p. 99 -- Edwin Arlington Robinson, self-publishing his book of poems THE TORRENT AND THE NIGHT BEFORE, had this dedication: "Printed for the author MDCCXCVI. This book is dedicated to any man, woman or critic who will cut the edges of it -- I have done the bottom."
Caldo Largo is the sort of novel that makes one wish to visit a place. A part of Gulf Coast Texas I had never thought about became felt experience for me. Like some of B. Traven’s novels, such as The March to The Monteria, it allowed me to feel vicarious love, an affection for people I would not ordinarily get to know as a tourist.

When A Garden of Sand first appeared in hardcovers in 1970 it was dedicated to Nelson Algren who, the author modestly pointed out, “doesn’t know me from Adam, and so should not be held responsible.” Thompson was probably inspired by his master’s lack of proper academic decorum and devotion to the down and out, but Thompson’s own energy, the variety of his interests, richness of invention—only barely suggested in the story elements I’ve paraphrased—are unique, wonderful.
end around midnight, December 20, in a fracas initiated in Elaine's restaurant by The New York Post's "Blood and Guts," Steve Dunleavy. In the intervening two months there was never a dull moment. I am still shaking the kaleidoscope to get a clear pattern of what I saw.

One aspect of my tour was foreshadowed by Congressman Larry McDonald's speech on October 18. The youngest member of the National Council of the John Birch Society, his opening words were: "Mr Speaker, a notorious agent of the Soviet KGB, the Australian writer Wilfred Burchett, is scheduled to enter the United States tomorrow to start a lecture tour of American cities and campuses. . . . " The Hearst press took the cue and greeted me with standard editorials usually headed, "Red Agent On Campus," as my coast-to-coast trip gathered momen-
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The Dedication of Books

Doubleday is the publisher of what Singer calls his "spiritual autobiography": "A Little Boy in Search of God" and "A Young Man in Search of God," the latter published in March of this year.

The Nobel Prize for Literature, worth $165,000 this year, will be formally presented to Singer at a ceremony in Stockholm in December.

After the Times Strike: A Look At Reviews and Reviewers

As the lengthy strike at the New York Times appeared to be winding down, PW had two questions about what is generally considered the country's most influential consumer review medium: When publication is resumed, what will happen to the books published during the strike that would ordinarily have been reviewed? And, what has been happening to the men and women who would have written those reviews?

"We are not going to lose any of the major books," declared Harvey Shapiro, editor of the Sunday Book Review, "and we will be able to give them feature space. A book that would have been the subject of a cover will be treated inside but it will have space instead of a brief summary. We will be able to pick up the noteworthy books of September and October—not many appeared in August with the exception of the Schlesinger biography of Robert Kennedy—and run them along with the current books in the first issue.

Shapiro—who has made up standby issues when it seemed that publication would be resumed, and then scrapped them—said he had informed the advertising department that he had enough material to fill a 112-page issue, the size of last year's Christmas edition, fattest in the paper's history. For mechanical reasons, an issue cannot exceed that.

"We feel an obligation to writers and to good books. We don't want to lose the good book, particularly fiction. Nonfiction seems to make its way. But fine novels and good first novels have a precarious life under the best of circumstances. It is a great responsibility to see those books are not lost. For example 'A Good School' by Richard Yates had been scheduled for a cover. We can't let that book pass by.

On the daily Times, reviewers also hope not to let the important books pass by, said Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, "The period between Thanksgiving and Christmas, normally a slack time, will give us a chance to catch up with the September and October books. Of course, it may not work in practice as well as theory—publishers may fox us by publishing good books then."

The lives of those who write about books at the Times have altered, sometimes radically, since August 8, when the Newspaper Guild became one of the nine unions at the company to support the pressmen in their dispute with management. Those who write, edit and gather news at the Times, an agency shop as opposed to a closed shop, are not required to join the Guild. Most of those whose jobs are involved with books, however, are Guild members and have not continued to work for the Times during the strike.

Two exceptions are Lehmann-Haupt and Anatole Broyard, two of the three daily book reviewers. Lehmann-Haupt preferred not to comment on this issue. Broyard said, 'For me, the issue of the strike goes beyond economics and reaches into philosophical and psychological questions that are so complex they can't be reduced to a single statement.'

Both Lehman-Haupt and Broyard have been writing reviews for the Times news service and WQXR, a Times-owned station.

On the 17-member Book Review staff, Shapiro, who said he had been a member of the Guild until assuming his present position, is ineligible for union membership as editor. Ray Walters, an assistant editor, is not a member of the Guild. All other staff members have 'stayed out,' exploring new ways to earn an income. Most of the editors to whom PW spoke, like Richard Locke, deputy editor, have been writing essays, articles and reviews for various magazines. Locke has done reviews for the New Republic, and reviewers have also ventured into television and radio.

In connection with the "unexpectedly long vacation" imposed by the strike, Charles Simmons spoke of "the sense of loss of function," a feeling echoed by many. And he acknowledged the irony of having a book published while TBR is in abeyance; publication date for 'Wrinkles' (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), his third novel, is October 15.

