T-1, Mar 6, '77 – article on Vladimir Nabokov says all his novels are dedicated to his wife of 50 yrs, Vera

A few words in dedication

by Ivan Doig

ON CHRISTMAS DAY of 1976, anyone unmerry enough to have been scanning the obituaries in *The New York Times* might have come across one which began: "Mary Moore Cross, to whom the late Ezra Pound in 1906 dedicated his first book of poems, *Personae,* died Thursday at her home in Montclair, NJ. . . ."

That a few words at the front of a book should become the grace notes of a life of 92 years is admittedly unusual. But dedication pages hold strange power. The practice of an author singling out someone for inscription there, alone with the white space and posterity, has gone on automatically for centuries, and still thrives. The tiny *Times* memoriam to Mary Moore Cross, for instance, attests that she is in company with such more recent dedicatees as Jacqueline Susann's mother, Charles Colson's dad, and legions of authors' spouses, friends, enemies, and pets.

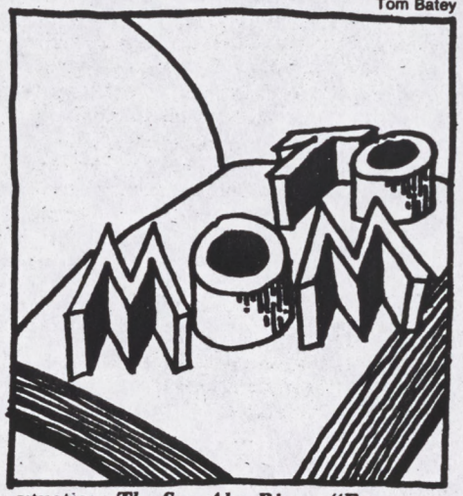
Ivan Doig is the author of This House of Sky *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), which was dedicated "to my wife Carol. Westward we go free."*

Book dedications began as barter, a kind of wordsmith's wampum. Writers as far back as Virgil and Lucretius can be found repaying monied patrons with dedications By Elizabethan times, patron-wooing had become so standard that one practitioner said dedications simply were bills of lading "drawn by the witty upon the great, and payable at sight." They served as political insurance, too. ". . .It is hard not to slide into the panegyrick, when once one begins to speak of your Majesty," John Evelyn crooned in a masterpiece of wheedle directed to Charles II in 1664. What with patronage and politics, honeying up a page or more with flattery became an art form of its own. Dr. Samuel Johnson is known to have ghosted dedications for the books of at least a dozen friends.

The modern style is usually to compress the encomium down to a peck of affection ("To Clare, who believed") or epigrammatic chumminess ("To my colleagues at Yaddo, fellow seekers into the silences"). But however compact and spiffy, the dedication still is saying what it always has: "Thanks, from me and these hundreds and hundreds of sentences." What saves the book dedication from being just an overweight black-and-white valentine is what makes interesting the entire odd business of creating books: the play of personality and the echoes of eras.

Some of the departed luminaries of this century's fiction, for instance, left dedications in which their singularities shine through with high wattage. William Faulkner was at his most squirely when he tapped in at the start of *The Town*: "To Phil Stone— He did half the laughing for 30 years." And with what perserverance Hemingway reported on his domestic

Tom Batey



situation: *The Sun Also Rises*—"For Hadley. . .."; *Death in the Afternoon*—"To Pauline"; *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—". . .for Martha Gellhorn"; *Across the River and Into the Trees*—"To Mary. . ." Sinclair Lewis and the companion of his later years, Marcella Powers, played a private game of pretending that they were being watched by invisible little people called Small Size Spies. Lewis' 1947 novel *Kingsblood Royal* is dedicated "To S.S.S., who first heard this story."

It was the wooing intentions of Shakespeare which a few years ago set off perhaps the all-time dedication furore. Shakespeare's *Sonnets* have held two abiding mysteries: the identity of the "Dark Lady" so ardently addressed by the sonneteer, and the identity of "Mr W.H." to whom the poems are dedicated. A sub-industry of scholarship had grown up around the notion that the Dark Lady and W.H. were historically linked, or perhaps one and the same. Comes then, in 1973, Oxford historian A.L. Rowse to announce that he had traced down the Dark Lady—a candidate named Emilia Bassano—and, as part of his evidence, that the phantom dedicatee was not Shakespeare's at all, but the publisher's. "All the books looking for 'Mr. W.H.' as Shakespeare's friend were written under a misapprehension, barking up a wrong tree, simply so much rubbish," Rowse said. The letters column of *The Times* thundered in retort for weeks.

Some dedications are honed for more immediate mischief. In his translation of the *Arabian Nights* in the late nineteenth century, Sir Richard Burton took revenge on the curators of Oxford's Bodleian Library by dedicating to them the volume with "the rarest and raciest passages" from the manuscript they had refused to loan him. Norman Mailer flashed something of the same spirit in the backhand shot he got off in *Cannibals and Christians:* "To Lyndon B. Johnson whose name inspired young men to cheer for me in public."

But by and large, dedications are more likely to be mellow than mischievous. For one thing, down through the literary

Arbur Books

The Medussa and the Snail

by Lewis Thomas
author of the award-winning Lives of a Cell

from Viking Penguin $8.95

The 1979 Seattle Summer Festival of Dance

Seattle Center

generations a colossal number have been aimed directly but gently at that essential figure, the reader. As early as 1615, "the honest and understanding reader" was honored by Edmund Howes in *Stow's Annals.* The mode went soft and sticky in Victorian times—H. Rider Haggard, *King Solomon's Mines:* "This faithful, but unpretending record of a remarkable adventure is hereby respectfully dedicated. . .to all the big and little boys who read it." But open enthusiasm for the folks out there in readerdom seems never to entirely go out of style, vide Shere Hite in *The Hite Report:* "To us, in self-affirmation and celebration, I dedicate this book!"

Then too, there is the vast permanent population of mates and parents to be thanked, and most of it is necessarily done in marshmallow tones. Especially, it seems, in best-sellers. My personal theorem of literary dynamics is that the loftier the sales of a book, the more mundane its dedication is likely to be. A glance through the current best-selling fiction and non-fiction reveals a roster of parents, spouses, children, one "sneaky guru," one dog, and the Twenty-Ninth Marines as dedicatees, until Joseph Heller shows some verve in *Good as Gold:* "I dedicate this book to the several gallant families and numerous unwitting friends whose help, conversations and experiences play so large a part."

Heller aside, the best-sellers' list can only make the dedication devotee yearn for the prickly affection of a Sidney A. Reeve, who knew exactly what he wanted to say when he came out with *The Thermodynamics of Heat-Engines* in 1903: "To my wife, to whose devotion and aid (although she doesn't know entropy from carbonic acid) the existence of this book is due, it is dedicated."

When writers move on from hearth-and-hominess—say, to the day-by-day business of authorship—their dedications generally perk up. The late John P. Marquand inscribed *Women and Thomas Harrow* to his secretary, "because without her loyalty and interest I would doubtless still be splitting infinitives in the vicinity of Chapter Three." Jack Olsen dedicated *The Bridge at Chappaquiddick* "to the kind and patient people who aided in its preparation"—53 of them, named in two long lists covering the page.

Among editors, the most-impressively-dedicated-to probably have been Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's, said to have had 20-some books inscribed to him, and Pascal Covici of Viking, dedicatee of two Nobel winners, John Steinbeck (*East of Eden*) and Saul Bellow (*Herzog*).

If there is a single steady reward for the dedication-watcher, it is the frequency with which the genre produces gems of an expected rightness. Can anyone doubt that "J" would have dedicated *The Sensuous Woman* other than to "L.F., J.N., A.V.N., etc.? Or that the Watergate gush of books would bear a cargo of contrite testimonials to the wives who stood by their indicted hubbies? Or that it would be a writer chittering about in the field of wildlife who could come up with the nonpareil of dedications? (Johnathan Franklin, *Two Owls at Eton:* "To my Mother, who bravely put up with my owls for many a long and troublesome day when I was absent.")

Some of our new literary heavyweights are showing the dedicatory punch to be expected of them. Tom Robbins, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*—"To Fleetwood Star Robbins, the apple, the pineapple, the mango, the orchard of my eye. And of course, to all cowgirls, everywhere." Thomas McGuane, *Ninety-Two in the Shade*—"For Beck for Beck for Beck."

The future seems secure. As long as there are mates to be assauged, editors to be commemorated, mothers to put up with Etonian owls, the dedication will have its place in literature. Right there beyond the title page, just where young Ezra Pound assured a young woman all those years ago that "This book is for Mary Moore of Trenton, if she wants it."□

poetry

Simple facts reviewed . . .

by Steven Winn

SINCE WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, who pared the poetic language to ennoble the vernacular, no poet has affected the sound and substance of American verse more than Robert Lowell. It was Lowell who led Sylvia Plath and dozens of descendants like her to the "confessional mode," whereby the poet's private experience, feelings, and memory determined not only the subject but the logic of the poem. In reading the popular journals and literary quarterlies today, it is clear that Lowell's influence sweeps all other aside: the contemporary American poet is his own mainspring.

William Matthews' third volume of poems, *Rising and Falling*, lies within the Williams-Lowell tradition, exhibiting both its best and worst features. Like Williams, Matthews is capable of the seemingly flat, curiously resonant account of a scene. In "A Hairpin Turn Above Reading, Jamaica," he begins:

> Here's where the fire truck fell
> beached on its side, off the road.
> So when the fire fell into itself
> we came down the hill to watch
> the fire truck get saved.

Or like Lowell, he can arrest us with self-awareness, as in "A Roadside Near Ithaca"

> Or I'd scuff out
> by myself at dusk, proud
> to be lonely.

Slowly, through these 70 pages written in a deceptively plain and even-tempered voice, we come to know the facts of a life (a man alone with two sons, moving from place to place across the country) and the sensibility that underlies it (a sharp, unsentimental apprehension of the past; a dreamy, almost swooning urge for connections). The images and metaphors tend to be self-referential, as if this life spun out for us and the authority of its presentation are enough.

Rising and Falling
By William Matthews.
Atlantic-Little Brown.
$6.95 cloth. $3.95 paper.

At his best (in say, "Opening Her Jewel Box"), Matthews builds an entrancing, instinctive weight—material so subtly worked that its significance feels both surprising and inevitable:

> Sometimes she's asked
> "What are you thinking of?"
> and she's so startled she says
> "Nothing," rather than describe
> a mug with a bite-shaped chip
> in its rim, or years ago
> killing a cat with carbon monoxide
> for love of a medical student.
> It thrashed as far from the tailpipe
> as the sack would stretch—
> ball of fur in a taut lung
> that wouldn't work. The cat grew slack
> and then stiff.

Matthews earns these last ringing lines from the almost offhand (but loaded) truism that precedes them: killing for love. This is the confessional poet's gift: to seize on experience and draw the taut, sure line between that which appears to pass and

Steven Winn, whose fiction has appeared in The National Lampoon, Carolina Quarterly, *and other periodicals, is currently at work on a book about Ted Bundy, which will be published by Bantam this fall.*

Bookseller (UK) 7 Sept 1990

The very hungry ferret

Time to announce the results of my competition to find the most interesting dedication to a book. My thanks to Gwyn Headley, who suggested the idea, and to all who entered.

Gwyn, of course, entered a couple of dedications himself (why else would he have suggested the competition?), and one of them made the shortlist: "To Emily whose skateboard made this book possible" (from *Isle of Man Tourist Trophy: An Illustrated History, 1907–80* by Matthew Freudenberg, published by Aston).

But there were other strong contenders. The judging panel particularly enjoyed "To Thomas, Howard and David for tolerating a father who puts magnets on people's heads" (from R Robin Baker's *Human Navigation and Magneto-Reception*, published by Manchester University Press and submitted by Sally Seed of MUP), as well as the refreshingly frank "Every word in this almanac was writ on purpose to get money" in *Poor Robin's Almanac* of 1662, submitted by Derek Parker.

The competition also illustrated that dedications can tell fascinating stories, as this entry submitted by Andrew Cocks of Boydell & Brewer, from Brian Plummer's *Tales of a Rat-hunting Man* (Boydell), showed: "I dedicate this book to Kevin Sim of Yorkshire TV who so believes in the dictum 'The show must go on' that he allowed my ferret to chew into announcer Richard Whiteley's finger and refused to stop filming: and to Richard Whiteley who carried off the whole show with both agony and aplomb."

We also enjoyed John Sinfield's entry, from the autobiography of David Scott Blackhall, the blind presenter of the BBC Radio programme "In Touch". Proof reading, John Sinfield reports, fell largely to Blackhall's sighted wife, and between proof stage and finished copies he asked for the following dedication to be inserted: "For my wife—the blind man's buffer".

On a different note Heather Jeeves submitted Sidney Sheldon's dedication to his wife in *The Other Side of Midnight*: "To Jorga, who pleasures me greatly", while Russell Ash contributed "To my wife this book is affectionately dedicated" from Felix Raoul Leblanc's *Venereal Disease and Its Prevention* (1920). And a very strong contender came from Daphne Moss: "To my daughter Leonora, without whose never failing sympathy and encouragement this book would have been finished in half the time", from P G Wodehouse's *Heart of a Goof*.



But nobody legislated that the best dedication should necessarily be funny: the following entry wins on elegance rather than humour, and it came from Peter Haigh at the British Library in Boston Spa. The dedication is Robert Louis Stevenson's in his *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*:

Dedication

MY DEAR SIDNEY COLVIN,

The journey which this little book is to describe was very agreeable and fortunate for me. After an uncouth beginning, I had the best of luck to the end. But we are all travellers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world—all, too, travellers with a donkey; and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel, indeed, to find them. They are the end and the reward of life. They keep us worthy of ourselves; and, when we are alone, we are only nearer to the absent.

Every book is, in an intimate sense, a circular letter to the friends of him who writes it. They alone take his meaning; they find private messages, assurances of love, and expressions of gratitude dropped for them in every corner. The public is but a generous patron who defrays the postage. Yet though the letter is directed to all, we have an old and kindly custom of addressing it on the outside to one. Of what shall a man be proud, if he is not proud of his friends? And so, my dear Sidney Colvin, it is with pride that I sign myself

Affectionately yours,

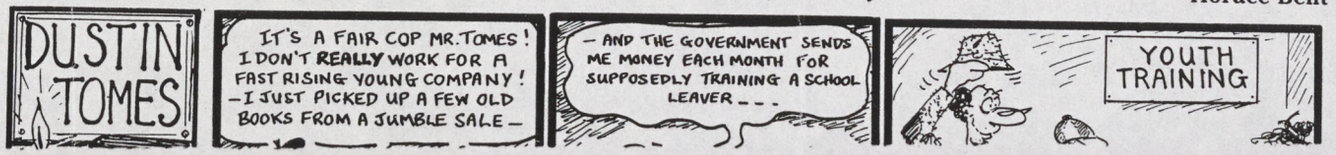
RLS

So a bottle of claret to Peter Haigh; a bottle also to Gwyn Headley, who started the whole thing, and one to Gilly Vincent at Collins Audio for her wonderful anecdote about the "For Celia" dedication in a novel by C P Snow. I published that anecdote in the issue of 3rd August, and for those of you who missed it, it is well worth going back for.

Eric Norris, on reading that David St John Thomas sold David & Charles, was reminded—such is his memory—of an entry in *Farley's Exeter Journal* for 23rd September 1726 about an earlier namesake: "David Thomas a vendor of Books and Pamphlets at Carmarthen having been convicted at the last Assizes there of counterfeiting the Stamps upon Parchment, is ordered to be executed there on 2nd October next."

And we think bookselling or publishing today are high-risk occupations.

Horace Bent



My own nominee for fine outrage is a writer I greatly admire in every way--the Australian novelist Thomas Keneally, who in his novel Gossip from the Forest put where the dedication customarily would be: "In the season in which this book was written, the French government persisted in exploding nuclear devices above the ocean where my children swim."

Among editors, the most-impressively-dedicated-to in this country probably have been Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's, said to have had 20-some books inscribed to him by grateful writers, and ~~Pascal~~ Pat Covici of Viking, dedicatee of two Nobel Prize winners, John Steinbeck (East of Eden) and Saul Bellow (Herzog).

20 sec.

bought my first book"--and against that, the grace of that good writer and good man Tony Hillerman, who at last is deservedly on the bestseller list, and who wishes to the friend he names in his dedication, "May he always go with beauty all around him."

Since I'm the middle speaker among the writers here, ~~tonight,~~ and you have the advantage of hearing good stuff before and after whatever I do, I figured I might as well be the guy to ask the solemn literary question of the night. Namely, where would writers be without dedication?

Like any other literary theorist, I would not ask that question if I didn't already know the answer. (Pick up book) Writers would be left with a blank page right here, which is where dedications go.

Book dedications have been around about as long as books have, so bear in mind that their history--as I'm about to give it here--is the ten-minute thin-air-of-Denver version.

Some dedications are honed for mischief. In his translation of the Arabian Nights in the late nineteenth century, Sir Richard Burton --the writer/explorer, not the memorable Welshman and actor--Sir Richard Burton took revenge on the curators of Oxford's Bodleian Library by dedicating to them the volume with "the rarest and raciest passages" from the manuscript they had refused to loan him. Norman Mailer flashed something of the same spirit in the backhand shot he got off in Cannibals and Christians during the Vietnam War: "To Lyndon B. Johnson whose name inspired young men to cheer for me in public."

45 sec.

For my part, in my five books so far I've managed dedications to my wife Carol, to a gang of 18 friends who are writers and teachers in Missoula, to a friend who saved me from drowning, to my wife again--same wife--and now in Dancing at the Rascal Fair, to my old history professor, as this line reads, who saw the patterns on the land. With that dedication of mine, and Isabel's to her sister and her daughter, and Wally's to his wife Christine, and Gretel's to her husband Press and the Japanese-American internees she has written about, ~~and Stephen's to~~ we are all saying what the dedication always has said: "Thanks, from us and our hundreds and hundreds of sentences."

Sinclair Lewis and the companion of his later years, Marcella Powers, played a private game of pretending that they were being watched by invisible little people--revelations about what the FBI has been up to toward writers down through the decades makes this a lot less silly than it originally sounded; (pause)--even us paranoids have got enemies, right?--anyway, invisible little people whom Lewis and Miss Powers called Small Size Spies. Lewis's 1947 novel Kingsblood Royal is dedicated to "S.S.S."

(back to Hemingway, preceding card)

dedications

Love Is The Heart of Everything (Mayakovsky-Brik letters)

p. 12--L. Yu. B (for Lili Yurevna Brik) in M's 1928 vol. of collected works--
the Russian word for love is lyub.

p. 21--M's dedication of Pro Eto (About This)--"To her and to me" (i.e., M and Lili)

Feb. 24, 173
p. 11

Antiques

Dedicated to blurb lovers everywhere . . .

I was amused to read in a Sunday paper recently that Desmond Elliott, the literary agent turned publisher, is offering a prize for the worst book-jacket blurb of the year. Elliott has a not very affectionate vendetta against Auberon Waugh, and is the author of the clerihew:

Auberon Waugh
Is a bore;
I'd rather
Read father.

He has stipulated that the prize will not be awarded in any year which Waugh publishes a novel.

I was especially taken with Elliott's scheme because I have been collecting chronic and curious blurbs for some time. I will give extracts from my three prizewinners of all time (none of them is Auberon Waugh) at the end of this article; but first I want to descant on the more general subject Elliott's prize suggests: collecting books, not for their contents but for their extraneous attractions, including dedications, portraits of authors and blurbs.

One of the best introductions to book collecting is P. H. Muir's *Book-collecting as a Hobby*. My copy is printed on cheap wartime paper and I am not sure whether the book has been reissued. Muir recommends beginners to pick up the small volumes of "The Book Lover's Library", issued towards the end of the nineteenth century, edited by H. B. Wheatley. Muir adds: "In this Book-Lover's Library he wrote a volume called *The Dedication of Books*, and I have often wondered why no one has formed a collection of books solely for their dedications."

Dedications began as tributes to patrons. The first book printed in English, Caxton's translation of the *History of Troy*, is dedicated to his patron, Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy; one of the few surviving copies contains a copper engraving showing Caxton presenting the book to her. Then there is Shakespeare's dedication to Mr W. H., of which we have heard so much lately from the usual source. Muir considers Milton's *Lycidas* to be "one long dedication". Irresistible dedications may be found in books which might otherwise bore you stiff: that of Sir Humphry Davy to his wife in *The Elements of Chemical Philosophy*, for example. The supreme prize of the dedication-collector is *Counsel and Advise to all Builders* by Sir Balthasar Gerbier, 1633, which has 41 separate dedications.

Muir feels that, although it is not strictly a dedication, Johnson's reply to Lord Chesterfield, first published in 1790, should be included. He cites two other good examples of the anti-dedication, both addressed to Oliver Cromwell: an indictment by Denzil Holles in 1647, beginning "To the unparalleled couple Mr Oliver St John . . and Oliver Cromwell", and Colonel Titus's *Killing Noe Murder*, 10 years later. He suggests that one should also hunt down dedications which Johnson composed for other less felicitous authors: these are listed in Courtney and Nichol Smith's *Bibliography of Samuel Johnson* (Muir recommends the 1925 edition.)

My most pleasing discovery in dedications is that in *Historic Fancies* (1844) by Mr George Sydney Smythe, MP: "To the Lord John Manners, MP, whose gentle blood is only an illustration of his gentler conduct, and whose whole life may well remind us that the only child of Philip Sydney became a Manners, because he is himself, as true and blameless, the Philip Sydney of our generation." Smythe, later Lord Strangford, who fought in the last duel on English soil in 1852, was a great friend of the young Disraeli (a friendship well described in the *Autobiography* of Sir William Gregory, who knew them then); and Disraeli cribbed part of this dedication for the tribute to Prince Albert that finally endeared him for ever to Queen Victoria—as his equally cribbed tribute to Wellington had previously outraged her. Possibly, therefore, no book dedication has had a greater historical effect, and I am rather proud of the discovery. The biter was bit, as Muir points out: "Disraeli's pretty dedication of Vivian Grey (1826) was adapted with the minimum of alteration, and a complete lack of acknowledgment, by the anonymous author of *Journal of a Tour through the Highlands of Scotland* (1830)."



Marguerite Steinheil, who was tried for murder, seen "Writing my Memoirs".

Among more modern dedications, Muir suggests the notable one in Bentley's *Trent's Last Case*. I would add that of Jonathan Franklin's *Two Owls at Eton* (1960): "To my Mother, who bravely put up with my owls for many a long and troublesome day when I was absent"; of Sterling North's *Raccoons are the Brightest People* (1966): "To the one girl and the many raccoons in my life."; and of James Pope-Hennessy's *Sins of the Fathers*): "To my bank manager, to whom I owe so much."

One could also collect authors' titles or styles: I recently visited the superbly stocked book shop of Colin and Charlotte Franklin at Home Farm, Culham, Oxford, and was shown there a book on rat-catching whose author gloriously styled himself "Ratcatcher in Ordinary to Her Royal Highness Princess Amelia". Authors' photographs would be another good subject: such a collection would have to include the portrait of Mrs Frances Simpson and her silver male "Cambyses" from her turn-of-the-century book on cats, which, incidentally, is dedicated, "To the many kind friends, known and unknown, that I have made in Pussydom" and carries an advertisement for another book, *The ABC of Poultry*, by E. B. Johnstone—"A capital addition to the many books devoted to the outdoor life . . . careful classification of . . . the diseases to which the fowl is heir."

In *The Memoirs* (1912) of Marguerite Steinheil, who was tried for murder, there is a charming photograph captioned "Writing my Memoirs", showing her apparently sitting in the garden at a table bearing an electric lamp and a vase of flowers. One would also like to have the dust-jacket of Evelyn Waugh's *Ninety Days*, of which a copy was sold at Christie's in 1969 for £30: it shows him in tropical shorts. Auberon Waugh used the head of Michelangelo's David in place of his author's photograph on the jacket of his novel *A Bed of Flowers* (1971). Which brings me back to Desmond Elliott and his blurbs prize.

High marks must surely go to this blurb, for *Crab Apple Jelly* (1944): "In his new book of stories, Frank O'Connor has made a tasty jelly out of the crab apples of Irish life. . . . Two monks who have renounced the world, the flesh and the devil imperil their immortal souls by a weakness for racing news. An anti-clerical Town Clerk tells his daughters the story of his own life under the guise of a romance about a certain Grand Vizier who has had a disagreement with the Grand Mufti of a Turkish town; while a fastidious, sensitive curate is compelled to explain the grotesque activities of the local Vigilance Society to an incredulous French sea-captain. An old woman who has spent her life in the city dreams of leaving her bones 'on a high hilltop in Ummera', the village she had left 40 years before. . . . 'O'Connor', said the late W. B. Yeats, 'is doing for Ireland what Chekhov did for Russia.'" You can say that again.

My second prize goes to *Hallucinations* by Reinaldo Arenas (1971): "This novel is the hallucinatory history of Friar Servando Teresa de Mier, a Mexican friar whose famous heretical sermon on Our Lady of Guadalupe (now seen as an outburst of the passion which led to the independence of Mexico early in the nineteenth century) resulted in his lifelong persecution. Ingeniously merging fact and fantasy, the novel records the friar's wildly improbable exploits as he escapes from prison to prison, narrowly avoiding immolation, rape and marriage, travelling Europe on foot, a witness to the excesses of debauched clerics and corrupt revolutionaries. He voyages in the three lands of love in Madrid, is caged by a wealthy Jewess in Bayonne, witnesses the triumph of Napoleon in Paris, meets Lady Hamilton and Virginia Woolf's hermaphrodite Orlando in England's 'remote and misty land', picks cotton in the American South and finally returns to applause and welcome in newly liberated Mexico." Sounds quite exciting.

As for this year's award, I think Mr Elliott will find no better candidate than *Full Moon* (1973) by Caradog Prichard: "A young man is walking up an empty village street under the full moon, his world in his pocket, and out toward the dark lake on the Welsh mountainside that was the boundary of his childhood. As he walks he remembers how that same full moon marshalled a drunken Will Starched Collar to salvation and the transvestite Em to the asylum, smiling like a collie who's been killing sheep. Here, he and Moi and Huw dug for pig-nuts and discussed the mechanics of crucifixion; there the visiting choir sang for funds to sustain the pit strike in the mysterious distant South. And in the reassuring centre of the world there was his mother, a lulling presence in the big bed, who contrived to keep the two of them from Friday to Friday on the parish money, and fought the remorselessness of life until it became an unequal struggle against the fury of the moon." If the *New Statesman* were to set a competition for the most off-putting blurb, I think nobody could better that.

Bevis Hillier

cial altar

ever, for those young men who still desire a future within the game at long last there is now a scheme. Since 1970 the Football Association have been running courses for prospective managers.

For two weeks over the past three years, in the middle of June, lectures on business and club management studies have been held by the University of Technology at Loughborough. The intake has been limited to 14 a year, of promising material. Henceforth Lilleshall is to be the centre, and a lecturer from International Computers Ltd has been selected to run the next course. Here is a helpful springboard to tomorrow. In the age of the specialist there is no longer a place for blind mice.

There have been, of course, a number of men who, by character and shrewdness, have survived the rat race. Managers of long service to a club come to mind in the persons of Sir Matt Busby, who created the modern Manchester United over a quarter of a century ; Bill Nicholson (Tottenham Hotspur), Bill Shankly (Liverpool), Ron Greenwood (West Ham United), and Sir Alf Ramsey (England)—before him Walter Winterbottom—all of whom have ruled behind a single desk for 10 years and more.

All these have been the exceptions in a game in which you are only as good as your last result. As Jimmy Armfield, manager of Bolton Wanderers, said in these columns this week: "The three most difficult occupations today are mountaineering, lion taming, and running a football club. Not necessarily in that order."

Whether men now do it alone or in pairs—a new straw in the wind ; the general manager and the team manager—at the end of the day there is either truth—or a dead cat at the bottom of the well.

Geoffrey Green
Football Correspondent



Britain's miracle is the sound of music

The miracle I wish to describe is Britain's vast musical awakening. Musical explosion, musical eruption—call it what you like, so long as you are emphatic. This miracle started in the mid-1890s, precisely the time when, as a young man, I came from Germany to settle in London. At that time, there were two main concert halls in London. One was the St. James's Hall, which stood on a site between Regent Street and Piccadilly. On Saturdays and Mondays there were so-called "Pop Concerts" there—chamber music of the highest classical quality led by Joseph Joachim. Then there was the Queen's Hall, almost brand new when I heard my First Promenade Concert there. And this is where the miracle really started.

For the Proms, rather than any other concert series, whether in the flesh or over the air, sensitized generation after generation of English listeners, increasing their number and opening their ears to new musical styles, forms and idioms. In those days we paid a shilling for standing places in the arena. People used to ask how on earth, at such prices, Wood made the Proms pay their way. The answer is simple : Proms deficits were met by Edgar Speyer.

Those were times when ambitious music-making depended more often than not upon some individual, let us call him Mr Maecenas. In England we had a Mr Maecenas who not only lavished a private fortune on symphonic music and opera, but also conducted and produced the stuff, with subtle art and a sort of sublime fury. I refer, of course, to the incomparable Thomas Beecham. He was prominent among those who laid the foundation on which so much has risen that would have surprised and gratified even him.

An early hint of things to come was the Beecham Symphony Orchestra, founded in 1906, the first English orchestra to reach anything like the virtuoso class. As soon as the first world war began Covent Garden had to close down. The glamorous trade of importing great voices from the ends of the earth folded for "the duration". The sequel would have been something like silence but for Beecham who in 1915 got together a company of singers, all of them British, and put on highly original seasons of opera in English.

Unfortunately opera is the costliest of the theatrical arts. In those days the assumption was that it would go on being paid for out of the pocket of this Maecenas or that ; the idea of setting up national opera companies and of subsidizing them from taxes and rates on the continental model was dismissed as silly. By the end of the war Beecham, who had spent the family fortune, launched the Imperial League of Opera in order to continue his operatic enterprise. He was ahead of his time : the campaign failed.

After the First World War we had only one orchestra of genuine stability : the BBC Symphony, the creation of the BBC's Director-General, John Reith. Reith knew that music had required patronage throughout the ages, and laid down a massive policy : the BBC was to become, not just a purveyor of music, but the leader of music. The Reith regime galvanized the Henry Wood Proms, which, financially ailing for years, were taken over by the BBC in 1930 and became one of their Symphony Orchestra's many thrones. Sir William Glock broadened the series immeasurably and turned the concerts into an annual international festival, unprecedented in magnitude and splendour. Nothing like the Proms. exists in any other part of the world.

Another development between the wars was The Glyndebourne Opera, founded in 1934 by John and Audrey Christie. Glyndebourne broke new ground by providing opera-lovers with performances of the highest class, largely because they were based on unusually lengthy rehearsals.

