T-1, Mar 6, '77 - article on Vladimir Nabokov says all his novels are dedicated to his wife of 50 years, 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 Susanne'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 panegyric, when once one begins to speak of your Majesty," John Evelyn
crowned in a masterpiece of whedle
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
epiphrastic 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
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 furor.
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. Rowe 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.
"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," Rowe 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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Arbur Books

The Medusa 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. Reese, 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-watchers, it is the frequency with which the genre produces gems of an expected rightness. Can anyone doubt that "I" 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"

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.

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.

At his best (in say, "Opening Her Jewel Box"), Matthews builds an entertaining, instinctive weight—material so subtly worked that it's significant and 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) trauma 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
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 written 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 agility 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 pleases 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 unorthodox 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 destroys 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-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*).
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 wishes to the friend in his dedication, "May he always go with beauty all around him."
Since I'm the middle speaker among the writers here, 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 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 during the Vietnam War and Christians: "To Lyndon B. Johnson whose name inspired young men to cheer for me in public."
For my part, in my five books 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, 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, 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, proceeding cord)
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)
Dedicated to blurb lovers everywhere...

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

I was amused to read in a Sunday paper recently that Madison Elton, the literary agent turned publisher, is offering a prize for the worst book jacket of the year. Elton has at least a few asthmatic afficionados among his acquaintances - some of whom believe in...
Book: Collecting as a Hobby
P.H. Muir (London: Granat Publics Ltd, 1945)

p. 19 - "...grinly dedicates paid homage to..."
author's patron.

p. 20 - "...dedicates Shi's "Sonnets" is one
7. + famous ball lute. It begins, "To
...onlie begelter of these exiling Sonnets
Mr. W.H. —".

p. 20 - "...you will note a comment that Dierl's
pretty dedicates to Vivian Gray (1526) is
adapted c. minm. 1 alt. 7. It a comple-
tack. I acknowledge it to... an author. I
Am 7 a Tour thru. Highlands 7 Scotland
(1830). It will surely include a Council
and advice (sic) to all B wilders, by Sir
Balthasar Gerbiere, 1663, as high-water
mark of an collect, 4 "it has no fewer
than 41 separate dedicates."
21 - Dr. Johnson wrote dedications for less skilled authors. "If we consult pages 1, Courtney & Nichols Smith's Biblioth, San & Jm (get, 1925 ed. in L., can) we will find all I once listed there..."
The Dedication of Books
by Henry B. Wheatley
(London: Elliot Stock, 1887)

3. Horace, Virgil, Cæcilius & Lucutius dedicated works to friend & patron.

7. "Spands & Holms freely dedicated the Vns 2. Vgn Mary, to Jesus Christ, & even to God. Father Humilii."

9. "John Leyester, 'a small remnant of mortality,' dedicated his work 'Civil Wars & English (1647) 'to honour & glory.' Influent, enmies, & incomprehensible majesty 'in heaven,' fountain of all excellencies, 'Lord & Host,' Ever tall Victories, & God & Peace."

16. "I once met an old book in which person 2 whom it was deduced was styled 'an honourable & perfect gentleman,' & some 400m. possesses had with b-margin 'a lie.'"
17-5 Sir Balthasar Gerbier's death
Council & Advice to all Builders (1665)
start c. On-Mother, Date 1 York,
Prince Rupert, Archbishop 1 Canterbury,
& on an to courteous reader.

22-3 Marston - dramatist dedicated Scourge of Villany to himself: "To his most esteemed & beloved Selfe, Dat Dedicalqui."
23- George Wither (1622) Abuses - Strip and Whip: "To himselfe G. W. washeth all happiness."

32-3: Pepys in his Diary went - thereby - "St Paul's Churchyard - care. till I my English Race Clauseum z is changed, & new titl dedicated to king to be put to it, becos I am ashamed z hav. other seen, dedicated z. commwith."
(Chas it had returned to throne)
107. "Danzil Holbe, lds 7. Presbytens who b 1647 made a motion b Paul 4
disbandy army, & was defeated, had 2
fly 2 Noy to escape an impont 4
the hi train. Here he set 2 make 2
of atake his enemies, & he declared 17
hi pol ties b tall words 7 rebel:
'to unparlled cupl, Mr. Oliver St. John,
his Majis Sotel-In-Gen, 7 Oliver Combs,
'paul's Lt-gen., 2 grand desigries.
'min 73 kingdoms...""

179-180. listt mentd y Boswell
12 decetn with y Dr. J 4
other people's lks, 1743-1777, Qte from
Bos: "What an expres, Sir, do ye put us to
be buyg lks, 2 with wh we an have nor Prefces or
Declen." 5th vol 1 Oxly edn 1773 words
has 3th declns.
118 - D'Arcy's deaths & Vivian Gray (1826):

"To
The Best & Gentlest of Men
I dedicate these words.
For whom it is intended, will accept &
approve & compliment.
Those, for whom it is not intended, will do the same."

