

tated to power in the wake of the successful rebellions they led against Western imperialism. Jean Lacouture in *The Demigods* perceptively analyzes these revolutionary leaders and their varied megalomaniacal recipes for increasing their power and, quite often in the process, their countries' problems. To illustrate these recipes, Lacouture delves into the minds and motives of Egypt's Nasser, Tunisia's Bourguiba, Cambodia's Sihanouk, and Ghana's Nkrumah.

Significantly, only one of these "demigods"—Bourguiba—still remains in power. Sihanouk and Nkrumah were deposed by their armies while abroad, and Nasser recently died. No charismatic figures have so far emerged to replace any of these men. Thus, Lacouture deals with a revolutionary period that is fading, as he puts it, into an era of dull, gray bureaucracy, run by men more suited to the status quo or to evolution than to revolution.

Yet the gradually vanishing "demigods" have so fundamentally shaped the moods and mores of their countries that no succeeding governments are likely to obliterate completely their residual influence on national life. This book helps the reader to understand the nature and mentality of a newly awakened segment of mankind that may hold the balance of power in a world ideologically torn between the two superpowers and their allies.

The Demigods is not an easy book to read. A semi-academic work, it explores in sometimes tedious detail the psychology and philosophy of men suddenly thrust from obscurity into positions of world magnitude. Lacouture underscores the "godly" aspects of their rule. Nasser, he stresses, used religion to "point the way to self-deification in the pharaonic tradition"; Bourguiba, basing his doctrine "on the two principles of legitimacy and unanimity," regards his mission as that of a prophet; Sihanouk was "a citizen-king, a human divinity," who "moved in both earthly and celestial orbits"; Nkrumah called himself a "Catholic Marxist" and at the same time sought "purification" by bathing in animal blood to please the pagan gods.

Though in each case the leader sought to shroud his rule in suggestions of divine support, none of these men could be compared to rulers of the past, kings and emperors, who claimed even more directly a kinship with God. The outdated sovereign ruled from cloistered palaces, as if from some heavenly realm, completely separated from the people. The new "demigods," on the other hand, have derived much of their power from the people—frightened people thrown into the chaos and

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Criminal Record

Fiction

Murder at the Met. By Fred G. Jarvis. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. \$5.95. You will admit it is not an everyday event when the top star of the Metropolitan Opera Company dies onstage in the middle of a performance. The author is obviously an opera buff who knows his music and the temperamental artists who bring it to life, and he also knows his way around a mystery. The result is great fun on all levels. (P.S. to operaphiles: An added treat in this death-and-diva package is playing guess-who with some thinly disguised real-life characters.)

The Drop of a Hat. By Ruth Fenisong. Doubleday. \$4.50. Mama is a top Broadway actress, and she's worried sick because her daughter has disappeared. Since the reader is told where and why the daughter is being held prisoner, leaving only a mild curiosity as to how and whether she will get away alive, it all adds up to a lead hat Miss Fenisong is dropping.

Sledgehammer. By Walter Wager. Macmillan. \$5.95. A man is blown up in his car, and his four World War II OSS buddies get together and head down to Paradise City to avenge him. The writing—unintentionally, one suspects—smacks of camp, or maybe simple corn; but if that doesn't bother you, there's plenty of story here to hold your interest.

Pick Up Sticks. By Emma Lathen. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95. This time out, Miss Lathen (actually two ladies writing under one pseudonym) sends her Wall Street hero, John Putnam Thatcher, on vacation. He is hiking along the Appalachian Trail with his New England crony, Henry Morland, when a

body is discovered near Fiord Haven, a New Hampshire housing development still developing. The Wall Street know-how that goes into the Lathen mysteries is, as always, a plus value. However, the way Morland and Thatcher bustle about from suspect to suspect—many of whom incredibly go on with private conversations of the most revealing sort, as if the men weren't there—reduces two characters of dignity to the annoying level of village busybodies.