But the musical trail was blazed, not by a few, but by a whole chain of English talents : Hamilton Harty in Manchester with his Hallé orchestra ; Adrian Boult : Malcolm Sargent ; Lilian Baylis, who transplanted her "shoestring opera" from the Waterloo Road to its first seat of expansion and renown at Sadler's Wells in north London. The trial led us through the Second World War—with its attendant orchestral-concert boom that regularly packed concert halls and not a few vaudeville theatres throughout the land.

At this point I must take you back to 1924 when Philip Snowden, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a grant of £2,500 to Covent Garden. Anybody concerned with music would have been expected to enthusiastically acclaim a precedent from which they all might hope to benefit. The contrary happened. Everybody was jealous and protested : "why not me" ? As a result of this, and a change of government, even this tiny grant was not renewed. But the miracle which had been germinating exploded after the war when the Government made a grant to Covent Garden of £80,000 in 1946, which had risen to £1,640,000 in 1972. Then there is the Council for Encouragement of Music and the Arts, which provided entertainment for the armed forces during the war and at the end was turned into the Arts Council of Great Britain for the purpose of strengthening our artistic life. Whitehall and the Mother of Parliaments had entered the picture, a remarkable step forward, leading to the creation of a centre where many wires meet now. The initial government grant of £200,000 in 1946, covering all arts, has grown to £13.5m by 1972.

In 1945 London had two big orchestras, apart from the BBC Symphony. It might have been expected to go on making do with two. The miracle decided otherwise and said, "let there be four !" Beecham founded the Royal Philharmonic and Walter Legge the Philharmonia. Both stood on their own feet and paid their way. Another exciting innovation came five years later—the Greater London Council, working on a fifty-fifty basis, set up the London Orchestral Board, which has been subsidizing the Big Four ever since.

Coinciding with the expansion in the orchestral field has been the growth of opera. Covent Garden continues its traditional policy of presenting outstanding artists from abroad, though most of the singers are now British by birth and training—an amazing achievement. Covent Garden is now generally regarded as the most versatile and accomplished of the world's opera houses. But we have also seen the opulent spread of Sadler's Wells, whose company of British singers is ever growing in ambition and perfection. To add to the operatic miracle we have now the Scottish and Welsh operas, which can reasonably be expected to function all the year round ere long and which, in turn, will encourage Manchester and others to follow their lead.

This is a cursory summing-up of the orchestral and operatic position. Progress in other directions is also notable, including the creation of the Regional Arts Associations which act as fertilizers throughout the country ; the ratification of the magnificently conceived Barbican scheme, and the modernization of our music colleges which increasingly attract students from different parts of the world.

In giving its lead the central government has constantly urged local authorities and business to follow its example. So far the result has been disappointing, which is not surprising since many leaders in local government and business grew up at a time when music occupied an insignificant place in national life compared with today. Now music has become increasingly meaningful, especially for young people for whom movements like Youth and Music provide ideal opportunities for hearing "live" opera and concerts. Music-making by our youth is equally flourishing, as demonstrated by youth orchestras on national, county and school levels. In this sphere we are far ahead of other European countries.

Our country seems to be suffering from a deplorable wave of self-denigration and aversion to cooperation. Can we not seek to replace these by faith in the spiritual, including the love of music, in an endeavour to provide a unifying force in the society we seek to create ?

Robert Mayer

Sir Robert, founder of the Robert Mayer Concerts for Children, is Chairman of Youth and Music.

you believe but the way you believe it

steadily more humanist ever since. This trend has been accompanied by a long, slow, hard-fought change in Christianity, and by a growth away from Christianity. The end point of this trend must be the total abandonment of theistic religion, the arrival at thoroughgoing atheism. The atheist-Humanist can hardly help but regard his as the only true, complete and unflawed Humanism ; and so we move steadily, but almost imperceptibly, from the relative to the absolute.

When the atheist turns to his brother the Christian in the contemporary world, what he has to ask himself, in effect, is where on the scale of history this particular specimen lies ? Does he still owe his entire allegiance to God, or does he love his neighbour too ? And if the former, how does he manifest his love of God ?

Now this question is important. It is really one for the Christians to debate, of course, but perhaps I, as an atheist, may briefly note how the situation looks from this side of the dialogue. The question is not new—Christ himself reduced the old decalogue to two commandments—Love for God and Love for Man—and the way these have been acted upon has depended largely on the personality of the individual or Church in question (no absolutes, you see, for the atheist onlooker). Some have concentrated on one to the exclusion of the other, while most try to achieve a blend of the two. In the nature of things the extremists provide the more spectacular subject for comment.

The Christians with whom the fully fledged atheist Humanist can feel at home are those able to humanize their Christianity, either by emphasizing the second of Christ's two commandments or by construing Love of God as made manifest in good works on earth. The parable of the sheep and goats is a cornerstone of this construction. From the agnostic (making a clear distinction from the atheist) point of view this parable is particularly important since it seems to stand Pascal's wager on its head. If your place in heaven is guaranteed by good works on earth, why take the intellectually disreputable "blind leap of faith" ?

The dialogue between Humanists and Christians boils down then to a confrontation of faith and a selective cooperation in action. Dialogue between parties with a long history of institutional hostility is not easy—yet it can be done. We must take the example of the German and English troops in the trenches at Christmas 1914, who spontaneously crossed no-man's land for an unofficial truce, and climb out of our intellectual trenches into the open society, which is defined not by what people believe, but by the way they believe it.

Some on both sides will scoff and say either that we are deceiving ourselves and falling into the hands of the foe, or engaged in meaningless sophistry. Neither attack would be justified, not so much because it would be wrong, but because it would miss the point. Dialogue is not a plastering over of cracks, nor a playing down of differences : it is a process of interpenetration, the fruitfulness of which is the test of its worth. The great changes in the world and the evolution of society bear witness to the fact that dialogue goes on in any case. The barriers are crumbling. I call this process Humanism.

Christopher Macy

The author is editor of the New Humanist, *and took part in conversations between the International Humanist and Ethical Union and the Vatican's Secretariat for Unbelievers in Brussels. The record of the meeting.* "A Catholic/Humanist Dialogue", *will be published on Monday by Pemberton Books at* £2.50 *(paperback,* 90p*).*

Book-Collecting as a Hobby-
P.H. Muir (London: Gramol Pubns Ltd, 1945)

p.19- "Originly dedctns paid homage to author's patron.

p.20- "dedctn 2 Sh's "Sonnets" is one ?t famous b-all ltre. It begins, 'To onlie begetter of these insuing Sonnets Mr. W.H. —,"

p.20- "You wil note c amusemt that Disli's pretty dedctn ? Vivian Grey (1826) wa adapted c. minm ? altn, & a complt lack ? acknolgmt ? anon author ? jrnl ? a Tour thro. Highlds ? Scotland (1830). & u wil surely include a Counsel and Advise (sic) to all Builders, by Sir Balthasar Gerbier, 1663, as high-water mark ? un colectn, if it has no fewer than 41 separt dedctns."

over

21 – Dr Johnson wrote dedctns for less skilled authors. "If u consult ... pages of Courtney & Nichol Smith's Bibliô of Samd Jon (get. 1925 edit n of u can) u wil find all of smu listed thr ..."

The Dedication of Books
by Henry B. Wheatley
(London: Elliot Stock, 1887)

3- Horace, Virgil, Cicero & Lucretius dedicated works to friend or patron.

7- ". Spands & Holms freely dedicated the bks 2. Vgn Mary, to Jesus Chr, & even to God. Father Himself."

9- "John Leycester, "a small crumme of mortality," dedicated his work o. Civil Wars of Engld (1649) "to. honour & glory of. infinit, imens, & incomprehensible majesty of Jehovah, . fountaine of all excelcies, . Lord of Hosts, . Giver of all Victries, & . God of Peace."

16- "I once met an old book in which. person 2 whom it was dedicd was styled "an honourable & perfect gentlemn," & some of mrs possessor had writn in. margin 'a lie.'"

17 - Sir Balthasar Gerbier's [41] dedns & counsel & advise to all Builders (1663) start c · Qn - Mother, · Duke of York, Prince Rupert, · Archbishop of Canterbury, & cn dn to · courteous reader.

22-3 Marston · dramatist dedctd Scourge of Villainy to himself: "to his most esteemed & beloved Selfe, Dat Dedicatque.
23 - George Wither (1622) Abuses Stript and Whipt: "To himselfe G. W. wisheth all happinesse."

32-3: Pepy in his Diary went = hurryg = "St Paul's churchyd = cans · title of my English Mare Clausum = to be changed, & · new title dedctd = · king to be put to it, bcos I am asham'd = hav · other seen, dedctd = · Commwlth." (Chas II had returnd to throne)

107- " Denzil Holles, · Ldr 1· Presbytns who b 1647 made a motion b Parlt 4 disbandg · army, & wd defeatd, had 2 fly 2 Ndy to escap an impchmt 4 hi trsn. Here he set 2 wrk 2 ~~at~~ atak his enmies, & he dedctd 17 ~~his~~ hi pol tricks b telg words 1 rebuke:

'To· unparlld cupl, Mr. Oliver St. John, his Majs Solctr-Gen, & Oliver Cromwl, 'parl's Lt-gen, · 2 grand designers 1· ruin 1 3 Kingdoms . . . '"

179-180 - lists mentnd 1 Boswell / 2 dedctns writn 1 Dr. J 4 other people's bks, 1743- 1777. Qte from Boos Life 1 Jn: "What an expens, Sir, do we put us to b buyg bks, 2 wch we hav nitn Prefces a Dedns." 5th vol 1 Ox 4d edn 1 J's works has fmr dedns.

118- Disrli's dedctn 4 Vivian Grey (1826):

"To
The Best & Gratest 1 Men
I dedct these vols.
He, for whom it is intended, wil accept &
apprecte · complmt:
Those, for whom it is - & intended, will -
Do · same."

4 yrs later, Beriah Botfield anonsly pubd
Jrnl 1 a tour thru. Hilds 1 Scotld c dedn:

"To
The Best & Loveliest 1 her Sex
this vol is dedctd:
She for whom it is intended
wil accept & aprecte
· complmt;
Those 4 whom it is - intended
wil do · same."

214- Mary Eyre dedctd Over-Pyrenees into Spain (1865) to 20 frends, "names be a round robin arranged as a whl c twenty spokes."

219- John Stuart Mill's Liberty has long warm dedn 2 "· frend & wife whose exalted sens of truth & right wo my strongest incitement ..."

203 - "Sir Chas Hanbury Williams's Poetical Works wr colctd & publ'd b 1822 y Edward Jeffery under. auspces of Lords Holland & Essex. They wr dedctd 2 Lord John Russell; but when he fnd how indecent many of. pieces wr he wrote this ltr:-

25 Arlington St, June 27th

Ld Jn Rll presents his compls to Mr. J/y; & as he has propsd his readiness 2 comply w any reqst he has 2 make, he hopes Mr. J wil oblij him y leavg his name out of. advtmt, & cancels mo page b. copies with rem o sale."

207 - Dickens's Tale of Two Cities to Earl Russell.

general note: dedns as late as 18th c. often long - stiff flowery, or preachy, or disputatious.

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Twilight Dreams. By Bishop Boyd Carpenter. 1893.

"To thee, most beloved wife, watchful in difficulties, constant in adversities, loving in all things, these dreams are offered, inscribed, and dedicated."

(From the Latin.)

My Life and Times. By Cyrus Hamlin. 1893.

"To my children and children's children."

How to Grow Cut Flowers. By Myron A. Hunt. 1893.

"To her who has walked by my side for nearly a quarter of a century, has tenderly cared for me in sickness, cheered me in days of adversity, and earned her full share of the rest that has come with the eventide of life,—to my loved wife is this volume dedicated."

Gypsying beyond the Sea. By William Bement Lent. 1893.

"To A. L.

"She with me, and I with her, outward bound."

The Prince of India. By Lew Wallace. 1893.

"To my father, David Wallace. He loved literature for the pleasure it brought him, and could I have had his counsel while composing this work, the critics would not be so terrible to me now that it is about going to press.

"The Author.

"Crawfordsville, Ind.

"May 20, 1893."

Love Songs of Childhood. By Eugene Field. 1894.

"To Mrs. Bell Angier.

"Dearest Aunt:

"Many years ago you used to rock me to sleep cradling me in your arms and singing me pretty songs. Surely you have not forgotten that time, and I recall it with tender-

The First of Empires—Babylon of the Bible. By William St. Chad Boscawen. 1903.

"This work is dedicated to the loving memory of my father, William Henry Boscawen, B.A., Vicar of Hanmer, Flintshire, 1852–1870, and Rector of Marchwiel, Denbighshire, 1870–1883, from whom I first learned the charm of the study which has been the one object of my life.

"'Let the wise and understanding ponder on them together,
Let the father repeat them and teach them to his son.'"

The Assumption in the Catholic Theology of To-day. By Clino Crosta. 1903.

"To my mother, a humble proof of the filial love which she first inspired in me for the divine assumption into Heaven of Mary Immaculate."

(From the Italian.)

The Thermodynamics of Heat-Engines. By Sidney A. Reeve. 1903.

"To my wife, to whose devotion and aid (although she doesn't know entropy from carbonic acid) the existence of this book is due, it is dedicated."

Weather Influences. By Edwin Grant Dexter. 1904.

"To the memory of my father, whose susceptibility to weather influences first impressed me with their potency, this volume is affectionately dedicated."

The New Testament in the Christian Church. By Edward Caldwell Moore. 1904.

"To My Wife: without whose encouragement the studies which have issued in this book would never have been kept up."

The Christian Hope: A Study in the Doctrine of Immortality. By William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. 1912.

"To my father: John Crosby Brown."

Mr. Brown, to whom this book is dedicated, died in June, 1909, nearly three years before the book appeared.

The Friendship of Nations. By Lucile Gulliver. 1912.

"To the memory of a noble old-time Educator, my grandfather, Daniel Greenleaf Beede."

Woodrow Wilson. By Hester E. Hosford. 1912.

"Dedicated to the memory of my Stand-Pat Ancestors whose sincerity I revere and honor, but whose political teaching I am unable to accept."

The Terrible Meek. By Charles Rann Kennedy. 1912.

"To my Mother.

"'A newer courage—more like woman's. Dealing with life, not death. It changes everything.' "

The Green C. By J. A. Meyer. 1912.

"To the Authors of the Author."

Christianity and the Social Crisis. By Walter Rauschenbusch. 1912.

"To the women who have loved me: my mother, my sisters Frida and Emma, my dear wife Pauline, and my little daughters Winifred and Elizabeth,—this book is lovingly inscribed.

"Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth."

The Goodly Fellowship. By Rachel Capen Schauffler. 1912.

"TO MY KIN

"God gave me seven brothers, six by blood
And one by law: and two of these He sent
To distant countries there to live His life.

September 25, 1988

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

Best Sellers

Fiction

This Week		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	**THE CARDINAL OF THE KREMLIN,** by Tom Clancy. (Putnam, $19.95.) The C.I.A.'s Jack Ryan races to the rescue of America's highest-ranking secret agent in the Soviet Union.	1	8
2	**TILL WE MEET AGAIN,** by Judith Krantz. (Crown, $19.95.) The exploits of a woman and her two daughters from pre-World War I Paris to present-day Los Angeles.	2	7
3	**ALASKA,** by James A. Michener. (Random House, $22.50.) The history of the 49th state told in fictional form.	3	13
4	**SPOCK'S WORLD,** by Diane Duane. (Pocket, $16.95.) An emergency meeting of the planet Vulcan's ruling council exposes its secret history and that of the Enterprise's Commander Spock.	4	3
5	**BREATHING LESSONS,** by Anne Tyler. (Knopf, $18.95.) The many facets of a 28-year marriage are revealed during a drive to a friend's funeral.		1
6	**THE BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES,** by Tom Wolfe. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $19.95.) A bond trader caught in the jungles of New York.	6	47
7	**DOCTORS,** by Erich Segal. (Bantam, $19.95.) The life stories of five members of Harvard Medical School's class of 1962.	5	9
8	**TO BE THE BEST,** by Barbara Taylor Bradford. (Doubleday, $19.95.) A department store dynasty undergoes emotional and financial strains.	7	12
9	**SHINING THROUGH,** by Susan Isaacs. (Harper & Row, $18.95.) The progress of a Queens woman from Wall Street secretary to wife of her boss to spy in Nazi Germany.	10	6
10	**THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS,** by Thomas Harris. (St. Martin's, $18.95.) A young woman F.B.I. trainee on the trail of a serial killer.	12	3
11	**THE SHELL SEEKERS,** by Rosamunde Pilcher. (St. Martin's, $19.95.) A woman and a painting tie together three generations of an English family.	11	32
12	**LOVE IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA,** by Gabriel García Márquez. (Knopf, $18.95.) A Colombian poet's perdurable love for a woman is tested.	9	23
13	**DEMON LORD OF KARANDA,** by David Eddings. (Del Rey/Ballantine, $18.95.) The battle for control of a continent continues in the fantasy saga "The Malloreon."	8	5
14	**THE AVIATORS,** by W. E. B. Griffin. (Putnam, $18.95.) A volume in the "Brotherhood of War" series set in Vietnam.	13	2
15	**A THIEF OF TIME,** by Tony Hillerman. (Harper & Row, $15.95.) Tracking down a missing archeologist and a murderer.		11

Nonfiction

This Week		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	**A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME,** by Stephen W. Hawking. (Bantam, $18.95.) A British scientist's review of efforts to create a unified theory of the universe.	1	23
2	**THE BOZ,** by Brian Bosworth with Rick Reilly. (Doubleday, $17.95.) The life and controversial opinions of the Seattle Seahawks football player.	4	4
3	**THE RAGMAN'S SON,** by Kirk Douglas. (Simon & Schuster, $21.95.) The actor recalls his life as poor immigrant's son, waiter, steel mill worker, haberdashery salesman, film star, father and man.	2	5
4	**THE LIVES OF JOHN LENNON,** by Albert Goldman. (Morrow, $22.95.) The rock-and-roll star as legend and as human being.	3	3
5	**THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR,** by Charles Higham. (McGraw-Hill, $17.95.) The life of the woman from Baltimore who married King Edward VIII.	5	10
6	**GENERATION OF SWINE,** by Hunter S. Thompson. (Summit, $18.95.) Commentary on the current decade.	7	11
7	**TRANSFORMATION,** by Whitley Strieber. (Beech Tree/Morrow, $18.95.) The author of "Communion" tells of more confrontations with "intelligent nonhumans."	8	4
8	**TRUMP,** by Donald J. Trump with Tony Schwartz. (Random House, $19.95.) The career and business style of the New York entrepreneur.	6	41
9	**TALKING STRAIGHT,** by Lee Iacocca with Sonny Kleinfield. (Bantam, $21.95.) More experiences and opinions of the Chrysler chairman.	9	15
10	**SENATORIAL PRIVILEGE,** by Leo Damore. (Regnery Gateway, $19.95.) A reporter's reassessment of the 1969 accident on Chappaquiddick Island.	10	7
11	**THRIVING ON CHAOS,** by Tom Peters. (Knopf, $19.95.) Ways for companies to survive in today's and tomorrow's turbulent world.	14	45
12	**ALMOST GOLDEN,** by Gwenda Blair. (Simon & Schuster, $18.95.) The career of the television anchorwoman Jessica Savitch and the ways of newscasting during the past two decades.	11	8
13	**RIDING THE IRON ROOSTER,** by Paul Theroux. (Putnam, $21.95.) A yearlong journey by train through China.	12	15
14*	**CAPOTE,** by Gerald Clarke. (Simon & Schuster, $22.95.) The life of Truman Capote.	13	13
15*	**THE RISE AND FALL OF THE GREAT POWERS,** by Paul Kennedy. (Random House, $24.95.) How economic and military forces affected the fortunes of great nations in the past 500 years.	16	33

the edge of my attention. But ignoring the temptation to develop them was exactly the discipline that was new to me. The task wasn't to transform meager facts into compelling fiction but to try to find ways to make of interest things that looked to me too ordinary — or tedious or trivial — *without* turning for invigoration to the imagination, as I've instinctively done in the past.

When Zuckerman appears at the end of "The Facts" to argue that the book reeks of self-censorship, that it's an evasive collection of half-truths and half-portraits and shouldn't be published, then this quarrel you speak of, between the imagination and the facts, is re-ignited. And perhaps not necessarily to my advantage. With this last pair of books, instead of taking the quarrel in a new direction, I may have temporarily blinded myself as to which direction to take. "The Counterlife" owes a good deal to the doubt thrown on the credibility of whatever is imagined there, and now along comes Zuckerman in "The Facts" to make a very good case against the credibility of what I *don't* imagine here. So where does that leave me other than knee-deep in skepticism?

You speak in "The Facts" of your intention of making yourself "visible" to yourself. I think that in the critique of your autobiography written purportedly by your character, Nathan Zuckerman, he is quite apt about all the silences, the blank spaces in the portrait. Is this blankness also part of who you are to yourself? Doesn't all the white space in the picture somewhat change the notion of the facts, as well?

Sure, blank space is part of who one is to oneself. You know and also you don't know. But there's a difference, on the one hand, between not knowing and not knowing that you don't know and, on the other, not knowing and knowing *why* you don't know — and even, paradoxically, knowing what it is you don't know. Inasmuch as it's Zuckerman who claims to know a lot that I don't know, it may be that I'm not myself completely in the dark — providing that what he claims to know is *worth* knowing. To put it simply, I didn't think the book complete without a Zuckerman casting serious doubt on autobiographical objectivity as an attainable goal. One reader of mine, Paul Fussell, who agrees with Zuckerman, tells me that instead of being subtitled "A Novelist's Autobiography," "The Facts" should have been called "An Autobiographer's Novel."

Do you agree with Zuckerman?

I agree with Zuckerman. I also agree with myself. This book wouldn't be my autobiography without Zuckerman there as a challenge, putting a torch to the whole thing, nor, of course, would it be autobiography if he were there by himself. Either without the other is a fiction.

The critical issue in writing is always not what story you tell but how you tell it. Your way of telling stories has changed quite a bit from "Portnoy's Complaint" to "The Counterlife" to "The Facts." Has this been something you've consciously concerned yourself with?

It's an instinctive concern. There are writers who have a lifelong set stance with which they stand at the plate to take their swings. I'd say that Isaac Singer is such a writer, particularly in his short stories. He is a natural, spontaneous storyteller who never seems confined by the conventions that he's established for himself. These conventions are the source of his confidence and bring out the best in him. Over and over again Isaac Singer will write a story about somebody coming up to Isaac Singer and telling him a story and over and over again the fiction is alive and interesting and informed by that wisdom Singer makes out of plain-spoken directness.

My writing temperament is more mercurial. I turn quickly on my own methods and am most suspicious of my work when it's coming easily and is, as it were, underproblematized. With each new project I feel like, and I am, a clumsy beginner. The swing from "When She Was Good" to "The Great American Novel" was just as marked as the swing from "Portnoy's Complaint" to "The Counterlife" or the swing from "The Breast" to "The Facts." There is no more virtue in this sort of movement than there is in taking more or less the same approach in book after book the way Anthony Trollope did; looked at in a certain way it may even reveal a fundamental
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Philip Roth the regula
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reader to take away f*

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For information



"KITTY i
knowing

generations a colossal number have been aimed directly but gently at that essential figure, the reader. As early as 1615, "the honest and understanding reader" was honored by Edmund Howes in *Stow's Annals.* The mode went soft and sticky in Victorian times—H. Rider Haggard, *King Solomon's Mines:* "This faithful, but unpretending record of a remarkable adventure is hereby respectfully dedicated. . .to all the big and little boys who read it." But open enthusiasm for the folks out there in readerdom seems never to entirely go out of style, vide Shere Hite in *The Hite Report:* "To us, in self-affirmation and celebration, I dedicate this book!"

Then too, there is the vast permanent population of mates and parents to be thanked, and most of it is necessarily done in marshmallow tones. Especially, it seems, in best-sellers. My personal theorem of literary dynamics is that the loftier the sales of a book, the more mundane its dedication is likely to be. A glance through the current best-selling fiction and non-fiction reveals a roster of parents, spouses, children, one "sneaky guru," one dog, and the Twenty-Ninth Marines as dedicatees, until Joseph Heller shows some verve in *Good as Gold:* "I dedicate this book to the several gallant families and numerous unwitting friends whose help, conversations and experiences play so large a part."

Heller aside, the best-sellers' list can only make the dedication devotee yearn for the prickly affection of a Sidney A. Reeve, who knew exactly what he wanted to say when he came out with *The Thermodynamics of Heat-Engines* in 1903: "To my wife, to whose devotion and aid (although she doesn't know entropy from carbonic acid) the existence of this book is due, it is dedicated."

When writers move on from hearth-and-hominess—say, to the day-by-day business of authorship—their dedications generally perk up. The late John P. Marquand inscribed *Women and Thomas Harrow* to his secretary, "because without her loyalty and interest I would doubtless still be splitting infinitives in the vicinity of Chapter Three." Jack Olsen dedicated *The Bridge at Chappaquiddick* "to the kind and patient people who aided in its preparation"—53 of them, named in two long lists covering the page.

Among editors, the most-impressively-dedicated-to probably have been Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's, said to have had 20-some books inscribed to him, and Pascal Covici of Viking, dedicatee of two Nobel winners, John Steinbeck (*East of Eden*) and Saul Bellow (*Herzog*).

If there is a single steady reward for the dedication-watcher, it is the frequency with which the genre produces gems of an expected rightness. Can anyone doubt that "J" would have dedicated *The Sensuous Woman* other than to "L.F., J.N., A.V.N., etc.? Or that the Watergate gush of books would bear a cargo of contrite testimonials to the wives who stood by their indicted hubbies? Or that it would be a writer chittering about in the field of wildlife who could come up with the nonpareil of dedications? (Johnathan Franklin, *Two Owls at Eton:* "To my Mother, who bravely put up with my owls for many a long and troublesome day when I was absent.")

Some of our new literary heavyweights are showing the dedicatory punch to be expected of them. Tom Robbins, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*—"To Fleetwood Star Robbins, the apple, the pineapple, the mango, the orchard of my eye. And of course, to all cowgirls, everywhere." Thomas McGuane, *Ninety-Two in the Shade*—"For Beck for Beck for Beck."

The future seems secure. As long as there are mates to be assauged, editors to be commemorated, mothers to put up with Etonian owls, the dedication will have its place in literature. Right there beyond the title page, just where young Ezra Pound assured a young woman all those years ago that "This book is for Mary Moore of Trenton, if she wants it."□

poetry

Simple facts reviewed . . .

by Steven Winn

SINCE WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, who pared the poetic language to ennoble the vernacular, no poet has affected the sound and substance of American verse more than Robert Lowell. It was Lowell who led Sylvia Plath and dozens of descendants like her to the "confessional mode," whereby the poet's private experience, feelings, and memory determined not only the subject but the logic of the poem. In reading the popular journals and literary quarterlies today, it is clear that Lowell's influence sweeps all other aside: the contemporary American poet is his own mainspring.

William Matthews' third volume of poems, *Rising and Falling*, lies within the Williams-Lowell tradition, exhibiting both its best and worst features. Like Williams, Matthews is capable of the seemingly flat, curiously resonant account of a scene. In "A Hairpin Turn Above Reading, Jamaica," he begins:

> Here's where the fire truck fell
> beached on its side, off the road.
> So when the fire fell into itself
> we came down the hill to watch
> the fire truck get saved.

Or like Lowell, he can arrest us with self-awareness, as in "A Roadside Near Ithaca"

> Or I'd scuff out
> by myself at dusk, proud
> to be lonely.

Slowly, through these 70 pages written in a deceptively plain and even-tempered voice, we come to know the facts of a life (a man alone with two sons, moving from place to place across the country) and the sensibility that underlies it (a sharp, unsentimental apprehension of the past; a dreamy, almost swooning urge for

Rising and Falling
By William Matthews.
Atlantic-Little Brown.
$6.95 cloth. $3.95 paper.

connections). The images and metaphors tend to be self-referential, as if this life spun out for us and the authority of its presentation are enough.

At his best (in say, "Opening Her Jewel Box"), Matthews builds an entrancing, instinctive weight—material so subtly worked that its significance feels both surprising and inevitable:

> Sometimes she's asked
> "What are you thinking of?"
> and she's so startled she says
> "Nothing," rather than describe
> a mug with a bite-shaped chip
> in its rim, or years ago
> killing a cat with carbon monoxide
> for love of a medical student.
> It thrashed as far from the tailpipe
> as the sack would stretch—
> ball of fur in a taut lung
> that wouldn't work. The cat grew slack
> and then stiff.

Matthews earns these last ringing lines from the almost offhand (but loaded) truism that precedes them: killing for love. This is the confessional poet's gift: to seize on experience and draw the taut, sure line between that which appears to pass and

Steven Winn, whose fiction has appeared in The National Lampoon, Carolina Quarterly, *and other periodicals, is currently at work on a book about Ted Bundy, which will be published by Bantam this fall.*

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that which is permanent.

Unfortunately, Matthews is not often at such a peak here. In "Living Among the Dead," for example, the poetic voice wobbles between the specific and the general:

> Sebastian cries in his sleep,
> I bring him into my bed, rub his back.
> To help his sons live easily
> among the dead is a father's great work
> Now Sebastian drifts, soon he'll sleep.
> We can almost hear the dead
> breathing. They sound like water
> under a ship at sea.

The last, strained metaphor is a giveaway: the poet is overloading, searching madly to ground himself. We know he's lost, six lines later, when he has the dead looking on "with their abstract sorrow."

Though it's never again so blatant, Matthews does overdo and overexplain himself too often. "Yet childhood doesn't end," he tells us, or "Memory/Is our root system." These are road signs, and under optimal conditions unnecessary.

For Matthews, when he won't grant the ingredients of his poems their natural flavors, ignores the counsel of the epigraph (from Escoffier) of *Rising and Falling: "Faites simples."*□

. . . simple facts declared

by Tim Appelo

WILLIAM MATTHEWS, associate professor of English and director of the creative writing program at the University of Washington, has recently published his third volume of verse, Rising and Falling, *that marks his rise to national attention. Here are some of his comments about life and letters at this ascendant point in his career.*

Appelo: How does it feel to have established yourself as a writer in the major leagues?

Matthews: Well, much as I like my "big league" publisher, Atlantic-Little Brown, I don't consider the little magazines—where I began my career—the minor leagues. I was a little-magazine editor before I was a writer, and I continue to contribute to them. They do fine work, even if they don't occupy a brownstone on the Boston Commons. Auden called them "the literary Marines," but my relationship with them is loyal and enduring and warm.

A: Most little magazines have an intimate tone; has this influenced you? Do you regard your work as confessional verse?

M: No, I have nothing to confess. I'm not guilty!

A: At any rate, you seem to have a deep feeling for your literary roots; what about geographical roots? Where are you from?

M: Ohio, technically, but my preferred mode has always been traveling. I've taught all over—Colorado, Iowa—seven schools in all, so far. I suppose I'm an antiregionalist writer. My affection for places I've been is portable.

A: Do you ever feel hemmed-in by the academic life—does it stifle your creativity?