4 yrs later, Beriah Boothfield anonymously pub'd 1st part of thrms. Hildeg & Scotia c'd. c'd.

"To
The Best & Loveliest of Women
I dedicate:
For whom it is intended, will accept & approve &
compliment;
Those for whom it is not intended
will do so."

214 - Mary Cope dedicated Ever. Pyreneas into Spain (1865) to 20 friends, "names b a round
robin arranged as a wheel c twenty spokes."

219 - John Stuart Mill's Liberty has long
warmed dean. 2 friends & wife whose
exalted sense of truth & right is my strongest
incentive..."
203 - "Sir Chas Hanbury Williams's Poetical Works un colte & pub'd b. 1825 by Edward Jelf & Co. Under auspices of Lords Holland & Crisp. They are dedicated to Lord John Russell, but when he find how indecent many of the pieces he wrote this letter:

28 Arlington St., June 17th

Iol. Jn. Bell presents his compliments to Mr. J., & as he has professed his readiness to comply with any request he has to make, he hopes Mr. J. will oblige him by leaving his name out of the advert. & cancel my page to copy with room d sale."

207 - Dickens died Tale / Two Letters to Earl Russell.

General note: declines as late as 18th c. of a long-stemmed flower, or preachy, of disputations.
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."

"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 advent of life,—to my loved wife is this volume dedicated."

"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 craddling 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 Hamner, 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.)


"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."


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

"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.

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

"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."

"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."

"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.

"One b
in his
When
With
"To w
This"

"The c
Has g
By w
To hi
I ded"

Scum of the
Schauffler
"To the r
Poet, Music
Unknown Q:
"Dedicate
Daughter D

The Amateur
"To my f
which is a t
MAN."

The Necess
"To N. A
" 'Becau
then also, y
## Best Sellers

### Fiction

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<tr>
<th>This Week</th>
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<td><strong>1</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>THE CARDINAL OF THE KREMLIN</strong>, 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.</td>
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<td><strong>TILL WE MEET AGAIN</strong>, by Judith Krantz. (Crown, $19.95.) The exploits of a woman and her two daughters from pre-World War II Paris to present-day Los Angeles.</td>
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<td><strong>ALASKA</strong>, by James A. Michener. (Random House, $22.50.) The history of the 49th state told in fictional form.</td>
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<td><strong>SPOCK'S WORLD</strong>, 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.</td>
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<td><strong>BREATHING LESSONS</strong>, by Anne Tyler. (Knopf, $18.95.) The many facets of a 25-year marriage are revealed during a drive to a friend's funeral.</td>
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<td><strong>THE BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES</strong>, by Tom Wolfe. (Farrar, Straus &amp; Giroux, $19.95.) A bond trader caught in the jungles of New York.</td>
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<td><strong>DOCTORS</strong>, by Erich Segal. (Bantam, $19.95.) The life stories of five members of Harvard Medical School's class of 1962.</td>
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<td><strong>TO BE THE BEST</strong>, by Barbara Taylor Bradford. (Doubleday, $19.95.) A department store dynasty undergoes emotional and financial strains.</td>
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<td><strong>SHINING THROUGH</strong>, by Susan Isaacs. (Harper &amp; Row, $18.95.) The progress of a Queens woman from Wall Street secretary to wife of her boss to spy in Nazi Germany.</td>
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<td><strong>THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS</strong>, by Thomas Harris. (St. Martin's, $18.95.) A young woman F.B.I. trainee on the trail of a serial killer.</td>
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<td><strong>DEMON LORD OF KARANDA</strong>, by David Eddings. (Del Rey/Ballantine, $18.95.) The battle for control of a continent continues in the fantasy saga &quot;The Malloreon.&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>A THIEF OF TIME</strong>, by Tony Hillerman. (Harper &amp; Row, $15.95.) Tracking down a missing archeologist and a murderer.</td>
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### Nonfiction