Nona Balakian has been "exploring a new book," preparing for two literary juries on which she serves; working ahead on two "ambitious" reviews for the New Republic and Partisan Review; writing for the ABA Book Review; and beginning the editing of a special fiction issue of Ararat, the literary quarterly of Armenian-American authors. "I have missed the books, I have missed the people, I have missed the communication one needs in this work," Balakian says. "But it's been a wonderful occasion to clean house!"

Although Mel Watkins lost out on the three-week vacation he had planned in Greece, he says, has given him the chance to work on the novel he has always wanted to do. He had promised his agent 120 pages and when PW spoke with him he had completed 98 and figured he "could use another week" but would regret the time if it meant prolongation of the strike. Watkins has also written articles for New York magazine and has started work on a book for young adults for Nelson Rockefeller Publications based on the primitive African art in the Rockefeller collection.

'I have been pursuing my literary ambitions,' he repays. 'I am a long-time editor, and though he is the author of two books and a coauthor of others he has been "finding out how hard it is to write a book on a sustained basis." He is finishing up a "long overdue" book for Putnam on the history of small town life in America and estimates he needs two or three more years to finish it, but "wouldn't want the strike to go on that long." He has made three appearances on Channel 13's "Special Report" and has been asked by the station to present book news similar to that in his "Book Ends" column.

When Ross Lipsman decided "I have been having a wonderful strike!" She has been freelancing for a wide range of magazines, writing book reviews for such disparate periodicals as Quest '78, Natural History and Diversion, a magazine for doctors. She has also done reviews for "All Things Considered," the 90-minute newsmagazine on National Public Radio, and as a result was commissioned by Viva to write an article on National Public Radio.

George Woods, children's book editor since 1963, has not been having a wonderful strike. "I have been learning humility and breadth of mind," he confides. This stern process has been taking place for seven weeks in Allyn & Bacon's warehouse in Rockleigh, N.J. Woods points out that he is a picker, not a packer, "I fill invoices, from one book to case lots, for schools and colleges, and trundle a cart around filled with books. It is essential of National to be in jail. They blow a whistle for your 10-minute break in the morning, for your half-hour lunch and for your 10-minute break in the afternoon." During his breaks he reads textbooks and is careful when the whistle blows not to be trapped in the business or..."
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chemistry sections where the books are "very dull."

Woods doubts that TBR's children's book issue will appear on November 12 as scheduled. There would be too little time after the strike ends, he fears, to send out books to reviewers, receive copy and edit it.

Herbert Mitgang, publishing correspondent, has been concentrating on long pieces of writing: a 1500-word review of James M. Gavin's "On to Berlin" for the Times (of London) Literary Supplement; reviews for the San Francisco Chronicle; an essay on the late Ignazio Silone for Newsday's book supplement; and an article on the history of the Allied military government for American Heritage. He has also "kept going" on what he calls "a thinking man's thriller" and agrees, he says, with the wisdom that holds that all books take 10 years—eight for thinking and two for writing.

John Leonard, reviewer for the daily Times, has been appearing three or four times a week on Channel 13. "The rest has been magazine work—for anybody who calls up. Although everybody has been helpful, I have been assigned articles that it would not have occurred to me to write." Leonard summed up the reaction of many of the reviewers: "Books come into my house and I have no place to deposit my opinions. When a neat novel like Lauri Colwin's 'Happiness' comes in, you want to go out and shout to the world, 'Pay attention to this book!'"

**House and Senate Agree on Hikes in Education Funding**

House-Senate conferees, working down to the wire in the pre-adjournment rush to wind up Congressional business before the November elections, moved quickly to iron out differences in federal education funding bills that generally provide increases for book programs.

As this issue of PW went to press, the conference report had not yet been made public. But it appeared likely that work on the fiscal year 1979 Labor-HEW appropriations bill (H.R. 12929) would be completed before Congress goes out.

At this juncture, conferees had also agreed on legislation authorizing federal aid to elementary and secondary schools, adult education and impact for five more years—including laws relating to a new basic reading-writing-arithmetic skills program that would result in eventual cuts in impact aid. But the fate of bills creating a separate Education Department and a tuition tax credit for parents of college students still remained in doubt.

The approved appropriation measure contains increases for book and library programs over those voted by Congress for FY 1978 and those in the Carter administration budget. Although the increases just barely keep up with the rate of inflation, they are nevertheless considered something of a victory for education forces at a time when federal aid to education is coming under growing criticism.

Congress approved expenditures of $180-million for Title IV-B of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act for school library and learning resources. The House had voted $175-million for that program—an increase of 4.4% over the FY 1978 appropriation of $167.6-million. That was considerably less than the current rate of inflation. The conferees compromised with the $185-million figure voted by the Senate.

For library services under Title I of the Library Services and Construction Act, the House voted $60-million and the Senate $65-million—compromised out to $62.5-million in the conference bill. The appropriation the year before was $56.9-million.

Under the appropriation bill just approved, the National Institute of Education will get $94.820-million—down from the $97.5-million approved by the House and up from the Senate figure of $90.071-million.
$1,250 for the Updike

Reciently P.E.N. American Center sponsored a literary auction of manuscripts, first editions, letters and other memorabilia of authors and artists donated by its members. For those interested in the price, if not the value, of a literary reputation, the results were instructive though hardly definitive.