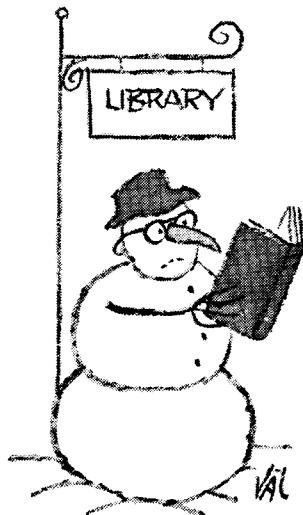
Don't Go to Sleep in the Dark. By Celia Fremlin. Lippincott. \$4.95. Frankly, I could go to sleep in the dark or the light with this collection of thirteen stories. There is some suspense, but the payoff in horror just isn't there. Perhaps I've been spoiled by the work of Bradbury, Collier, and Irish; whatever the reason, I find these tales a bit too bland to make me join hands with Miss Fremlin's admirers.

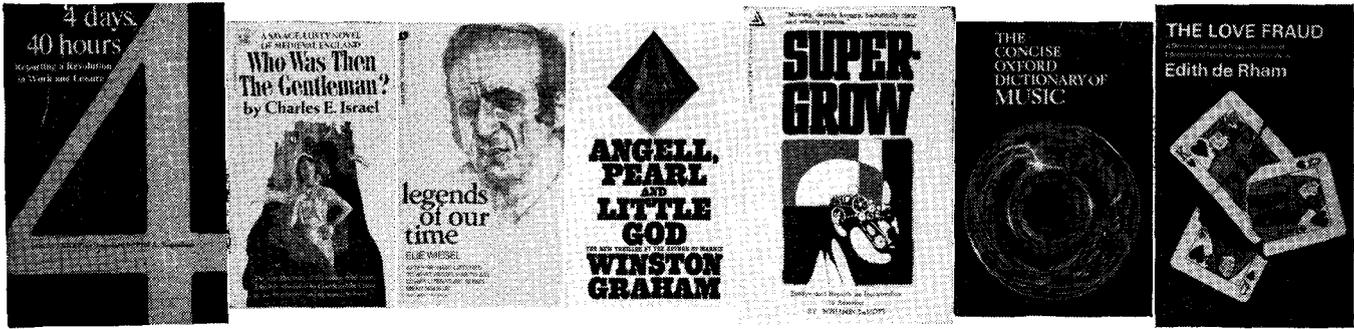
Suddenly One Night. By Kelley Roos. Dodd, Mead. \$4.50. The scion of one of Connecticut's most illustrious families seems determined to drink himself to death in a little Spanish village. The girl who is sent over to see what can be done discovers that the reason is a woman who had walked out on him. But did she leave, or did something violent happen to her? You'll have to wait a while to find out as the first part of this novel nearly melts away under the Mediterranean sun. But when the authors (a husband-and-wife team) finally get the local color out of their systems and settle down to work, things pick up a great deal.

For Dying You Always Have Time. By Sally M. Singer. Putnam. \$4.95. Sydelle has abandoned her Hadassah tour of Israel in search of an experience a little more memorable to a spinster teacher from the Bronx. What she gets is herself involved in the Middle East powder keg when she goes driving across the desert to deliver a corpse as a favor to her lover. The writing has charm and a romantic flavor that will please the ladies, also a feeling of Israel. This man, however, found it a bit too chatty at times—but only a bit.

A Guilty Thing Surprised. By Ruth Rendell. Doubleday. \$4.50. Why did the lovely and gracious lady of the Manor house go for a walk in the woods at night? And who would want to murder so well-liked a woman? Ruth Rendell knows her way around the English countryside just as well as she knows her way around the plotting of a first-rate entertainment. This is a lady whose work it is time to get acquainted with.

Haskel Frankel





PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Let me tell you about the very rich. When one enters the Fifth Avenue apartment of Richard Ney, movie actor turned investment adviser and the author of the best-selling *The Wall Street Jungle* (Evergreen, \$1.50), one gets the feeling somehow that he is in the money game. The mood is this year at Marienbad: seafoam satins and Aubussons are reflected in baroque mirrors, while icy chandeliers warm up the Watteau-like screens. Waiting to be announced, one reflects upon the caressing hands that burnished all that mahogany. And wonders in which bibelot to crush out a cigarette. A plump, uniformed woman who looks like a small German dumpling ushers us into a library leathered with Balzac, de Maupassant, Macaulay, and punctuated here and there with silver-framed photographs of Ney at home in Bel Air, California, tanned, smiling, sitting in his Rolls Royce with one arm protecting his favorite Afghan.