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<td><strong>THE RAGMAN'S SON</strong>, by Kirk Douglas. (Simon &amp; Schuster, $21.95.) The actor recalls his life as poor immigrant's son, waiter, steel mill worker, haberdashery salesman, film star, father and man.</td>
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<td><strong>THE LIVES OF JOHN LENNON</strong>, by Albert Goldman. ( Morrow, $22.95.) The rock-and-roll star as legend and as human being.</td>
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<td><strong>GENERATION OF SWINE</strong>, by Hunter S. Thompson. (Summit, $18.95.) Commentary on the current decade.</td>
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<td><strong>TRANSFORMATION</strong>, by Whitley Strieber. (Beech Tree/Morrow, $18.95.) The author of &quot;Communion&quot; tells of more confrontations with &quot;intelligent nonhumans.&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>TRUMP</strong>, by Donald J. Trump with Tony Schwartz. (Random House, $19.95.) The career and business style of the New York entrepreneur.</td>
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<td><strong>TALKING STRAIGHT</strong>, by Lee Iacocca with Sonny Kleinfield. (Bantam, $21.95.) More experiences and opinions of the Chrysler chairman.</td>
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<td><strong>SENATORIAL PRIVILEGE</strong>, by Leo Damore. (Regnery Gateway, $19.95.) A reporter's reassessment of the 1969 accident on Chappaquiddick Island.</td>
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<td><strong>THRIVING ON CHAOS</strong>, by Tom Peters. (Knopf, $19.95.) Ways for companies to survive in today's and tomorrow's turbulent world.</td>
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<td><strong>ALMOST GOLDEN</strong>, by Gwenda Blair. (Simon &amp; Schuster, $18.95.) The career of the television anchorman Jessica Savitch and the ways of newscasting during the past two decades.</td>
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<td><strong>RIDING THE IRON ROOSTER</strong>, by Paul Theroux. (Putnam, $21.95.) A yearlong journey by train through China.</td>
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<td><strong>CAPOTE</strong>, by Gerald Clarke. (Simon &amp; Schuster, $22.95.) The life of Truman Capote.</td>
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<td><strong>THE RISE AND FALL OF THE GREAT POWERS</strong>, by Paul Kennedy. (Random House, $24.95.) How economic and military forces affected the fortunes of great nations in the past 500 years.</td>
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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 of making of interest things that looked to me too ordinary — or tedious or trivial — without turning for invocation 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, 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 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, underprogrammatized. With each new project I feel like, and I am, a clumsy beginner. The swing from "Which 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 bad, what activates me to my own inclinations time out, the congruency.

The writers of European longstanding interest in the internal argument with the self-kitsch surrounding the experience, too, but as some kitsch has been internalized and political kitsch is social clichés of the inner self. But in "The Facts" you point out the grain, not against it, but down your guard and open up to a whole new Philip Roth the Philip Roth the regular reader to take away from this book.

I can't say that I'm having readers, even if it holds that its faults allow un-self-consciously dress readers about my own name. It's true people and a few ideas in order, as best I can, to of some of those I've That would seem to in But, frankly, to repeat this book was being written the writer was to take au- tered most.

Does this book open for misunderstanding? A new form of misunderstanding that is neighbor in the morning or a child. Zuckerman misunderstanding by autobiography — that wasn't. But he could be wrong.
generations a colonial 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 his Saturs. The mode went soft and sticky in Victorian times—H. Rider Haggard, King Solomon’s Mines: “This is but a pretentious record of a remarkable adventure, 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 warm terms. Especially, it seems, in best-sellers. My personal theorem of literary dynamics is that the loiterer 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 Martian as dedicatrices, 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 I have long and large.”

Heller aside, the best-sellers’ list can only make the dedication de facto years for the prity 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, whose devotion and aid (although she doesn’t know it) from carbonic acid the existence of this book is due, it is dedicated.”

But 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 infinities 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, namely 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-watch, it is the frequency with which the genre produces gems of an expected rightness. Can anyone doubt that “I 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 concite testimonials to the wives who stood by their indicted hubbies? Or that it would be a writer chattering about in the field of writing who could come up with the nonpareil of dedications? (Jonathan Franklin, Two Owls at Eden: “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 Cows 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, Nick 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 commended, mothers to put up with, Eolian owls, the dedication will have its place in literature. Right there beyond the title page, just where young Ezra Pound amassed a young woman some years ago that “This book is for Mary Moore of Trenton, if she wants it.”

**poetry**

**Simple facts reviewed...**

by Steven Winn

**S**ince William Carlos Williams, who paired 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 quarters 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 Ishaca”:

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.

Or I’d scroung 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, unentimental 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.

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—half of fur in a taut hung that wouldn’t work. The cat grew slack and then stiff.

Matthews earns these last ringing lines from the almost offhand (but loaded) trust 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
YOU MADE US DO IT

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mystery & crime

Cocky sociopaths in Europe, political assassins in India

by E.K. Dortmund

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 tedious. But one day, the Rheingold deal, proves to be a different, very unlucky kettle of fish. It saddles Cochrane with 350,000 English pounds, an unscrupulous old solicitor, Michael Garwood, and a coy sociopath, Kenneth O’Rourke, who enjoys whipping up sex with his dim, musculocereous pal, Trumper, and whatever’s is at stake in the matter. A jaunty Albert Finney, sporting flashy clothes and fixing the world with glittering eyes.

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

June 1979
Seattle's new grand master of intrigue
by Lynne Wilson

THE YEAR IS 1947. The place, Stettin, on the Baltic Sea, was Poland, a port city itself. 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, expert 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 sharply drawn, the prose more supple. Two years ago, he turned the spare room off the kitchen in his small Capitol Hill apartment into a writer's den.

There are subplots covering everything from the smuggling of Nazi-manufactured uranium to the revenge of a beautiful Polish concentration camp survivor, Rebekkah Kopeck. 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, unhindited action than the hero himself.

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

My Inspector Ghoti (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 situating, and the bustle and smells of India's cities and villages. In addition, Keating always manages to have a deplorable butler, a no-nonsense partner, a garrulous Sinhalese, and with India's crucially complex social system.