Signed manuscripts by living novelists generally drew the highest prices. These included the highest price paid during the evening — $1,250 for a typescript of John Updike's "Rich in Russia"; $350 for a signed typescript of an article by Saul Bellow on James Joyce's "Ulysses", $425 for a signed first edition of Robert Coover's first novel, "The Brunist", plus two typescripts of short stories; and $425 for the typescript of Kay Boyle's novel "The Underground Woman."

Several works by well-known artists brought relatively high prices, including $800 for an Alexander Calder drawing of Robert Lowell and $600 for two book designs by Edward Gorey. More surprising were the prices bids for photographs of authors, such as the $125 for an informal snapshot of Katherine Anne Porter on which she wrote, "This is the most unpleasant picture I ever saw of myself, and there have been a good many!"

Letters did well, but sometimes not as well as expected. An affectionate letter from Ernest Hemingway to his wife, Mary, complete with doodles, for example, brought $400, although the pre-sale estimate was $1,000-1,200.

Poets' manuscripts, considered the most desirable to collectors, also ran below estimates, but perhaps the biggest disappointment was the holograph MS. of Edward Albee's play "Counting the Ways," on which the experts placed a value of $4,000-$5,000 but which brought only $250.

Arthur A. Cohen, chairman of the auction for P.E.N., said afterwards that for a charity auction of a "disarticulated body" of materials representing the sensibilities of 50 different donors (as opposed to the collection of an individual), it was a success, and, not incidentally, netted P.E.N. about $15,000, which is earmarked for the organization's Needy Writers Fund and Freedom to Write Committee. He said the "extremes" of prices paid often reflected not who the writer was but who was collecting whom. Most of the bidding was done by individual collectors, agents of all the major rare book dealers and libraries and bookstores.

Little Magazine Scene

Bennington College has launched a new literary magazine called, of course, Bennington Review. The first issue, just out, includes stories by Frederick Busch and Joyce Carol Oates, an article on architecture by Richard Kostelanetz, a poem by John Updike and article on the blues by the late Stanley Edgar Hyman. The magazine is more lavish graphically than most literary magazines, with line drawings and full-color reproductions. The editor of Bennington Review is Robert Boyers, who is professor of English not at Bennington but Skidmore, and also editor of Salmagundi as well as author of studies of Lionel Trilling and F. R. Leavis. Walter Simon, editor of The Colorado Quarterly, published by the University of Colorado in Boulder also employs full-color reproductions.

In addition to the usual poems, stories and criticism, there is a section called Collector devoted to reproductions of the works of one artist, along with the price range of his work. Colorado Quarterly also has Bonus Issues, devoted to a single theme or writer; upcoming issues are planned on corporate art collecting and the previously unpublished poetry of Patrick O'Conner, who happens to be editor-in-chief of Popular Library. . . . A few years back, Daniel Halpern, the poet and editor of Antaeus, was planning to teach a course at the New School on neglected writers. The course fell through but the list he had compiled of his own favorites as well as those of others was published in Antaeus. Lists of Neglected Books of the 20th Century became a regular feature in the magazine; among the list-makers was World Bank president Robert McNamara, who suggested the Bible. The next step was, logically, to reprint some of the books themselves, which were out of print, thus Michael's subsidiary, Ecco Press, publishers of the American Poetry Series among other things. The first title was Paul Bowles's "The Delicate Prey." More followed, including Sybille Bedford's "A Legacy;" "My Sister's Hand in Mine," the collected works of Jane Bowles; "The Path to the Nest of Spiders" by Italo Calvino; and, just out, "The Sheltering Sky" by Paul Bowles. The next in the series will be Ford Madox Ford's "Provence." Susan Dwyer of Antaeus says there is no shortage of suggestions — including many from writers nominating their own books.

Oddments

The Before Columbus Foundation will sponsor an evening of "multi-cultural" poets reading from their works at Macmillan Hall, Columbia University on May 23 at 8 P.M.; admission $3. The Before Columbus Foundation is a small press and artists' collective set up to distribute small press books by writers working in cultural and linguistic traditions other than American... The 1978 Hans Christian Andersen medals for children's books have been awarded to Paula Fox, an American writer, and Svend Otto, a Danish illustrator. The medals are given every two years by the International Board on Books for Young People to an author and an illustrator; selections are made by a 10-member international jury of children's literature specialists. Paula Fox lives in Brooklyn and is author of "The Slave Dancer," published by Doubleday, which won the John Newbery medal in 1974, and other books. . . . It seems to be Woody Allen's year. His short story "The Kugelmass Episode" was the first prize winner in the O. Henry Awards. Second prize went to the late Mark Schorer; and third prize to Robert Henson. The 58th annual collection of the prize-winning stories, edited by William Abrahams, has been published by Doubleday. . . . Arlene Francis in her recently published autobiography listed in the index the names of all her friends, whether they had appeared in the book or not. Now Malcolm Forbes, wealthy publisher of Forbes magazine, has listed in the Dedication of his new book "The Sayings of Chairman Malcolm," the names of 2,281 of his most intimate Wrinds, the theory being that those mentioned will naturally want to buy a book dedicated to them.
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EDMUND WILSON didn’t give a damn who killed Roger Ackroyd, and mystery buffs have been harrying him at ever since, even bringing back his ghost to argue with him. Jacques Barzun is such a one. In "Murder Ink," that sprightly collection of odds and ends dedicated to the mystery reader and brought together last year by Dilyis Winn, Dr. Barzun repeated the point he had developed in an essay in "The Mystery Writer’s Art," edited by Francis M. Nevins Jr. Wilson, said Dr. Barzun, had been aiming at the wrong target in dismissing virtually all mystery fiction as trash.