M: Some people see the writer as an outlaw, tangential to any system—Jack London, Kerouac. I understand that, but I find it convenient to use established institutions so as to save my time and energy for writing. It's an accident of temperament: a lot of my fellow poets think of the university as a genteel version of the army.

A: Is there pressure to publish or perish?

M: No, that's no problem for creative writing profs. Writers publish whether they're teaching or selling shirts. Like dancers or ballplayers, they get paid for doing what they'd do anyway.

A: What if you couldn't teach? What would you do?

M: I don't know—I almost went into the wine industry. But I don't think it matters: any alert person is stimulated by what he does. I don't mean the real grinding poverty-level jobs, of course, but you could get by in just about any middle-class occupation.

A: Wallace Stevens the insurance man, Faulkner the boiler-room attendant, scribbling *As I Lay Dying.*

M: Right. As Dick Hugo said, all work—meaning jobs, not literary works—is essentially ridiculous.

A: Does that go for teaching as well?

M: There is something ludicrous about the collision of myths in American education. First, you have the democratic myth: everybody's going to be an educated Renaissance man. Then, clashing with it, the idea that we should strive for excellence at all times, keeping our standards high. If you're at all sensitive to irony, you spend a lot of your workday laughing.

A: What is your final verdict on higher education in the United States?

M: Well, a lot of it is dog work. The university is a cultural banquet, but there are always piles and piles of dishes to scrape and clean.

A: You feel, then, that education is ultimately ridiculous?

M: By all means; but in ways that are characteristic of our whole society. Which I love.□

Tim Appelo teaches gifted students creative writing in the Tacoma public schools, and is a staff writer for the Weekly.

mystery & crime

Cocky sociopaths in Europe, political assassins in India

by E.K. Dortmund

AN ARTHUR MALING MYSTERY is always a comfort. Maling's latest, *The Rheingold Route*, develops, from a stilted beginning, into a most satisfactory chase novel, one in which pathology and greed are punished and the hero finds love's healing hand. What could be easier to take than that?

John Cochrane, an American down on his luck, falls into smuggling. For a fee he carries money illegally from England to the continent. It's been a rather safe game, even tediously so. But one job, the Rheingold deal, proves to be a different, very smelly kettle of fish. It saddles Cochrane with 350,000 English pounds, an unscrupulous old solicitor, Michael Garwood, and a cocky sociopath, Kenneth O'Rourke, who enjoys whipping up sex with his dim, muscelbound pal, Trumper, and whatever dolly is at hand. Imagine a jaunty Albert Finney, sporting flashy clothes and fixing the world with glittering

E.K. Dortmund, professor of history at Oregon College, reviews mysteries regularly.

eye of a stiff-necked bird, and you have O'Rourke.

With O'Rourke on his trail, Cochrane and his newly found lady love, Ruth Watts, have one devil of a time eluding him and his paymaster, Garwood. In fleshing out the chase, Maling does some nice things. O'Rourke turns into something more interesting than a thriller's convenient nut case. His intelligence is high, and Maling lets us see how it is betrayed by his illness. As *The Rheingold Route* tools along, Maling grows more and more fascinated by

The Rheingold Route
By Arthur Maling.
Harper & Row. $9.95.

his paranoid, fictional child—and that's a plus for the reader.

Another plus is Maling's sketches of London, Baden-Baden, the Hook of Holland, and Amsterdam. He has a genuine fondness for Amsterdam and its sturdy women, especially its straight-backed matrons:

> Mrs. Jorst waited for them. She was a slender woman who was. . .in her early sixties. Her white hair was neatly coiffed, and she was wearing beautifully tailored beige slacks and a brown cashmere turtleneck sweater. Everything about her suggested money—old money. Her features, her bearing, her clothes, her pearls. Everything except the sneakers on her feet. . . .

So let's say it, then: *The Rheingold Route* gives you your money's worth.

How many Inspector Ghote (pronounce it Go-Tay) mysteries has H.R.F. Keating written? Sixteen or seventeen? Whatever the total, it's a splendid outpouring of well-crafted, amusing stories; they're full of shrewd characterization, real sleuthing, and the bustle and smells of India's cities and villages. In addition, Keating always manages to have considerable barbed fun with India's cruelly complex social system.

Happily, Inspector Ganesh Ghote is back, as persistent, open-hearted, and inoffensively pompous as ever. In *Inspector Ghote Draws a Line,* Keating sends the Bombay cop to a remote village to protect a retired Muslim judge, the 82-year-old Sir Asif Ibrahim. The imperious old man is the

Inspector Ghote Draws a Line
By H.R.F. Keating.
Doubleday. $7.95.

victim of death threats that promise to blow him to pieces, an unfriendly act designed to revenge someone for what Sir Asif had done 30 years before—pronounce the death sentence upon a group of Indian nationalists who had plotted to assassinate the Governor of Madras.

In the judge's household, Keating places several comic characters: an odious, leftish American priest; the editor of an ineffectual local newspaper; Sir Asif's daughter, who (because of her father's paternalism) is wound too tightly; and a long-suffering personal servant of the judge, the shyly-grinning Raman. He turns out to be neither shy nor as funny as we'd supposed.

Inspector Ghote Draws a Line is a slight mystery whose final revelation is pathetic, amusing, and just right. □

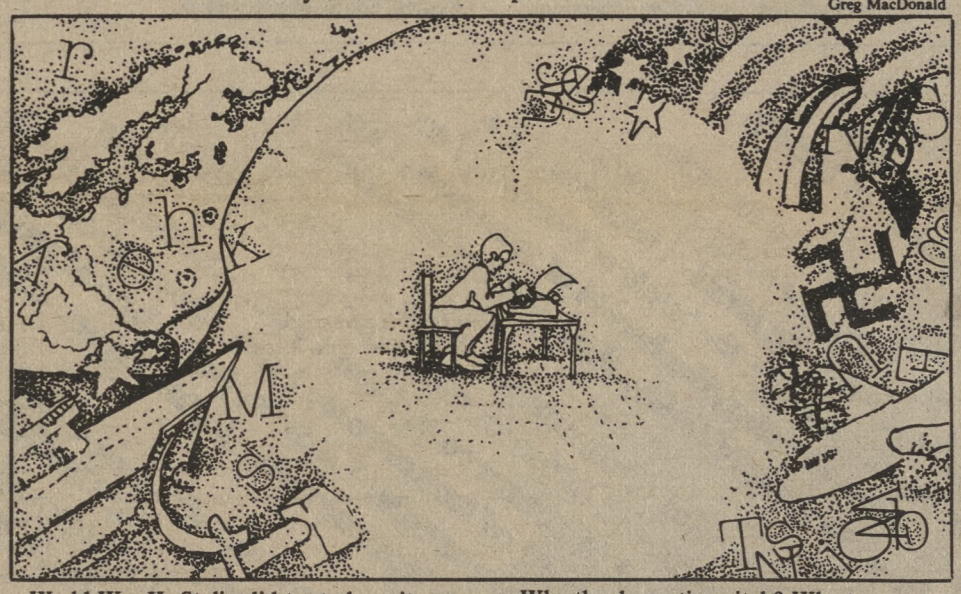
Seattle's new grand master of intrigue

by Lynne Wilson

THE YEAR IS 1947. The place, Stettin, Poland, a port city tucked away at the edge of the Baltic Sea, caught between the two giant fists of Germany and Russia. There is little left to bomb. From all appearances, the War is over. The city of Stettin has been reduced to a pit of rubble and despair.

But a new and different kind of war is brewing. Moored in Stettin's harbor is the mammoth Nazi aircraft carrier, the *Graf Zeppelin.* The Soviets, interim governors of Poland, plan to tow the ship back to Russia, to boost their carrierless military force. Russia had never needed an aircraft carrier before. She was so huge an expanse of land that battles had always been waged within flying distance of her borders. But the imponderables of the Cold War have created a new need. The *Graf Zeppelin* is simply too much of a prize for Stalin to pass up.

Seattle author James Stewart Thayer's new espionage novel, *The Stettin Secret,* takes its frame from history. The Nazis did build an aircraft carrier named the *Graf Zeppelin,* and they docked it in Stettin's harbor where it sat for two years after



Greg MacDonald

World War II. Stalin did try to have it towed back to Leningrad. What happened to it—and why—triggered Jim Thayer's imagination, inspiring him to write this book. What he has written is the kind of gripping, fast-paced, intrigue-filled plot that good spy novels are made of.

The hero of *The Stettin Secret,* Andrew Jay, is an American undercover agent who has been given the assignment of sinking the *Graf Zeppelin* before the Russians confiscate it. His cover consists of posing as his government's representative to the Stettin Reparations Board, one of fifteen such boards created after the War to see to it that occupied countries were not also ravaged.

But Andrew Jay spends most of his time figuring out ways to get to the *Graf Zeppelin* so that he can get his job done and go home. Along the way, he encounters a motley group of ruthless Soviet double agents, wicked Nazi war criminals, passionate members of the Jewish underground, and a large assortment of pickpockets, Polish war widows, Russian soldiers, and one rather resourceful Stettin cafe owner who uses discarded German military hats for potholders.

Lynne Wilson is a freelance writer who concentrates on legal issues and crime.

There are subplots covering everything from the smuggling of Nazi-manufactured uranium to the revenge of a beautiful Polish concentration camp survivor, Rebekkah Kopec. Rebekkah provides the required romantic interest. Unlike others of her type, she is willful, aggressive, and in full control. She is, in fact, the most interesting of *The Stettin Secret*'s cast of characters and proves herself to be more capable, in the end, of direct, uninhibited action than even the hero himself.

All of this is enough, in the three to four hours it takes to read *The Stettin Secret,* to make your head spin. It's good, escapist reading, even if the violence does, in places, turn unnecessarily extreme. Thayer is wonderful with details, especially as he draws the reader into the city of Stettin and the anguish of post-War Poland. His knack for story-telling has sharpened since his first book, *The Hess Cross;* the characters are more alive, and it is obvious from this, only his second effort, that Jim Thayer is well on his way to being a master of his chosen genre.

It is no coincidence that the strength of Jim Thayer's writing is his command of detail. Though he is only 29, writing is not his first career. He refers to himself as a "lawyer" first, a "novelist" second. After attending the University of Chicago law school, Thayer moved to Seattle four years ago to join a large downtown firm. Then two years ago, he turned the spare room off the kitchen in his small Capitol Hill apartment into a writer's den.

Why the dramatic switch? Why toss aside the plum of a successful law practice for the precarious, lonely work of writing fiction?

"It was something I knew I could do," Thayer said recently in an interview. "I began reading spy novels, mostly Alistair MacLean, at the rate of about one or two a week during my second year of law school. By that time, I knew I would make it through school and do fairly well, so I read the books to relax. Suddenly, I realized there was no reason why I couldn't write one myself. I came up with the plot for my first book [*The Hess Cross*] while still living in Chicago and most of the action takes place there. I had never written anything before that in my life."

Not even a diary?

"No. Oh, papers for school, that sort of thing, but nothing creative."

After moving to Seattle (he grew up in Spokane), Thayer tried writing the book at night, but he found he "couldn't do it. I couldn't practice law and write at the same time. So I quit."

Once *The Hess Cross,* which has an ingenious plot revolving around the landing of Nazi Rudolph Hess in Scotland in 1941, was finished, he set about finding a publisher for it. Not getting anywhere on his own, he acquired an agent through the *Writer's Market* directory. "I knew I hadn't fallen into the pitfalls most first novelists fall into," he says when asked about his unflappable confidence. "I didn't write a semi-autobiographical work. It had action and personalities."

The Hess Cross was quickly sold by the agent to Putman's as a hardcover, to Fawcett, as a paperback and in the English edition to Arrow Books. His agent also secured a nice advance for Thayer on *The*

The Stettin Secret
By James Stewart Thayer.
G.P. Putnam's. $9.95.

Stettin Secret ("the equivalent of a good year's salary as an attorney"), and paperback rights have already been sold. "I also have an agent in Hollywood trying to sell movie rights on it, but I haven't heard anything from her yet, so I guess nothing's happened on that end."

Thayer is currently toiling over his third spy novel, also to be published by Putnam's. Big maps of Singapore surround his typewriter. But he won't say anything about the plot. "I don't know how it will turn out, so I can't talk about it," he says. "I'm going there for a few weeks next month to work out the details."

One thing he will talk about, though, is how he works. "I like to base my books on some unexplained bit of history. What happened to the ship [the *Graf Zeppelin*] didn't make any sense to me. Hess' flight to England didn't make any sense either."

What about character development? And how does he go about dreaming up all those fantastic twists of plot, the swift, and sometimes brutally violent, changes of situation that combine to keep things moving?

"Actually," he responded, "spy novels have certain plot conventions that you have to work with. First, you have to have an easily identifiable enemy and an uncomplicated time. Nazi Germany or Cold War Russia will do. But the Quebec separatist movement or the Vietnam War won't. We're still too confused about them, they're too ambiguous.

"Second, your protagonist is always an uncomplicated individual whose only motives are love and patriotism. This allows the reader to step quickly into his shoes and right into the action. The more colorful characters are always on the edge of the action.

"And you never know until the end who you can trust in a spy novel, outside of the protagonist. It's a game of Who Can You Trust?"

Thayer says that while he is dreaming up the scenes in his novels, he uses his own reactions as a limner's brush. The responses of the heroes of his books are "basically my own. I think of the situation and then think 'How would I react?' I write it as my own outlook."

There is much in *The Stettin Secret* which is suggestive of another kind of book, perhaps a little freer, with more depth and more light. The character of Rebekkah, the Polish underground fighter, for instance, would make an interesting book on its own. There are inspirational moments too in Thayer's descriptions that seem to ask for a broader, more expansive form in which to move.

But, he says, "I write in this form because I know I can. I don't think I'm a complicated enough person to have complicated characters like Joseph Heller's or Norman Mailer's. I wouldn't be able to do it."

One has to admire the honesty of that statement, even if the limitations he speaks of might be self-imposed. Jim Thayer has clearly opened a new successful door in his life, leaving others locked or deliberately closed. □

paperbacks in brief

THE MEASURE OF MY DAYS, *by Florida Scott-Maxwell (Penguin, $2.95).* "My kitchen linoleum is so black and shiny that I waltz while I wait for the kettle to boil. This pleasure is for the old who live alone. The others must vanish into their expected role." At 82, Florida Scott-Maxwell began to measure her days, past and future, and that record, completed some three years later, is a testament to an individual who could never decline a dance nor conform to an expected role. Scott-Maxwell had been an actress, short-story writer, suffragist, playwright, psychologist, wife, and mother. The breadth of her experiences bestows a kind humility and enviable grace on this collection of grapplings with the past. The contemplation of age leads to painful confusions, but also the revelation of a passionate nature that will not defer to time ("I must calm down. I am far too frail to indulge in moral fervour"). This eloquent notebook is filled with rigorous philosophy, not frail confrontation:

> My presumption in thinking badly of life mortifies me. What do I know? How dare I judge? I don't. I feel shame, and yet—life is cruel; and exquisitively kind. Put the sound of softly lapping waves and a clear green sky in the scales and how many woes would it take to strike a balance? If I regret none of the bad things that have happened to me, knowing that I needed them all to reach any ripeness, then is all hardship justified if someone learns by it? No, there is much too much. So I do judge? Yes, every second of the day. I say to life: "You are very hard," and I also say: "We are blind, we prefer to be blind. It is easier". . . .I add, "We are also blind to the miracles of good that come to us." Then I am left where I was, appalled by the hardness of life, knowing we are forced to be unwilling heroes."

GOREY POSTERS, *by Edward Gorey (Abrams, $8.95).* Gorey himself has chosen this collection's 28 poster-size illustrations from more than 2 decades of his work. It's vintage Gorey: little Zooks from *A Lim erick,* the Great Veiled Bear, Neville, "who died of ennui," from *The Gashlycrumb Tinies,* and, of course, Tatiana Smyasht and Serge Ibiskovski performing their renowned balletic pirouette. And it's gargantuan Gorey; the oversize illustrations are a radical departure from the chapbook-size Gorey collections that have appeared in the past. But the real first is the introduction, "The Doubtful Interview," where the normally silent Gorey speaks cagily about himself, giving strictly off-centered questions on fur coats, cats, Balanchine, his social life, and his macabre themes ("I write about everyday life."). Delicate venom you can count on—all of it just Goreyastic.

IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF THE DARK, REMEMBER THE NIGHT RAINBOW, *by Cooper Edens (A Star & Elephant Book/Green Tiger Press, $5.95).* Pebbles that sing, a dazzling bird that stays still for a human embrace, a transluscent blue sky decorated with needlepoint messages—each of the images that fills this slim volume is fresh and fantastic. Seattle artist Cooper Edens is responsible for the 18 full-color illustrations, stunning both for their startling colors and fine execution, and for their demonstration of a singular imagination. There is a childlike buoyancy that mounts as one rich pastel drawing spills into another, and the effect is sufficiently mesmerizing to overshadow the sticky sentimentality of the "words" Mr. Edens has written (one can only assume) to appease traditionalist readers.

No guideposts are necessary here; all is lightness and fanciful vitality, a prismatic romance that, according to reports from local booksellers, has disarmed as many childless adults as youngsters.

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June 1979

Free
section two

theWeekly's Reader

Seattle's Monthly Book Review

Ivan Doig on book dedications, the 'wordsmith's wampum'

Blaine Johnson on writing about sports

William Matthews on becoming a major-league poet

The gentle humanism of Dr. Lewis Thomas

by Roger Sale

Greg MacDonald



ONE OF THE HAPPIEST facts about the writings of Lewis Thomas is that they assume the existence of that will-o-the-wisp, the common reader. The deserved success of *The Lives of a Cell,* furthermore, showed that lots of people enjoy being treated as common readers, intelligent beings who like to know and understand things and have no special axes to grind or to prevent from being ground. My guess is that Thomas became a writer when he discovered that at least many of the physicians and biologists around him weren't always interested in the piquant things they observed, or stirred by the commonplace profound truths they enacted. And so he became a writer, which he then discovered is habit-forming. Thus his new "notes of a biology watcher," *The Medusa and the Snail.* The notes mostly are short, 29 of them in a book of less than 200 pages. A few are trivial, mostly because Thomas has an incurable fascination with word formation and derivation, and in suggesting that all future premed students be required to learn Greek, Thomas does seem to be grinding an axe. But most are fascinating, because whatever Thomas does as a professional physician and hospital administrator, he knows how to view what he knows best as an amateur. Thus he ponders how it can be that warts, which represents "an overwhelming welcome" of wart viruses, not only often disappear but actually seem to be thought away. But what is there within an ordinary person that can do such an extraordinary thing: "Any mental apparatus that can reject a wart is something else again. This is not the sort of confused, disordered process you'd expect at the hands of the kind of Unconscious you read about in books, at the edge of things making up dreams or getting mixed up on words or having hysterics." Thomas then imagines the Person inside him in charge of getting rid of warts: "Among other accomplishments he must be a cell biologist of world class, capable of sorting through various classes of one's lymphocytes, all with different functions which I do not understand, in order to mobilize the right ones and reject the wrong ones for the task of tissue rejection." And "even if immunology is not involved, and all that needs doing is to shut off the blood supply locally, I haven't the faintest notion how to set that up." Yet, someone or something does get rid of warts: "You can't sit there under hypnosis, taking suggestions in and having them acted on with such accuracy and precision, without assuming the existence of something very like a controller." So "I wish I had a wart right now, just to see if I am that talented."

Thomas is similarly fascinated by ponds at building sites on Manhattan Island, and the fear and disgust people have for them, though they are pretty; by diseases that are not so much the result of bacteria and viruses as of the body's response to these things; by the scrambler in the mind that works when one is trying to understand something unfamiliar. "Godel's Theorem was once explained to me by a patient, gentle mathematician, and just as I was taking it all in, nodding appreciatively at the beauty of the whole idea, I suddenly felt something like the silent flicking of a mercury wall switch and it all turned to nonsense in my head." Best of all are the medusa and the snail of the

The Medusa and the Snail
By Lewis Thomas.
Viking. $8.95.

Roger Sale, author of Seattle Past to Present *(University of Washington) and* Fairy Tales and After *(Harvard University Press), is professor of English at the University of Washington and a frequent contributor to* the Weekly's Reader.

title essay.

There is a sea slug in the Bay of Naples that always seems to have a parasitic jellyfish attached near its mouth. Marine biologists then discovered that "the attached parasite, although apparently so specialized as to have given up living for itself, can still produce offspring," indeed, full-grown normal jellyfish. Meanwhile the sea slug produces larvae that "become entrapped in the tentacles of the medusa and then engulfed within the umbrella-shaped body. Thus, seen at this point in the operation, one thinks the jellyfish is the predator, the slug the victim. But soon the slugs turn out to be undigested, and so they begin to eat away "first at the radial canals, then the borders of the rim, finally the tentacles, until the jellyfish becomes reduced in substance, until "nothing is left of the jellyfish except the round, successfully edited parasite, safely affixed to the skin near the mouth."

But don't go looking for this wonderful operation out in Puget Sound: "The collaboration, if you want to call it that, is entirely specific; it is only this species of medusa and only this kind of nudibranch that can come together and live this way," in which "they depend for their survival on each other."

Finally, Thomas backs off a little: "The thought of these creatures gives me an odd feeling. They do not remind me of anything, really. They are bizarre, that's it, unique. And at the same time, like a vaguely remembered dream, they remind me of the whole earth at once. I cannot get my mind to stay still and think it through." Nor can I, though I like the trying very much. In the face of such mysteries so clearly and delightedly offered, it is a loving aspect of nature, almost, that allows the Sloane-Kettering president and the ignoramous to feel as one.

When it comes to medicine, though, Thomas is willing to reveal—biases, shall we call them, if not ground axes. He is flabbergasted at how badly medicine was practiced for centuries, but very pleased at how well it has gone in the last couple of generations. He wants to think that biology can get good enough so that all disease can be cured by being understood, as is presently the case with all the killer infectious diseases of the past. Wanting this, he wants to say "there is something radically unhealthy" about our present obsession with health, with being fit, with preventing disease. "It is extraordinary that we have just now become convinced of our bad health at the very time when the facts should be telling us just the opposite."

This might be called, without much prejudice, an establishment point of view. Presumably Thomas sees nothing *wrong* in my worrying about how much I smoke, or in my running a few miles a week, but he things my growing older is something I ought to do healthily, optimistically, with the presumed first step of supporting research into the causes of cancer, arthritis, and heart disease. Even though—so my doctor-neighbor tells me—the incidence of heart disease and cancer have both fallen in the last decade through preventive medicine and without any breakthrough in the understanding of the biology of these diseases. But I suspect it is hard to ask such an active, curious doctor as Lewis Thomas, the director of a research institute, to think this way.

And finally, Thomas' vision of dying in a world that has abolished disease is so exhilarating that he makes one want to cheer him on in his research. Thomas was good indeed about dying in *Lives of a Cell,* but better here, because he has discovered Holmes' wonderful One Hoss Shay as his model. The Deacon wanted a carriage that didn't break, just eventually wore out, and all at once, and this gives Thomas his vision of our diseaseless dying: "The dying is built into the system so that it can occur at once, at the end of a preclocked, genetically determined allotment of living. Centralization ceases, the forces that used to hold cells together are disrupted, the cells lose recognition of each other, chemical signaling comes to an end, vessels become plugged by thrombi and disrupt their walls, bacteria are allowed free access to tissues normally forbidden, organelles inside cells begin to break apart; nothing holds together; it is the bursting of millions of bubbles, all at once. What a way to go!"

Indeed. If I don't add that I am positively looking forward to this great event, I'm still delighted and gratified to be able to read about it in such glowing terms.□

theWeekly's Reader

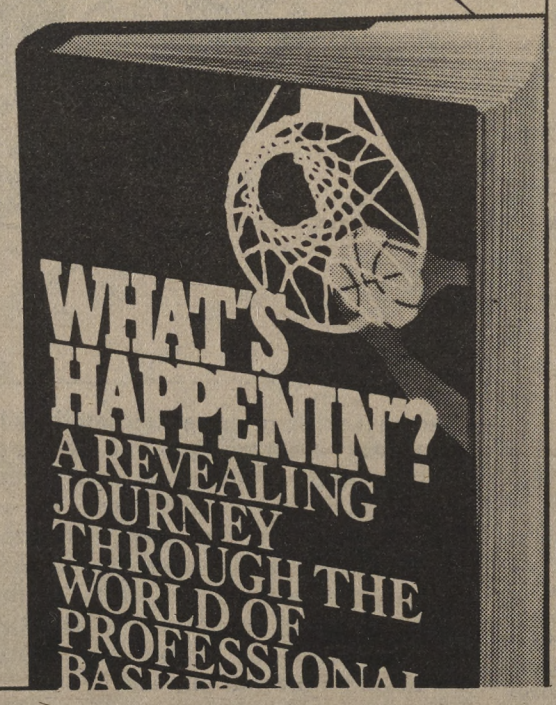
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"A superbly written view of the NBA—the league and its people."*



WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?
A REVEALING JOURNEY THROUGH THE WORLD OF PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL
by Blaine Johnson



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writer at work

The view from Blaine Johnson's window

edited by Fred Brack

Blaine Johnson is a Seattle writer whose first book, What's Happenin'?, *recounted the SuperSonics' final chaotic season under coach Bill Russell.*

I'M JUST FINISHING a book I'm writing with Earl Strom on his 20-year career as the most controversial referee in the history of professional basketball. For Seattle fans, probably the most memorable example of his explosive personality came in 1975 when, at the end of a game, he went after Freddie Brown and Bill Russell, kept the two of them from getting into a fight and then Strom got into a fight with a couple of fans. Anyone who was in the Coliseum that night will, I'm sure, never forget the sight of a referee going berserk. I was there and I can remember saying, that

Tom Batey



guy should never work another game—referees aren't allowed to blow up like that.

The book starts with that incident and then recalls some of the other hassles he had subsequently. This sets the stage for going back through his career. He's got a lot of funny stories to tell, and he's good at remembering the things that have happened that illustrate the changes that have occurred in professional basketball.

The working title is, *They Call Me Everything But Earl Strom.* I'm not ghostwriting it. The book will have my name on it because it will contain a lot of my observations and because, after writing *What's Happenin'?*, I didn't want to go back into a hidden role as an author.

I got into this book because of an interview I did with Earl the last year I was covering the Sonics for *The P-I.* He ran into some problems with the league because of the things he said. We had some subsequent conversations and about six months later I ran into him and I asked if he'd ever thought about doing a book. He said that he had started one several years earlier but hadn't finished it. So I said why don't we sit down and do some taping and see what we've got. And that's what we did.

I started working on the book last fall when I went back and spent about six weeks with Earl at his home in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and then traveled with him in the East. And then I picked him up a couple of other places during the season. We did a lot of taping and then I spent, off and on, a couple of months transcribing the tapes and then did a lot of research into the history of pro basketball to learn about the people who are the characters in his stories. I started composing the manuscript about the first of the year.

I've got this house in Magnolia to fix up that will probably take me four to six months after I finish the book. During that time I hope to finish outlining a novel that I've been working on for a couple of years.

I work on an oak table that my father made for me as a wedding present. I have a nice view of the harbor, but most of the time I find it too distracting and have to close the blinds. And then I wonder why I should even bother living in a scenic spot when I can't get inspiration from it.

I use a Smith-Corona Selectric that I won in a media race at Longacres. We ran a mile in the mud, and everyone complained that the prize was excessive. I was glad they realized that the next year and not the year I won. I use an old Panasonic tape recorder. And I have a couple of ballpoint pens and a lot of paper that I stole when I left as publicity director at Longacres six years ago. I'm hoping that I'll be able to make enough money to buy some more paper when that stock runs out.

I work in the middle of a living room that is piled with boxes of belongings that haven't been unpacked and a radial saw and the oak table, which also serves as a place for my 12-year-old son Aaron and me to eat. This is the second time this has happened: my first book was written in a house I was fixing up. Having gotten involved in a book this way again, I wonder about my need for anything but a telephone booth in the woods.

If I were as organized and as mechanical as I would like to be, I would work four hours a day, six days a week. But I haven't been able to do that. Sometimes I start at 10 o'clock at night and work until 2 or 3 in the morning. Sometimes I start at 7 in the morning and work until noon. It just depends on when I can catch the wave. Sometimes I'll sit for two or three hours and not get rolling and then catch it and go until something interrupts.

Aaron shares in the adventure, I guess, but he wishes that the hours were a little more regular. And I'm sure he would prefer a little more order in his home. One of my frustrations is that there are many times when I'm sailing along and he comes home from school and wants to shoot baskets, and I feel that those are times that are important to share with him and so I leave the writing and it might take two hours to get cranked up again.

It's been frustrating working with Earl because he is usually 3,000 miles away or somewhere out on the great NBA highway where I'm not able to run him down. I'll be writing and need some additional information or clarification of something on the tapes and if I could get it I could keep moving. But as it is I leave a blank and then have to come back.

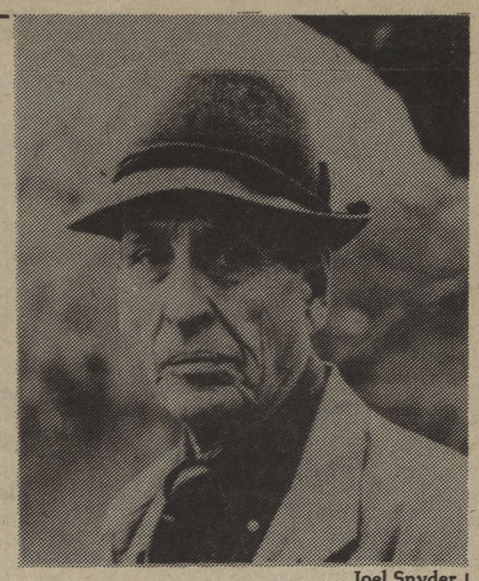
But of all the people one could hope to collaborate on a book with, Earl is ideal—his attention to detail, his sense of humor, and his stories.

Still, I understand now, after my second book, why writers have always said they are sick of a project by the time the last words are written.□

Fred Brack covers the Sonic for UPI *and the Mariners for* the Weekly.

June 1979

"A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT is filled with wisdom.



Joel Snyder

One comes away from it with the impression that it is a distillation of a life, maybe of life itself."—That's what Roger Whitlock wrote in *The Weekly's Reader.* His enthusiasm is widely shared.