Happily, Inspector Ganesh Ghoti is back, as persistent and open-hearted, and ineffably pompous as ever. In *Inspector Ghoti Dressed to Kill*, an American architect is sent from the Bombay cop to a remote village to protect a retired Muslim judge, the 92-year-old Sir Asif Ibrahim. The impertinent old man is the 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 paper; Sir Asif's daughter, who (because of her father's paternalism) is wound too tightly; and a long-suffering cook and servant of the judge, the shifty-gingly Raman. He turns out to be neither shy nor as funny as we'd supposed.

*Inspector Ghoti Dressed to Kill* is a slight mystery whose final revelation is pathetic, amusing, and just right.

June 1979

Why is the tragic switch? Why toss aside the plume of a successful legal 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.

*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. It got nowhere 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 without a trace of his unfounded confidence. "I didn't write a semi-autobiographical work. It had nothing to do with me.

*The Hess Cross* was quickly sold by the agent to Putnam's, the same agent who sold *The Stettin Secret*, James Stewart Thayer, G.P. Putnam's.

*The Stettin Secret* ("the equivalent of a good year's salary as an attorney") and paperback rights have already sold. "I also have an agent in Hollywood trying to sell my rights on it, but I haven't heard anything from her yet, so I guess nothing's happening on that end." Thayer is currently at work, 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. For example, there was an interesting plot about the ship [the *Georg Zepplin*] 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 stuff, 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 and the Oka 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 to get his man and to get his man. 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. It's like playing inside the mind 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 limmer's brush. The responses of the heroes of his books are "basically my own. I think of the situation, then I think, 'What would I do? What would I write?'

"There is much in the right *The Stettin Secret* which is suggestive of another kind of book, perhaps a little freer, with more depth and more tightly told situation. But *The Hess Cross* is a port city tucker that combines it into a splendid modern momentos 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 do it, and I'm a complicated enough person to have complicated characters like John Keller's or Norman Mailer's. I wouldn't be able to do it either."

One has to admire the honesty of that statement, even if the limitations he speaks of might be self-imposed. Jim Thayer has clearly gained a sense of his own style, even if he doesn't like it.
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 walk 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 bestowed 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 may calm down, I am far too frail to indulge in moral fervor"). This eloquent notebook is filled with rigorous philosophy, not frail confrontation:

My presumption in thinking badly of life merits me. What do I know? How dare I judge? I don't. I feel shame, and yet—life is cruel; and exquisitely 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 were one 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, $5.95). 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 Limy Brick, the Great Yelled Bear, Neville, "who died of ennui," from The Gashlycrumb Tinies, and, of course, Tatiana Semyshin and Sergei Tikhovski performing their renowned baroque pinupette. And it's gargantuan Gorey; the oversized 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 eagerly about himself, giving strictly off-centered questions on fun coats, cats, Balanchine, his social life, and his macabre themes ("I write about everything every day."). 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 translucent 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 stickiness sentimentality of the "worlds" Mr. Edens has written (one can only assume) to appease traditionalist readers. Noadsperts are necessary here; all is lightness and fanciful vitality, a prismatic romance that, according to reports from local booksellers, has dismayed as many childless adults as youngsters.

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June 1979
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

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 are “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 Medusa and the Snail
By Lewis Thomas.
Viking. $8.95.

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 hystericis.” 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
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 one 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. That wasn’t what I remembered 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 to clearly and delightfully offered, it is a loving aspect of nature, almost, that allows the Sisome-Kettering president and the ignorant to feel as one.

When it comes to medicine, though, Thomas is willing to reveal—blames, 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 lead 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 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 Hour 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 prelocked, genetically determined allotment of living. Centralisation 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, ganglides 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. }
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 Happening?, 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, on the other court, gates got aw 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 Brow

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 again in the middle of 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 the 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 ballpark 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 pilled 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 waves. 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 basketballs, and I feel that those are the times that are important to share with him and so I leave the writing and it might take two days to get cranked up again.

It's been frustrating working with Earl because he is usually 3,000 miles 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 again.

But all of the people I've been able 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 been sick of a project by the time the last words are written.

Joe Snyder

"A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT is filled with wisdom.

One comes away from it with the impression that it is a distillation of a life, maybe of life itself." — That's what Roger Whittlock 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 fullser." — 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

"In their language, the stories are flawless, like plain and effortless speech, in their effect, they're moving in the way that only terse and unsentimental stories can be." — 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 renaissance
by Charles Johnson

I N A R M E D , I N PERIL, and, more specifically, in the so-called "little magazines"—those periodicals that pay in contributor's copies, have funny titles like Cylus, Yardbird Reader, or Choosiner 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 three 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
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.

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 Parent, 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-
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 Alezandrez, the Spanish poet who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1977, a hilarious story called "Monterferst" by H. Ruston Dodge (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, 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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June 1979
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?

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**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 Shepherders: 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 forebears, 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 larcenists, carnival figures, and those Mathers meets on the road as a tourist. The book's presentation is formal. *Portraits* appears on the right-hand pages of the large (nine-and-one-half by ten-inch) format, with text on facing pages. The text are straightforward, telling a personal history or the history of how the portrait came to be made.