For a detective story in book form is a tale, not a novel. Wilson, Dr. Barzun maintains, was mixing genres. "A tale is its own excuse for being. It doesn’t have to fill your well-stuffed mind still fuller and make it stuffer yet. A tale charms by its ingenuity, by the plausibility with which it overcomes the suspicion that it couldn’t happen. That is art." Dr. Barzun traces the tale, as opposed to the novel, back to the "Aboriginal Nights" and "The Decameron."

Everybody jumps on poor Wilson. You’d be amazed at the authorities that the scholars bring to bear to refute Wilson’s thesis. Everybody from Aristotle to Freud and Camus is marshaled. Research into the mystery story is considered a highly respectable academic discipline today; university presses publish alarmingly abstruse studies; the literature is enormous and ever-growing. There are those who will argue that America has produced only two completely original art forms: jazz and the hardboiled private-eye mystery.

Yet Wilson had a point. An awful lot of mystery fiction, past and present, is junk writing. (Of course, the same can be said of any fiction. A Dickens, a Dostoyevsky, a Tolstoy, a Melville come around with the frequency of half-inch pearls in oysters.) That applies to some of the major figures as well as to most of the minor ones. The incredibly popular Agatha Christie books have, often, ingenious plots, but the style of writing is singularly inept. Much the same can be said of the even more popular Erle Stanley Gardner, who contentedly wrote the same courtroom drama for decades. Ellery Queen is considered one of the supreme masters of the Golden Age, and exegeses today discuss him with the reverence of Augustine writing about St. John. But the Ellery Queen books live only by virtue of artificially ingenious plotting. The actual writing is a kind of cutesy kitsch. Who today, aside from the addicts, can read an R. Austin Freeman with any enjoyment? A Craig Rice? A Rinehart?

Fortunately, hardly anybody writes in that style today. The classic mystery, the locked-room puzzle, the little-gray-cells type of detective, the great eccentric investigators have virtually vanished. The romantic Gothic, it is true, still flourishes, but nobody takes that seriously. The swing today is toward a reflection of society. Mystery writers are much less solipsistic than they were, much more concerned with the world at large.

That disturbs the purists. Dr. Barzun, for one, does not want psychology, philosophy, sociology and any elements of "the novel" in his mystery books. He wants detection. But he is fighting a rearguard action. All the arts in the atomic age have been colored by the fact that all of us in the world are in the same boat, that we can be vaporized all together. Composers write about Hiroshima, artists draw doves of peace, poets are into politics.

Similarly, mystery writers have come out into the real world. During the Nixon Administration and the Watergate period, there were many mystery books (using the term in its widest sense to include espionage and suspense novels) about the machinations of

Continued on Page 33

The Blurb and I

BY WILLIAM COLE

THE word "blurb" is said to have been coined in 1897 by the humorist Gelett Burgess, as the Oxford English Dictionary says, "in a comic book jacket embellished with a drawing of a pulchritudinous young lady whom he facetiously dubbed Miss Belinda Blurb." The dictionary goes on to quote Mr. Burgess: "... fulsome praise; a sound like a publisher."

The word has a nice, wet ring to it and has become more a part of the language than Burgess’s other coinages, "bromide" and "goop."

In publishing we don’t call book-jacket copy a blurb. It’s "front-flap copy." The usual meaning of blurb is a commendatory quote about a book from a prominent person. Blurs do not just come about; they are secured. The theory is that if a famous author says another author is terrific, the public, sheeplike, will line up to buy the book in question. Under what circumstances will a famous author puff the work of a contemporary? If he’s a close friend, he most certainly will. If he’s an acquaintance, he might. If he’s just satisfied, he probably will want to say so. The combination of being on the right side and seeing your name in print is irresistible. Also, writers are surprisingly generous and interested in the work of other writers.

I spent 15 years doing publicity for two large publishers — Alfred A. Knopf and Simon & Schuster — and part of my job was to get blurbs. Months before publication of a book, I would get from the author a list of important people he knew or admired. I’d add my own suggestions to this list, and we’d shoot off galley proofs. Not a great number, usually, because galley proofs are expensive. But on a big book, the sky was the limit. In a few weeks, blurbs would come back; a few, or many, depending on the book. There were certain writers we knew were always good for a blurb: Louis Untermeyer would always come through — poetry, fiction, humor — whatever, he’d send a well-turned commendation. Elizabeth Bowen was particularly generous to young novelists who showed any talent at all. Encomiums by these two appeared so frequently that eventually they lost all value. Long before I was involved in the book world, there had been a famous Untermeyer blurb that served a book amazingly well. In 1943 Knopf published Walter Benton’s "This Is My Beloved," made up of rather steamy diary entries of a poet remembering his lost love. The sentence in the Untermeyer blurb that sent the book off to a good start was "I certainly do not find these poems pornographic." (And they aren’t — by today’s standards.)