In real-life Mr. Ney, just as tanned and smiling, and just as well cared for as his pad, exhudes the confidence of a Harley Street physician. No, he has no regrets about giving up acting. (Best remembered for his role as "Mrs. Miniver's" son, he was also briefly married to Mrs. Miniver, née Greer Garson.) "Both an investment counselor and an actor have to be able to interpret sham," he says. "Of course, the sham on Wall Street is far greater than in Hollywood. There is more sheer larceny per square foot on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange than any place in the world. We have made the stock exchange into a kind of state religion. Actually, it's filled with unmitigated scoundrels, mountebanks, and tinhorn gamblers. Why, they had to pass a law to keep those hooligans from throwing spitballs." No wonder his former colleagues don't speak to him.

Ney, whose own accounts in his Los Angeles office begin at \$100,000, thinks a good deal about the little guy. "He doesn't stand a chance. I say to him—stay out. It amazes me that a man would risk his children's education or his old age security in someone else's game." Would a Tuesday night Canasta player take on the Las Vegas sharks?

Sunny, urbane, Richard Ney is a bull (or is it a bear? well, the gloomy one) about the country's financial situation. "There are more similarities than differences between now and 1929. Sure, they say we will have more consumer activity, but we'll have higher taxes, greater unemployment, and a downward market. The middle-income person can expect little more than to pay for his bread because he is gripped in an economy controlled by monopolies." The only tune Ney is humming these days is "He who sells and runs away will live to buy another day, tra la."

Why does he do it—the traveling, the lecturing at campuses, the setting himself up for his old pals' animosity? "I'm fifty-four years old. I can't just add more ciphers to my bank balance. At this time in my life I must stand up against this financial evil, say good-bye to my friends, and, like David, walk up the hill with my sling."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

The publication in paperback of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* is a literary event. Here it is, all seven volumes from *Swann's Way* to *The Past Recaptured*, in the C. K. Scott Moncrieff translation, following a path strewn with *madeleine* crumbs in an

atmosphere redolent of hawthorn (Vintage, \$1.95 each). Also newly available is Proust's "unknown" novel, *Jean Santeuil*, translated by Gerard Hopkins (Clarion/Simon & Schuster, \$4.95), a hastily written, youthful draft, never revised, of his major work. An enterprising young Proust scholar discovered the manuscript, scattered in loose

papers and some seventy notebooks in Proust's cork-lined, airtight Paris room; it first appeared in 1952.

Because Elie Wiesel's own concentration camp experience burns in him like a fever, and also because after World War II he was educated in France, he is very much in the European tradition of the philosophical novelist. Yet he has found a serious and devoted American audience. His two new books, just released in paperback, are the surprising best-seller *A Beggar in Jerusalem* (Avon, \$1.25), which tries to understand the lightning Israeli victory in 1967 in terms of the Holocaust, and *Legends of Our Time* (Avon, \$1.25), in which, while posing ultimate questions about human existence, fact and fantasy blend.

Once you get past the title of Winston Graham's new spellbinder, *Angell, Pearl and Little God* (Bantam, \$1.25), you'll find a clever yarn about a portly, middle-aged lawyer, his girlish wife, and a tough little boxer, and their machinations concerned with love and money.

A new twist in the suspense genre is provided by Oliver Bleeck's *The Brass Go-Between* (Pocket Books, 75¢). The hero, St. Ives, is a kind of retriever for interested parties—insurance companies, for instance—and, of course, for a price. The missing object here is a shield whose value is more political than intrinsic. St. Ives makes an off-beat, uncourageous, but wonderfully ingenious hero.

Even the most loyal of Victoria Holt's fans may shudder at *The Shivering Sands* (Crest, 95¢), whose title reminds us of Josephine Tey's much better book *The Singing Sands*. This time a lovely young widow looking for her lost sister starts poking about in some old ruins, and—well, gentle readers, you can take it from there.

Music

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music (\$2.95), originally compiled by Percy A. Scholes in 1952 and in this