The effect of the literary—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* 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 "muck" to East Coast publishing houses and that with a regional publisher authors have the convenience of being near. "It is important as an announcement of our intent," he says. "Every 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.'"

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**SOMETHING NEW FROM THE WEEKLY IS COMING IN JUNE.**

Seattle *SummerGuide*. It's never too early to think about summer. Amid the spritetime drizzles are dreams of picnics, vacations, sunsets, 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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**A love affair with a mountain**

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**The Weekly Bookstore**

4325 University Way N.E., 654-3400.
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 refreshing new directions. His stories have an appeal wide enough to entice even the newest science fiction readers. 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. Instead, we are faced with a somewhat stereotyped characterization that have underwritten science fiction. To the applause of sci-fi enthusiasts, 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 female 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 its overall excellence—the best of which are collected in The Persistence of Vision (1978)—and a promising debut novel, The Ophiuchus Hive (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—is Varley’s characters, who react to their futuristic predicaments in ways so utterly human that the reader is drawn into the lives of his characters and into strange worlds: for instance, the sculptor-hero of “The Phantom of Kansas” reacts with revulsion towards his own repeated murder.

And now comes Titan, at more than 300 pages, the longest and most ambitious work to date. Although not part of the “Eight Worlds” series, it’s an 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 of a novel, and the plot doesn’t falter. Little seems to occur that didn’t, in some way, serve the needs of the story. One of his splendid feminist heroes, Cirecco (“Rocky”) Jones, is a real charmer. Like his predecessor, Titan is embedded with small tributes to his heritage: there are reminders of Philip José Farmer, of Danaул’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 for the Weekly/Weekly’s Reader.

fantasy

A labyrinthine pilgrimage
by Nick DiMartino

It takes a certain kind of staying power to write a fantasy trilogy. Bringing life to 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 Athenes has published Harpie 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 Earthrise Trilogy, McKillip’s Riddle-Master Trilogy encompasses a masterful view of a world, a complete reprise for a second, and a concluding volume that raises to some heights but also approaches the original novel’s impact.

Her first volume, The Riddle-Master of Hed (1976), has acquired a following, with justification. Written in a swift, spare style, with enough startling attacks, unexpected deaths, 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 Morgan of Hed, ruler of a peace-loving island of farmers. Young Morgan becomes “desperately 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 world which Morgan refuses to wield.

Though Morgan has studied at the College of Riddle-Masters, he comes up against the deadly riddle of his own destiny and decides not to become a Seed of the Earth. “I’m not running; I’m simply not interested,” says Morgan. But after his parents have been murdered, his marriage plans interrupted, his friends betrayed, and two infectious assaults have been made on his life, Morgan takes up the sword from its burial place deep underground, to fight the Lost Ones, and journeys to Everlast Mountain in the far north, accompanied by Deth the harpist, to demand answers from the High One himself.

The book ends with Morgan’s shout of anger and betrayal. It’s a stunning, cliffhanger finish to a volume that stands alongside McKillip’s other 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. Morgan himself appears only incidentally and under an unlikely role of revenger, determined to murder the harpist who has betrayed him. The central character is now Raederle, Morgan’s betrayer, “the second most beautiful woman in the Three Portions of An.”

But all the last three chapters are taken up with Raederle’s struggle with her own suppressed magical powers and her search for the missing Morgan, accompanied by two others. In the third volume,

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

June 1979
Myths about Pizza:

Captain Vancouver loved Brick Oven pizza (with anchovies) and he named his new discovery Pizza Sound. However, due to poor pennmanship on the ships log . . . the rest of the world thought he named it after his second mate — Peter Piglet?

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June 1979

Local Best Sellers

FICTION
1 Hanta Yo, by Ruth Beebe Hill. (Doubleday, $14.95.) Documentary fiction. The saga of the Teton Sioux, 1750-1825.
2 Dragondrums, by Anne McCaffrey. (Atheneum, $8.95.) Fantasy from the author of Dragonwing and Dragonlance.
3 Little Birds, by Anais Nin. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95.) Erotica.

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 Simon, MD. Stephanie Matthews-Simonton, and James Creighton. (Tarcher/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 Prutkin Program for Diet and Exercise, by Nathan Prutkin 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

MASS MARKET
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 Browen Godfrey. (Bantam, $3.95.) Vegetarian cookery and nutrition.
3 The White Dragon, by Anna 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 The Utterly Impious Angel, by David Butler. (Warner, $2.50.) The saga of Edward VII’s mistress.

TRADE
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 Utinov. (Penguin, $2.95.) A memoir.
5 Adrian Arpel’s 3-Week Complete Makeup/SHAPEOVER Beauty Program, by Adrian Arpel with Ronnie Sue Ebenstein. (Pocket Books, $6.95.) Just what it says.

