compared to Hackett's handbook, this is, after a brief general look at background, strictly a guide; it is an extensive revision of the WPA work published 15 years ago.

CROWN OF EMPIRE: The Story of New York State. By Paul Eldridge. Thomas Yoseloff.

Again the subtitle defines the contents; Eldridge begins with an account of the lakes, rivers and mountains, and then takes up the history in some detail: the first white men, the Indians, the Dutch and English, the Revolution and finally the various cities and the city of all cities—New York.

THE FOLKLORE OF MAINE.

By Horace P. Beck. Lippincott. Here are agreeable tales from men, the islander and the mainland. Beck considers old songs, and oddities like sea serpent, fire on the water, birthmarks and witches.

Algerian Arab to appear in translation in America (Translated from French by Len Ortzen.)

The author, Mouloud Mammeri, is a North African writer who has made himself known since the end of World War II, and in this book, he goes a long way to make more clearly understood the plight of the Arab in Algeria.

Author Of The Week



ALBERT CAMUS, author of a new collection of short stories, "Exile and the Kingdom," was awarded the 1957 Nobel prize for literature. Born in Mondovi, Algeria, in 1913 in a poor peasant family, he worked his way through school and university. During the war he fought in the French underground, wrote for the resistance fighters' paper Combat, and produced two books, "The Myth of Sisyphus" and a novel, "The Stranger," which constituted his formal introduction to American readers in 1946. Six volumes of his works have been translated in this country.

to the loss of youth and vigor. Another Frenchman befriends Arabs, does one a good turn, is misunderstood, meets hatred where he counted on friendship—as if it were France and Arabia instead of one man and his acquaintances. A Frenchman, more successfully, establishes himself sympathetically in a Brazilian community. Finally, an artist rises to fame and falls—this is closer to an Existentialist statement than Camus might care to admit.

Nothing about these stories will make them popular in this country, I'm afraid, not the author's distinction nor their present relevance nor even their exotic flavoring. They lack the intimacy and the commonplaceness on which a mass public dotes. They are so to speak the middles of stories, without a simple discoverable beginning or a plain understandable end. But few creative writers today have thought so deeply or written so well about the fundamentals and ultimates of the western world.

One aspect of Camus that, it seems to me, has never been emphasized enough is his involvement in an alien society, a non-Christian environment. Does he consequently bring to the problems of Europe and the Americas the solutions peculiar to the fatalistic nomads and tribesmen of Northern Africa? They are more remote from us even than Gandhi's ideas, but that is not to deny them invaluable curative properties. In Camus' thinking, just as in these particular stories, you see the hot sands, the vast empty desert, the lonely tent, the burnous, the fierce individual independence, and a mysterious inscrutable fate.

Nobel Prize Winner Publishes Collection Of Short Stories

By W. G. ROGERS

EXILE AND THE KINGDOM. By Albert Camus. Translated from French by Justin O'Brien. Knopf. \$3.50.

This latest book by the latest recipient of the Nobel prize for literature is a collection of six short stories.

They contain a wonderful variety of experiences: Hate, love, death, primitive and sophisticated existences, accidents and acts of good and bad fortune. But there is Camus plain on every page; and though even in him you find rich diversity, the book constitutes in effect a single novel, one indivisible philosophical expression.

Camus, as he has said—and said angrily, too—is not an Existentialist. Whatever beliefs were imposed on him by the turbulent world into which he was born in 1913 in Algeria, he does not submit passively to the buffets of fate. The Nobel citation praised him for his concern with "the problems of the human conscience in our times." Acknowledging that man is caught in his society, Camus wants him to make the most of himself despite his cruel bonds; or to put it another way, he writes of unhappy man writhing when he is a prisoner but writhing still more when he escapes to an uneasy exile.

In one story a Frenchman's wife commits a kind of adultery with the soft Algerian night. Or a Frenchman twice betrays his people and his faith and is twice punished for it by the ruthless Arabs. Still another Frenchman, though he has the comfort of home and family, has submitted feebly

The Reader-Writer Relation

Editor's Note: Author Vance Packard has been a writer for 20 years, first as a newspaperman and later for magazines, most recently on the staff of Collier's until it was discontinued. His specialty in "human behavior" led him to study the field of motivational research, and his best-selling book, "The Hidden Persuaders," was based on that long study.

By VANCE PACKARD

Why is it in this age of enlightenment and economic progress, many Americans don't read—and don't buy—books? One explanation for some of us nearing or past 40 might be that schools, back in our day, made books seem tools of torture. Happily, this has changed and will continue to change.

But, also, there is the undoubted fact that there are so many other enticing diversions available nowadays to Americans. We can get relaxation in what seem to be easier-to-take forms just by disappearing into a movie or flipping the switch of our radio or television set.

Reading undoubtedly requires more concentration. But it is well worth it. For it conjures up more powerfully than any other leisure-time diversion new worlds, new information, new pleasures.

Between you, the reader, and the author, there are no distractions—no "hidden persuasion." Some books are so gripping you can't put them down until they want you to. Indeed, we can compare

them with the spider who said to the fly: "Come into my parlor. . . ."

Once you settle down to read a book, it's all up to you and the author, despite any shouting or hallyooing the publisher may have done. You are the final judge, and this makes reading the most personal, the most honest, and the most rewarding occupation left to us.

What would we say if we were asked why we read? Besides the pleasures of relaxation, exploration, and knowledge, our modern day psychologists point out that reading affords a release for some of our own hostile feelings which we don't dare, or can't, articulate. Well, what of it? A pleasurable and healthy way to get rid of them, don't you think?

Detective books, on the other hand, offer emotional satisfactions of another sort. The mystery reader, say the psychologists, needs to feel that everything is well under control, as it rarely ever is in real life. Well, there's nothing wrong with that, either, in my opinion. I have always liked the Whodunits, though I didn't know the reason until recently, and I shall continue to like them!

Speaking for myself—and despite my elementary school days—I have always loved books, even the way they look, the way they smell, how they feel. I guess this affection for books began in my college days, when I earned my way through school by doing part-time work as a "stacker" in the university library. Ever since, it has been a passion of mine to collect books, so that I could see them around me, touch them, and read them.

I always come to a book with fresh excitement, anticipating the world I shall enter, the new things I will learn, the satisfaction I can find in this unspoken dialogue between the unseen author and myself, when no one interrupts us by interjecting his views or "pet peeve."

My library is not the tidiest, but orderly enough (though my wife would call it anything but that) for me to find a book I want, either to read for sheer pleasure or because I want to check on something.

My latest attempt, incidentally, at satisfying my wife's housekeeping instincts has the advantage of my having found a way to arouse the interest of my 14-year-old son in books. It has become his responsibility to keep our books in alphabetical order.

You don't need a separate room for a library—indeed, my own stretches through five rooms. Your books are a "symbol" of you, if you will, just as is your garden, your house, your clothes. They reflect—even more than these—your own distinct personality.

And think of the pleasure of watching your home-library grow. Building up your own library with the books you chose because you wanted them around offers, indeed, multiple pleasures, more long-lasting pleasures than any collecting I know.

Current Best Sellers

FICTION

ANATOMY OF A MURDER. Traver.

BY LOVE POSSESSED. Cozzens.

SOME CAME RUNNING. Jones.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG. BOYS! Shulman.

THE WHITE WITCH. Goudge.

NONFICTION

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES. Kerr.

BARUCH: MY OWN STORY.

KIDS SAY THE DARDEST THINGS. Linkletter.

WHERE DID YOU GO? OUT. Smith.

PETER FREUCHEN'S BOOK OF THE SEVEN SEAS.



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