"[Maclean's] own relaxed and offhand magic" turns his brother's fishing experiences into "something unique and marvelous."—*Publishers Weekly*

"These stories have that magical balance of the particular and the universal that good literature is all about."
—*The New Republic*

"All three of the stories display Maclean's special magic, but the title story is a masterpiece."—*The Village Voice*

"[The title story] is an enchanted tale . . . I have read it three times and each time it seems fuller."—*New York Review of Books*

"Rare and memorable . . . What the late J. Frank Dobie did for Texas, Norman Maclean has done for Montana."
—*John Barkham Reviews*

Maclean has a sharp eye and a keen memory and a beautiful style."—*Saturday Review*

"In all three there is a remarkable mingling of realism and poetic feeling."—John K. Hutchens

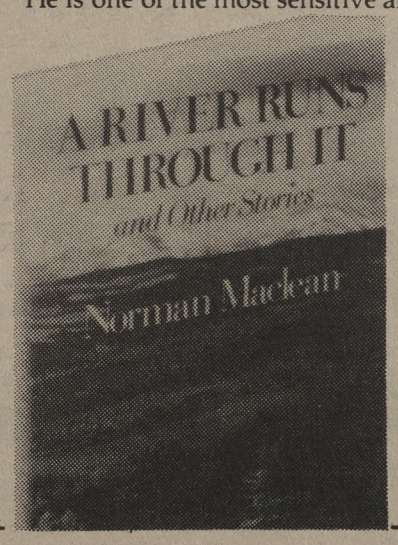
"They cry out not only to be read, but to be returned to again and again."—Chicago *Sun-Times, Book Week*

"Surely destined to be one of those rare memoirs that can be called a masterpiece." —*Fly Fisherman*

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—*Chicago Tribune, Book World*

Maclean's voice—acerbic, laconic, deadpan—rings out of a rich American tradition....I love its sound."—James R. Frakes, *New York Times Book Review*

"He is one of the most sensitive and beautiful writers I've ever read."
—Dale Burk, *Missoulian*



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University of Chicago Press

fiction

Trumpeting a rennaissance

by Charles Johnson

IF THERE IS STILL any life left in American literature, it can be found, largely, in the so-called "little magazines"—those periodicals that pay in contributor's copies, have funny titles like *Calyx, Yardbird Reader,* or *Chouteau Review,* appear infrequently (just when you thought they'd died), and compete in a kind of anarchy for your attention on the bottom shelves of the bookstore. Writing Programs, as everyone knows, crank out writers like pancakes these days—there is, clearly, more competition for publication than ever before—and, in reaction, our book publishers fall back upon their own Catch 22: in order to get published, you must first show a successful record of publications. More and more, publishers let their sales departments make editorial policy, and the accountants want the Big Book easily plugged into paperback, films, or a 15-minute spot on *The Tonight Show.* As book publishing—once a "gentleman's profession"—relies increasingly on the engineered bestseller, our more conscientious writers, known and unknown, turn to the small presses, in the tradition of Whitman, Pound, Sandburg, and James Joyce.

Despite a certain degree of chaos among the little magazines, the small presses serve as the cutting edge for new American fiction and poetry. They support, and are generally supported by, established writers who cannot publish their "riskier" works elsewhere, and by the legion of lesser known but talented writers who deserve, and will get, an audience. Each year 2,000 small presses nominate six of their best works from the previous calendar year. Eighty editors make nominations. The most distinguished work is honored by the Pushcart Prize and publication in *Best of the Small Presses,* an anthology.

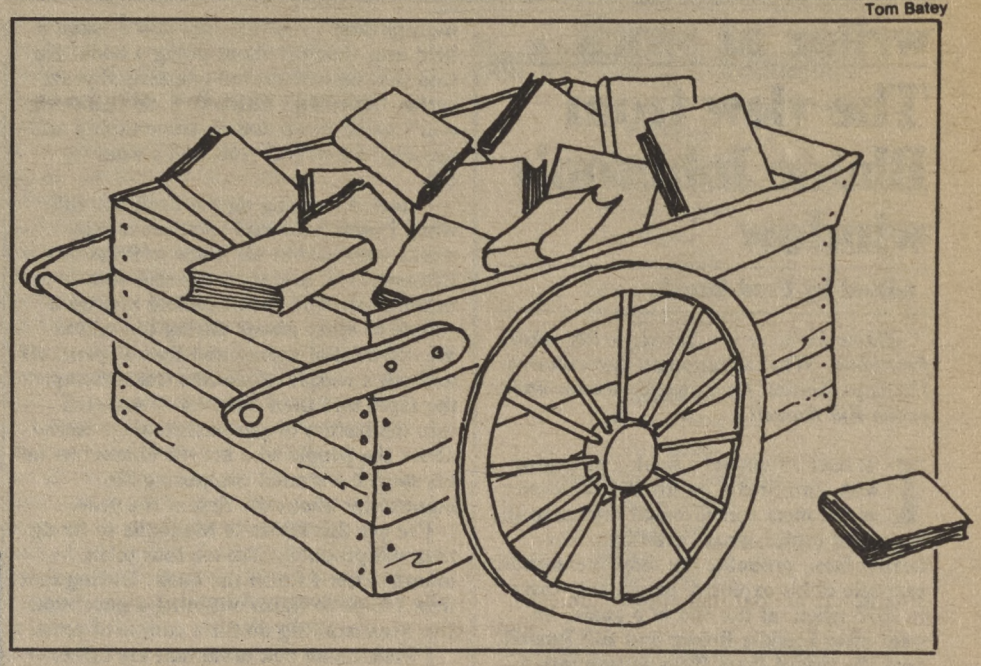
Pushcart Prize III is, by any standard, the most impressive and representative collection of American fiction, poetry, and essays in years. Many voices and visions are brought together here—everything from old-fashioned realism to Fiction Collective "experiments," but the best writing is, in my opinion, by new women authors. This edition's award-winning fiction, "Rough Strife," by Lynne Sharon Swartz, originally published in *Ontario Review,* is the most sensitive, moving, and skillfully written story of "women's consciousness" that I've read, yet—and this is the book's real joy—we also have Kathleen Collins' "Stepping Back," a first-rate story, very short, that nails down, before you've had time to notice, a black woman's point of view; there's "To Dance" by Mary Peterson, a comic story of a woman's faltering steps toward redemption; fiction and poetry by Anais Nin, Margaret Atwood, Leslie Silko, who is a visiting writer at the University of Washington, and a highly personal re-

Charles Johnson, professor of creative writing at the University of Washington, is the author of Faith and the Good Thing, *a novel published by Viking in 1974.*

Pushcart Prize III
Best of the Small Presses
Edited by Bill Henderson.
Avon. $6.95.

Pushcart Prize IV
Best of the Small Presses
Edited by Bill Henderson.
Pushcart Press. $16.50.

Tom Batey



evaluation of Emily Dickinson, in light of modern feminism, by Adrienne Rich.

This anthology, you might say, is the very idea of democracy (it's chaotic, as Aristotle tells us, but we haven't discovered a better way to synthesize so many perspectives on experience). Alongside many important new voices we have Vincente Aleixandre, the Spanish poet who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1977, a hilarious story called "Monsterfest" by H. Bustos Domecq (a pseudonym for Jorge Luis Borges), and from that old classicist, John Gardner, an award-winning essay called "Moral Fiction," which anyone interested in contemporary literature should take a look at. Black writers are also well-represented: Charles Scrugg's scholarly essay, "All Dressed Up But No Place To Go" explores the very difficult, special relationship of the black writer to his audience, and Ishmael Reed, who is unfailingly original in all his work, corners our most distinguished black novelist for "The Essential Ellison" interview.

Nine years ago, when I was a novice writer, my friends and I would, on occasion, haul out our unpublished fictions, stack them neatly, then measure each pile with a ruler. Before I first published my stack reached 12 inches (6 novels), and we were painfully convinced that the unexhibited painting, the unpublished manuscript, the unperformed play were objects that had no standing in the cultural world, that did not yet fully exist. It is only through the spectator that the work finds its full reality or existence ratified by a public judgment. If this process is slow, the writer cannot escape self-doubt; he sinks into despair, joins the priesthood (at least one of my old group with a four-inch stack did this), or just holds mad, bitter conversations with himself. Fortunately, many of us found "little magazines" like *Fiction* and *Tri-*



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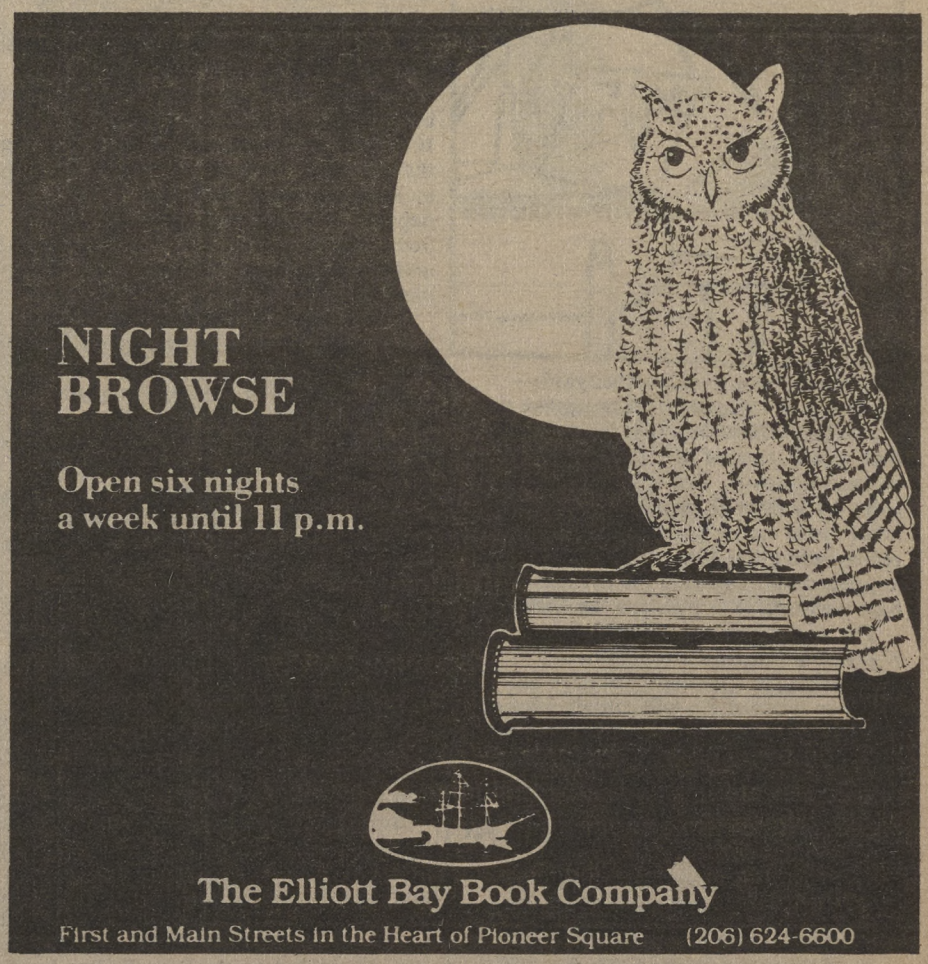
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This program made possible in part through
support of the Seattle Arts Commission/City of Seattle



Quarterly that sustained us and convinced our impatient wives that, yes, we *were* making progress. At least one writer I know began in a creative writing class at Columbia in 1973, which the editor of *Antaeus* visited one afternoon and, after hearing him read, invited his submission. That publication led to an invitation from a major commercial house, which, at last report, has snowballed into three published novels in five years, two motion pictures, and for this young writer—I'll mention no names—an incredible career that owes, it's plain, a great deal to the alternative press.

But I would do wrong, and I would lie, if I simply praised the *Pushcart* series and left you with the impression that the little magazines have no problems. They have a stupendous problem: hardly anyone reads them, except writers and editors. In his essay, "Hey, Is Anyone Listening?," Stephen Minot explains, "The plain fact is that there's more of us up here on the stage than there are out there in the audience." Included in the four *Pushcart* anthologies (*Pushcart IV* should be available in hardcover in June) are selections from 271 writers and 170 presses: stories like Jayne Anne Phillips' "Home" from *The Iowa Review,* as polished as anything in *The New Yorker* or *Redbook* (and far more exciting). What is needed, if this new American renaissance—I think it's fair to call it that—isn't to disappear because of indifference, are a few more people out there in the audience.

Will you listen?□

publishing news

A national talent establishes a precedent in the Northwest

by George Blooston

PORTRAITS: FRIENDS AND STRANGERS is Michael Mathers' third book of photographs with text. His first two, *Riding the Rails* and *Sheepherders: Men Alone,* were published by Houghton Mifflin in 1973 and 1975, respectively, and were acclaimed by several reviewers as affecting, promising works. These two books stake out Mathers' trademarks: a commitment to text accompanying photography and a more intimate documentary style of photography than that of his forebearers, the Farm Security Administration generation of the 1930s.

Yet with *Portraits,* two departures from the previous books take place. First, *Portraits* deals with no single way of life. If it documents anything, it documents Mathers' proclivities. We see his friends, his family, and the strangers he chooses to bring to us—workers in light industries wearing aprons and hard hats, small-town porch-sitters, drag queens, carnival figures, and those Mathers meets on the road as a tourist. The book's presentation is formal. Portraits appear on the right-hand pages of the large (nine-and-one-half by ten-inch) format, with text on facing pages. The texts are straightforward, telling a personal history or the history of how the portrait came to be made.

The effect of the litany—text and portrait 68 times over—is cumulative. Single portraits do not overwhelm the viewer, but what may come through is a kind of classical, detached stance of the artist behind the photo-journalist, the Hemingway behind Studs Terkel. These photographs create an assurance that every single thing in the world is familiar—the carnival fat lady is just another fat lady.

Portraits: Friends and Strangers
By Michael Mathers.
Madrona Publishers.
$14.95 cloth. $9.95 paper.

Portraits' second departure is its imprint—not Houghton Mifflin, of Boston, but Madrona Publishers, of Seattle. In its four years of existence, Madrona has defied the conventional wisdom that a small publisher should carve a niche for itself with a few specialty subjects. Rather, Madrona's ambition, as publisher Dan Levant puts it, "might be the lunatic ambition to be a national publisher of Northwest talent."

How *Portraits* came to Madrona was a matter of chance and impulse. Mathers, who lives in Portland, Oregon, was preparing to head east to sell the book when a friend suggested he visit Levant. He did, Levant immediately wanted the book, and Mathers immediately agreed. The rest—editorial selection, design, choosing paper, printer, and binder, and promoting the book—was in Levant's words simply "mopping up."

Levant is not a little anxious about selling what he hesitates to call his first "art" book. The art-book market is already glutted with photography, and *Portraits* has no ready theme to catch the potential buyer's interest. Still, Levant is pleased with this precedent. He intends to show that Madrona loses nothing but some "muscle" to East Coast publishing houses and that with a regional publisher authors have the convenience of being nearby. "It is important as an announcement of our intent," he says. "The only way a house defines itself is by what it publishes. And only as an afterthought, like a gambler at the racetrack, do I say, 'I hope I break even—I need the money.' "□

SOMETHING NEW FROM THE WEEKLY IS COMING IN JUNE.



Seattle **SummerGuide.** It's never too early to think about summer. Amid the springtime drizzles are dreams of picnics, vacations, suntans, and the outdoor sports we enjoy during the Seattle summers.

The Weekly's **SummerGuide,** published in June will be sold in over 400 Seattle outlets during the summer and it will feature a full range of articles designed to capture the flavor of living in and traveling around Seattle during the warm weather months. The **SummerGuide** will include a calendar of events for sports, culture and leisure, listings of places to go, to stay in, to eat at, and to shop in as well as hundreds of useful tips for enjoying the best the region has to offer.

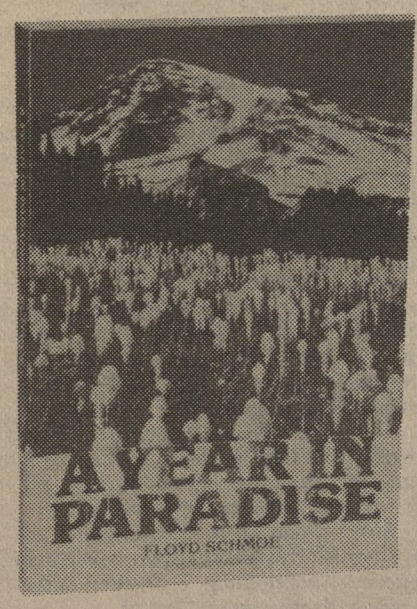
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theWeekly SummerGuide

A love affair with a mountain



Floyd Schmoe and his new bride spent their honeymoon as the sole occupants of snow-buried Paradise Inn at Mt. Rainier, accompanied only by small forest creatures until freed by snowplows six months later. Thus he began a life-long love affair with the mountain, as caretaker, guide, ranger, and first Park naturalist. This delightful book recreates his experiences with the mountain, its animals, plants, and tourist visitors, in a way that "makes the reader see and feel and think." (UW Alumnus).
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science fiction

Feminists on Saturn's moons

by Richard Evers

JOHN VARLEY IS THE hottest writer in science fiction today. Varley has succeeded in transcending the partisan struggles that characterize science fiction by extending its time-honored strengths in refreshingly new directions. His stories have an appeal wide enough to net an audience drawn from diverse quarters of the sci-fi readership. Traditionalists marvel at the fabric of technological invention he weaves so deftly—combining (for a single story) cloning, holographic memories, quick-and-easy sex changes, and enclosed artificial environments into a plausible social setting. Nor, having achieved this much, does his imagination flag and take a traditional route into the violent melodrama and stereotyped characterization that have undercut science fiction. To the applause of sci-fi progressives, and especially feminists, his inventiveness keeps going, leading him to envision non-sexist futures in which gender roles have no place. Against such settings, the strong, resourceful, fully human feminist heroes that Varley creates seem utterly natural—although they stand out conspicuously in male-dominated, often sexist science fiction.

First published in 1972, Varley has produced a stream of short stories astonishing for their overall excellence—the best of which are collected in *The Persistence of Vision* (1978)—and a promising debut novel, *The Ophiuchi Hotline* (1977). Many of these, including the novel, form the "Eight Worlds" future history series of bizarre adventures that earned him his reputation. The key to their success—the strength that elevates them above mere ingenuity—lies in Varley's characters, who react to their futuristic predicaments in ways so utterly human that the reader is drawn irresistibly into their strange worlds: for instance, the sculptor-hero of "The Phantom of Kansas" reacts with understandable rage at being repeatedly murdered.

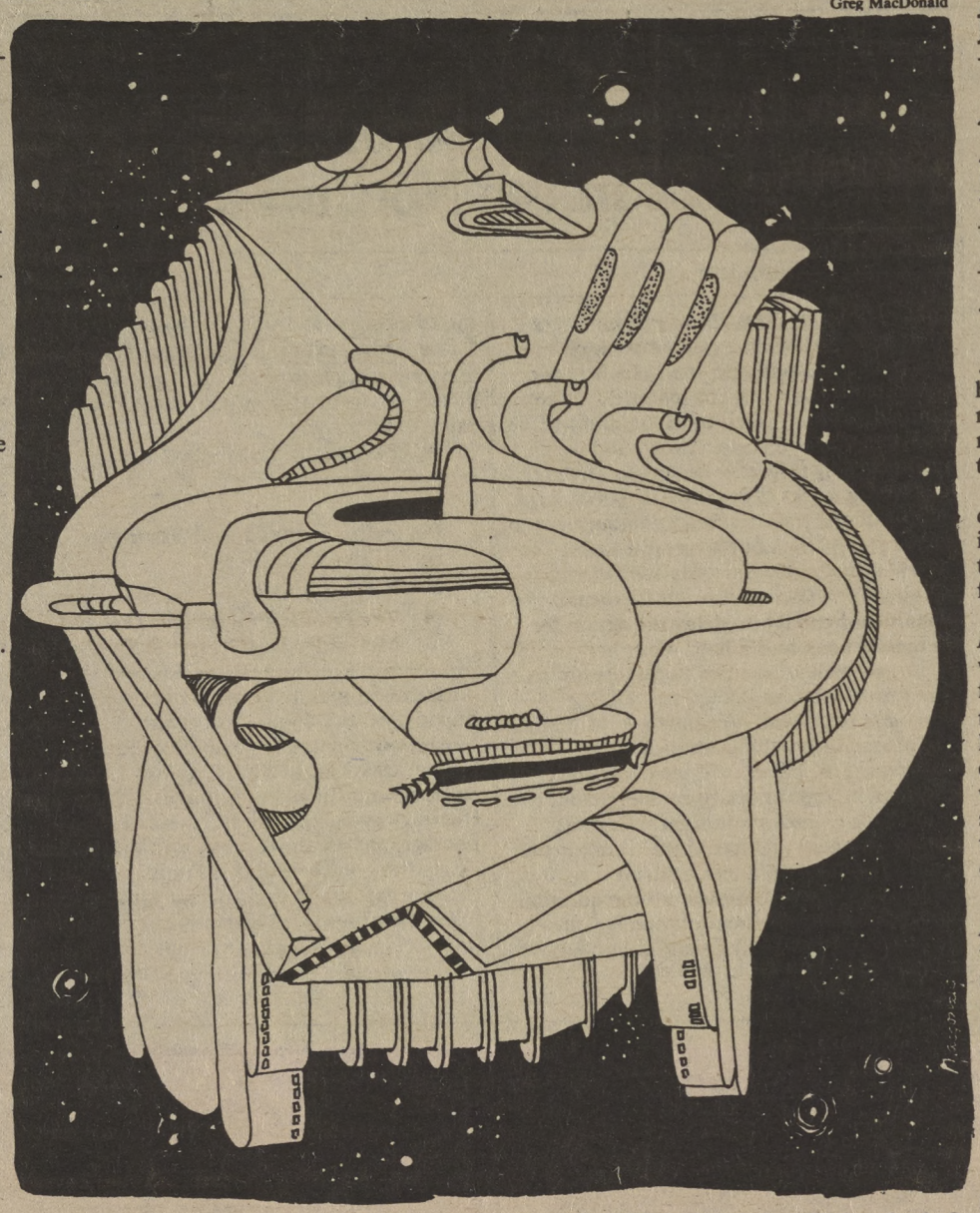
And now comes *Titan,* at more than 300 pages Varley's longest, as well as most ambitious, work to date. Although not part of the "Eight Worlds" series, it's an

Titan
By John Varley.
Berkley/Putnam. $9.95.

adventure superior in richness of detail and depth of characterization to anything he's written, a combination of trek-and-quest set inside a stupendous, highly-colored world. He's given it the measured pace and tight plot that *Ophiuchi Hotline* sorely lacked—heartening evidence to his fans that Varley continues to grow. And at its center is one of his most splendid feminist heroes, Cirocco ("Rocky") Jones. Like his previous stories, *Titan* is embedded with small tributes to his heritage: there are reminders of Philip Jose Farmer, of *Dune,* of Clarke's *Rendezvous with Rama,* and Niven's *Ringworld,* and even *The Wizard of Oz*! All the skills Varley's been acquiring and honing over the years are consolidated in *Titan,* which should raise his popularity to new heights.

Richard Evers is a frequent reviewer of science fiction.

Greg MacDonald



Titan begins (in the year 2025) aboard the Deep Space Vessel *Ringmaster* as it rapidly approaches Saturn on a mission to explore 2 of that immense planet's 11 moons. Tall, hatchet-nosed Rocky Jones commands a crew of three men and three women. Astronomer Gaby Plauget, who is destined to become her constant companion, would rather monitor instruments than be dazzled by the beauty of Saturn's rings. When she discovers a twelfth, previously unknown satellite orbiting the planet, all plans are scrapped to explore this mystery—"the most titanic structure ever seen by a human eye." Soon their wish is perversely granted: without warning, huge grapples from its surface grab their ship, rending *Ringmaster* to pieces and swallowing all of them.

The structure is awesome for its size alone. Like a circular suspension bridge in design, it's 1,300 kilometers in diameter, and 250 kilometers wide. The hub at its center is large enough for *Ringmaster*—the size and shape of *2001's Discovery*—to pass right through. Six massive spokes (each 420 kilometers long) radiate from the hub, and from them cables emerge that fasten into the thick rim-floor.

Rocky wakes up in total darkness to a sensory-deprivation situation, sensing and remembering nothing. Entombed in the ground, drifting in and out of forgetfulness, she struggles to regain her senses, and bit by bit to recall her identity and her mission. This terrifying "rebirthing" dislodges a carefully buried fear that will haunt her throughout the journey that lies ahead. But she can count herself among the lucky ones: "rebirthing" has transformed one of the women into an alien creature who shuns the rest of them.

When the ground opens up and spews Rocky out, naked and hairless, she finds herself in Hyperion, one of 12 regions—each enjoying either eternal night or day—that fill the inner rim of "the wheel of the world" with frozen wastes, deserts out of *Dune,* mighty jungle rivers, a terrifying wind called Gaea's Lament, and exotic plants and animals, some of them sentient and literally fabulous.

The ship's surgeon has christened this world Gaea, after the mother of the Titans in Greek mythology. Gaea's creatures talk of her as a divinity, and ultimately Rocky goes on a quest to seek the truth behind Gaea's mysteries. With Gaby, whose "rebirthing" has led her to swear off astronomy and declare loving devotion to her captain, Rocky ascends a cable (encrusted with trees, carved with steps, pierced by tunnels), up through a spoke (through which icestorms howl), on a journey of more than 600 kilometers to find answers in Gaea's hub, where the controls must be—and the intelligences who operate them, if such beings exist.

The awe-inspiring revelations that finally come at *Titan's* climax are a credit to Varley's imagination, and to his honesty. Gaea, after all, is canvas enough for endless sequels (the first is already in the works), and Varley—like too many other sci-fi writers—could have left the reader hanging until the next installment.

But *Titan* boasts greater triumphs than color, action, and compelling mystery: the figure of Rocky Jones, and a friendship that grows slowly, solidly into love. Twice on their quest Gaby saves Rocky's life, ever ready to leap—sword in hand—between her beloved and danger. Their zestful, humorous repartee enlivens practically every page, and as is true of friends, they help one another to self-acceptance. The fear that has haunted Rocky is well-founded: she *isn't* cut out for commanding ship and crew. But Gaea has given her her lifelong heart's desire: adventure. And Rocky Jones is hero enough to live it to the hilt.□

fantasy

A labyrinthine pilgrimage

by Nick DiMartino

IT TAKES A CERTAIN kind of staying power to write a fantasy trilogy. Bringing to life a fantasy world is only half the trick; the real stumbling block is returning to that world two more times and not just backtracking over the same old territory.

Many a talented author has created a dazzling first volume, only to flounder in its sequels. Patricia A. McKillip, among the most promising of the new young fantasy writers, is no exception.

Now that Atheneum has published *Harpist in the Wind,* the third and final volume of her *Riddle-Master Trilogy,* the familiar trilogy pattern unfolds again. Like the *Dune Trilogy* and the *Earthsea Trilogy*, McKillip's *Riddle-Master Trilogy* encompasses a masterpiece of a first volume, a sketchy, incomplete reprise for a second, and a concluding volume that rises to some heights but never approaches the original novel's impact.

Her first volume, *The Riddle-Master of Hed* (1976), has acquired a devoted following, with justification. Written in a swift, spare style, with enough startling attacks, unexpected dangers, and strange characters to keep the pages effortlessly turning, the book features at its center one of the most genuinely likable heroes in a long time, gentle and reluctant Morgon of Hed, ruler of a peace-loving island of farmers. Young Morgon becomes "desperate with uncertainty" when he finds himself being drawn deeper and deeper, against his will, into a terrifying destiny plotted out for him by wizards 700 years before, a destiny involving a sword which Morgon refuses to wield.

Though Morgon has studied at the College of Riddle-Masters, he comes up against the deadly riddle of his own destiny and decides he no longer wants answers. "I'm not running; I'm simply not interested," says Morgon. But after his parents have been mysteriously drowned, his marriage plans interrupted, his friend blinded in one eye, and three treacherous assaults have been made on his life, Morgon takes up the sword from its burial place deep underground in the cave of the Lost Ones, and journeys to Erlenstar Mountain in the far north, accompanied by Deth the harpist, to demand answers from the High One himself.

The book ends with Morgon's shout of anger and betrayal. It's a stunning, cliffhanger finish to a volume that stands as McKillip's own enigmatic riddle, which she sets out to answer in the remaining two volumes.

The second book, *Heir of Sea and Fire* (1977), takes place a year later and involves several unfortunate shifts. Morgon himself appears only at the end, in the totally unlikely role of revenger, determined to murder the harpist who has betrayed him. The central character is now Raederle, Morgon's betrothed, "the second most beautiful woman in the Three Portions of An."

All but the last three chapters are taken up with Raederle's struggle with her own suppressed magical powers and her search for the missing Morgon, accompanied by two other characters from the first volume,

Nick DiMartino, a writer of fantasy, oversees one of the largest collections of sci-fi/fantasy in Seattle.

Morgon's younger sister, Tristan, and Lyra, the valiant warrior-daughter of the Morgol. The meeting of these three women and their coming together on a rescue mission, potentially delightful, results in a journey that leads nowhere and accomplishes nothing, covering much the same ground as *Riddle-Master* but without the flashes of surprise and beauty.

The central dilemma of the middle volume, Raederle's discovery that she is distantly related to the shape-changers who are determined to kill Morgon, is potentially a fascinating complication. It never even becomes dangerous. As the third volume reveals, though Raederle

Harpist in the Wind
By Patricia A. McKillip.
Atheneum. $8.95.

stews over her heritage at length, it has nothing much to do with the whole tale at all.

To make matters worse, the pace of *Heir* is much slower than the first book, and the ultimate meeting between Morgon and Raederle is embarrassingly melodramatic. Though the last two chapters work up some real color and suspense, the book, short as it is, would be vastly improved by being cut in half.

But the real test of patience is saved for the first third of the concluding volume, *Harpist in the Wind,* in which Morgon and Raederle, traveling together now, perpetually slow down a story too entangled in their own over-sensitive interactions. McKillip can be a heavy romantic when she lets go of the reins, and while she lingers over Raederle's anguished inner struggles, the plot creeps. Raederle's insistence on never leaving Morgon's side, with her simultaneous refusal to use her shape-changing magic, results in the heroine becoming an irritating obstacle to both the progress of the hero and the progress of the story.

Once Raederle changes into a crow, however, her role diminishes and the story leaps forward.

The central portion of the novel, involving the ancient wizards in the ruins of Lungold, is McKillip at her best. Morgon's confrontation with the menacing Founder of Lungold in a burning school is tense and well-conceived. So is the frightening pursuit of Morgon by the shape-changers, and the cataclysm at Erlenstar Mountain.

From there the story builds to the final revelation as to who is really the mysterious, silent High One who rules the realm, and why Morgon has been submitted to such a gauntlet of attacks and abuse. It's all fairly satisfying (except for the odd way in which McKillip shuttles off her two villains), and concludes with an apocalyptic battle on Wind Plain and the unleashing of Morgon's powers.

Now that *Harpist in the Wind* has concluded this triple-decker, the whole story can be seen in perspective from beginning to end. The problem is at once clear: it's Raederle. Her role is just not significant enough to delay the action for almost a book and a half, when her magic powers prove to be simply unnecessary in the climactic struggle.

Instead of wandering through the second volume with Raederle and re-meeting old friends, McKillip should have spent her time on her hero's imprisonment, so that Morgon's transformation from fleeing pacifist to stalking assassin wouldn't come so completely out of left field.