Sometimes a request for a blurb backfired. I wrote to Dr. A. A. Brill, Freud’s translator, asking for a comment on a book of popular psychology. The good doctor replied: "I do hope that psychologists know more ‘Why We Act as We Do’ than is presented in this book. I see nothing in this book I could recommend to anyone who seeks knowledge about his acts. Hence, I’d rather not be quoted. Thanks very much for sending it."

When I was at Knopf I was the first, I believe, to create what I call the portmanteau blurb. We were reissuing Ford Madox Ford’s "The Good Soldier," I wrote a statement to which I asked prominent literary figures to subscribe. The statement read: "Ford’s ‘The Good Soldier’ is one of the fifteen or twenty greatest novels produced in our century."

Fifteen important writers, including Conrad Aiken, Louise Bogan, Graham Greene, John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate and William Carlos Williams, signed their names to it.

Later, at Simon & Schuster, I worked the same technique with the publication of "The Most of P. G. Wodehouse," which took place on the master’s 80th birthday.

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KATRINKA BLICKLE

“Ladies do not become doctors!” In the year 1892, after her seventeen years of genteel Georgian girlhood, Leslie Ann Bennett wasn’t surprised by the comment. She wasn’t stopped by it either. This “nicely researched romantic novel, replete with secrets” (Publishers Weekly) follows Leslie to Bellevue Hospital Medical College in turn-of-the-century New York; to the fever-ridden Cuba of the Spanish-American War; through a trio of romances that climax in shattering violence; to a moment when only one man, and one decision, can turn Leslie’s dark beginnings into an unclouded, happy ending. $8.95

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DARK BEGINNINGS

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MULTIPLE CHOICE

THERE WILL BE A ROAD

THE NEW YORK TIMES

BOOK REVIEW

July 23, 1978

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Movie

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Unified scene — his ability to hold its real and apparent meanings in suspension — with the standard Hollywood practice of editing everything, and by careful emphasis marking out each moment's significance, in a way that almost "scores" the viewer's response. For example, the kitchen scene in "The Magnificent Ambersons," between Tim Holt and Agnes Moorehead, where "the real action is the suppressed anxiety of Aunt Fanny, secretly in love with Eugene Morgan, as she tries with feigned indifference to find out if George and his mentor traveled with Eugene," and the "pretext action — George's childish gluttony — which floods the entire screen... is deliberately insinuated. The whole scene is shot at medium-range, without meaning-laden close-ups, and with none of its ironies forced. Mr. Welles never became a traditional editor, but, as Bazin observes, he was compelled in later films to rely increasingly on rapid cutting as a way of drawing attention away from poor sets or bad actors.

For Bazin's old book (published in France in 1950, revised in 1958), Truffaut has written a foreword that adds some common-sense observations (the low-angle shot would have come naturally enough to a man trained in the theater: it puts the audience below stage-level) and some epigrams (Mr. Welles makes films with his right hand and with his left: "In the right-handed films there is always snow, and in the left-handed ones there are always gunshots"). He also defends "Rosebud," which seems to him "as good as Ali Baba's 'Open Sesame.'" Both critics regard Mr. Welles as a romantic ironist and, more grandly, as a Byronic desperado, hunted through the deserts of this world by patrons and creditors, by women and film festivals. This view of him reaches its apotheosis in Eric Rasmussen's description of the title character in "Mr. Arkadin" as "an earth-shaking god," in one passage of a deep Frenchness which Bazin quotes at length.

For Bazin, the blackest of Mr. Welles's villains has a mysterious duality and can always enchant Welles in spite of his best liberal intentions. He writes of "The Third Man": "It is significant that [Welles] played Harry Lime without false hair or makeup. As he appeared in the doorway with his coat collar turned up, he gave the impression of stepping directly out of his own life... Personable bandit, in tune with the disillusioned romanticism of the period, archangel of the sewers, outlaw prowling the zone dividing good from evil, a monster worthy of love, Harry Lime/Welles was, in this case, more than a character: he was a myth." This splendid encomium ignores the fact — which Bazin may not have known — that Harry Lime was an equally representative creation for the writer of "The Third Man," Graham Greene. But as usual, Bazin's eloquence does not allow us to object for long.

Taken as a whole, the French response to Orson Welles reminds one a little of the French response to Poe. It involves the same mixing of the wayward genius for the thoroughly self-conscious rebel; and for the persistence of the mistake we can thank the foreignness of a foreign language. Apart from his early masterpieces, "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons," and the Shakespeare adaptations — which were otherwise handicapped — Mr. Welles has worked from scripts of the very humblest order. When we hear the dialogue of "Touch of Evil," we know that the off-reality is mostly inadvertent, and knowing this affects our experience of the film. The French, on the other hand, can have their experience pure. The stilted talk, the violent action, the weird southwestern setting, the unbeatable fat and repulsive Welles, the extraordinary editing of the final sequence all are felt at a remove, and therefore seem all of a piece.

