



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

As everyone knows, the most important, provocative, and defiant naysayer to the findings of the Warren Commission on the assassination of President Kennedy has been thirty-nine-year-old attorney Mark Lane. In his book *Rush to Judgment* (Crest, 75¢) he lucidly and persuasively advocates the theory that a conspiracy was responsible for the tragedy on November 22, 1963. Two hundred twenty-five thousand copies of Lane's book were published in hardcover by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. The initial printing in the paperback format was three-quarters of a million copies, and already the presses are at work on another huge edition. Among the readers is New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, whose activities in behalf of the conspiracy theory have had the country buzzing with anticipation.

"All America is indebted to Mark Lane," Garrison stated recently. "He held the door open until the rest of us decided to examine the case critically. His book has been extremely valuable to me. In fact, it played a large part in convincing me to begin the investigation which has led to the conspirators." William Manchester, author of *The Death of a President*, is less credulous about Lane's book; indeed, on television he made a sarcastic reference to Lane's premature 'rush to judgment.' In reply, the personable, articulate, New York-born Lane told us, "We would all still be sitting on the sidelines if we had all accepted the 'official' view." Of Manchester's book Lane says, "It isn't worth much. It's a gossipy account of the Warren Commission Report, perfectly proper for serialization in a ladies' magazine, where the interest might be high in the details of Jackie Kennedy's Texas wardrobe." Lane recently returned from a consultation with Jim Garrison in New Orleans; while there he was named an honorary citizen and given a key to the city. "Jim Garrison is the most important man in America. What astounds me is the ridicule to which he has been exposed by the news media for doing his duty. It's incredible, too, that both Chief Justice Warren and Attorney General Clark would say that Clay Shaw, a man charged with a crime, a man awaiting trial, is innocent. My book makes no judgments, points to no villains, but instead tries to underscore the discrepancies and omissions in the Report. Now we're at stage two. Garrison is going into the courtroom to show a conspiracy initiated and executed by a powerful force of anti-Castro plotters."

Chess-players beware. Your compulsions are showing. At least they are in Reuben Fine's *The Psychology of the Chess Player* (Dover, \$1). Dr. Fine, one of the world's great chess masters, shines the light of his experience as a psychoanalyst on the game, in which he finds "heroes and nonheroes," the King attacked by the Queen mother figure, quantities of sexual expression and, for so sedentary a sport, fantastic deep-seated aggressive impulses. . . . *Vermont's Year* (Tuttle, \$1), a collection of twelve verses by Samuel Robinson Ogden, contains charmingly complementary illustrations by Jane Newton, one for each month of the state's scenic year. . . . Cheap thrill department: *The Billion Dollar Hangover* (Popular, 60¢), by Carl A. Coppolino and his late wife, Carmela, for whose murder he has been on trial in Naples, Florida. No. It's all about alcoholism. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

Avon Library seems to have a special corner on the literary 1930s, having exhumed such one-time favorites as Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* and Tess Slesinger's *The Unpossessed*. Now Avon issues John Peale Bishop's long-out-of-print *Act of Darkness* (95¢), which when it was first published in 1935 Horace Gregory

called "one of the few memorable novels of this decade." It's a story of violence that erupts within the serenity of old Southern traditional gentility. Bishop, better known as poet and critic, friend of R. P. Warren and Allen Tate, wrote only this one novel.

Vintage, now a division of Random House, is reprinting all the Modern Library in paperback. On hand is William

Faulkner's *Sanctuary* (\$1.65), but without his 1932 introduction in which he explained that he wrote the book as a potboiler. "I had to pay for the privilege of rewriting it, trying to make out of it something which would not shame *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying* too much and I made a fair job and I hope you will buy it and tell your friends and I hope they will buy it too."

Two famous novels of the Thirties are also newly published. One is *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* (Compass, \$2.25), Franz Werfel's rather old-fashioned but nonetheless absorbing tale of Armenian courage in face of a Turkish barrage. Then there's I. J. Singer's *The Brothers Ashkenazi* (Universal, \$2.95), which has gone through some fourteen or fifteen editions since its 1936 appearance and still gathers readers to its story of Max and Yakob Ashkenazi, who are spiritually locked together though their lives in Poland take different paths.

Just reissued is Marguerite Duras's early novel *The Sea Wall* (Noonday, \$2.25). The author of *Moderato Cantabile* as well as the script for *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, Mme. Duras, a highly cerebral writer who was born in Vietnam, presents in touching human terms the timeless existence of the peasant countryside. Muriel Spark's newest work, *The Mandelbaum Gate* (Crest, 75¢), is marked with her customary cool in the face of intrigue and love. While not in the same literary class, Helen MacInnes's *The Double Image* (Crest, 75¢) huffs and puffs its way along her usual track, the intrigue-love combination still working, and the Greek backdrop is almost worth the trip. Then there's Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *The Pledge* (Avon, 50¢), which starts out as a detective story but in the best European philosophical manner turns into an inquiry about the nature of guilt.

Europe

When *Daedalus*, that mightily intellectual journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, sponsored a symposium on Europe such distinguished international authorities as Raymond