Harpist seems to answer all the questions that needed answering, and it winds up the whole tale adequately enough. At her best, McKillip is capable of creating, with a few swift sentences, an eerie sensation of magic at work. Her characters have genuine bonds with each other (as in Morgon's devotion to his brother and sister), and real bonds between characters are a plus in any work of fiction.

But *Harpist in the Wind* is only good enough. Anyone who has read *The Riddle-Master of Hed* will want to find out how it ends, of course, and will find a surprise or two (maybe), but there will be no gasp of wonder. McKillip seems to be simply better at teasing and startling her reader than at providing answers.□

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Hardback

FICTION

1 *Hanta Yo,* by Ruth Beebe Hill. (Doubleday, $14.95.) Documentary fiction. The saga of the Teton Sioux, 1750-1835.
2 *Dragondrums,* by Anne McCaffrey. (Atheneum, $8.95.) Fantasy from the author of *Dragonsong* and *Dragonsinger.*
3 *Little Birds,* by Anais Nin. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95.) Erotica.
4 *The Third World War,* by General Sir John Hackett and other top-ranking NATO generals and advisers. (Macmillan, $12.95.) A complete scenario, set in 1985.
5 *Good as Gold,* by Joseph Heller. (Simon & Schuster, $12.95.) A comic novel by the author of *Catch-22.*

NONFICTION

1 *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years,* by Howard J. Ruff (Times, $8.95.) A crash course in personal and financial survival.
2 *Getting Well Again,* by O. Carl Simonton, MD, Stephanie Matthews-Simonton, and James Creighton. (Tacher/St. Martin's, $8.95.) A self-help guide to overcoming cancer, for patients and family.
3 *The Culture of Narcissism,* by Christopher Lasch. (Norton, $11.95.) America in an age of diminishing expectations.
4 *The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise,* by Nathan Pritikin and Patrick M. McGrady, Jr. (Grosset & Dunlap, $12.95.) A complete health plan.
5 *Black Macho & the Myth of the Superwoman,* by Michelle Wallace. (Dial, $7.95.) The sexual politics of blacks.

Paperback

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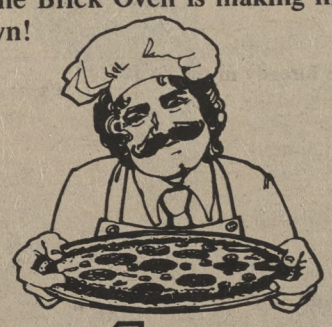
1 *The World According to Garp,* by John Irving. (Pocket, $2.75.) Bizarre farce and moving drama. Fiction. Available in eight colors—blue is moving fast.
2 *Laurel's Kitchen,* by Laurel Robertson, Carol Finders, and Bronwen Godfrey. (Bantam, $3.95.) Vegetarian cookery and nutrition.
3 *The White Dragon,* by Anne McCaffrey. (Ballantine, $2.25.) Lord Jaxon and his little dragon that could. Fantasy. Reader beware: the current printing omits two pages of text.
4 *My Mother/My Self,* by Nancy Friday. (Dell, $2.50.) A daughter's search for identity. Nonfiction.
5 *Lillie,* by David Butler. (Warner, $2.50.) The saga of Edward VII's mistress.

TRADE

1 *What Color Is Your Parachute?* by Richard Nelson Bolles. (Ten Speed, $5.95.) Guide for choosing careers and finding jobs.
2 *A River Runs Through It,* by Norman Maclean. (Chicago, $3.95.) Three stories of Montana and the male bond. Fiction.
3 *The Second Ring of Power,* by Carlos Castaneda. (Simon & Schuster, $3.95.) Further lessons in Don Juan's transforming philosophy.
4 *Dear Me,* by Peter Ustinov. (Penguin, $2.95.) A memoir.
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A few words in dedication

by Ivan Doig

ON CHRISTMAS DAY of 1976, anyone unmerry enough to have been scanning the obituaries in *The New York Times* might have come across one which began: "Mary Moore Cross, to whom the late Ezra Pound in 1906 dedicated his first book of poems, *Personae,* died Thursday at her home in Montclair, NJ. . . ."

That a few words at the front of a book should become the grace notes of a life of 92 years is admittedly unusual. But dedication pages hold strange power. The practice of an author singling out someone for inscription there, alone with the white space and posterity, has gone on automatically for centuries, and still thrives. The tiny *Times* memoriam to Mary Moore Cross, for instance, attests that she is in company with such more recent dedicatees as Jacqueline Susann's mother, Charles Colson's dad, and legions of authors' spouses, friends, enemies, and pets.

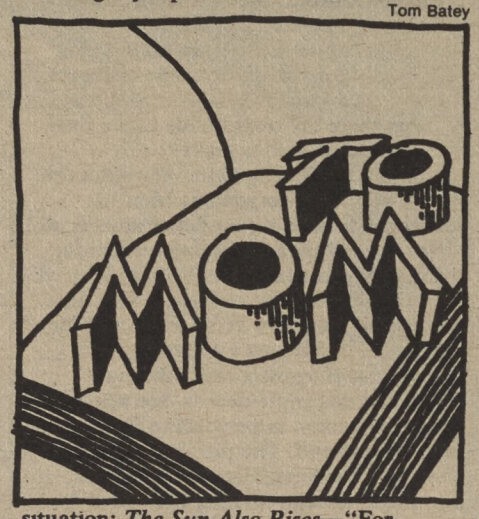
Ivan Doig is the author of This House of Sky *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), which was dedicated "to my wife Carol. Westward we go free."*

Book dedications began as barter, a kind of wordsmith's wampum. Writers as far back as Virgil and Lucretius can be found repaying monied patrons with dedications By Elizabethan times, patron-wooing had become so standard that one practitioner said dedications simply were bills of lading "drawn by the witty upon the great, and payable at sight." They served as political insurance, too. ". . .It is hard not to slide into the panegyrick, when once one begins to speak of your Majesty," John Evelyn crooned in a masterpiece of wheedle directed to Charles II in 1664. What with patronage and politics, honeying up a page or more with flattery became an art form of its own. Dr. Samuel Johnson is known to have ghosted dedications for the books of at least a dozen friends.

The modern style is usually to compress the encomium down to a peck of affection ("To Clare, who believed") or epigrammatic chumminess ("To my colleagues at Yaddo, fellow seekers into the silences"). But however compact and spiffy, the dedication still is saying what it always has: "Thanks, from me and these hundreds and hundreds of sentences." What saves the book dedication from being just an overweight black-and-white valentine is what makes interesting the entire odd business of creating books: the play of personality and the echoes of eras.

Some of the departed luminaries of this century's fiction, for instance, left dedications in which their singularities shine through with high wattage. William Faulkner was at his most squirely when he tapped in at the start of *The Town*: "To Phil Stone— He did half the laughing for 30 years." And with what perserverance Hemingway reported on his domestic

Tom Batey



situation: *The Sun Also Rises*—"For Hadley. . .."; *Death in the Afternoon*—"To Pauline"; *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—". . .for Martha Gellhorn"; *Across the River and Into the Trees*—"To Mary. . ." Sinclair Lewis and the companion of his later years, Marcella Powers, played a private game of pretending that they were being watched by invisible little people called Small Size Spies. Lewis' 1947 novel *Kingsblood Royal* is dedicated "To S.S.S., who first heard this story."

It was the wooing intentions of Shakespeare which a few years ago set off perhaps the all-time dedication furore. Shakespeare's *Sonnets* have held two abiding mysteries: the identity of the "Dark Lady" so ardently addressed by the sonneteer, and the identity of "Mr W.H." to whom the poems are dedicated. A sub-industry of scholarship had grown up around the notion that the Dark Lady and W.H. were historically linked, or perhaps one and the same. Comes then, in 1973, Oxford historian A.L. Rowse to announce that he had traced down the Dark Lady—a candidate named Emilia Bassano—and, as part of his evidence, that the phantom dedicatee was not Shakespeare's at all, but the publisher's. "All the books looking for 'Mr. W.H.' as Shakespeare's friend were written under a misapprehension, barking up a wrong tree, simply so much rubbish," Rowse said. The letters column of *The Times* thundered in retort for weeks.

Some dedications are honed for more immediate mischief. In his translation of the *Arabian Nights* in the late nineteenth century, Sir Richard Burton took revenge on the curators of Oxford's Bodleian Library by dedicating to them the volume with "the rarest and raciest passages" from the manuscript they had refused to loan him. Norman Mailer flashed something of the same spirit in the backhand shot he got off in *Cannibals and Christians:* "To Lyndon B. Johnson whose name inspired young men to cheer for me in public."

But by and large, dedications are more likely to be mellow than mischievous. For one thing, down through the literary

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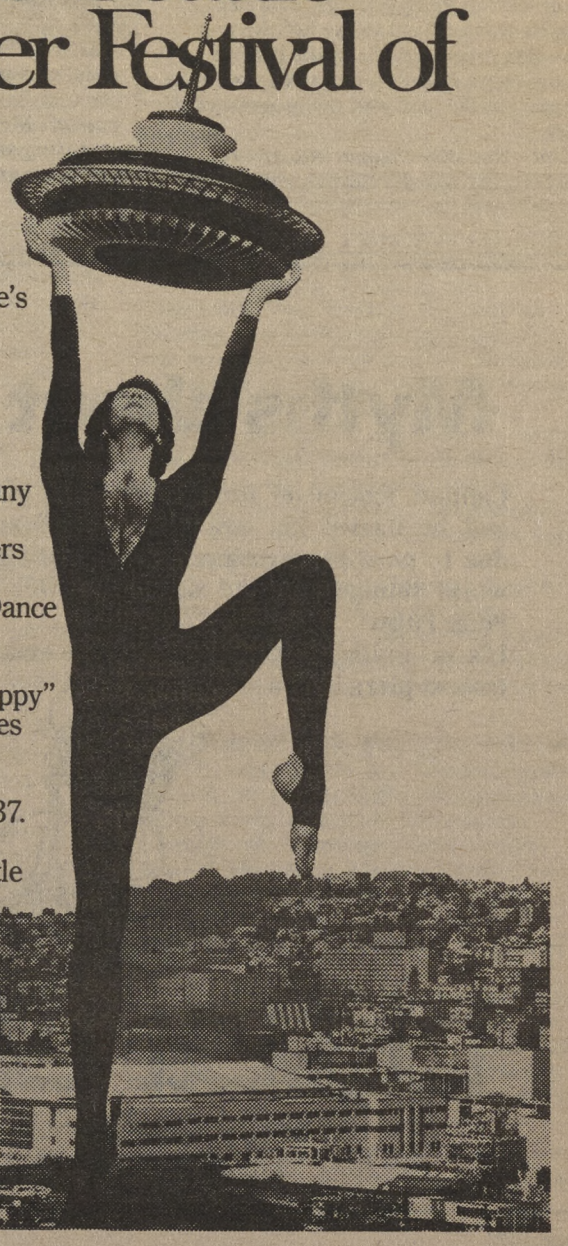
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"To My Mother, Who Bravely Put Up With My Owls..."

by Ivan Doig

Last Christmas Day, anyone unmerry enough to have been scanning the obituaries in the New York Times might have come across one which began: "Mary Moore Cross, to whom the late Ezra Pound in 1906 dedicated his first book of poems, 'Personae,' died Thursday at her home in Montclair, N.J...."

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A dedication can offer more direct mischief as well. When he was preparing his translation of the Arabian Nights in the late 19th century, Sir Richard Burton ~~got even~~ in revenge with the curators of Oxford's Bodleian Library by dedicating to them the volume with "the rarest and raciest passages" from the manuscript they had refused to loan him. Norman Mailer flashed something of the same spirit in the backhand shot he got off in Cannibals and Christians: "To Lyndon B. Johnson whose name inspired young men to cheer for me in public." ~~Currently, probably the angriest dedicator has been Australian novelist Thomas Keneally, in Gossip from the Forest: "In the season in which this book was written, the French government persisted in exploding nuclear devices above the ocean where my children swim."~~ cheer

~~But~~ However, by and large, dedications ~~always have been~~ are more likely to be mellow than miffed. For one thing, down through the literary generations a colossal number of dedications have been aimed directly but gently at the reader. As early as 1615, "the honest and understanding reader" was honored by Edmund Howes in Stow's Annals. The mode went soft and sticky in Victorian times -- H. Rider Haggard, King Solomon's Mines: "This faithful, but unpretending record of a remarkable adventure is hereby respectfully dedicated...to all the big and little boys who read it." But open enthusiasm for the folks out there in readerdom seems to have come back into style again, viz. Shere Hite in The Hite Report: "To us, in self-affirmation and celebration, I dedicate this book!"

Then too, there is the permanent population of mates and parents to be thanked, and most of it is done in marshmallow tones. This is

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lamentably true of best-sellers. A modern law of literary dynamics seems to be that the loftier the sales of a book, the more mundane its dedication is likely to be. At this writing, a glance through the New York Times best-seller list shows that in the 20 books -- 10 fiction, 10 non-fiction -- the dedicatees include: four wives, one mother, two fathers, one brother, three children, nine friends, the Watergate Special Prosecuting Force, the United States of America, and all of womankind. Unsurprisingly, the only real verve emanates from Kurt Vonnegut, who dedicates Slapstick to Laurel and Hardy, "two angels of my time." ~~Kurt and Stan and Ollie excepted,~~ the dedication devotee can only yearn for the prickly affection of Sidney A. Reeve, who knew exactly what he wanted to say when he came out with The Thermodynamics of Heat-Engines in 1903: "To my wife, to whose devotion and aid (although she doesn't know entropy from carbonic acid) the existence of this book is due, it is dedicated." Or, for those with parental debts, the winsome style exhibited by J.A. Meyer in The Green C: "To the Authors of the Author."

Once writers move on from hearth-and-hominess -- say, to the day-by-day business of authorship -- their dedications generally perk up. The late John P. Marquand inscribed Women and Thomas Harrow to his secretary, "because without her loyalty and interest I would doubtless still be splitting infinitives in the vicinity of Chapter Three." ~~Upton Sinclair's~~ dedication of Between Two Worlds was for his British publisher, "who for more than a quarter of a century has unfalteringly published everything that I have sent him." And Jack Olsen dedicated The Bridge at Chappaquiddick "to the kind and patient people who aided in its

preparation" -- 53 of them, named in two long lists covering the page.

Among editors, the record of most-impressively-dedicated-to probably belongs to the late Pascal Covici of Viking, dedicatee of two Nobel winners: John Steinbeck (East of Eden) and Saul Bellow (Herzog).

And of course, the critics. It will be hard ever to match the mood of attentive perturbation ~~which~~ Lew Wallace voiced toward them in The Prince of India: "To my father, David Wallace. He loved literature for the pleasure it brought him, and could I have had his counsel while composing this work, the critics would not be so terrible to me now that it is about going to press."

If there is a single great reward for the dedication-watcher, it is that the genre fairly often will produce gems of an expected rightness. Can anyone doubt, for instance, that "J" would have dedicated The Sensuous Woman other than to "L.F., J.N., A.V.N." etc.? Or that the Watergate gush of books would bear a cargo of testimonials to the wives who staunchly stood by their indicted hubbies? ~~Or, that the writing Yglesias family seems embarked on a record round-robin of dedications? (Jose, Double Double--"For Helen"; Helen, Family Feeling --"for my daughter, Tamar, and my sons, Lewis and Rafael"; Rafael, Hide, Fox, And All After--"for Tammy, Richard and Dober"...)~~ Or that it would be a writer chittering about in the field of wildlife who would come up with the nonpariel of dedications? (Jonathan Franklin, Two Owls at Eton: "To my Mother, who bravely put up with my owls for many a long and troublesome day when I was absent.")

Meanwhile, literary comers are flashing precisely the dedicatory promise you would expect of them: Tom Robbins, Even Cowgirls Get the

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Blues -- "To Fleetwood Star Robbins, the apple, the pineapple, the mango, the orchard of my eye. And of course, to all cowgirls, everywhere"; Thomas McGuane, Ninety-Two in the Shade -- "For Beck for Beck for Beck."

The future seems ~~assured~~ secure. As long as there are mates to be assuaged, editors to be commemorated, mothers to put up with Etonian owls, the dedication will have a place in books. Right there beyond the title page, just where young Ezra Pound assured a young woman all those years ago that "This book is for Mary Moore of Trenton, if she wants it."

###

COPY

1941- Between Two Worlds.

To my friends & Eng
who are living under bombs
& esply 2 my Eng pub'r,
Mrs. Werner Laurie,
who for + than a qtr of a
cen has unfailingly pub'd
& being me + have
sent him

Voyage Sterling
Hayden

To. hunted, not to
. hunter; to.
passage, not to. path

Upton Sinclair:

1907, The Metropolis –
to Maxim Gorki:
comrade

1911, Love's Pilgrimage –
To those who thrust
world are fighting
for. emancipa 7 woman
& died 4 no woman's lib

1942, Dragon's Teeth –
In tragic times like these,
an elderly author has
nothing 2 give do words.
4 no color 7 words r dead
2 – men & women who are
giving their lives because
they 4 m & humanity

over

Safeway

milk

bananas

tomatoes?

lettuce?

veg'tbl?

apple juice

TV Guide

John D MacDonald,
"Tengese Lament"

1973

To Dorothy,
again

Gabriel Kolko
Main Currents in Modern
American History

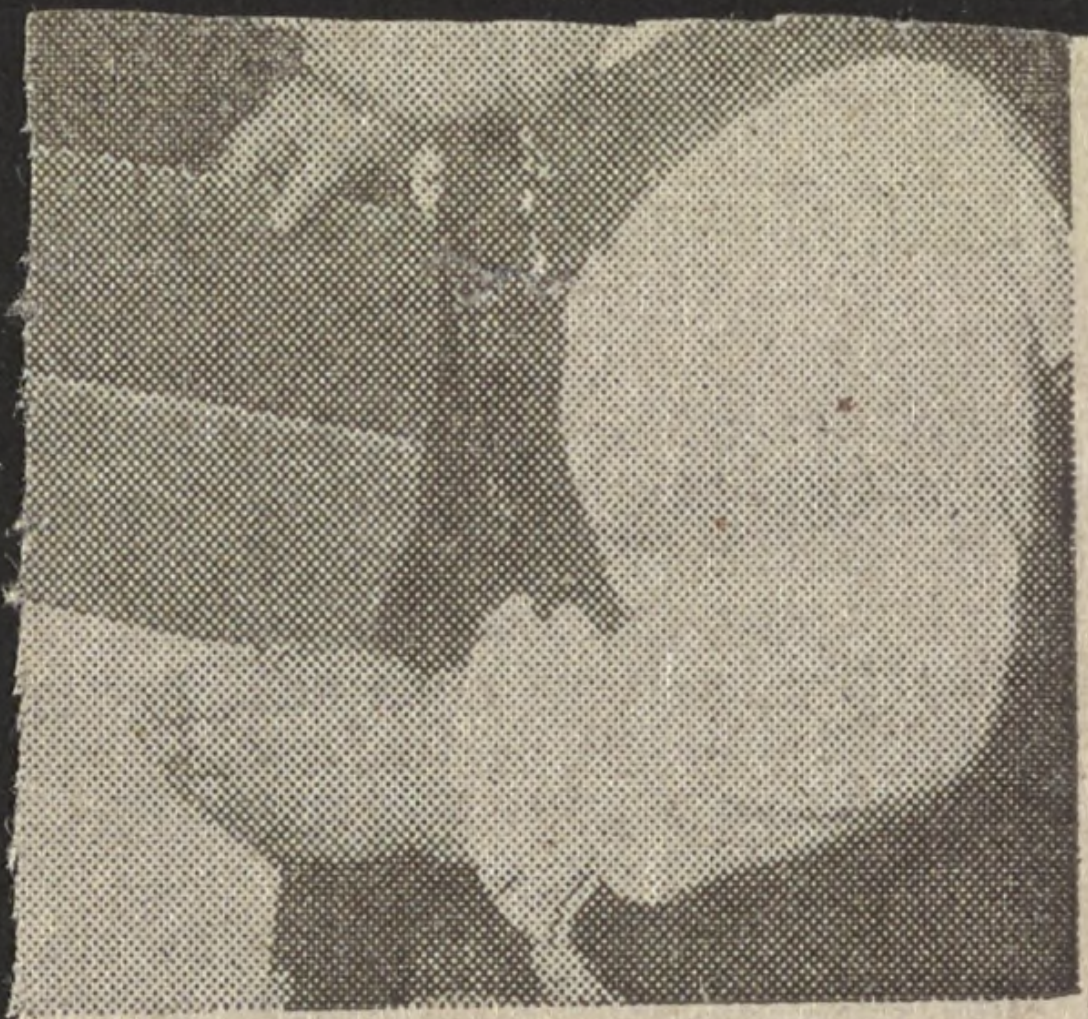
Mary Moore Cross, 92, Dead; Pound Dedicated Poems to Her

Mary Moore Cross, to whom the late Ezra Pound in 1908 dedicated his first book of poems, "Personae," died Thursday at her home in Montclair, N.J. She was 92 years old and was the widow of Frederick Cross, a New York advertising man who died about 10 years ago.

A brief courtship preceded the dedication of the book, which was revised dozens of times, but always bore the same rememberance: "This book is for Mary Moore of Trenton, if she wants it."

Though she married Mr. Cross in 1912 and Pound married Dorothy Shakespear in 1914, Mrs. Cross and the poet corresponded regularly until his death four years ago. She turned the correspondence over to the University of Pennsylvania a year ago.

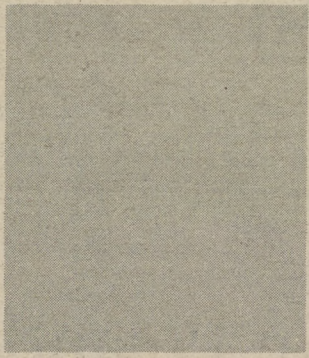
NYT, 12/25/76 p. 16



were fined record amounts by the Police Department. Lawrence Hassell, 40 years old, of Staten Island and William McCrorie of Floral Park, L. I., were fined $20,000 and $20,800. They plead-

Sept 29, '80

MARGINALIA



Dedications of three editions of *On Human Communication*, by Colin Cherry, published by the MIT Press:

FIRST EDITION:
To my dog, Pym

SECOND EDITION:
To all those human beings who have enquired so kindly after my dog Pym

THIRD EDITION
To the memory of my dog Pym

■

LE

September 29, 1980 • *$1.25*
Volume XXI, Number 6

d in Poland Next Week

s, teachers and students insist

frontations in the universities this fall have been worked out in detail.

The government would probably have [illegible] with a student or

On Christmas Day some years ago, anyone unmerry enough to have been scanning the obituaries in The New York Times might have come across one which began: "Mary Moore Cross, to whom the late Ezra Pound in 1906 dedicated his first book of poems, Personae, died Thursday at her home in Montclair, NJ..."

Nacia: to 6.5 million people who bought my 1st book
Kaiday: to Kath
Bay: to father
Thanx: " Anne
Tony H: ... to Steven Lovett, 1st born son of Larry & Mary Lovett.
May he always go e beauty all arnd him.
G'man: for Max Pabersky
Hawks: ... Jane
Thompsn: to Maria Kahn & David McCrumlan,
other 2 legs of tripod
Mich: none
Brad: For Bob, who is.
Wes: the mom of Gloria Safier
Clano: for Col & Mrs. Cobb
Carica: For Mercedes, of course

Pilcher: for my children, & children
Capote: to LHS

Gretel, Heart Mtn:
Stephen Counts, Final Flight:
Wally Amos, Power in You: wife Christine

Krantz: women of Braniff Air Transport
For Steve, once again, call my love, G'Day, today & tomorrow
Harris: to memory of my father
Wolfe: Dolling his kid, author dedicates 2nd bk to
Cowboy Eddie Hayes, who walked among flames
painting @ Land Lights.
Tyler: none
Siegel: Karen & Francesca
Trump: To my parents
Strube: ... those who have had courage to be named in 2nd bk
as witnesses To my experience."

When writers move on from hearth-and-hominess-- say , to the day-by-day business of authorship-- their dedications generally perk up. The late John P. Marquand inscribed Women and Thomas Harrow to his secretary, "because without her loyalty and interest I would doubtless still be splitting infinitives in the vicinity of Chapter Three." Jack Olsen dedicated The Bridge at Chappaquiddick "to the kind and patient people who aided in its preparation"-- 53 of them, named in two long lists covering the page.

But by and large, dedications are more likely to be mellow than mischievous. For one thing, down through the literary generations a colossal number have been aimed directly but gently at that essential figure, the reader. As early as 1615, "the honest and understanding reader" was honored by Edmund Howes in Stow's Annals. The mode went soft and sticky in Victorian times--H. Rider Haggard, King Solomon's Mines: "This faithful, but unpretending record of a remarkable adventure is hereby respectfully dedicated...to all the big and little boys who read it." But open enthusiasm for the folks out there in readerdom seems never to entirely go out of style, vide Shere Hite in the Hite Report: "To us, in self-affirmation and celebration, I dedicate this book!"

Then too, there is the vast permanent population of mates and parents to be thanked, and most of it is necessarily done in marshmallow tones. Especially, it seems, in best-sellers. My personal theorem of literary dynamics is that the loftier the sales of the book, the more mundane its dedication is likely to be. A glance through the current best-selling fiction and non-fiction reveals

Wk - son
Harley - none
Mald - father & mother
Ludlum - for Jonathan
Wallace: "for my three favorite Vermonters
Sylvia David Amy ..."

Deighton - none
Hill - Hush
Ch - none
WW III - "

Rull - none
Fixx - mother
Bacall - child & mother
T H White - Beatrice
Tuch - none

Edas G: "I ded'd 2nd bk to · sevl gallant
fams & nums unwitting friends
whose help, convictns & ~~&~~ expriees
play so large a part."

Edmon : I ded to "my sneaky guru
Aaron Goldblatt"

Maneh : to · 29th Marines

Jbrii : To my forever frnds
Cooper Half Malamute
& Barbara Ja"

8 May '79

Dear Susan--

If I won't review your damn book for you, the least I can do is get this piece into the office a few days ahead of time, right?

Hope it's okay. Worked on it last weekend and put a pencil across it again today, and it has in most of the stuff I wanted. Came out about a graf more than 5 pp., so edit out as you need to.

Will be in Missoula the ninth thru the thirteenth; possibly can be reached through the U. of Montana English dept., ~~xxx xxxxx~~ (406)243-5231. Will be home from the 15th on, but will be putting the phone on answering machine until about 3 each afternoon.

Good luck at the ABA.

best

Ivan Doig
17021 10th NW
Seattle 98177 -- phone 542-6658

For THE WEEKLY'S READER
first North American serial rights only

"To my mother, who bravely put up with my owls..."

by Ivan Doig

On Christmas Day of 1976, anyone unmerry enough to have been scanning the obituaries in the New York Times might have come across one which began: "Mary Moore Cross, to whom the late Ezra Pound in 1906 dedicated his first book of poems, 'Personae," died Thursday at her home in Montclair, N.J...."

That a few words at the front of a book should become the grace notes of a life of 92 years is admittedly unusual. But dedication pages hold strange power. The practice of an author singling out someone for inscription there, alone with the white space and posterity, has gone on automatically for centuries, and still thrives. The tiny Times memoriam to Mary Moore Cross, for instance, attests that she is in company with such more recent dedicatees as Jacqueline Susann's mother, Charles Colson's dad, and legions of authors' spouses, friends, enemies and pets.

Book dedications began as barter, a kind of wordsmiths' wampum. Writers as far back as Virgil and Lucretius can be found repaying monied patrons with dedications. By Elizabethan times, patron-wooing had become so standard that one practicioner said dedications simply were bills of lading "drawn by the witty upon the great, and payable at sight." They served as political insurance, too. "...It is hard not to slide into the Panegyrick, when once one begins to speak of your Majesty," John Evelyn crooned in a masterpiece of wheedle directed to Charles II in 1664. What with patronage and politics, honeying up a page or more with flattery became an art form of its own. Dr. Samuel Johnson is known to have ghosted dedications for the books of at least a dozen friends.

The modern style is usually to compress the encomium down to a peck of affection ("To Clare, who believed") or an epigrammatic sharesie ("To my colleagues at Yaddo, fellow seekers into the silences"). But however compact and spiffy, the dedication still is saying what it always has: "Thanks, from me and these hundreds and hundreds of sentences." What saves the book dedication from being just an overweight black-and-white valentine is what makes interesting the entire odd business of creating books: the play of personality and the echoes of eras.

Some of the departed luminaries of this century's fiction, for instance, left dedications in which their singularities shine through with high wattage. William Faulkner was at his most squirely when he tapped in at the start of <u>The Town</u>: "To Phil Stone--He did half the

laughing for thirty years." And with what perseverance Ernest Hemingway reported on his domestic situation: The Sun Also Rises--"For Hadley..."; Death in the Afternoon--"To Pauline; For Whom the Bell Tolls--"...for Martha Gellhorn"; Across the River and Into the Trees--"To Mary..." Sinclair Lewis and the companion of his later years, Marcella Powers, played a private game of pretending that they were being watched by invisible little people called Small Size Spies. Lewis's 1947 novel Kingsblood Royal is dedicated "To S.S.S., who first heard this story."

It was the wooing intentions of Shakespeare which a few years ago set off perhaps the all-time dedication furore. Shakespeare's Sonnets have held two abiding mysteries: the identity of the "Dark Lady" so ardently addressed by the sonneteer, and the identity of "Mr. W.H." to whom the poems are dedicated. A sub-industry of scholarship had grown up around the notion that the Dark Lady and W.H. were historically linked, or perhaps one and the same. Comes then, in 1973, Oxford historian A.L. Rowse to announce that he had traced down the Dark Lady--a candidate named Emilia Bassano--and, as part of his evidence, that the phantom dedicatee was not Shakespeare's at all, but his publisher's. "All the books looking for a 'Mr. W.H.' as Shakespeare's friend were written under a misapprehension, barking up a wrong tree, simply so much rubbish," Rowse said. The letters column of The Times thundered in retort for weeks.

sharp-ho

Some of the better dedications are honed for direct mischief as well as historical. In his translation of the Arabian Nights in the

late 19th century, Sir Richard Burton took revenge on the curators of Oxford's Bodleian Library by dedicating to them the volume with "the rarest and raciest passages" from the manuscript they had refused to loan him. Norman Mailer flashed something of the same spirit in the backhand shot he got off in Cannibals and Christians: "To Lyndon B. Johnson whose name inspired young men to cheer for me in public."

But by and large, dedications come out more likely to be mellow than miffed. For one thing, down through the literary generations a colossal number have been aimed directly but gently at that essential figure, the reader. As early as 1615, "the honest and understanding reader" was honored by Edmund Howes in Stow's Annals. The mode went soft and sticky in Victorian times--H. Rider Haggard, King Solomon's Mines: "This faithful, but unpretending record of a remarkable adventure is hereby respectfully dedicated...to all the big and little boys who read it." But open enthusiasm for the folks out there in readerdom seems never to entirely go out of style, viz. Shere Hite in The Hite Report: "To us, in self-affirmation and celebration, I dedicate this book!"