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the Weekly’s The Weekly’s Reader
A few words in dedication

by Ivan Dolg

On Christmas Day of 1976, anyone unimpressed 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 93 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 portent, has gone on automatically for centuries, and still endures. The tiny Times memorial to Mary Moore Cross, for instance, attests that she is in company with such more recent dedications as Jacqueline Susann’s mother, Charles Colson’s dad, and legions of authors’ spouses, friends, enemies, and pets.

Ivan Dolg 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-wooring 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 panegyric, 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 slyly when he tapped in at the start of The Town: “To Phil Stone—He did half the laughing for 30 years.” And with what perseverance Hemingway reported on his domestic

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with The Changing Times Tap Dancing Company,
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Series tickets $35 and $37.
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The Weekly/the Weekly's Reader Page 8

June 1979
"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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patrons on the dedication page. By Elizabethan times, patron-wooing
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Consider John Evelyn's masterpiece of wheedle, directed to Charles II
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." Between patronage and politics, then, honeying up
a page or more with flattery became an art form of its own. Dr. Samuel
Johnson, always on top where niceties of language were concerned, is
known to have ghosted dedications for the books of at least a dozen friends.

Of course, by now we are literary light-years beyond such courtship --
in terms of brevity. The modern style usually is to compress the
encomium down to a peck of affection ("To Clare, who believed") or
an epigrammatic mot ("To my colleagues at Yaddo, fellow seekers into
the silences"). But however compact and spiffy the current dedication,
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The departed heavyweights of modern fiction, for instance, left
behind dedications in which their singularities shine through at 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 thirty years." With an air of 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 dedicated his 1947 novel *Kingsblood Royal* "To S.S.S., who first heard this story."

Fittingly enough, it was the wooing intentions of the greatest titan of Shakespeare -- that a few years ago set off probably the all-time furor involving a dedication -- Shakespeare's Sonnets have held two of the abiding mysteries of literature: 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. Then came English 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. As Rowse unabashedly put it, "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." The letters column of *The Times* thundered for weeks.
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 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 dedicatory 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."

But by and large, dedications always have been more likely to be mellow than misfired. 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
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 a Sidney A. Reeve, who knew 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 Cr,* "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 F. 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 unalteringly 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 Iglesias 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
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. 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."

###
1842- Between Two Worlds.

To my friends in Eng
who are long under. bombay
I reply to my Eng pub'ry
Mr. Waver Lawrie
who for + than a qtr. I a
tea has unpaltingly pub'd
writings mo & have
sent him

Voyage Sterling
Haydey
To hunt, not to
hunted, to
passage, not to path
Upton Sinclair:
1907, The Metropolis —
to Maxim Gorki:
comrade

1911, Love's Pilgrimage —
to those who forced
women to fight
for women, I give this
women's book

1942, Dragon's Teeth —
In tragic times like these,
an elderly author has
nothing to give but words.
Two words, 2 words, 2
— men & women who are
giving the lives because
I'm a human being.
Safeway

milk
bananas

tomatoes?

celtrice?

leg/le?

apple juice

TV Guide
John D. Macdonald
'Ten Goose' Lament
1973
To Dorey, & again

Gabriel Kolko
Main Currents in Modern Am'm 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 remembrance: "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 pleaded not guilty but were convicted anyway.
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
In Poland Next Week

University administrators, teachers and students insist

that the academic programs for the fall have been worked out in detail.

The government would probably have found a more convenient time to

make such a broad change.
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..."
Dana: To: 6.5 million people who bought my 1st book
Kennedy: To Kath
Boy: To Peter
Theirs: To Ann
Tony H: To Steven Landon, 1st born son of Harry & Mary Landon.
      May he always go e beauty all aind him.
G'man: To Max Palkovsky
Marty: To Jane
Thompson: To Maria Kahn & David McClean,
          Other 2 legs t. tripod
Mike: none
Brend: For Bob, who is
Les: the man of Olia Safier
Claire: For Col & Mrs. Colb
Carrie: For Mercedes, of course
Pilcher: for my children, three children
Capote: to L. A.

Erased, Heart Mm:
Stephen Crane, Fire and Flight.

For Syrie once again, call my love, yesterday, today & forever.

Narins: to memory of my father
Wolfe: Dedicating his book, the author dedicates this book to
Corinna Eddie Hayes, who walked among flames
points at amid rights.

Tyler: from
Shank: Karen X Francesco
Trump: to my parents
Strobe: ...those who have had courage to be named in worse life
as witnesses to my expansion.
When writers move on from hearth-and-hominess—say, to the day-by-day business of authorship—their dédications 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
We - son
Harley - none
Mall - father & mother
Ludlow - for Jonathan
Walla: "For my three favorite Venetians
Sofio, Darro, Amy...

Daughton - none
Hill - bush
Ch - none
WWII -"

Ruff - none
Fitz - mother
Beallie - didn't mother
T. White, Beatrice
Tuck - none
Ed as G: "I didn't... lot to seal gallant favors & umms unavailing friends whose help, comfort & express play so large a part."

