

soever. He gets no further than being a Big Brown Carstairs.

One of the many splendors of sexual passion is, surely, that so much has been written about it in the last hundred years that we do not have to take it seriously in fiction any more. Is it too much to hope that in her next book Han Suyin will be the first woman to venture a few jokes about it?

HIBERNIAN HIJINKS: Let's hope that Honor Tracy's tongue never loses its cozy affinity for her cheek. In this latest of her books, "**The Prospects Are Pleasing**" (Random House, \$3.50), the background is again her native Ireland, and she romps her delightful characters through a series of droll situations with the ease and zany imagination of an inspired imp.

Tommy O'Driscoll, the central character, cherishes great ambitions in life, hampered only by his woeful inadequacy.

His daydreams and prayers serve him well. Tommy's rise to fame and fortune comes about through a comedy of errors—the comedy, Miss Tracy's; the errors, Tommy's very own. His first opportunity to distinguish himself comes at the invitation of a fellow-patriot to travel from Dublin to a gallery in London and retrieve a painting hanging there that should, by all that's right and



Pick of the Paperbacks



ON THE ROAD. By Jack Kerouac. Signet. 50¢. In case anyone doesn't know, Mr. Kerouac is king of the Beatniks. This is his first novel, about the wanderings and ponderings of a hip fellow named Sal Paradise.

THE LOVES OF KRISHNA. By W. G. Archer. Evergreen. \$1.95. The many guises of Krishna—bucolic lover, warrior, king—in the epic "Bhagavad-Ghita" are the subject of much Indian literature and painting. These essays by a Far Eastern scholar explain the complex role of Krishna. Illustrated.

SISTER CARRIE. By Theodore Dreiser. Bantam. 50¢. This turn-of-the-century classic of American realism tells, with great sympathy, the grim story of a

young girl, Carrie Meeber, who is much put upon by fate and a fast-talking drummer.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTENDOM IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By Edward Gibbon. Torchbooks. \$1.85. From the massive "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," these chapters tell of Christianity's early days, of Constantine's rule, and of Christendom's emergence from the power of Rome.

THE OLDEST STORIES IN THE WORLD. By Theodore H. Gaster. Beacon. \$1.95. This unusual collection of Babylonian, Assyrian, and Canaanite tales (many are four thousand years old) is accompanied by extensive commentaries.

holy, be hanging in Dublin. How Tommy convinced himself that he has accomplished this outlandish assignment, with the help of a suave, adventurous young Englishman, is a delicious tale. And the subsequent peregrinations of the painting (an original Afrodísio La Fuente y Chaos, from his "Goat" period) are hilari-

ously funny. Tommy's lot is now one with that of the painting and every precious blunder he makes miraculously works out to his advantage.

Miss Tracy's affectionate handling of her characters and her extremely bright, comical dialogue are admirable. It is a joy to chuckle along with her. —MARGARET HURLEY.

well-known antipathy to colonialism, she prefers the creature comforts of Singapore, rather than the People's Republic of China. When Twentieth Century-Fox offered her \$35,000 for "A Many-Splendored Thing" her publisher advised her to take it before the studio lost interest. Suyin held out for \$60,000 and got \$50,000.

Suyin was born September 12, 1917, in Peking, to a Belgian mother and a Chinese engineer, and was educated in both Chinese and Catholic schools.

"But I lost my Catholic faith at twelve," she says, "because I couldn't love people and I loved animals and animals couldn't go to heaven. Still, I intend to die a Catholic. I don't believe in repudiation."

At twelve or fourteen she decided she wanted to be a doctor. "Mother laughed at me," she says bitterly. "All Eurasians want to become doctors," mother said. It's their road to social acceptance." Suyin got a job and went to live in the Y.W.C.A. At seventeen she entered Yenching University to study medicine.

"As usual," she says, "I spent all my time fighting being a half caste. The Chinese can be just as horrible about things like that as Europeans. My sister and I went to a movie with a couple of American marines and the

editor of a student paper accused us of sleeping with them. Then when I proved he was a liar he begged my forgiveness. A typically Chinese trick."

In 1935 Suyin got an eight-year scholarship to go to Belgium and study medicine. For three years she had the highest grades in her class, then threw it all over to return to China. On the ship she met her future husband, Colonel Tang Pao-hueng. They arrived in Hankow four days before it fell to the Japanese.

During the next few years, with her husband away on duty much of the time (he once served as Chiang Kai-shek's aide), Suyin had a book and a baby. The book, "Destination Chungking," earned her exactly \$560. The baby has grown into an attractive daughter of seventeen, Yung Mei.

In 1942 she followed her husband to London, where he served as military attaché of the Nationalist embassy. "But I was no diplomat's wife," she says, "so I returned to medicine. The British needed doctors and with my previous training all I needed was a short course. Once I bought a pickled brain and kept it under the bed. Yung Mei used to show it to her friends and say, 'This is where mummy keeps her brain.'"