Then too, there is the vast permanent population of mates and parents to be thanked, and most of it is necessarily done in marshmallow tones. Especially, it seems, in best-sellers. My personal theorem of literary dynamics is that the loftier the sales of a book, the more mundane its dedication is likely to be. A glance through the current best-selling fiction and non-fiction shows a roster of parents, spouses, children, one "sneaky guru," one dog, and the 29th Marines as dedicatees, until Joseph Heller shows some verve in Good as Gold:

"I dedicate this book to the several gallant families and numerous unwitting friends whose help, conversations and experiences play so large a part."

Heller aside, the best-sellers' list can only make the dedication devotees yearn for the prickly affection Sidney A. Reeve, who knew exactly what he wanted to say when he came out with The Thermodynamics of Heat-Engines in 1903: "To my wife, to whose devotion and aid (although she doesn't know entropy from carbonic acid) the existence of this book is due, it is dedicated."

When writers move on from hearth-and-hominess--say, to the day-by-day business of authorship--their dedications generally perk up. The late John P. Marquand inscribed Women and Thomas Harrow to his secretary, "because without her loyalty and interest I would doubtless still be splitting infinitives in the vicinity of Chapter Three." Jack Olsen dedicated The Bridge at Chappaquiddick "to the kind and patient people who aided in its preparation"--53 of them, named in two long lists covering the page.

Among editors, the most-impressively-dedicated-to probably have been Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's, said to have had twenty-odd books inscribed to him, and Pascal Covici of Viking, dedicatee of two Nobel winners, John Steinbeck (East of Eden) and Saul Bellow (Herzog).

If there is a single steady reward for the dedication-watcher, it is the frequency with which the genre produces gems of an expected rightness. Can anyone doubt that "J" would have dedicated The Sensuous Woman other than to "L.F., J.N., A.V.N." etc?? Or that the Watergate

gush of books would bear a cargo of contrite testimonials to the wives who staunchly stood by their indicted hubbies? Or that it would be a writer chittering about in the field of wildlife who would come up with the nonpariel of dedications? (Jonathan Franklin, the British edition of Two Owls at Eton: "To my Mother, who bravely put up with my owls for many a long and troublesome day when I was absent.")

Some of our new literary heavyweights are showing the dedicatory punch to be expected of them. Tom Robbins, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues--"To Fleetwood Star Robbins, the applie, the pineapple, the mango, the orchard of my eye. And of course, to all cowgirls, everywhere." Thomas McGuane, Ninety-Two in the Shade--"For Beck for Beck for Beck."

The future seems secure. As long as there are mates to be assuaged, editors to be commemorated, mothers to put up with Etonian owls, the dedication will have its place in literature. Right there beyond the title page, just where young Ezra Pound assured a young woman all those years ago that "This book is for Mary Moore of Trenton, if she wants it."

###

Ivan Doig is author of This House of Sky, dedicated "to my wife Carol. Westward we go free."

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. NW
Seattle, WA 98177 --phone 206-542-6658

agent: Ann Nelson
5015 Ivanhoe Pl. NE
Seattle, WA 98105 -- phone 206-525-3158

for BOOKLETTER
1500 words -- first rights only

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"To My Mother, Who Bravely Put Up With My Owls..."

by Ivan Doig

Book dedications began in a spirit of straightforward wheedling. Take a masterpiece such as John Evelyn's dedication to Charles II of England in 1664: "Your name will be famous to posterity, and... the benefits that are engraven in our hearts will outlast those of marble....It is hard not to slide into the Panegyrick, when once one begins to speak of your Majesty." With the possible exception of the hearth-and-hominess of the Watergaters (see below), nothing nowadays can touch it. In fact, thumb in past the title page of most current books and you find something like "To Clare, who believed." Yet for all their plod toward respectability these past few centuries, dedications still provide some of the more instructive literature around.

For one thing, the hazards of authorship have come out plainly and poignantly on the dedication page. Writers as far back as

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Virgil and Lucretius can be found repaying monied patrons there. By the 17th century, patron-wooing dedications had become so competitively rococo -- a la John Evelyn -- that one satirist anonymously offered a bill of lading "drawn by the witty upon the great, and payable at sight: (5)for a long line of lineage and great quantities of ancient blood, neither of them measur'd, but only guess'd at...(1) for half a pound of Wit and Humour, being all I had to spare, but very good in their kind, and dog cheap...." But the rate of barter was chancy, especially for the beginning author. Elizabethan playwright Nathaniel Field disgustedly remarked that the standard sum of 40 shillings per dedication was too little to trifle with, but nobody would pay more for work "from soe fameless a pen as mine is yet." When the fiscal question shows up in modern-day dedications, it usually is in the familiar mood of my-God-where-did-the-advance-go: Dwight Macdonald, Parodies--"To my dear sons Michael and Nicholas without whose school bills this anthology would not have been made"; James Pope-Hennessy, Sins of the Fathers--"To my bank manager, to whom I owe so much."

Dedications also have kept readers apprised of authorly concern for them. As early as 1615, "the honest and understanding reader" was cited by Edmund Howes in Stow's Annals. The "Dear reader" mode went soft and sticky in Victorian times: H. Rider Haggard, King Solomon's Mines--"This faithful, but unpretending record of a remarkable adventure is hereby respectfully dedicated by the narrator...to all the big and little boys who read it." But open enthusiasm for

COPY

the folks out there in readerdom may be coming back into style again, viz. Shere Hite in The Hite Report--"To us, in self-affirmation and celebration, I dedicate this book!"

Then there is the reward of flipping open to a literary rarity, such as Mary Eyre's device for dedicating her 1865 book, Over the Pyrenees into Spain, to many friends simultaneously: she arranged the names in the pattern of a wheel with twenty spokes. Sir Richard Burton set a standard of another sort when he prepared his 17-volume translation of The Thousand Nights and a Night in the late 19th century and barbed the dedication of his next-to-last volume for the curators of Oxford's Bodleian Library. Had the Bodleian loaned out the rare manuscript when he needed to work from it, Burton intoned, the more risque portions would have been accommodatingly scotched to save the library any embarrassment. As it was, "this Volume...owes its rarest and raciest passages to your kindly refusing the temporary transfer..." Perhaps the best backhand shot in more recent times was Norman Mailer's dedication of Cannibals and Christians several years ago: "To Lyndon B. Johnson whose name inspired young men to cheer for me in public."

Like colors, dedications can be found for most moods. A quick spectrum:

elegaic:-Loren Eiseley, The Immense Journey--"to the memory of Clyde Edwin Eiseley, who lies in the grass of the prairie frontier but is not forgotten by his son."

acrid: Norman Pollack, The Populist Response to Industrial America--"to the memory of my father Benjamin Pollack who worked himself to

death in a vain search for the American dream."

chaste: Jacqueline Susann, Dolores--"To my mother."

coy: Jacqueline Susann, Once Is Not Enough--"To Robert Susann, my father, who would understand/and to Irving, who does understand."

squirely: William Faulkner, The Town--"To Phil Stone -- He did half the laughing for thirty years."

squirrelly: William Joseph Long, Secrets of the Woods-- "To Ch'geegee-lockh-sis, 'Little Friend Ch'geegee,' whose coming makes the winter glad."

gallant: Ernest J. Gaines, The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman-- "to the memory of my beloved aunt, Miss Augusteen Jefferson, who did not walk a day in her life but who taught me the importance of standing."

persevering: Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises--"For Hadley..."; Death in the Afternoon--"To Pauline"; For Whom The Bell Tolls-- "...for Martha Gellhorn"; Across the River and Into the Trees-- "To Mary...."

Genres exist, too, as intriguing to the dedication buff as vintages to the oenophile. The Watergate gush of books, for instance, has borne a notable cargo of familial testimonials. Jeb Stuart Magruder, An American Life-- "For Gail"; John Dean, Blind Ambition-- "For my son John to better understanding someday...To my wife Mo for all her love and understanding"; Charles Colson, Born Again-- "To my Dad -- whose ideals for my life I have tried, not always successfully, to fulfill...To Patty -- the gentle spirit who comforts me when I fail, keeps me humble in success, giving of herself always --

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in love." It is provocative that the tender tendency stops short at fiction: John Ehrlichman's novel The Company unlimbers with an author's note, an epigram and a prologue, but no dedication.

And presidents; it may be that presidents reveal themselves better in their dedications than in all the earnestly self-serving pages that follow. Test it out. Harry S Truman's memoirs prefigure his statesmanlike mantle of recent years: "To the people of all nations." Dwight Eisenhower's dedicatory style was purest apple piety: Mandate for Peace--"To Mamie"; Waging Peace--"To my grandchildren..." Kennedy cultists can look for nuance, or none, in JFK's dedication of Profiles in Courage--"To My Wife." The Nixon watch can do the same at the front of Six Crises--"To Pat she also ran." Kearnsian students of Lyndon Baines Johnson will nod knowingly over the order of precedence in the dedication of The Vantage Point: his mother first, followed by wife and daughters. And you read it here first: James Earl Carter, Jr. does similarly in Why Not the Best?-- "To my mother, Lillian, and my wife, Rosalynn."

For anyone crystal gazing ahead to the Kissinger memoirs, the record indicates that diplomats' dedications have tended to be overtures toward the home front: Dean Acheson, Sketches from Life-- "To A.S.A.--Sharer of the Burden and Heroine of These Events"; Robert Murphy, Diplomat Among Warriors-- "To Four Queens--a very good hand."

Meanwhile in realms other than our own, authors of animal books chitter dedications in a style all their own: Frances Simpson,

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The Book of the Cat (1903)--"To the many kind friends, known and unknown, that I have made in Pussydom"; Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody, A Holiday with the Birds--"This book on birds is inscribed to one of them--Captain speckles of the Gull Marines, a brave voyageur on the Atlantic Ocean"; Jonathan Franklin, Two Owls at Eton--"To my Mother, who bravely put up with my owls for many a long and troublesome day when I was absent."

All in all, dedications have been holding their own, but some new classics are about due. They may be delivered by literary comers who have flashed promise: Tom Robbins, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues--"To Fleetwood Star Robbins, the apple, the pineapple, the mango, the orchard of my eye. And of course, to all cowgirls, everywhere"; Thomas McGuane, Ninety-Two in the Shade--"For Beck for Beck for Beck." Or, hot-selling authors who have been only average on the dedication page (Francine du Plessix Gray, Lovers and Tyrants--"To my parents Tatiana and Alex in love and friendship"; Alex Haley, Roots--"...a birthday offering to my country within which most of Roots happened"; Judith Guest, Ordinary People--"for Sharon and Con and for my husband, all their words, spoken and unspoken, being worth remembering") may find that fame brings new elegance. After all, a career can graph itself upward wonderfully in its dedications:

H.G. Wells, 1901, The Wheels of Change--"To My Dear Mother";

H.G. Wells, 1937, Star-Begotten--"To my friend, Winston Spencer Churchill."

###

Now *that's* dedication!

The Page Nobody Reads

by Mort Weisinger

On Election eve, pre-Watergate, when President Nixon delivered his victory speech at the Shoreham Hotel, he commiserated with McGovern for coming in second by referring to his own defeat in 1960 by JFK. Said Nixon: "That's why, when I wrote a book shortly afterward, I dedicated it: 'To Pat—who also ran.' "

Aside from family members and close friends, book buyers have a blind spot for authors' dedications. Yet, despite the low ratings for dedications, many scribes climb the walls trying to be original or clever in their tributes. Frequently, they'll spend more time worrying about the dedication in the book than over the title.

In the course of dreaming up a nifty for my next novel, I've combed hundreds of books, past and present, for some nuggets. If you too are incommunicado with the Muses, perhaps my findings can guide you.

Wives and Lovers

Most overworked is the spouse syndrome, wherein the book is dedicated to wife or husband. Irving Stone has dedicated every one of his books to his wife. Hemingway, four times wed, distributed his literary largesse by rewarding each of his wives with an inscription. These marital dedications are usually dullsville. But a clever switch can save the day.

The famous FPA, for example, dedicated a book to: "My Loving Wife, but for whose constant interruptions this book would have been finished six months earlier." Groucho Marx trumped him in *Memoirs of a Mangy Lover,* which he dedicated to his wife, "whose lack of interest in my book has been a constant desperation." When I wrote my first novel, *The Contest,* a book based on my interviews with gorgeous Miss America Pageant winners, I saved my marriage by dedicating it: "To my wife, Thelma, the fairest of them all." But the late Bennett Cerf wins the Oscar in this genre for the gem he composed to go with his book, *Out On a Limerick*:

There is a young lady from Fife
Whom I never have seen in my life
So the devil with her:
Instead I prefer
To dedicate this to my wife.

An author who knifes his wife in print does so at his own risk. A few years ago the mate of a mystery writer won a divorce when she produced Exhibit A, a paperback novel by her husband dedicated: "To my wife, who inspired me to investigate wine, women, song, sin and other vices."

Honor thy agent or editor? Old hat. Maxwell Perkins, the venerated Scribner's editor, had more than 20 books dedicated to him during his lifetime. Agent Paul Reynolds reports that more than a dozen writers in his stable have dedicated works to him. Besides, it would be difficult to top H. Allen Smith who, when he wrote *Life in a Putty Factory*, used this zinger: "Ten percent of this book is dedicated to Harold Matson, my agent." Humorist Jack Douglas dedicated his first book: "To my agent, who believed in me when everybody else did."

The Well-Thumbed Nose

If you're thinking of selling copies, try the multiple-dedication approach. It worked for George F. Allen, the famous White House wit. When he wrote *Presidents Who Have Known Me*, his dedication ran four pages long. As he had shrewdly calculated, most purchased copies for him to autograph. Morrie Ryskind handled this gambit more tersely in his autobiography, *Unaccustomed As I Am.* He wrote: "Dedicated to the Great American Democracy; may it bring me royalty."

Some writers have used the dedication to thumb their nose at critics and editors. Edwin Arlington Robinson dedicated one of his books: "To any critic who will cut the edges of it. I have cut the top." Franklin P. Adams dedicated his book, *Nods and Becks*, to the *New York Post* editor who had discharged him: "To Ted Thackery, who fired me with ambition."

Humorists favor witty punch-liners. Ogden Nash dedicated *Hard Times*—"To Dorothy Parker and Monsieur Roget, without a handy set of whose works this book could not have been written so quickly." When H. Allen Smith wrote *Lost in the Horse Latitudes*, he impishly dedicated it to the New York Commissioner of Sanitation. When the irascible George Jean Nathan, a confirmed bachelor, wrote a book, *Beware of Parents*, his dedication ran: "To George Jean Nathan, Jr., Unborn."

Remember the Titanic

Stuck for a dedication because you don't have any friends or family? Then try the Cryptic Credit. "To George, who lived this book." Or "To Dennis, who was there when It happened." My favorite baffler is the throwaway used by Rex Lardner in *The Lardner Report.* "Dedicated to," he inscribed, "skip it." And let's not forget the snapper used by Kaufman & Hart on the flyleaf of their edition of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*—"To Alexander Woollcott, for reasons that are nobody's business." Nor should we overlook John O'Hara, who, for unknown reasons, dedicated his novel, *The Big Laugh,*—"To Fatty Arbuckle, Rudolph Valentino, and Greta Garbo."

The late Mark Hellinger, who had started many an obscure writer on a literary career by publishing his initial efforts in his Broadway column, was rankled that not one of his protégés had ever expressed gratitude via a dedication to him in one of their books. So, when Hellinger had his anthology of short stories, *The Ten Million*, published by Farrar & Rinehart, he wrote: "Because no one will appreciate my book nearly so much, the author affectionately dedicates it to—MARK HELLINGER."

Who wrote the first dedication? According to a Columbia University literary sleuth, it appeared in the earliest written book, *The Kojiki,* in the Turanian language, completed in A.D. 712. "I, Yasumaro," it reads, "respectfully present this book to my empress. With true trembling and true fear, I bow the head, I bow the head."

The most touching dedication might be J. Bernard Walker's to *An Unsinkable Titanic*:—"To the memory of the chief engineer of the *Titanic*, John Bell, and his staff of 33 assistants, who stood at their posts in the engine and boiler rooms to the very last and went down with the ship."

As for my own problem, after months and months of pondering, I've finally come up with the answer. Inasmuch as my next novel will deal with Wall Street, the dedication will read: "To anyone who has never lost a dollar in the market."

Now all I need is a plot.

Mort Weisinger *has had about a dozen major articles published in Writer's Digest over the years. He also writes regularly for Reader's Digest, Parade, Family Circle, Seventeen, Travel & Leisure, and others. For a short book-in-progress on clever epitaphs, his dedication is: "To Mort Weisinger, whose final epitaph will be, 'At last, the end.' "*

When IRS Eyes Are Smiling . . .

The Rates of Spring

by Patricia Ann Fox

Income tax tips to help writers get the red out.

Some of us would lose in a raffle if there were only one other ticket. That was my luck. Then I met this guy, see, in the numbers racket (an accountant), and since I was in the letters racket (a writer) we found that we could deduct most of my writing expenses at income tax time.

If I can master enough tax know-how to save money with my writing, so can you. Try it.

You must get your Internal Revenue Service return completed and into the mail by April 15. Don't wait until April 14 to worry about it. Keep records all year. When you tally up, you're liable to find the red figures massacring the black ones. But this is no time for an ego trip. Let the figures honestly tell the story, and take solace in the deductions.

What You'll Need

Receipts. For each pack of paper, typewriter ribbon, book, magazine or magazine subscription you buy in carrying out your profession as a writer, get a receipt.

Records. Pay bills by check and buy a ledger. (It's deductible.) No matter how tedious it may be at first, enter each expense accurately, systematically, and religiously. If you keep records hit and miss, the IRS will hit you hard and you'll miss a considerable saving on taxes.

What's Deductible

All writing supplies, including paper, carbons, pens, ribbons, envelopes, copying costs, and postage.

Repairs and maintenance of writing equipment, including typewriter, tape recorder and camera.

Courses and conferences attended to enhance you as a professional writer. It's important to realize, though, that you can't deduct courses you take to *become* a writer. The IRS rule is that courses must be "refresher" or professionally improving in nature to count. Besides deducting the costs of these, also deduct mileage (at 15 cents a mile)—or actual car expenses, whichever profits you most; cost of tickets for public transportation; cost of hotel/motel rooms; and cost of meals.

Courses taken as research on subjects you're writing about. To establish that a course is for research, it would help if you had documentation from the potential publisher of your writings—such as a favorable response to a query. Even if the magazine should not publish what you've written, the response will show the research was done in good faith.

Dues paid for membership in writer's organizations.

Home office expenses. There's been an important change in this category. Many of us have been using a portion of a dining or living room to write in and deducting a percentage for expenses. This is no longer allowed. To take a home office deduction, you must have a portion of your dwelling set aside solely for writing on a *regular basis.* This same rule applies to a separate structure on your property.

For example, you may not use a portion of your garage for writing and a portion for parking your car. If your car goes in, your home office expense is out.

If you are using a room solely for writing, you will be able to deduct a portion for your rent and utilities.

Example: If you rent a five-room apartment for $200 a month and use one room exclusively for writing, you are entitled to deduct one-fifth of the rent, which comes to $40 a month, or $480 a year. Add to this one-fifth of your heating bill and one-fifth of your electric bill and watch the deductions mount up. Keep a list, too, of long-distance phone bills arising from your writing.

Note: There is a limit to home office expenses. You may not exceed in deductible expenses the amount of your gross income. If you made $1,000 last year, you can't deduct any more than that in home office expenses—no matter how much they came to. Just $1,000 in this case.

In taking home office expenses, you must use the designated room as your principal place of business.

If you own your home and use one room for writing, you can deduct the allocated expenses of operating that room. Among these allowable expenses are interest on mortgage, real estate taxes, repairs or additions to the home, cost of utilities, home insurance premiums, and depreciation on the room.

Example: If you own a seven-room house, one room used for writing, one-seventh of the total cost of the house can be depreciated, as well as one-seventh of the above mentioned expenses. Again, this must be your principal place of business, used solely for writing, and not exceed your amount of

Take It Off!

Most of the things you buy to enhance your writing profession are deductible. There are qualifications, however, and for these see the main article. Here are the most common items for which you should get and keep receipts.

Books, magazines, subscriptions

Conferences

Courses (refresher and research)

Dues for writers' organizations

Home office expenses

Mailing supplies

Mileage, or cost of car operation

Photo developing and printing

Postage

Repair and maintenance of writing-related equipment

Writing and copying supplies

Patricia Ann Fox *has been a copywriter and continuity director for radio stations in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. She has written for* The Revue *(Quebec) and* The Family Digest. *Special thanks to Tony Bombardiere of the IRS Public Affairs Office, who reviewed and authenticated the article.*

415

The Big Laugh
- John O'Hara
1962

TO

David Lewelyn Wark Griffith

(1874-1948)

Rudolph Alphonso Guglielmi di Valentino

d'Antonguiela

(1895-1926)

Greta Louisa Gustafsson

(1905-)

Roscoe Arbuckle

(1887-1933)

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Down with nothing, Week-ends!

Super weekends start every Friday in The New York Times in WEEKEND. It's an entire section dedicated to livelier, lovelier weekends in and around New York. Expert advice on where to dine...what to see...where to see it...how to get there. Movies, theater, music, art, antiques, architecture.

Hidden charms are revealed... local colors are identified... new adventures are mapped in WEEKEND. You'll never have to spend another weekend in Dullsville.

WEEKEND awaits you... every Friday in

The New York Times

Population of Elephants in Africa Under Study by Wildlife Groups

By BOYCE RENSBERGER

The status of Africa's elephant populations, widely held to be declining rapidly and possibly approaching extermination in some areas, is being examined in the first continent-wide research program attempted on an African animal.

Threatened by ivory hunters and the encroachment of human settlements, the survival of African elephants has become one of the most pressing concerns of international conservation groups.

First reports from the project, sponsored by the World Wildlife Fund and the International Union for the Conservation of Nature, confirm drastic declines in elephant numbers in some parts of East Africa but also show that in the continent's largest game preserve at least 80,000 elephants live virtually unthreatened and may even be expanding their range. The huge population, which may be the largest in the world, had never before been counted.

The three-year study, which has just begun, has produced no broad conclusions but at the end it is expected to develop recommendations toward improving the conservation of elephants.

Threat From Ivory Prices

Because of their great size and food requirements, African elephants are highly sensitive to human pressure, usually fleeing the expansion of farmlands but sometimes being shot if they remain to trample the fields. Additional pressure has come in recent years from the soaring price of ivory, which has encouraged large-scale illegal hunting.

One of the more unusual conservation methods to be examined during the program is the establishment of a cartel of ivory-producing countries that could regularize the trade.

Such a cartel, it has been suggested, would be interested in sustaining ivory production as a renewable resource and would act to stabilize prices and limit the annual killing of elephants.

The elephant survey and conservation program in Africa is being conducted by Dr. Iain Douglas-Hamilton and Dr. Harvey Croze, both wildlife biologists with extensive experience in East Africa. A similar study will be carried out on Asian elephants, the smaller of the two species, by Dr. J. C. Daniel and R. Olivier.

One of the more dramatic declines in elephant numbers has been seen in Uganda. In Kabalega National Park, formerly known as Murchison Falls, official counts indicated more than 14,000 elephants living there in 1973. A recount this year by Dr. Douglas-Hamilton and Ian Parker, a Nairobi wildlife consultant, found only about 2,600 elephants.

In Uganda's Ruwenzori National Park, formerly Queen Elizabeth National Park, there were said to be 2,700 elephants in 1973. The recount found 1,200.

A count of carcasses on the ground suggested that the main cause of the declines was death rather than emigration. A comparison of Uganda's ivory market indicated far more ivory leaving Uganda than was accounted for in legal exports.

Because most of the ivory leaving Africa is illegally obtained, accurate estimates of the rate of elephant killing are hard to obtain. However, the import figures from Hong Kong alone indicate that about 500 tons of ivory was received there in 1975. That is the product of from 25,000 to 30,000 elephants. Figures from 1976 are incomplete but are running at a rate that could exceed 30,000 elephants for the year.

Ivory trade experts say that significant additional quantities of ivory go to Japan and the United Arab Emigrates.

The hunting does not affect all areas of Africa equally. In Tanzania's Selous Game Reserve, whose 21,000 square miles make it the largest in Africa, a recent aerial survey by Dr. Douglas-Hamilton counted more than 81,000 elephants. Since poor visibility tends to produce undercurrents, the true figure may be even higher.

The survey in the Selous also showed that the elephants were not overcrowded, as is the case in other parts of East Africa because of the shrinking habitat areas, and did not appear to be destroying the local vegetation faster than it could regrow.

5 Croat Skyjackers Are Accused Of 'Judge Shopping' to Delay Trial

By MAX H. SEIGEL

The five Croatian nationalists who highjacked a Trans World Airlines plane last Sept. 10 were accused yesterday of "judge shopping"—seeking to delay their trial by moving to have jurisdiction transferred to Buffalo.

The accusations were contained in an 18-page brief filed with the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit by David G. Trager, United States attorney for the Eastern District.

Mr. Trager is seeking to overturn a ruling by District Judge John R. Bartels that the two counts of the indictment charging five Croats with air piracy had to be dismissed because the Eastern District had no jurisdiction, but that the third count, charging conspiracy to commit air piracy could stand.

In gaining dismissal of the air-piracy charges in Federal District Court in Brooklyn, the defendants had argued that on the basis of the Government's own findings and newspaper accounts of the events, it was plain that they had not seized and exercised control of the plane until it was in the air over the Buffalo area. That was when the hijackers' note was delivered to the pilot and the pilot "acknowledged by word and deed that control had been seized and was being exercised by defendants," according to the defendants.

The Judge's View

Judge Bartels had made it clear in conversations with the lawyers for the hijackers that he personally believed the trial should take place in Brooklyn, Mr. Trafer said.

"You want my opinion about this whole business?" the judge asked, according to Mr. Trafer. "It makes no sense to try this case in Erie County. Down here, you have all the witnesses, the defendants and their friends... and the purpose of this removal to Buffalo completely escapes me."

Judge Bartels added that he agreed with the Government that there were strong policy considerations in favor of the Eastern District. "Unfortunately," he said, "Congress did not so provide."

Under the Federal statute adopted by Congress, air piracy is a crime that may be prosecuted either in the district in which it is "committed" or in the district where it had "begun."

Mr. Trager said that Judge Bartels accepted the arguments of the lawyers for the defendants that a crime has not begun as long as there was an opportunity for the defendants to change their minds.

"We believe," Mr. Trager added, "that... the first steps toward the commission of the offense should be deemed to have been taken when the defendants set foot on the aircraft, after carefully planning its unlawful seizure, with the means at hand to consummate the offense."

A Rape Case Cited

To support this view, Mr. Trager cited the case of the United States v. Leonard, in which it was held that a rape began on a Air Force base from which the victim was forcibly abducted rather than in a motel off the base where the rape actually occurred.

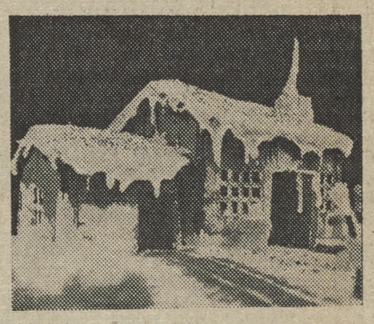
Mr. Trager also argued that although the air piracy began in the United States, the piracy had been committed in large part outside this country—in Canada, over the Atlantic and in France.

And the Federal statute, he said, provides that "if the offense is committed outside the jurisdiction of any particular state or district, the trial shall be in the district where the offender is arrested or is first brought." The hijackers, seized in France, were returned to Kennedy International Airport in Queens, where they were arrested.

Answers to Weekly Quiz

Questions on Page 11.

1. The policemen won a 6 percent raise. It covers the period from Sept. 1, 1975, to July 1, 1976. The union still must negotiate an agreement covering the current two-year contract period.
2. The Court of Appeals ruled that private employers must pay disability benefits to women who miss work because of pregnancy. The Supreme Court ruled that such payments were not required under Federal law.
3. Anthony T. Ulascewicz, the retired New York City police officer who worked as a confidential investigator for President Nixon, was convicted of tax evasion.
4. The bird, a mirre, was held up by a member of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. as an example of the ecological damage caused by a 7.5 million-gallon oil spill from a Liberian-flag tanker grounded off Nantucket Island.
5. Mayor Daley served as Chicago's Mayor for nearly 22 years. He was first elected to the position in 1955.
6. Mr. Carter appointed Griffin B. Bell, a fellow Georgian and former Federal Appellate judge, to be Attorney General. Many black and liberal leaders were critical of Mr. Bell for his opinions in certain civil rights cases and his membership in exclusive Atlanta clubs. In addition, they were concerned over Mr. Bell's endorsement of former President Nixon's choice of G. Harold Carswell, a conservative, for the Supreme Court. Mr. Carswell's nomination was rejected by the Senate. Mr. Bell said he would resign his club memberships.
7. A and D.
8. Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin resigned after ousting the National Religious Party from his coalition government. Nine of the party's 10 members of Parliament abstained on a no-confidence motion introduced by another religious bloc, the Torah Front. The motion arose from charges that Mr. Rabin had desecrated the Sabbath by allowing a welcoming ceremony for three American F-15 fighter jets to continue past sundown on a Friday.
9. B.
10. The General Electric Company and Utah International, Inc.
11. The treasure consists of literary papers, including manuscripts by Byron, Shelley, Thomas More, Lord Alvanley, Lady Frances Webster and other 19th century figures.
12. The Satra Corporation, an international trading company with headquarters in New York, obtained the rights for an estimated bid of $100 million.
13. The F.C.C. announced that it would suspend all fees charged for licensing. Those who receive C.B. radios for Christmas need not send along the $4 licensing fee, though they must still apply for a license.
14. A consistory of cardinals in Vatican City formally approved Bishop John Neumann for sainthood. He will be canonized in June.



15. He designs contemporary versions of gingerbread houses, including his split-level model with a two-car garage.
16. A single-engine plane buzzed the field 15 minutes after the end of a game and crashed into the upper grandstand of Memorial Stadium in Baltimore. Most of the crowd had left the one-sided game early.

LYDIK S. JACOBSEN, 79; VIBRATIONS EXPERT

Emeritus Professor at Stanford Helped Develop Buildings to Withstand Earthquakes

By PETER B. FLINT

Dr. Lydik S. Jacobsen, a researcher and consultant on the construction of buildings to lessen earthquake damage, died Tuesday at Hoag Hospital in Newport Beach, Calif., after suffering a stroke. He was 79 years old and lived in Huntington Beach, Calif.

Dr. Jacobsen was a professor emeritus of Stanford University, where he headed the mechanical engineering department for 19 years and directed its Earthquake Research Laboratory for 32 years until he retired in 1962. He then founded the consulting concern of Agbabian-Jacobsen Associates.

He was a consultant on the construction of the Shasta Dam on the Sacramento River and did research for the Atomic Energy Commission on the destruction and damage to buildings from nuclear devices.