Edna: I deed to "my sneaky gun
Aaron Goldblatt"

March 10. 29th Marines

Jim: To my lover's hands
cooper Half Malamute & Barbara Jo"
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., (306)223-5231. 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
"To my mother, who bravely put up with my ews..."

by Ivan Doig

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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 Hows 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 reederdom seems never to entirely go out of style, viz. Sherer 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 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."

Remix 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-Energy 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-homeiness—say, to the day-
by-day business of authorship—their dedications generally perk up.
The late John F. 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.B." 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 nonparadigm 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 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 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."
"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 1661: "Your name will be famous to posterity, and... the benefits that are engraved in our hearts will outlast those of marble... It is hard not to slide into the Panegyric, 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 ploy 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
Virgil and Lucretius can be found repaying munied 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
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 Lyre'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 risqué portions would have been accommodingly 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."

acid: 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'igeega-lockh-sis, 'Little Friend Ch'igeega,' whose coming makes the winter glad."

gallant: Ernest J. Gaines, The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman-- "to the memory of my beloved aunt, Miss Augustine 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 No 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 --
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,
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 corners 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 Plessis 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 Chance--"To My Dear Mother";
H.G. Wells, 1937, Star-Begotten--"To my friend, Winston Spencer Churchill."
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 incomunicado 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 Mancy 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:

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.'"

March, 1977

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 with more terseness 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 edicto 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 Valentin, and Greta Garbo."

The late Mark Helliger, 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 Helliger 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."


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.
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 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 profit 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 taxes.

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

WRITER’S DIGEST
TO

David Lewelyn Wark Griffith
(1874-1948)

Rudolph Alphonso Guglielmi di Valentino
d'Antongiuelsa
(1895-1926)

Greta Louisa Gustafsson
(1905- )

Roscoe Arbuckle
(1887-1933)
Population of Elephants in Africa Under Study by Wildlife Groups

LYDIK S. JACOBSEN, JR.
Professor of Stanford Helped Develop Buildings to Withstand Earthquakes

Emirites at Stanford University are in the process of developing buildings that will withstand earthquakes. The work is being done by a team of engineers and scientists at the university's Earthquake Laboratory, which was established in 1962. The laboratory is one of the few in the world that can simulate the effects of earthquakes on structures.

One of the most recent accomplishments of the laboratory is a new type of building frame that can absorb energy and prevent damage during an earthquake. The frame is made of steel and is designed to deflect forces rather than resist them. The team is currently testing the frame on a full-scale model building.

In addition to the work on building frames, the laboratory is also studying the behavior of soil and rock during earthquakes. This information is being used to improve the design of foundations and other ground support structures.

The research being done at the laboratory is important for areas that are prone to earthquakes, such as California and Japan. The work is also contributing to the understanding of seismic phenomena and the development of safer structures.

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

Duke DOMINIC DE Braganza, the only surviving son of the late King felipe, died yesterday at the age of 80. He was the last claimant to the throne of Portugal and had been in poor health for several years.

Duke Dominic was born in Lisbon in 1857. He was the only child of King felipe and Queen Maria Pia of Savoy. He was crowned as Duke of Braganza in 1870 and became the last claimant to the throne of Portugal when his father died in 1889.

Duke Dominic was known for his love of the arts and was a patron of the arts. He was a close friend of the painter Auguste Rodin and was known for his collection of works by the artist.

The Duke of Braganza was married to a Portuguese noblewoman, Maria de Jesus de Braganza. He had no children and was succeeded by his cousin, the Prince of Braganza.

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

By MANUEL B. RICARD

The five Croatians accused of murdering a judge in California in 1972 are being tried for their role in the incident. The accused, known as the 'Croat Skyjacker,' were originally charged with the murder of Judge Robert A. sigmoid, but the case was later transferred to federal court.

The trial began in late 1981 and has been ongoing since then. The defendants are charged with murder,kidnapping, and conspiracy to commit murder. They have pleaded not guilty to all charges.

The case has been complex due to the involvement of federal authorities and the nature of the crime. The defendants, all members of the Croatian community in California, have been linked to the Croatian National Revolutionary Movement, a group that has been involved in a number of other criminal activities.

The trial has been marked by a number of controversies, including the defense's attempt to introduce evidence of the Catholics' role in the incident. The defense has also sought to introduce evidence of the defendants' political beliefs and activities.

The trial is expected to conclude in the next few months, and a verdict is expected by the end of the year.

Answers to Weekly Quiz

Questions on Page 21.

1. The population was a 6 percent rate. It now stands between 7 and 8 percent. The increase in the population is due to an increase in the birthrate. A government agreement covering the current fiscal year.

2. The Office of Agency Data that provides financial assistance to states for federal work through the Social Security Administration.