Meanwhile, her husband returned to

China. He was killed in 1947 in the siege of Mukden, leaving her broke and in debt. In 1949, after passing her medical exams in London with honors, she boarded a ship for Hong Kong, then swollen with refugees.

For a time she and Yung Mei lived on a sofa in the basement of Church Guest House, a missionary hotel, while she served as casualty officer at Queen Mary Hospital. "It was a good job," she says. "Nobody else wanted it. Then I met Ian."

Ian Morrison was killed August 13, 1950. Two days later Suyin started "A Many-Splendored Thing," writing by night and treating the social seepage of Hong Kong by day. In 1952 she married Leonard Comber, a British police officer who five years ago resigned to study Chinese secret societies.

Like many Eurasians, who feel they have been rejected by the West, Suyin often seems more Asian than the Asians. "But I'm not anti-white," she insists. "I'm simply against the stupid things white people do." Nor, she insists, does she feel suspended between two worlds as do many Eurasians. "I don't need either one world or the other," she says, "I've found my own."

—KEYES BECH, a correspondent for the Chicago Daily News, who has traveled widely in the Far East.

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This Troubled World

IN A few weeks or months the dilemma of the Administration in its attempt to protect the islands of Quemoy and Matsu from continued bombardment from the Chinese mainland may be forgotten. To a vast number of Americans it seemed to be a useless and dangerous commitment, though the United States in a defense pact in 1954 had pledged itself to come to the aid of the aging Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek if Formosa should be invaded.

Apparently few Americans understood that we may have been also committed to save these two tiny islets, even at the risk of war with China. Senator Green upset the apple-cart in his letter to the *Rhode Island Democrat* in which he stated that the two islands were not vital to the defense of either Formosa or the United States and that "such an involvement would not command the support of the American people." It is no wonder that the President, one of the great military leaders of our time, should be annoyed by the Senator's letter, and especially Green's extraordinary statement that "if we became involved in battle the United States would be defeated because of disunity at home." There can be only one excuse for Senator Green's bad manners. Election Day is not far off!

It is conceivable that Americans overestimate the military power of both Russia and China or their interest in going to war against the Western nations. There are at least 100 million captive people in Soviet Russia who have not forgotten their homelands: East Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Czechoslovaks, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Latvians, Estonians, and Lithuanians, and millions more who speak

eighty different languages. Joseph Alsop, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, who recently returned from the Orient, reports that "Communist China is now moving towards the hideous and bloodstained phase that the Soviet Union entered when Stalin launched his massacres of the common people. If Stalin destroyed 20 million people, it is a reasonable forecast that Communist massacres in China will destroy 100 million human beings."

Nor is the partnership between the two great Communist powers successful, according to Thomas Barman, a British diplomatic correspondent on

Russo-Chinese relations. There has been no end to Chinese demands for Russian economic aid, and Russia has been forced to come through with the goods. The policy, urged on China by the Russians, of producing more consumer goods was abandoned, and the priority of heavy industry was restored. Writes Mr. Barman, "the interests of the Russian people were subordinated to the requirements of the Chinese five-year plan." In the international field the Russians are no longer able to act as if they were masters of the Communist world. Neither Mr. Khrushchev nor his rivals can afford to lose the friendship and support of the Chinese leaders. There is reason to believe that with its enormous population increasing every year Communist China may emulate Russia and invade and conquer the fertile nations on its southern borders.

AT HOME, our once peaceful and united country is suffering from the bigotry of a few Southern cities whose leaders insist that Negro children cannot be allowed to enter the public schools alongside their white neighbors. A strange and unsavory breed of hatemongers has come to the surface and has taken a new lease on life from school disintegration. The high school in Little Rock is closed by an order of the Governor of the state of Arkansas. In Clinton, Tennessee, the high school was recently destroyed by three explosions. This extraordinary development of racial violence is a reflection of the turmoil and violence in a great part of the world.

—H. S.

Negative

By Judson Jerome

I have lost the print, but in this negative you can see her shape, if not much more. That black is beach; her hair, here white, was black. That white is water, laced with black. Its roar, and that of the wind, not pictured here, except as her hair flies out from her grey shoulders (they were brown), drowned all our conversation: we lost track, that sun-bleached day (the sun here makes her frown), of hours, words, kisses, sandwiches and beer, all used in colorful affirmative.

We left our imprint on the sand; the sea or wind, in another season, cleaned this away, and now, all black and white in each our minds remains some blurry dent of how we lay, some negative of warmth of other lips, some scrape of sandy thighs, some taste of salt. I forget, now, how it was—but how it ends is negative, the afterglow of a glimpse—turned inside out, unfleshed, with strength for fault, remembered in the nerves transparently.