On a three-year leave from Stanford in World War II, he served aboard 200 Navy vessels to study ways to reduce their sounds and vibrations to decrease detection by enemy submarines. He left the service as a commander in the Naval Reserve.

In his research, Dr. Jacobsen constructed elaborate models of buildings, then subjected them to vibrations to determine how weight should be distributed, to withstand earthquakes. He was co-author with Dr. Robert S. Ayre "Engineering Vibrations," a standard text, and wrote 35 research reports.

Described by colleagues yesterday as effervescent, dedicated and outgoing, Dr. Jacobsen was a former president of The Seismological Society of America and the Earthquake Engineering Research Institute.

A native of Denmark, he came to this country at the age of 20. He received a bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering and a doctorate in physics at Stanford.

Surviving are his wife, the former Mary Heffernan; two sons, Erland and Ian, and a daughter, Ellen Yazar, by his first wife, Doris, from whom he was divorced in 1965; a brother, Theodor; three sisters, Ingrid Wilson, Kirsten Gregersen and Lisse Lindman, and two grandchildren.

Dr. Jacobsen's body was cremated and the ashes scattered at sea to carry out his wish.

Albert H. Skean Dies at 86; A Leader of Convention Bureaus

Albert H. Skean of Absecon, N.J., who retired in 1955 as manager of the Atlantic City Convention Bureau, died Thursday in Atlantic City Medical Center. His age was 86.

Mr. Skean, who became a consultant to the bureau after his retirement, had directed the Cleveland Convention Bureau from 1933 to 1934 and the New York City Convention and Visitors Bureau from 1942 to 1944. In 1938 he was president of the International Association of Convention Bureaus.

A native of Pottstown, Pa., he was a graduate of Muhlenberg College in Allentown, where he was a captain of the football and track team. He later became a trustee of the college.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Ehrhardt, and two grandsons.

Mary Moore Cross, 92, Dead; Pound Dedicated Poems to Her

Mary Moore Cross, to whom the late Ezra Pound in 1908 dedicated his first book of poems, "Personae," died Thursday at her home in Montclair, N.J. She was 92 years old and was the widow of Frederick Cross, a New York advertising man who died about 10 years ago.

A brief courtship preceded the dedication of the book, which was revised dozens of times, but always the same rememberance: "This book is for Mary More of Trenton, if she wants it."

Though she married Mr. Cross in 1912 and Pound married Dorothy Shakespear in 1914, Mrs. Cross and the poet corresponded regularly until his death four years ago. She turned the correspondence over to the University of Pennsylvania a year ago.

Mrs. Cross is survived by a daughter, Mrs. John W. Ely of Verona, N.J., and five grandchildren.

Damian Krehel, a Retired Priest Of the Russian Orthodox Church

The Right Rev. Damian Krehel, a retired Russian Orthodox priest, died Thursday at J.F.K. Medical Center, Edison, N.J. He was 82 years old and lived in Warren, N.J.

After his ordination into the Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic Church in 1916, he served as rector of parishes in several Pennsylvania cities and in Elmira, N.Y., and Alpha, N.J. He was secretary to the New Jersey Deanery from 1960 to 1970. He also was a member of the Clergy Association of America, and served as its president from 1938 to 1950.

He leaves his wife, the former Evelyn Streck; a son, the Very Rev. Dr. Theophil D. Krehel; a daughter, Lillian K. Stenton; a sister, Anna Oruzinska, and one grandchild.

Danica Bruckner Deutsch at 86, Retired Director of Mental Clinic

Danica Bruckner Deutsch, who retired in 1973 as executive director of the Alfred Adler Mental Hygiene Clinic here, died yesterday in a nursing home here after an illness of several months. Her age was 86.

Mrs. Deutsch, the widow of Dr. Leonhard Deutsch, a music teacher and a publisher of folk songs, was born in Sarajevo, Bosnia (now Yugoslavia), and studied under Dr. Alfred Adler in Vienna.

After coming to the United States in 1939, she was active as a therapist, teacher and lecturer, and co-edited with Dr. Kurt Adler "Essays in Individual Psychology."

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Ruth E. Ronall and Mrs. Mia H. Glazer, four grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Duke of Braganza, Claimant to Throne, Is Dead in Portugal

Special to The New York Times

LISBON, Dec. 24—Dom Duarte Nuno, the Duke of Braganza and claimant to the Portuguese throne, which was abolished in 1910, died in a hospital here today at the age of 69.

He had suffered from an unknown illness for a number of years and had requested before his death that an autopsy be performed "in the interest of science," according to a member of his family.

Dom Duarte will be succeeded as claiman by his eldest son, Dom Duarte-João, the 31-year-old Prince of Beira.

The funeral will be held in Lisbon cathedral on Tuesday. Dom Duarte will be buried at the Braganza family palace at Vila Viçosa, 110 miles southeast of Lisbon.

As head of the House of Braganza, the last family to rule Portugal, Dom Duarte had lived quietly and showed no desire to play an active poiltical role. The Prince of Beira, like his late father, is not likely to press his claims to the throne. Nevertheless the prince has said: "I am at the disposal of the Portuguese people if they call on me."

Dom Duarte was born in Seebenstein Castle in Austria, on Sept. 23, 1907. He was grandson of the King Miguel I, an absolute monarch who was deposed by liberal forces in 1834 and forced into exile. Dom Miguel's son, Miguel II, a general in the Austrian Army, abdicated his rights to the Portuguese throne in favor of his son Dom Duarte in 1920.

Duarte Nuno Fernando Maria Miguel Gabriel Francisco Xavier Raimundo António de Braganza was educated in Luxembourg and France. He married Princess Maria Francisca de Orleans e Braganza, sister-in-law of the Count of Paris. They took up residence in Portugal after the National Assembly repealed the laws banning the former royal family in 1950. His wife died in 1968.

After Portugal's 1974 revolution, Dom Duarte turned over his palace of Sao Marcos to the university city of Coimbra and went to live in southern Portugal with his sister Infanta Filippa.

He is survived by his three sons: Dom Duarte Joao, Dom Miguel and Dom Henriques.

VIKTOR Y. STANITSYN

MOSCOW, Dec. 24 (UPI)—Viktor Y. Stanitsyn, for four decades a leading actor, producer and art director of the Moscow Arts Theater, has died at the age of 79, the Tass press agency said Friday.

Mr. Stanitsyn was a recipient of the title of People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. The actor, whose real name was Geze, also played in films and taught at the Moscow Arts Theater school.

DR. HAROLD C. STEWART, PIONEER IN CHILD HEALTH

BROOKLINE, Mass., Dec. 23 (UPI)—Dr. Harold C. Stuart, a pioneer in the field of child health and development, died Tuesday after a long illness. He was 85 years old.

Dr. Stuart, a retired Harvard School of Public Health professor, was the author of "The Healthy Child," a book considered a classic in its field. He was internationally famous for his 25-year study of the growth and development of 134 individuals from birth to maturity and for promoting "well child" care services in this country and abroad.

Dr. Stuart taught at Harvard for 37 years and was professor and head of the department of maternal and child health at the public health school from 1946 until retirement in 1958.

He was a native of Pocantico Hills, N. Y., and was graduated from Princeton in 1914 and the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia in 1918.

Dr. Stuart worked in Paris in 1940-41 as a member of the International Health Commission of the Rockefeller Foundation. In 1942, while serving in France as medical adviser to the American Red Cross, he was captured by the Germans and spent 18 months in a German prison camp. He persuaded the Germans to permit him to serve as physician to his fellow prisoners.

He is survived by his wife, Agnes, and a sister, Mrs. Robert M. Russell of Pacific Grove, Calif.

Funernal services will be private. A memorial service will be conducted at 11 A.M. Wednesday at Emmanuel Church in Boston.

A. Mervyn Davies, an Author And Ex-Secretary for Pulitzer

A. Mervyn Davies, a freelance writer and for years a confidential secretary to the late Joseph Pulitzer, editor and publisher of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, died Thursday in his home at 89 Borglum Road, Wilton, Conn. He was 77 years old.

Mr. Davies was a native of England and a graduate of Oxford University. His books included "A Biography of Warren Hastings, Maker of British India" and "A Biography of Solon H. Borglum."

Mr. Davies is survived by his wife, the former Monica Borglum; two sons, Harold B. of Exton, Pa., and the Rev. Alfred T. Davies of Cincinnati; a daughter, Mrs. John B. Kelley of Christ Church, Va.; two brothers; a sister, and eight grandchildren.

MARGARET DREW NETTINGA

Margaret Drew Nettinga, wife of the Rev. Dr. James Z. Nettinga, executive secretary of the American Bible Society, died Thursday at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center. She was 58 years old and lived in Haworth, N. J.

Mrs. Nettinga, a direct descendant of Israel Putnam, a Revolutionary War general, also leaves two sons, the Rev. Drew S. Nettinga and Jon N. Nettinga, her mother, Frances Drew, and a sister, Dorothy Corbett.

Anniversaries

MARIA AND RAMON. All our love and best wishes on your first wedding anniversary. The Morales and the Panek families.

Deaths

AUBRY—Abram, beloved husband of Cecily. Devoted father of Robert and Frederica. Cherished grandfather of Eric, Marc, Alexandra, Richard and Kim. Services "Park West," 115 W. 79 St., Sunday, Dec. 26, at 12 noon.

BAIR—Edna M., wife of the late Richard, devoted mother of Velma Scott and Elaine Bair, loving grandmother of Adrienne and Karen. Services Banta's Funeral Home, 624 St. Nicholas Ave., Tuesday, 10 A.M. Interment Woodlawn Cemetery.

BOARDMAN—Francis, in Washington, D.C., on December 20, 1976. Beloved husband of Anne Dwight, father of Pamela Dwight, and brother of Mrs. Francis V. Lloyd and William H. and Robert C. Boardman. Memorial service 2 P.M. Monday, December 27 at St. John's Church, Lafayette Square, Washington. Instead of flowers the family asks contributions be sent to the Middle East Institute, 1761 N. St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

BRONSTEIN—Morton, Dec. 20, 1976. Beloved son of the late Tillie and Abe Bronstein, dear brother of Lucille Lerman, cherished nephew and uncle. Burial held at Long Island National Cemetery, Pinelawn, N.Y.

CORRISS—Stephen Merritt, suddenly on December 24, 1976. Beloved husband of Louise (Farr), devoted father of Stephen, Charles and Raymond. Also survived by 2 sisters, 1 brother, 13 grandchildren. Funeral service Monday 10 A.M. at the Overton Funeral Home, 172 Main St., Islip, N.Y.

DAVIES—A. Mervyn, of Wilton, Connecticut on December 23, 1976. Husband of Monica Borglum, father of Harold B. and Reverend Alfred T. Davies and Mrs. John B. Kelley. Brother of Eric and T. L. Davies and Miss Eira Davies and eight grandchidren. Funeral services will be held Monday at 10 AM at the Wilton Presbyterian Church, Wilton, Conn. Interment Silvermine Cemetery, New Canaan, Conn. In lieu of flowers memorial contributions may be made to the Wilton Presbyterian Church, Wilton, Conn. for Foreign Missions.

DAVIS—Jacob. Beloved husband of Lillian. Devoted father of Rita Sarsoy and Shirley Blisky. Cherished grandfather. Services Sunday 9:30 AM "Jeffer Funeral Homes," Hillside Ave. at 188th Street, Hollis, L.I.

DEUTSCH—Danica (nee Bruckner). Died December 24, 1976. Services on Sunday, December 26, Riverside Memorial Chapel, Amsterdam Ave. and 76th St., 1 P.M. Instead of flowers contributions to the Alfred Adler Clinic are requested.

DEUTSCH—Danica, The Administrative and Medical Boards and Staff of the Alfred Adler Mental Hygiene Clinic note with deepest regrets the passing of Danica Deutsch, founder and longtime Director of the clinic. Funeral services will be held on Sunday, December 26, at 1 o'clock P.M. at the Riverside Memorial Chapel, 76th St. and Amsterdam Ave., New York City. We extend our sincerest sympathy to her family.

VICTOR JACOBS, J.D., Dir. of Board
ALEXANDER ADLER, M.D., Medical Dir.
MARVEN O. NELSON, Ed., D., Executive Dir.
JOHN AMANDOLARE, M.S. Assistant Dir.

DEUTSCH—Danica, The Administrative and Medical Boards and Staff of the Alfred Adler Institute note with deepest regrets the passing of Danica Deutsch, Founder and longtime Director of the Alfred Adler Mental Hygiene Clinic. We extend our deepest sympathy to her family.

HALFDAN GREGERSEN, Ph.D., Dir. of the Bd.
HELENE PAPANEK, M.D., Executive Dir.
KURT ADLER, M.D., Medical Dir.
INA BLOCK, Dean of Students

DLUGATZ—Max, beloved husband of Jeanette. Devoted father of Marsha. Dear brother of Sally Frankel, Harry and Louis Dlugatz. Cherished father-in-law of Dr. Mark Freedman. Services "Park West," 115 W. 79th St., Sunday 12:30 PM.

DOWNEY—Mary Veronica Ryder, on December 22, 1976, in El Paso, Texas. Beloved wife of the late William G. Downey. Devoted mother of Col. William G. Downey Jr. of Fairfax, Va. and Virginia R. Downey of El Paso, Texas. Reposing at Frank E. Campbell, Madison Ave. at 81st St. Sunday 3-5 and 7-9 P.M. Funeral Mass Monday, December 27, 10 A.M. at Holy Family Church, 315 E. 47 St.

EDLUND—Elvera E. On December 23, 1976. Beloved mother of Richard H. Edlund and Doris E. Olsson. Dear grandmother of Karen, Kristen and Aimee Edlund, Peter and Stephen Olsson. Great grandmother of Nathaniel Olsson. Services at Ericson and Ericson Chapel, 500 State St., Brooklyn, N.Y., Sunday, 3 PM. Interment Monday, 10 AM, Evergreen Cemetery.

Deaths

Aubry, Abram — Ignatoff, Samuel
Bair, Edna M. — Kaufman, Mildred
Boardman, Francis — Kennedy, D. Bruce
Bronstein, Morton — Kirschenbaum, David
Corriss, Stephen M. — Knoepfler, Angela
Davies, A. Mervyn — Lavine, Gussie
Davis, Jacob — Lewensood, Ida
Deutsch, Danica — Rand, Naomi
Dlugatz, Max — Schenck, Fay R.
Downey, Mary V. R. — Schenk, Louise
Edlund, Elvera E. — Schmidt, Grete
Greifer, Fannie — Sugar, Gertrude
Gower, William L. — Warshower, Bertha
Graffman, Vladimir — Watson, Theodore
Haber, Seymour — Wilner, Martha
Hochman, Celia — Wittman, Martha
Hodgetts, Marjorie I. — Zwillich, Florence
Horowitz, Tillie

GOWER—William L. in Antibes, France, on December 21. Devoted brother of Daisy Gower Dawson of Delray Beach, Florida. Also survived by a stepdaughter, Mrs. Cynthia Christopherson of Wye England, a niece, Mrs. Janet Holsten Perry of Southport, Conn., a nephew, Richard Martin Holsten of Denver, Colorado and several great nieces and nephews.

GRAFFMAN—Vladimir. Suddenly on December 23. Husband of Nadia, father of Gary, brother of Joseph, Sonia Sadetsky and Diana Akimoff. Services Sunday, December 26, 12:45 PM at The "Riverside," 76th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. In lieu of flowers, contributions to the Musicians Emergency Fund would be appreciated.

GREIFER—Fannie (nee Levenson), entered into rest, Dec. 22, of 2899 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, Fla., formerly of Queens, N.Y. Beloved wife of the late Samuel Greifer, devoted mother of Carol Lazarus of Long Island, N.Y. and Doris Corman of Framingham, Mass., loving sister of Mel Levinson of Los Angeles, Calif., dear grandmother of Andrew, Warren, Anthony, Polly and Jared. Graveside services at Mt. Lebanon Cemetery, Cypress Hills, Brooklyn, N.Y., Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 11 A.M. Expressions of sympathy in her memory may be donated to the Heart Fund.

HABER—Seymour, 54 of 3101 Henderson Rd., Greensboro, N.C. on Dec. 22, 1976, beloved husband of Bernice Katz Haber, devoted father of Charla and Sherry Haber, loving brother of Max Haber and Minna Hogan. Services Sunday, Dec. 26, 12:30 P.M. at "The Riverside," 76th St. & Amsterdam Ave. Interment New Montefiore Cemetery, Pinelawn, N.Y. In lieu of flowers, the family requests memorials be made to Beth David Synagogue, Greensboro, N.C. or American Cancer Society.

HOCHMAN—Celia on Thursday December 23. Beloved wife of the late George. Devoted mother of the late Julius. Dear sister of Edythe Faggen and Cantor Arthur Wolfson. Services Sunday December 26th, 11:30 AM "The Riverside," 76th St. and Amsterdam Ave.

HODGETTS—Marjorie I. On December 23, 1976, of Browns Dock Rd., Navesink, N.J. Beloved wife of Herbert, mother of Mrs. Sandra H. Chipman and Mrs. Sharon Courter and Robert D. Shawn and Thomas Hodgetts. Sister of Charles H. Simpson, stepdaughter of Mrs. Katherine Simpson. Memorial services Monday, December 27, 11 A.M. at All Saints Memorial Episcopal Church, Navesink. In lieu of flowers, contributions to All Saints Memorial Episcopal Church will be appreciated.

HOROWITZ—Tillie. Beloved mother of Sally and Nat Block, Sarah and Joseph Horowitz, Theodora and Emanuel Horowitz, Minnie Horowitz and Edith Martel. Dear grandmother and great-grandmother. Services Sunday, 10:45 A.M., at Schwartz Brothers "Forest Park Chapels," Queens Blvd. and 76th Rd., Forest Hills.

IGNATOFF—Samuel on December 23, 1976, in Miami Beach. Beloved husband of May. Devoted father of Sarah Green. Dear brother of Charlotte Adelman and Dora Nierenberg. Cherished grandfather of two. Services Sunday 1:30 PM "The Riverside," 76th St. and Amsterdam Ave.

KAUFMAN—Mildred. Adored wife of the late Max. Beloved mother of Milton, Lawrence and John. Grandmother of Madelyne, Howard, Marla, Roberta, Marjorie and Robert. Services Sunday December 26th at 12 noon "The Riverside," 76th St. and Amsterdam Ave.

KENNEDY—D. Bruce, son of the late David S. and Gladys M. Reposing at Frank E. Campbell, Madison Ave. at 81 St., Sunday, 3-8 P.M. with service Monday, 1 P.M.

Deaths

KIRSCHENBAUM—David on Dec. 22, 1976, adored husband of Beatrice (nee Edelmann), beloved father of Russell, Barbara, and Joan. Father-in-law of Susan Kirschenbaum and Dr. Peter Cohn, grandfather of Jeffrey, Andrew, Donald, Laura, Alan, and Clifford. Beloved brother of Henry, Richard and Doris. Uncle of Robert. In lieu of flowers the family would appreciate contributions to Temple Israel of New Rochelle or the Heart Fund. Services at Temple Israel, Pinebrook Blvd., New Rochelle Sunday 10:30 A.M.

KNOEPFLER—Angela. On Dec. 23 in her 84th year. Beloved wife of the late Isadore. Services Sunday, Dec. 26, 11:45 AM. at "The Riverside," 76th St. and Amsterdam Ave.

LAVINE—Gussie. Beloved mother of Milton, Bertram and Robert. Loving grandmother and great grandmother. Services Sunday December 26 at Boulevard Chapels, 1901 Flatbush Ave. (nr. Kings Highway), Brooklyn, at 11:15 AM.

LEWENGOOD—Ida. Beloved wife of the late Marcus. Devoted mother of Marion Wainland, Jean Kayitmetz, and Harry. Loving grandmother and great-grandmother. Services Sunday, 11:15 A.M., at "The Riverside," 1250 Central Ave., Far Rockaway, L.I.

RAND—Naomi. Membership of Great Neck Synagogue extends deepest feeling to Earl Rand, Jay and Marcia upon the untimely loss of our distinguished member, their wife and mother, Naomi Rand. May they be granted comfort and consolation.
Dr. EPHRAIM R. WOLF, Rabbi.
DAVID YAGODA, President.

SCHENCK—Fay R. Beloved wife of Harold. Devoted mother of Sandra and Larry Weil. Dear sister of Shirley Dimond and Lou Regens. Loving grandmother of Erica Tobi. Services Sunday December 26 at 12 noon at "The Riverside," Bronx, 179th and Grand Concourse.

SCHENK—Louise. Beloved wife of Fred. Devoted mother of Vera Raz, loving grandmother of Vera Mia and Ned, Hanna, Jan Raz. Service Sunday at 11 AM at Schwartz Funeral Home, 114-03 Queens Blvd. (corner 74th St.), Forest Hills.

SCHMIDT—Grete, beloved wife of the late Ludwig, loving mother of Vera H. Englander, Bernard L. Schmidt, adored grandmother of Lynne Ellen, Steven Mark. Services Sunday 9:45 at Schwartz Brothers "Forest Park Chapel," Queens Blvd. & 76th Road, Forest Hills.

SUGAR—Gertrude, beloved daughter of the late Abraham and Ulrika, dear sister of the late Sol, Sophie Cohen, Philip and Jessie. Services Monday, 12:15 P.M., The Riverside, 76th St. and Amsterdam Ave.

WARSHOWER—Bertha (nee Gluck). Beloved wife of Jerome. Beloved sister-in-law, aunt, and great-aunt. Services at the Boulevard Chapels, 1901 Flatbush Ave. corner of Avenue L, Bklyn. Sunday 12 noon.

WATSON—Theodore Stout at Greenwich, Conn., Dec. 22, 1976. Husband of Eleanora Winslow Watson. Father of Mrs. Nancy Hebard, Mrs. Alice Stewart & Theodore Stout Watson, Jr. Brother of Mrs. Edith Gilbert. Also survived by a step-daughter Anita J. Hilton & a step-son Leonard Jacob, Jr., 5 grandsons, 7 step-grandchildren and 2 great grandsons. Memorial service at The Round Hill Community Church, Greenwich on Wednesday, Dec. 29th at 2 P.M. In lieu of flowers, contributions to the Greenwich Hospital, Greenwich would be appreciated.

WILNER—Martha. Camp NYDA Service Group, Inc., mourns the loss of our Board Member.
IRENE BUXBAUM, President

WITTMAN—Martha. Beloved wife of Julius, sister of Trudy Tripp and Irving Tripp. Also survived by nieces and nephews. Services Sunday 11 AM at Guttermans "Lincoln Square Chapels," Broadway and 66th St.

ZWILLICH—Florence. Beloved wife of Louis. Mother of Mark Alan and Robert Barry. Sister of Betty Stein. Services 10 A.M., Sunday, December 26, at "Garlick's," 1091 Yonkers Ave., Yonkers. Chapel hours Saturday evening, 7-9 P.M.

Card of Thanks

THE family of Sidney Bernstein wishes to thank all their many friends and associates for their very kind wishes and expressions at the passing of Sidney.

In Memoriam

GOMPERTS—Robert. In loving mem... FLOR...

VINTSCHGER—Gustav, Jr. In de... memory of my beloved hus... Gustav Vintschger Jr., Dec. 25, ...
ALICE M. VINTSCHG...

WERBIN—Al. Happy Christmas Bi... in heaven. Gentle man so sadly m... Until we are together, belove... eternity.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF DEATHS MAY BE TELEPHONED TO OXFORD 5-3311 UNTIL 5:30 P.M. IN REGIONAL OFFICES A.M. TO 4:30 P.M. MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY: NEW JERSEY (201) MARKET 3-3900; WESTCHESTER CO. AND NORTHERN NEW YORK STATE COUNTIES (914) WHITE PLAINS 9-5300; NASSAU CO. (516) 747-0500; SUFFOLK CO. (516) 1800; CONNECTICUT (203) 348-7767.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1976

The New York Times

For Them It's the Most Special Time of All

The visions that dance in their heads may no longer be of sugarplums, but to children, the spirit of innocent joy endures... in the tentative first brush with Santa, in the soprano ring of an ancient carol, or in the sparkle of something very special under all of the trees this Christmas morning.

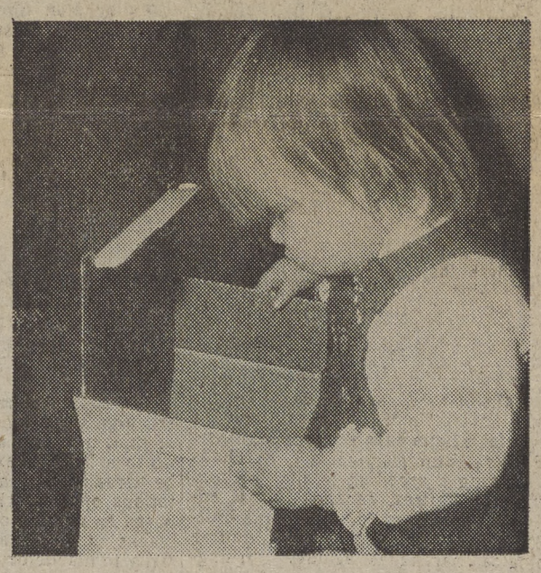
Photographs for the New York Times by Don Hogan Charles; Tyrone Dukes; Larry Morris; John Soto and Teresa Zabala













Donor to Fund For the Neediest Once Got Its Aid

By ALFRED E. CLARK

A grandmother who lost her husband in the closing days of World War II and was helped at that time by the New York Times Neediest Cases Fund was among the donors yesterday to the 65th annual appeal.

The woman, Gertrude A. Cohen of West Hempstead, L.I., sympathized with the case of a widowed mother who was faced with the problem of raising a very sick child on a small Social Security benefit. Mrs. Cohen sent a gift of $5 and in her note said:

"I'm reminded by that mother's case of how lucky I was to raise to manhood (36 and 32 years) two boys who are well and strong. Now my grandchildren are growing up (14, 11 and 9) and they are well and strong. Here's my donation to the most wonderful charity of all."

Recorded yesterday	$ 20,219.36
Previously recorded	$540,923.83
Total	$561,143.19

Among the 391 donors who gave $20,219.36 to bring the overall total at the end of the campaign's third week to $561,143.19 was State Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz. He sent a check for $25 and wrote that it was gratifying "to know that The New York Times has continued to carry on this service to the less fortunate members of our community."

Francis S. Harmon contributed $50 in honor of his son, Stuart Harmon, who is a master at the Lawrenceville School in Lawrenceville, N.J. Mr. Harmon said that when his son was a student at Horace Mann School for Boys "he was active in securing gifts for the Neediest Cases Fund and he first elicited my interest and support."

The annual campaign for contributions takes place only from December through February, but the fund provides help throughout the year for

Continued on Page 28, Column 3

HOW TO AID THE FUND

Checks should be made payable to The New York Times Neediest Cases Fund and sent to P.O. Box 5193, Church Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10249 or to these agencies:

COMMUNITY SERVICE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, 105 East 22d Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

•

FEDERATION OF JEWISH PHILANTHROPIES OF NEW YORK, 130 East 59th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

•

CATHOLIC CHARITIES OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK, 1011 First Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

•

FEDERATION OF PROTESTANT WELFARE AGENCIES, 281 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010.

•

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, 105 East 22d Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

•

BROOKLYN BUREAU OF COMMUNITY SERVICE, 285 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217.

•

CATHOLIC CHARITIES, DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN, 191 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

•

STATEN ISLAND FAMILY SERVICE, 25 Victory Boulevard, Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

•

No agents or solicitors are authorized to seek contributions for The New York Times Neediest Cases Fund. Contributions to the fund are deductible on Federal, state and city income taxes.

To delay may mean to forget.

News Summary

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1976

International

Takeo Fukuda was elected Prime Minister of Japan by a narrow parliamentary vote on the first ballot—by two votes in the lower house and one in the upper house. He did not get all the votes of his own party, the Liberal-Democrats, which was highly unusual in Japanese politics. He immediately began forming a 20-member Cabinet. [Page 1, Column 6.]

•

China is making a major drive to mechanize its farms by 1980 and improve the performance of flagging local Communist Party units. These objectives, outlined at a national farm conference last year, were reaffirmed in the last two weeks at another agricultural meeting in Peking attended by 5,000 delegates. The conference provided another occasion for officials to criticize Chiang Ching, Mao Tse-tung's widow, and three of her colleagues for interfering in Government policies. [1:5.]

•

Bethlehem at Christmas has a lot of glitter and tinsel and noise just like other cities, but there is also much that is old and historically evocative. The observance of Christmas has doubled the city's 20,000 population and choir members from all over the world were singing their hearts out yesterday. [1:1.]

•

Prince Jean de Broglie, a prominent French politician, was shot and killed on a Paris street, possibly by a member of an extreme rightist, anti-black and anti-Arab organization, the Club Charles Martel. The Prince had a major role in the Evian accords of 1962 that ended the French-Algerian war and gave Algeria its independence. He was also in charge of African relations in the mid-1960's for Prime Minister Georges Pompidou. He was a member of the National Assembly, representing Landy. [2:6.]

National

Investigators for the House Committee on Assassinations were said to have obtained uncorroborated testimony that James Earl Ray received instructions from a secret conspirator while fleeing after the murder of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. The testimony is one of two examples of leads the panel believes must be pursued in its investigation of the assassinations of Dr. King and President John F. Kennedy. [1:4.]

•

The Air Force brought a whole economy with it when it established Loring Air Force Base in an impoverished region in northeastern Maine in 1946. Now Loring has been declared superfluous, and it was announced that the base would be cut back 83 percent. The local people who got used to a military and civilian payroll of $45 million are alarmed. "This is earth-shaking. It's just terrible," William Anderson, the Mayor of Caribou, said. [1:1-3.]

•

The Coast Guard decided not to attempt to burn away some of the 100-mile oil spill from the Liberian-registered tanker Argo Merchant that ran aground on the Nantucket shoals. Stretches of oil large enough to be burned off were not found, the Coast Guard said, and the wind has driven the spill away from the Georges Bank fishing grounds toward the Gulf Stream. [1:5-6.]

•

Several arsenals and racist literature unearthed in recent weeks on the edge of the Mojave Desert near Los Angeles have led to speculation that they were buried by right-wing extremists. The arms ranged from machine guns to hand grenades, from drums of napalm to armored halftracks. Most of it had apparently been buried for almost a decade. [4:1.]

Metropolitan

Two New York City detectives, accused of pocketing $3,500 in a Manhattan narcotics raid more than six years ago, were fined record amounts by the Police Department. Lawrence Hassell, 40 years old, of Staten Island and William McCrorie of Floral Park, L. I., were fined $20,000 and $20,800. They pleaded no contest in a department hearing and were allowed to retire with pensions because they had cooperated in the prosecution of another detective. Fourteen other members of the department were fined for alleged corrupt activity. [1:3-4.]