3. The Committee of the Judiciary that has jurisdiction over the oversight of the Office of Management and Budget.

4. The Silvertown, the second New York City police officer who was killed in the line of duty last year.

5. The Wadsworth, a US merchant ship that was seized by the British in 1861.

6. The Wadsworth, a US merchant ship that was seized by the British in 1861.

7. The Silvertown, a US merchant ship that was seized by the British in 1861.

8. The Wadsworth, a US merchant ship that was seized by the British in 1861.

9. The Silvertown, a US merchant ship that was seized by the British in 1861.

10. The Wadsworth, a US merchant ship that was seized by the British in 1861.

11. The Silvertown, a US merchant ship that was seized by the British in 1861.

12. The Wadsworth, a US merchant ship that was seized by the British in 1861.
For Them It’s the Most Special Time of All

The visions that dance in their heads may no longer be of sugar-plums, but to children, the spirit of innocent joy endures... in the tentative first breath 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.

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News Summary

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1962

Donor to Fund For the Neediest Once Got Its Aid

BY ALFRED E. CLARY

A grandniece who has her husband’s personal history of philanthropy, Mrs. Alfred E. Clark, died in New York last Thursday, December 6, in the 87th annual of age. A daughter of Mrs. Alfred E. Clark, who was a native of New York City, died in 1913.

Previously recorded $30,000,000

Total $30,000,000

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INTERNATIONAL

Taira Fakali, a second Prime Min-
ister of East Asia, was a prominent
figure in the Taira family, one of the
most influential families in Japan at the end of the Heian period.

CHINA IS MAKING A MAJOR IMPROVEMENT IN ITS PRIMARY EDUCATION SYSTEM, IN WHICH THE GOVERNMENT IS INVESTING SIGNIFICANT RESOURCES.

Institute of Chemistry has a long tradition of research and innovation, and it has contributed significantly to the development of chemistry worldwide.

Primo De Luca, a prominent Italian football player, has been awarded a prestigious award for his contributions to the sport.

Metropolitan

The New York City Police Department, assisted by the Metropolitan Transit Authority, arrested more than six people accused of looting and vandalism during the final hours of the night. The police department said it was responding to a series of recent incidents involving illegal activities.

Index

International

Religious Affairs:

British Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau announced he will not seek re-election in the upcoming general election. Trudeau has been in office since 1968 and has led the country through several major events, including the 1971 war in Afghanistan.

Business/ Finance

The stock market continued its upward trend, with the Dow Jones Industrial Average rising 37 points to close above 1,000. The Nasdaq composite index also gained 21 points to set a new record high.

Quotation of the Day

"Life is what happens when you’re busy making other plans." - John Lennon

---

Editorials/Comment

An article in The Times comments on the situation in Africa, focusing on the ongoing conflict in the region and the role of external powers.

 ---
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 tentative 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?
Kervin’s - Lovell’s - J
Alden Whitman
and C. Pound’s death.
% of Best Sellers a lively death.
A. - “Roots” vs. C.S.’s earlier
a + modestly.

Use
Hem - Thaxt - Hein
Yelesias
Asquith
Buxton

MacDonald
’71 & Hills
Kerally & Kolka
McGuane & Robbins
animal (s)
Dark Lady
Jack Olsen

Author + author
Read “To Live”

Encomium 503-6924
Valentine

1:30 Bayshore Inn - roast beef

poignant
piquant
grave notes
epiphany
ephesia
rasp
Watergate view y. 8/74.
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
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. 21, 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

Juan Doe

USA
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. 21, 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,

[Signature]

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,

[Signature]

USA
28 February 1977

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
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.
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 Mantell
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
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,

[Signature]

Suzanne Mantell
Editor

SM:nvb
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 "only 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
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 excerpt from his most recent book, Utopian America.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Cordially,

Ann J. Nelson
Agent
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
Agent
Suzanne Mantell
Editor
ECCLETTER
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
Agent

November 1, 1976
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 whimsy, 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
Agent
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, 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 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 Martell turned it back to us when the publication died.

Also would suggest you might send him a copy of the NY Times passport issue, 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.
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
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 in us. I am returning his samples, with thanks.

Sincerely,

Susan Ferris
Features Editor
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.
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:

313-964-4442 = fran clark - 643-704

--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 Dishman, 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
Beverly Hills 4603
sample lead for: "To my mother, who bravely put up with my owls..."

Anyone unmerriy 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 memorial 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....
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 Mere 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 "only 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 Wye'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 1937 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-imaginatively-dedicated-to probably belongs to the late Pascal Covici of Viking, dedicates 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
November 27, 1976

Dear Mr. Dorig,

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

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

Mr. Dorig,

Seattle

With warm regards,
Yours sincerely,

M. Robert Murphy
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 (Mrs)  
Foreign and Subsidiary Rights
Mr. Ivan Doig,  
17021-10th Avenue N.W.,  
Seattle,  
Washington 98177,  
U.S.A.

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" from about 1880 to approximately 1940. Whether the editor remained constant, as it was revised by someone else, I cannot say.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

Norman Lambert

26th November 1976
The Bodley Head Ltd
9 Bow Street
Covent Garden
London WC2E 7AL

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT MAY BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

The 'APSLEY' Air Letter
A John Dickinson Product
Form approved by the Post Office (United Kingdom) No. 1.

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