James Naremore's study, "The Magic World of Orson Welles," can be read as a counter-irritant to Bazin and Truffaut. Inevitably, he lacks the brilliance of the former and the contagious enthusiasm of the latter. But he argues persuasively against those who praise Mr. Welles as a great respecter of the viewer's freedom. Perhaps Bazin was led into this error by his theoretical distinction between "image" and "reality." Welles was good, reality was good, so Welles must be with the party of reality. Mr. Naremore shows, on the contrary, what a powerfully distorted universe Mr. Welles built up for "Citizen Kane," and how narrowly determined is the viewer's sense of it — most of all in the deep-focus shots, which for Bazin were a touchstone of "reality." In short, Mr. Naremore takes us back again to Mr. Welles's sources in Expressionism, and by implication suggests that the scenes about which Bazin wrote so well were exceptions to the rule. He has done a fair amount of detective work, and made some discoveries: enough to dispel forever the report that Mr. Welles's only preparation for "Citizen Kane" was to see "Stagecoach" several dozen times.

More about Orson Welles, including an excerpt from Pauline Kael's splendid essay, can be found in the Leo Braudy and Morris Dickstein anthology "Great Film Directors." There is material on 22 other directors, and the book weighs a ton: it should beat all of its competitors — it can surely sink them. But for the reader whose wish is to know what film criticism can be, the best advice is still to get all of Bazin, and read him.

Nude Male

Continued from Page 14

of minority publics to place their interests at the center rather than at the periphery. These are serious matters that must be addressed by any revisionist study of history. Unfortunately, "The Nude Male" is not a new interpretation of art history so much as it is another sensational pop-psych analysis conceived to satiate the cultural appetite of new publics mainly educated through the news media. Historians are already arguing the validity of psychohistory, which grafts Freudian analyses onto the biographical study of historical personages. Some vague ideas about psychohistory are certainly involved in the generalizations offered in "The Nude Male." A genuine study of the manner in which sexual attitudes continue to influence and transform the depiction of the nude would certainly be valuable. But "The Nude Male" is hardly more than calculating cultural exploitation cleverly aimed at an expanding market for soft-core art history.
...continued from Page 3

day (it turned out to be his 79th — we'd misfigured, as had he). I wrote a tributary statement about the pleasure he'd given and mailed it to just about everyone important in the English and American literary worlds. To each person I sent a stamped reply envelope and a card — with a statement on it — to sign. Where I really got clever was to put a return stamp — bought from a stamp dealer — on the requests sent to England and France. (I even sent a Cuban one to — guess who — that didn't come back.) The statement, along with the signatures of the tributors, was published as a large advertisement in The New York Times on Plum's birthday. Among the 79 names (a coincidence) were W. H. Auden, Agatha Christie, Graham Greene, Aldous Huxley, Gypsy Rose Lee, Cole Porter, James Thurber, Lionel Trilling and Rebecca West.

Some day, when that Ph.D. thesis “The Blurb in American Publishing” gets published, I think I will deserve a footnote as the creator of the anti-blurb. In 1963 I published an essay-anthology — from the heart — titled “A Cat Hater’s Handbook, or The Allurephobe’s Delight.” Working from early galleys, I secured statements against my book from five prominent writers of cat books. Jean Stafford commented:

“The mind boggles at Mr. Cole’s malice and misinformation. He plainly does not know a cat from a kite.”

And Lloyd Alexander helped with:

“As a member of the anti-cat lunatic fringe, William Cole writes with the same enlightenment and respect for facts as Cotton Mather.”

These comments appeared on the back of the jacket, embel-
lished by red claw marks supplied by the book's illustrator, Tomi Ungerer.

Suburbia is You - help me - and I'll -help you country, where blurs are traded around quite predictably, among Hollywood and Broadway memoirists, gossip columnists and celebrities, homosexuals, blacks and women's liberation novelists. You can't believe in Webster's Day says. Sometimes there are reasons for blurs that can't be seen with the naked eye. A few years back I received a first novel slathered with blurbs from S. J. Perelman, Mort Sahl, Zero Mostel, Richard Burton and other luminaries. The author was compared to S. J. Perelman (not in his blur, however), Richard Burton and Nathanael West. I noted this, and queried, how come? It was a so-so book, in my book. Months later I met one of the blurbers (that's a word in Webster's Day) and found that the author in question, aside from being a fine fellow and vice president of an important movie company, had been dying of cancer at the time the blurs were requested.

Groucho Marx gave good blurb (that usage is not in Webster's). I don't have it before me, but as I recall, he did one that went, "I've been laughing ever since I picked up your book. Some day I'm going to read it."

It was always a pleasure to send a book to Marianne Moore and a delight to get her reaction. Her prose was so quirky, so convoluted, so much her, that I wasn't always sure whether she was for or against the book. Once I misinterpreted one of her sentences; I thought she was for the book, and she was basically against it. I ran the statement, along with others, in a news release. Later, at a party, she told me that I had been mistaken, and days later I got a postcard from her: "Dear William, Do nothing about the book. I think it is too troubled a book to praise over-much but let any help from me stand."