•

A new investigation of the prosecution of the Peter Reilly case that was ordered by the Chief Judge of the Connecticut Superior Court is expected to concentrate on allegations of perjury and obstruction of justice. Witnesses who testified at Mr. Reilly's trial for murder in 1974, policemen and prosecution officials are expected to be questioned by a special one-man grand jury and a special state prosecutor. [21:1-2.]

Business/Finance

The Euromarket, a largely American-backed institution based in London has become a major influential force in international banking, second only in power and resources to the huge American banking system. Euromarket bankers deal in Eurocurrencies—any currency deposited in banks outside the country that issued it. Most of the currency consists of American dollars, called Eurodollars. [19:6.]

•

Energy conservation is said to be the objective of varying rate increases that 175 largest customers of the Long Island Lighting Company will be charged starting Feb. 1. The varying rates will be based on the time, the day and the season that the power is used. The rates were approved last week by the Public Service Commission. Other utilities have set similar rates, but Lilco's well be the country's first obligatory time-of-day rates. [19:3.]

•

Mexico announced a 10 percent rise in the price of its oil exports and the Government also said it would increase foreign sales of crude oil from a current 105,000 barrels daily to at least 400,000 by 1982. The price rise is in line with the increase recently announced by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Mexico is not a member of OPEC but is influenced by its price policies. [19:4-5.]

Index

International

Philippine Army ordered out of Moslem area 2
The talk of Rio: working, sort of 2
Spain's King and Premier confer on arrest of Communist leader 2
World News Briefs 3
Egypt discloses eight-year "spy game" with Israel 14
Carter election raises African hopes 14
U.S. faces major challenges in southern Africa 14
Poor feel pinch in wealthy holdiay Caracas 26
British prepare to take weeklong holiday 26

Government/Politics

Carter nominees differ on private clubs 14
Composition of community boards expected to change 22

General

Around the Nation 4
Vermont governor to pardon 71 convicted of drug charges 4
Westchester Premiere Theater starts bankruptcy proceedings 7
5 Croats in air-piracy case are accused of "judge shopping" 16
Metropolitan Briefs 17
Battery pier to get historic-relic grants 17
Crane razing Brooklyn store in search for bodies after fire 17
Community turns library into vibrant center 17
Derailment delays train passenger traffic through Washington 26

Education/Welfare

High schools for performing arts hit hard by budget 28

Health/Science

Mental hygiene agency is being split up 11
Population of African elephants under study 16

Religion

Christmas recalls a church's beginning 4

Amusements/Arts

Ballet Theater's "Nutcracker" delights 5
Tony Bird brings African sounds to Reno Sweeney 5
Gene Roland, trumpeter and saxophonist, leads new trio 8
Film "Monkey Hustle" tasteless 8
Brandenburg Concertos played at Y 8
Meredith Monk thinks big in dance 8
"Impressionists and Impressionism" illustrated volume, reviewed 11
Satra Corp. says it has no backers for Olympics TV 27

Family/Style

A scenario offered for video games 18
Young people hold charity ball 18
Miniature party goes on at museum 18

Obituaries

Dom Duarte, claimant to former Portuguese throne 16
Dr. Lydik S. Jacobsen, expert on vibrations and earthquakes 16

Business/Finance

People and Business: Falling rates, Nobel, the O.M.B. and N.Y.C. 19
Patents: A talking wristwatch is invented 19
Comecon is seeking added Soviet aid 19
Sidbec unit completes $330 million loan 20
Pound gains in Europe, dollar is mixed and gold rises slightly 20

Foreign Exchange Page 21 | People/Busn. Page 19

Sports

Colts let Thomas become free agent 8
Battle of court millionaires at Garden 9
Not a bettor stirring at Yonkers 9
All hands are healthy on Rams 9
South eleven beats North, 31-10 9

Features/Notes

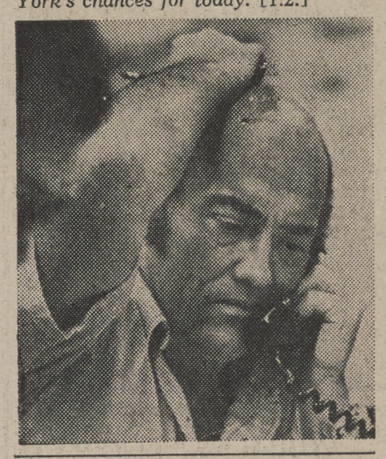
Man in the News: Takeo Fukuda, Japanese Prime Minister 3
Notes on People 8
Going Out Guide 8
Weekly News Quiz 11

News Analysis

John W. Finney on cutting the defense budget 14
Frank Lynn, on Sutton's aspirations to be mayor 22

Quotation of the Day

"The odds are only one in four that we'll have a white Christmas here." —Mike Fayne, a forecaster at the National Weather Service, telling of New York's chances for today. [1:2.]



Editorials/Comment

Editorials and Letters 12
C. L. Sulzberger interviews Tory leader, Mrs. Thatcher 13
Russell Baker joins Jimmy Carter's shopping expedition 13
Paul Engle describes an old-fashioned Iowa Christmas 13

CORRECTIONS

An article in The Times Tuesday reported incorrectly that the Nassau County tax rates would be decreased in 1977 by more than 40 cents for each $100 of assessed valuation in the area served by the county police. The 40-cent decrease will apply only in those areas served by the city or village police.

•

An article in Thursday's Times reported incorrectly that Representative Samuel S. Stratton, Democrat of upstate New York, was among Congressmen without major party opposition who collected surplus campaign funds. In the November election, Mr. Stratton was opposed by Mary A. Bradt, who ran on both the Republican and Conservative party ballots and who won more than 40,000 votes.

May 13, '77

Ann --

I called Frazer Clark at PAGES this morn about the dedications piece. He's pleasant, but has nothing firm to offer about it -- says they're making the publishing plans for the second issue of PAGES, and until that scheduling is done, nothing can be done on the editorial side. In short, since PAGES is in book format, there's that slowness of decision-making.

In spite of that, I'm willing to leave the idea there over the summer. I think there's about an even chance, maybe slightly better than that, that Clark finally will take the piece -- and we're not exactly overflowing with potential markets for it. So, how about this: in early June, when the jogging piece comes out in the NY Times, you drop Clark a line, saying you've talked with me and we've agreed he can hold onto the idea for a while because we think it's an article which would fit the PAGES format so well -- and that you're passing along the jogging piece as a recent piece of my work he may not have seen. What do you think?

500

Kaweia - Lovelace - J
~~Alden Whitman~~
end c Pound's ded'n?
% of Best-Sellers c lively ded'ns
Hts - Roots Ho CG's earlier
& + modest-sells

#
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piquant
grace notes
epiphany
evensong
vesper
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Yglesias
Asquith
~~Burton~~
MacDonald
'J' & Hite
~~Keneally & Kolbe~~
McGuane - Robbins
animal bks
~~Dark Lady~~
~~Jack Olsen~~
~~Authors y. author~~
~~Reeve "To Wife"~~

Best sellers bland
- Rts v. Gaines

Covici: Stn beck & Bellow

·apparently endless rind-rubbing which can go on b. Yglesias jam

encomium
valentine
embossed

543-6924

1:30 · Bayshore Inn — roast beef

15 November 1976

COPY

Robert D. Murphy
1701 Kalmia Road NW
Washington, D.C. 20012

Dear Mr. Murphy

A brief inquiry: I'm at work on an article for Bookletter, a periodical published by Harper's Magazine Company. The topic is book dedications, and I think your dedication of Diplomat Among Warriors is especially felicitous. But are the "Four Queens" what they would seem to be -- your wife and daughters? Counting heads in your entry in Who's Who, I seem to come up with a total of only three "queens" ... can you clarify the dedication for me?

Sorry to take your time and attention, but it's my only way to insure accuracy.

cordially,

Ivan Doig

Ivan Doig

4 November 1976

Weidenfeld and Nicolson Ltd.
11 St. John's Hill
London, England SW11 1XA

Gentlemen:

I would appreciate your assistance on a matter concerning one of your authors, James Pope-Hennessy, and his book, Sins of the Fathers. I am at work on an article for BOOKLETTER, a literary periodical published in the U.S. by Harper's. The topic is book dedications. I have a reference (in an article in The Times by Bevis Hillier, Feb. 24, 1973) which reports that Mr. Pope-Hennessy's dedication in Sins of the Fathers felicitously reads:

To my bank manager, to whom I owe so much.

However, I find that this dedication is not in the U.S. edition of the book, which is the only edition I am able to find. I'd very much like to use the dedication, if you could verify for me that it does appear in your edition of the book.

cordially

Ivan Dorg

USA

COPY

19 November 1976

Putnam and Co.
9 Bow Street
London WC2E 7AL
England

COPY

Gentlemen:

I would appreciate your assistance on a matter concerning a book published by your firm. I'm at work on an article for BOOKLETTER, a literary periodical published in the U.S. by Harper's. The topic is book dedications, and I have a reference (in an article in The Times by Bevis Hillier, Feb. 24, 1973) to Jonathan Franklin's felicitous dedication in Two Owls at Eton:

> "To my Mother, who bravely put up with my owls for many a long and troublesome day when I was absent."

I'd like to use the dedication as an example, but am unable to find a copy of the book. Can you verify the wording for me, and that it did appear in Two Owls at Eton?

cordially,

Evan Doig

USA

18 November 1976

Cassell and Co. Ltd.
35 Red Lion Square
London WC1R 4SG England

Gentlemen:

I would appreciate your assistance on a matter concerning a book published by your firm. I'm at work on an article for BOOKLETTER, a literary periodical published in the U.S. by Harper's. The topic is book dedications. I have a reference (in an article in The Times by Bevis Hillier, Feb. 24, 1973) to a dedication in a 1903 book by Mrs. Frances Simpson: "To the many kind friends, known and unknown, that I have made in Pussydom." From the context, it appears that the book would have been The Book of the Cat, published by your firm. Can you verify the dedication for me, and that it did appear in The Book of the Cat?

~~cordially~~

Ivan Dore

USA

COPY

28 February 1977

COPY

Suzanne Mantell
Editor, BOOKLETTER
c/o Harper's Magazine Company
Two Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

Dear Suzanne

Thanks for your note of last week, and more thanks for doing what you have to salvage some fee for me on the dedications piece. The $100 is welcome, and Ann Nelson is starting to shop the article around to alternative markets.

None, of course, will be as satisfactory as BOOKLETTER. Wherever you end up in this turn of events, please do keep me in mind for occasional work from this end of the country, because I've much liked BOOKLETTER as an editorial product and your own knack for knowing how an article ought to be shaped. It's all too rare in editors -- so rare that a number of us in the hinterlands simply switch off and concentrate on regional work where we can find more consideration from editors we know personally. In any event, good luck with your own career.

regards

Ivan - You'd better call when you get the chance.
I didn't expect this. Suzanne

BOOKLETTER

Editorial Rooms

For Release: Friday, February 11, 1977

New York, Feb. 11. Effective with the February 28 issue, publication of Bookletter has been suspended, it was announced here today by James A. Alcott, Publisher. Bookletter was started in August 1974 as a biweekly publication of book reviews and features about writers and the publishing business.

Alcott said that "While we received increasing support from readers, advertisers, and the book industry, it was not sufficient to meet the ever-increasing costs of postage, paper and production."

"The consistent tone and quality of Bookletter is a reflection of the care and talent of its editors and writers and the tremendous effort they have put into the publication over these two and a half years," Alcott said. Suzanne Mantell, who has served as editor from the outset, will return to the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine.

Bookletter has been published by Harper's Magazine Company, a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company.

212 481 5252

Published by Harper's Magazine Company Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 ~~212 686-8710~~

BOOKLETTER

Editorial Rooms

Dear Ivan,

You did a fine revision. I'm not only sorry I can't publish it, I'm also sorry 1) we couldn't have worked out a periodic column for you for Bookletter and 2)I can't think of where else you might send this piece. None of the publications I can think of concern themselves very much with the nice incidentals of book publishing.

A check for $100 will reach you shortly. Meanwhile, my regrets and my thanks.

Suzanne

Suzanne Mantell

Published by Harper's Magazine Company Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 212 686-8710

BOOKLETTER

Editorial Rooms

December 15, 1976

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

I thank you very much for your piece on book dedications, which is very nearly, but not absolutely, what I had hoped for. A bit more sleuthing may be in order. Ann suggested you'd be willing to do some refining on the piece, so I herewith make the following suggestions.

Keep the pre-20th century references to a well-chosen minimum. They tend not to be as inviting as the later ones, except in the case of the genuinely witty and outrageous.

The overall purpose of the piece, besides being entertaining, is not strong enough. You begin by saying early dedications were outright bribery, but from then on there is not enough deduction and interpretation on your part. The spirit-of-the-times-as-reflected-in-your-subject sort of thing.

And then, finally, the gossip quotient might be raised. Ten authors thanking the same famous writer, a continuing dialogue between two oft-published writers, historical romance writers vs. mystery writers, and so on.

This is the sort of piece one can do only once, and then it's exhausted, so I do think it's worth doing to the limit. I hope you agree.

I'll look forward to hearing from you, or getting your ms. back.

Sincerely,

Suzanne Mantell

SM/md
Enclosure

Suzanne Mantell
Editor

Published by Harper's Magazine Company Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 212 686-8710

BOOKLETTER

Editorial Rooms

October 22, 1976

Ms. Ann Nelson
5015 Ivanhoe Place, NE
Seattle, WA 98105

Dear Ms. Nelson:

Lewis Lapham passed on to me your letter about Ivan Doig's proposal for an article on book dedications.

Bookletter would be interested to consider the piece provided that it can be kept to 1500 words maximum and that the author would not object to writing it on speculation.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Suzanne Mantell

Suzanne Mantell
Editor

SM:nvb

Published by Harper's Magazine Company Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 212 686-8710

Ivan Doig

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

September 30, 1976

Lewis H. Lapham
Editor
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
2 Park Avenue
Room 1809
New York, New York 10016

Dear Mr. Lapham:

As a former magazine editor, I know how tedious a run-on query can be. So let me quickly sketch an article proposal I think is suitable for Harper's, then give you a little background on the writer I represent.

The topic: A light but well-grounded piece on the history of book dedications and some of their strange manifestations. Tentatively entitled, "To My Mother Who Bravely Put Up With My Owls ...".

Dedications began, as far back as Virgil and Cicero, as payoffs to the author's patron; as late as mid-17th century, Samuel Pepys had to hurry to change the dedication of his Mare Clausum from honoring Cromwell to honor the Stuart royal line which had just reclaimed power. Some dedications became literary mysteries, such as Shakespeare's to the unnamed "onlie begetter" of his Sonnets, and the dedications which Dr. Samuel Johnson ghosted for other authors' books. Then there are the odd dedications, such as Mary Eyre's round-robin dedication to twenty friends, in spoked wheel design; self-dedications; revenge dedications, such as Richard Burton's dedication of a racy volume of Thousand and One Nights to the staid curators of the Bodleian Library. And modern whimsey, such as the dedication suggested for the article title, or James Pope-Hennessy's "To my bank manager, to whom I owe so much."

The writer: Full time at the business of writing for the past seven years -- he was a newspaperman and assistant editor of The Rotarian before that -- Ivan Doig has authored

Agent: Ann Nelson, 5015 Ivanhoe Pl. N.E., Seattle, Washington 98105 (206)525-3158

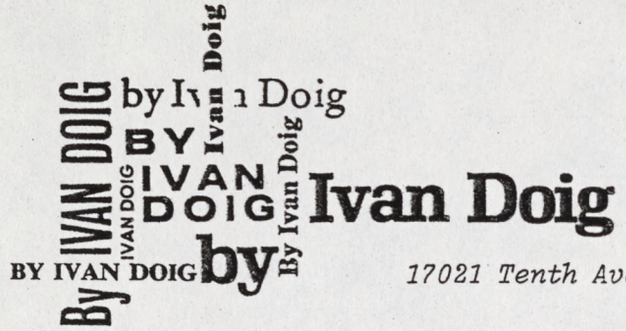
three books and well over 100 articles for publications such as The New York Times, Denver Post, Chicago Sun-Times, McCall's, Parents', American West, Yankee, Oceans, and Chevron USA. He holds a Ph.D. in U.S. history from the University of Washington and now spends a share of his time as a staff writer for Pacific Search here in Seattle, generating his own historical and investigative topics. Ivan is both an excellent craftsman at the typewriter and an imaginative researcher. I'm enclosing samples of his work, including an exerpt from his most recent book, Utopian America.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Cordially,

Ann J. Nelson

Ann J. Nelson
Agent



17021 Tenth Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

December 5, 1976

Suzanne Mantell
Editor
BOOKLETTER
Editorial Rooms
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

Dear Ms. Mantell:

Here's the book dedication piece you asked to see. Ivan and I hope you like it.

I might point out that in the interest of meeting the 1500 word limit, Ivan has omitted a few of the examples included in the query letter -- Dr. Johnson's ghosted dedications, and Samuel Pepys, for instance. If you want them reinstated, I'm sure Ivan would be willing to do the necessary rewriting.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Cordially,

Ann J. Nelson

Ann J. Nelson
Agent

Agent: Ann Nelson, 5015 Ivanhoe Pl. N.E., Seattle, Washington 98105 (206)525-3158

Ivan Doig

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

November 1, 1976

Suzanne Mantell
Editor
BOOKLETTER
Harper's Magazine Company
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

Dear Ms. Mantell:

Ivan and I are delighted at your interest in the book dedications piece. I will forward it -- on speculation -- as soon as it is completed, probably sometime toward the end of the month.

We would like to know what your payment schedule is for a 1500 word article of this type.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Cordially,

Ann J. Nelson

Ann J. Nelson
Agent

Agent: Ann Nelson, 5015 Ivanhoe Pl. N.E., Seattle, Washington 98105 (206)525-3158

Ivan Doig

Agent: *Ann Nelson, 5015 Ivanhoe Pl. N.E., Seattle, WA 98105*
(206) 525-3158

April 10, 1978

Nancy Seaman
Associate Editor
SMITHSONIAN
900 Jefferson Drive
Washington, D.C. 20560

Dear Ms. Seaman:

As a former magazine editor, I know how tedious a run-on query can be. So let me quickly sketch an article proposal I think is suitable for Smithsonian, something along the lines of Bill Blackbeard's "Novels that boys of a century ago couldn't put down" in your November 1977 issue.

The topic: a light but well-grounded piece on the history of book dedications and some of their strange manifestations. The piece is tentatively entitled, "To My Mother, Who Bravely Put Up With My Owls..."

Dedications began, as far back as Virgil and Cicero, as payoffs to the author's patron; as late as mid-17th century, Samuel Pepys had to hurry to change the dedication of his Mare Clausum from honoring Cromwell to honor the Stuart royal line which had just reclaimed power. Some dedications became literary mysteries, such as Shakespeare's to the unnamed "onlie begetter" of his Sonnets, and the dedications which Dr. Samuel Johnson ghosted for other authors' books. Then there are the odd dedications, such as Mary Eyre's round-robin dedication to twenty friends, in spoked wheel design; self-dedications; revenge dedications, such as Richard Burton's dedication of a racy volume of Thousand and One Nights to the staid curators of the Bodleian Library. And modern whimsey, such as the dedication suggested for the article title, or James Pope-Hennessy's "To my bank manager, to whom I owe so much."

The writer: full-time at the business of writing for the past nine years -- he was a newspaperman and

assistant editor of The Rotarian before that -- Ivan Doig has authored four books (the latest to be published by Harcourt Brace early this fall) and well over 150 articles for publications such as McCall's, Parents', American West, Yankee, Chevron USA, Modern Maturity, Westways, The Denver Post, Chicago Sun-Times, and New York Times. He holds a Ph.D. in U.S. history from the University of Washington and now spends a share of his time as a staff writer for Pacific Search here in Seattle, generating his own historical and investigative topics. Ivan is both an excellent craftsman at the typewriter and an imaginative researcher. I'm enclosing samples of his work along with a lead for the article.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Cordially,

Ann J. Nelson

Ann J. Nelson
Agent

3 March '77

Ann --

Dummy, you missed one of the easiest and most interesting phone calls we're likely to be involved with on this dedications piece. Herewith the info for your cover letter to:

Frazer Clark
Managing Editor, PAGES
1700 Lone Pine
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013 phone 313-642-7704

about "the world of books, writers and writing"
PAGES is a hard-cover annual (may become more frequent) periodical, published by Gale Research Co., which does a lot of library publishing. Sells for $24; 1st issue was 304 pages, with material such as: Alden Whitman interviewing Joseph Heller; James Dickey writing about his writing plans; Larry McMurtry on young writers; John Shaw Billings's diary about the birth of LIFE. In short, very high-class stuff.

Clark is pleasant, low-key. We agreed that you'd simply send him the BOOKLETTER ms as is, letting it be a sort of query unto itself. Stress to him that I have enormously more material for revising -- much more history, and of course the possibilities of more current material too. I carefully told him, but you'd better reiterate, that BOOKLETTER paid us -- i.e., took the piece -- and Suzanne Mantell turned it back to us when the publication died.

Also would suggest you might send him a copy of the NY Times passports piece, as an example of my historical research writing, and of course, your customary stuff on my background, I suppose stressing my books, in the case of this book publisher.

Okay? This isn't sure-fire, because I'm sure as hell not in the Dickey-McMurtry league, but it's not a bad shot.

Ivan Doig

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

February 15, 1977

Suzanne Mantell
Editor
BOOKLETTER
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

Dear Ms. Mantell:

Here's the revision on the book dedications piece. Hope it's to your liking.

Should any part of it not appeal to you, I hope you'll give Ivan a call. He has much more material and would like to see the article through, now that he's spent so much time on it.

Two brief notes on the manuscript: the reference to "The Times" on the bottom of page 3 is to The Times of London. And, at the top of page 6, Pat Covici actually was editor for a third Nobel winner as well -- Francois Mauriac -- but a scan of all the Mauriac books Ivan could find didn't turn up any dedication to Covici.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Cordially,

Ann J. Nelson
Agent

HORIZON

1221 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10020
Telephone 212/997-1221

August 12, 1976

Ms. Ann J. Nelson
5015 Ivanhoe Place NE
Seattle, Washington 98105

Dear Ms. Nelson,

Although HORIZON doesn't have a place right now for "To MY Mother, Who Bravely Put Up With My Owls," I love the title, and we're grateful for Mr. Doig's interest us. I am returning his samples, with thanks.

Sincerely,

Susan Ferris
Features Editor

enc.

July 19, '76

Ann --

HORIZON query about book dedications; tentative title, "To My Mother, Who Bravely Put Up With My Owls..." Probably address query to managing editor James F. Fixx?

As my credentials, why not send the NY Times piece and my "Three Hundred Year Trip" piece from UTOPIAN AMERICA; stress my Ph.D. in history, and authorship of three books.

The material: I've gathered research on book dedications for several years, including some delving at the British Museum. [The article probably would be for the magazine's "Letters" category (by which they mean arts and letters; am attaching a sample article), and might be akin to "How Ern Malley Got the Last Laugh" in the summer '76 issue.] I would do a light but well-grounded piece on history of book dedications, and some of their strange manifestations. Main points:

--that dedications began, as far back as Virgil and Cicero, as payoffs to author's patron; as late as mid-17th century, Samuel Pepys had to hurry to change dedication of his Mare Clausum from honoring Cromwell to honor the Stuart royal line which had just reclaimed power.

--dedications which have become literary mysteries, such as Shakespeare's to the unnamed "onlie begetter" of his Sonnets, and the dedications which Dr. Samuel Johnson ghosted for other authors' books.

--odd dedications, such as Mary Eyre's round-robin dedication to twenty friends, in a spoked wheel design; self-dedications; revenge dedications, such as Richard Burton's dedication of a racy volume of Thousand and One Nights to the staid curators of the Bodleian Library.

--And modern whimsey, such as the dedication suggested for the article title; James Pope-Hennessy's "To my bank manager, to whom I owe so much"; and many others.

Secondary market may be LITHOPINION, if we can find a copy to see what the periodical is like.

2 March '77

Ann --

I think we ought to move pronto on the dedications piece -- i.e., can you make at least a couple of quick phone calls to see if editors want to take a look at it? The reason I see for speed is how recent the demise of Bookletter has been -- that is, the longer we go after Bookletter's death, the flimsier is our reason why the article is available. I really think we're doing ourselves trouble if we mail out the piece and it gets bogged on an editor's desk for weeks or months.

I see two logical places for you to call, explain that you have an interesting article which had been accepted by Bookletter and turned back when the publication died, and would the editor like a look? Naturally, I'd be willing to rewrite or whatever if the look interested him. The places:

313-961-~~2242~~ <> Fran Claire - ed 642-7704

$24 - annual

--Gale Research Co., Book Tower, Detroit, publishes a hard-back periodical called PAGES, according to something I saw in that ASJA Newsletter I passed to you. Can't find out anything more about it, but a call to the Gale switchboard for the editor in charge of it should give you a quick answer as to whether it's something for us.

--Second choice would be Digby Diehl, book editor at the Los Angeles Times. His book section in the Sunday LA Times supplement called Calendar includes a guest column called West View. Again, even if a quick call just gets us a "no", we'll have saved some time.

If neither of those is promising, I'll try to divine which of some other enterprising book review sections might be reasonable: Chicago Tribune, SF Chron-Examiner, Boston Globe...

1700 Lone Pine
Bloomfield Hills 48013

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. NW
Seattle, WA 98177 -- phone (206)542-6658

AGENT: Ann Nelson
5015 Ivanhoe Place NE
Seattle, WA 98105 -- phone (206)525-3158

sample lead for: "To my mother, who bravely put up with my owls..."

Anyone unmerry enough to have been scanning the obituaries in the New York Times of Christmas Day, 1976, might have come across the one which began: "Mary Moore Cross, to whom the late Ezra Pound in 1906 dedicated his first book of poems, 'Personae,' died Thursday at her home in Montclair, N.J...."

That a few words at the front of a book should become the grace note of a life of 92 years is admittedly unusual. But book dedications hold a strange power. The practice of an author singling out someone for inscription on that one special page, alone with the white space and posterity, has gone on automatically for centuries, and still thrives. The tiny Times memoriam to Mary Moore Cross, for instance, attests that she is in company with such more recent dedicatees as Jacqueline Susann's mother, Charles Colson's dad, patient spouses by the uncountable thousands, an occasional editor, and legions of authors' friends, enemies, and pets.

Book dedications began as barter, a kind of wordsmith's wampum. Writers as far back as Virgil and Lucretius can be found repaying monied patrons on the dedication page....

more

The material for "To my mother etc." is more than plentiful, and for several years I've collected whatever I've come across about the history of book dedications, and odd examples of the ilk. The article I have in mind would be a light but well-grounded piece which would include these main points:

--that dedications began as payoffs to authors' patrons. As late as the mid-17th century, Samuel Pepys can be found hurrying off to change the dedication of his Mare Clausum from honoring Cromwell to honor the Stuart royal line which had just reclaimed power.

--that dedications at times have been literary mysteries: for example, Shakespeare's dedication to the unnamed "onlie begetter" of his Sonnets, and the dedications which Dr. Samuel Johnson ghosted for other authors' books.

--that dedications have been one of the most fertile fields of literary whimsey: Mary Eyre's round-robin dedication to twenty friends; self-dedications; revenge dedications, such as Richard Burton's of a racy volume of Thousand and One Nights to the staid curators of the Bodleian Library.

--and finally, some modern examples to show that dedications continue in their eccentric tradition:

Sinclair Lewis and the companion of his later years, Marcella Powers, played a private game of pretending that they were being watched by invisible little people called Small Size Spies. Dedication of Lewis's 1947 Kingsblood Royal: "To S.S.S., who first heard this story."

"J" dedicated The Sensuous Woman to "L.F., J.N., A.V.N., etc."

The writing Yglesias family may be on a record round-robin of dedications (Jose, Double Double--"For Helen"; Helen, Family Feeling--"for my daughter, Tamar, and my sons, Lewis and Rafael"; Rafael, Hide, Fox, and All After--"for Tammy, Richard and Dober").

Among editors, the record of most-impressively-dedicated-to probably belongs to the late Pascal Covici of Viking, dedicatee of two Nobel winners: John Steinbeck (East of Eden) and Saul Bellow (Herzog).

Fresh dedicatory talent is always showing itself. Thomas McGuane, Ninety-Two in the Shade--"For Beck for Beck for Beck"; Tom Robbins, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues--"To Fleetwood Star Robbins, the apple, the pineapple, the mango, the orchard of my eye. And of course, to all cowgirls, everywhere."

The dedication which I would use as a title for the piece is from Jonathan Franklin's Two Owls at Eton: "To my mother, who bravely put up with my owls for many a long and troublesome day when I was absent."

###

Moby Dick -- dedicated by Melville to Hawthorne

Mrs. Robert Murphy

1701 Kalmia Road N.W., Washington 12, D. C.

November 27, 1976

Dear Mr. Doig:—

Thank you for your letter of November 15, 1976, regarding "Diplomat Among Warriors".

At the time I had a wife and three daughters. I am sad to say that my oldest daughter, Catherine, died, leaving her sisters, Rosemary Murphy and Mildred Pond. Mrs. Murphy died later.

With warm regards,

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Robert Murphy

Mr. Ivan Doig,
Seattle

George Weidenfeld and Nicolson Limited

Weidenfeld & Nicolson

Registered office 11 St John's Hill, London SW11 1XA *Telephone* 01-228 8888

Registered number 472173 England *Telegrams and cables* Nicobar London SW11 1XA *Telex* 918066

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Avenue N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

6th December 1976

Dear Mr. Doig,

James Pope-Hennessy/SINS OF THE FATHERS

Thank you for your letter of 4th November. Unfortunately the dedication for the above which you have found:-

"To my bank manager, to whom I owe so much."

does not appear in our edition of the book. I am very sorry that I cannot help you in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

Joan Hallward

Joan Hallward (Mrs)
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TELEPHONE 01-831-6100
CABLES CASPEG LONDON WC1

Mr. Ivan Doig,
17021-10th Avenue N.W.,
Seattle,
Washington 98177,
U.S.A.

26th November 1976

Dear Mr. Doig,

All our records were destroyed during the war, and so I am unable to confirm that the dedication you refer to did appear. I can confirm that we published a "Book of the Cat" fro m about 1880 to approximately 1940. Whether the editor remained constant, as it was revised by someone else, I cannot say.

Yours sincerely,

Norman Lambert

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Mr. I. Doig

17021 - 10th Avenue N.W.

Seattle, W.A. 98177

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9 Bow Street, Covent Garden, London WC2E 7AL · Tel: 01-836 9081

Telegrams BODLEIAN, LONDON WC2

RN/SI 23rd November 1976

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Avenue N.W.
Seattle, W.A. 98177
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Doig,

Thank you for your letter of November 19th. We are happy to give you permission to include the dedication from Jonathan Franklin's TWO OWLS AT ETON in your article for BOOKLETTER. Would you please ensure that acknowledgements are given to the title, author and Putnam and Co. as publishers. Unfortunately our file copy of the book is missing so we cannot verify the wording.

Yours sincerely,

Reet Nelis (Miss)
Rights and Permissions

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