

from the sea, how long had it taken the Andes to grow? On the Galapagos the different species of finch and the variety of their beaks—one had a beak for cracking nuts and seeds, another to catch insects, and still another fed on fruits and flowers—convinced him that he was “on the edge of a remarkable and disturbing discovery.”

The voyage lasted five years, and except for seasickness Darwin's physique was equal to every test; he climbed the highest peaks, penetrated the densest forests, rode for eleven unbroken hours in the saddle, and in the midst of this prodigious output, was learning to write! He was never to enjoy such physical fitness again, and during the long writing years that followed he was ailing and sedentary. Dar-

win's theories, so furiously denounced by the Church, were to prove the most profound of his century, and it is Mr. Moorehead's achievement to have shown us the discoverer at the peak of his power and unafraid. The contemporary illustrations, colorplates and black and whites, point up the text to perfection.

FOR YOU DEPARTED

by Alan Paton

Scribner's, \$5.95

Adversity is a powerful stimulant to writers, and it is no coincidence that two of the ablest in the English-speaking world, Nadine Gordimer and Alan Paton, are South Africans who have done their best books in an atmosphere no less oppressive than that in which Pasternak died. *For You Departed*, Alan Paton's new book, is by design a long epistle of sixty-eight episodes composed for his wife, who died in 1967. In substance it is a memoir in which his self-portrait and that of Doris, their love, their friction, and their anguish stir the reader with that lyrical power one recalls in his novels *Cry*, *The Beloved Country*, and *Too Late the Phalarope*.

Doris was twenty-eight, six years his senior, and married to another man when Alan first watched her playing tennis, and her mischief and zest on the court captivated him. He was a twenty-two-year-old teacher in the Ixopo High School, a virgin, hard-disciplined and pious. His love for her could not be disguised, and when her husband died of tuberculosis, he declared himself and was tentatively accepted, with the warning that she could never care for him as she could for her first lover. The story within this memoir is how Paton won her despite her indecision, her sharpness, and her diffidence.

Alan's parents were severe Puritans: the theater was wicked, they would have no alcohol in the house, and they disapproved of the pomp of the Anglican and the Roman Catholic Church. (Doris on her visits was forbidden to smoke.) From this stern, sometimes cruel, household, young Paton emerged a dedicated being much in need of the liberation and the encouragement he was to receive from his defiant but intensely loyal wife. She

backed him again and again in his harder choices; she backed him when he turned from the pleasant security of Maritzburg College, of which he might have become headmaster, to accept the principalship of Diepkloof Reformatory, with its four hundred African delinquents ranging in age from thirteen to seventy. “Why do we have to leave Natal, where all our family and friends are?” she said tearfully, “I don't want to go.” But she did go, to the miserable small dark house which was their allotment, and she was with him when he cleaned up that evil-smelling prison, issued tobacco to the inmates, and set up trust and freedom as incentives. Doris was with him when he accepted the leadership of the National Liberation Party, which was eventually suppressed because of its advocacy of a multiracial society. She typed his novels, joyed in them, and went on a lighthearted trip with him when he received the London *Sunday Times* Award. She shared his house arrest while he sat coldly watching the inspectors rifle his papers and she lay in her bed, invalid and gasping for breath.

Doris had a quick temper, which Alan and their sons could easily provoke; she rarely found words for her love; and he tells how in her prickly way she inflicted “my green and foolish hurts.” This book in its intimate way searches for and reveals their hard-won understanding, and the gloom of grief is relieved by Alan's acceptance of the life hereafter. Rarely has a partnership been so well defined in its scriptural purity.

HERO OF THE CITIES

by Matthew and Hannah Josephson
Houghton Mifflin, \$7.95

Hero of the Cities is a political portrait of Alfred E. Smith, a lively, sympathetic account of “the gentleman from Tammany,” as his Republican opponents dubbed him, who, as Frances Perkins truly said, “was the man responsible for the first drift in the United States toward the conception that political responsibility involved a duty to improve the life of the people.” The Josephsons have Miss Perkins to thank for much of their source material, and they do so handsomely in their foreword. Miss Perkins, a welfare worker and

THE WRITERS:

Elizabeth Janeway is a novelist, critic, and astute observer of the American scene.

Isaac Asimov is a scientist and writer whose *Opus 100* has just been published.

Carter Wilson is the author of two novels.

Edward Weeks has been reviewing books in this column for more than forty years.

Dan Wakefield's books include *Between the Lines* and *Supernation at Peace and War*.

Robert Evett's piece on Scarlatti will appear in a forthcoming book, *Atlantic Brief Lives*.

Phoebe Adams writes regularly for this department.

Paul Petrie (page 68) will have a collection of poems published this month by Vanderbilt.

Robley Wilson, Jr. (page 77), is editor of the *North American Review* and teaches at the University of Northern Iowa.

Barbara Howes (page 90) is the author of several books of poetry, the most recent, *Looking Up At Leaves*.