On another occasion I sent her a book of Frank O'Connor stories with a note saying that I wasn't seeking comment, that I just wanted her to have the book. She replied, "I thank you, Mr. Cole, for caring to give me the book without imposing a tax of cogitated gratitude."

"Cogitated gratitude." That sound even better than blurb.

---

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(TECHNICAL SERVICES) POSITION NUMBER LP.23

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**OBJECTIVE:**

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**EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR**

The Medical Library Association, an organization of international scope, representing health sciences librarians and institutions, is seeking an Executive Director. Responsibilities include Support for conferences, symposia, refereed, personnel management, and financial and convention planning. Applicants should have experienced, communication skills, at least five years of significant administrative experience, as well as involvement in association management. Library background or comprehension of issues in health sciences librarianship desirable. Salary commensurate with background and experience. Deadline for application: September 30, 1978. Send resumes including the names of three references to:

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Medical Library Association
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Best Sellers

FICTION

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<tr>
<th>This Week</th>
<th>Last Week</th>
<th>Weeks On List</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>1</strong></td>
<td><strong>2</strong></td>
<td><strong>3</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CHESAPEAKE</strong>, by James A. Michener. (Random House, $12.95.) Four centuries of Maryland's Eastern Shore.</td>
<td><strong>1</strong></td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>SCRAPLES</strong>, by Judith Krantz. (Crown, $10.) A woman's rise in the fashion world.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>20</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>BLOODLINE</strong>, by Sidney Sheldon. (Morrow, $9.95.) Love and high-finance intrigue on three continents.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>24</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>THE HOLCROFT COVENANT</strong>, by Robert Ludlum. (Putnam's/Richard Marek, $19.95.) Nazi scheme to found a Fourth Reich.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>16</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP</strong>, by John Irving. (Henry Robbins/Dutton, $10.95.) Comic, extravagant novel about son of famous mother.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>STAINED GLASS</strong>, by William F. Buckley Jr. (Doubleday, $8.95.) CIA super-hero Blackford Oakes fights another cold war battle.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>9</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>THE LAST CONVERTIBLE</strong>, by Anton Myrer. (Putnam's, $19.95.) Five Harvard classmates through World War II to middle age.</td>
<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>ILLUSIONS</strong>, by Richard Bach. (Delacorte/Eleanor Friede, $6.95.) Messiah barnstorms Middle America.</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE SILMARILLION</strong>, by J. R. R. Tolkien. (Houghton Mifflin, $10.95.) Middle-earth in pre-Hobbit days.</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE HUMAN FACTOR</strong>, by Graham Greene. (Simon &amp; Schuster, $9.95.) Spy novel with the Greene touch.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>18</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>EVERGREEN</strong>, by Belva Plain. (Delacorte, $10.) Jewish immigrant woman's rise from Lower East Side poverty.</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>THE WOMEN'S ROOM</strong>, by Marilyn French. (Summit Books, $10.95.) A woman's rough road to liberation.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MORTAL FRIENDS</strong>, by James Carroll. (Little, Brown, $10.95.) Irish immigrant clams his way to power in the Boston political jungle.</td>
<td>9</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>FINAL PAYMENTS</strong>, by Mary Gordon. (Random House, $8.95.) After her father's funeral, a Queens girl comes to terms with herself.</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
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The listings above are based on computer-processed sales figures from 1,400 bookstores in every region of the United States.

FOOTNOTES

The expected has happened. "Chesapeake," James A. Michener's novel about Maryland's Eastern Shore, has made the Best Seller List the week of its publication. This isn't a new feat for Mr. Michener. Every one of the half-dozen novels he has published since 1951 has had a long run on the list — some of them for well over a year. In the case of "Chesapeake," his accomplishment is especially remarkable — it takes the number 1 spot on its first ap-

Editors' Choice

ILLNESS AS METAPHOR, by Susan Sontag. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95.) A powerful attack on the attitudes we adopt toward sickness in our writing and thinking.

IN PATAGONIA, by Bruce Chatwin. (Summit Books, $8.95.) A richly storied journey through a semi-arid section of South America.

PRODIGAL FATHER, by William M. Murphy. (Cornell University Press, $27.95.) A detailed biography of John Butler Yeats, father of William and Jack, and a considerable man and artist in his own right.

SANATORIUM UNDER THE SIGN OF THE HOURGLASS, by Bruno Schulz. Translated by Celina Wiewiowska. (Walker, $8.95.) The first English translation of this remarkable Polish-Jewish writer's second and last collection of stories — a dream world of striking, somber images.

TOLSTOY'S LETTERS, selected, edited and translated by R. F. Christian. ( Scribner's, 2 vols., $18.) More than 600 letters that open up a panoramic view of the man, his outlook and his age.

THE WORLD WITHOUT THE WORD, by William H. Gass. (Knopf, $14.85.) Dazzling, contrary essays propounding the theory that literature has no end but itself.
Best Seller List

Fiction

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Last Week</th>
<th>This Week</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>TRINITY, by Leon Uris. (Doubleday, $10.95.) The Troubles in Ireland over the years by a compelling storyteller.</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>SLEEPING MURDER, by Agatha Christie. (Dodd, $3.95.) Miss Marple's last case; Agatha's best.</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>STORM WARNING, by Jack Higgins. (Holt, $5.95.) Salty W. W. II adventure of Nazis at sea.</td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>RAISE THE TITANIC, by Clive Cussler. (Viking, $3.95.) Thriller about doing just that.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>SLAPSTICK, by Kurt Vonnegut. (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence, $7.95.) Whimsical futuristic fantasy about a pacificist President, etc.</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>CHILDREN OF THE INNOCENT, by Taylor Caldwell. (Doubleday, $10.95.) Caldwell in top storytelling form, heavy on the ideology.</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>THE USERS, by Joyce Haber. (Delacorte, $3.85.) Glossy Hollywood keyholder with real-life and guess-who characters.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>WATERGATE, by John Gardner. (Knopf, $10.) Two obstinate Yankees locked in a classic struggle and &quot;Down These Mean Streets&quot; by Piri Thomas.</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>THE AUTUMN OF THE PATRIARCH, by Gabriel García Márquez. (Harper &amp; Row, $10.) Bizarre allegory about a larger-than-life dictator.</td>
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General

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Last Week</th>
<th>This Week</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>ROOTS, by Alex Haley. (Doubleday, $12.50.) One man's family; important novel.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>PASSAGES, by Gall Sheehy. (Dutton, $10.95.) Helpful study of mid-life crises.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>YOUR ERRONEOUS SELF, by Wayne W. Dyer. (Funk &amp; Wagnalls, $8.95.) Breezy self-help pep talk.</td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>BLIND AMBITION, by John W. Dower. (Simon &amp; Schuster, $11.95.) Surprisingly informative &quot;inside Watergate&quot; memoirs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER OVER THE SEPTIC TANK, by Erma Bombeck. (McGraw-Hill, $6.95.) Humorous comes full circle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>THE HITE REPORT, by Shere Hite. (Macmillan, $12.50.) Interviews revealing women's attitudes toward sex.</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>ADOLF HITLER, by John Toland. (Doubleday, $14.95.) Detailed life of the Führer with much new information.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>LETTERS OF E. B. WHITE, edited by Dorothy Lobrano Guth. (Harper &amp; Row, $13.50.) Generous sampling of a quirky, funny, humane, truculent mind.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>BLOOD AND MONEY, by Thomas Thompson. (Doubleday, $10.95.) True-crime account of some Texas murders.</td>
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Book Ends

Censorship. The "red-hot center" of book censorship—action these days is in the schools and especially the school libraries. Incidents of books being removed from library shelves because some self-appointed group finds them objectionable are on the rise, although statistics are hard to come by, since many cases are handled sub rosa. A school superintendent, hearing an objection to a book, will simply tell the school librarian to take it out, rather than make a fuss that might awaken further sleeping dogs in his community; the librarian, who is afraid of losing his job, accedes to the request. And so is the transaction of censorship consummated in the aseptic "quiet please" of the library.

One case that did draw public attention in the New York area was the action by the Island Trees School Board in July of last year that led to the removal of nine contemporary works of literature from the school library and their prohibition for classroom use. The books banned included Bernard Malamud’s "The Fixer," Kurt Vonnegut’s "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Down These Mean Streets" by Piri Thomas.

Recently, the New York Civil Liberties Union filed a class-action suit for the students and against the ban in the Nassau County Supreme Court. Executive director Ira Glasser and Kurt Vonnegut, who said he was expressing his "interest as an American citizen," not concern about sales of his books; local censorship actions result in "balkanization" of the society, he said. Robert Bernstein, president of Random House, and Simon Michael Beissel, senior vice president of Harper & Row, joked a bit about censorship resulting in increased sales. It stressed the harm that such actions have on the circulation of books and ideas in the country. One of the students, asked if he had read any of the proscribed books, said he had read "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "It was great." Mr. Vonnegut, a favorite target of censors these days, for reasons we don't dignify by repeating them here, looked mightily pleased.

Oddments. Our analyst tells us that a latent hostility to "How to Be Your Own Best Friend" caused us to focus up the authorship of "How to Take Charge of Your Life." The authors are, of course, Mildred Newman and Bernard Berkowitz, who wrote "H.T.B.Y.O.B.". . . . "How Jimmy Won," by Kandy Stroud is published by Morrow.
FREE MARRIAGE MANUAL ILLUSTRATED

Avant-Garde Media, Inc., publishers of such elegant, controversial, utilitarian and bewitching periodicals as Moneysworth, Avant-Garde and — especially — the late lamented art quarterly EROS, is pleased to announce the most generous magazine subscription offer in history:

If you will order a one-year subscription to Moneysworth, the wallet-fattening fortnightly that tells you how to get the most for your money (and most out of life), we will send you a LUSTFULLY FREE — a copy of the magnificent, thrilling, authoritative reference work Ecstasy: An Illustrated Marriage Manual, by Martin Shepard, M.D.

Ecstasy is an extraordinarily illustrated with pictures of couples demonstrating the various positions and postures of sexual intercourse. But the pictures are not pornographic. They are intended solely for educational purposes. They are not being offered to the thrills-raker; on the contrary, we will not knowingly send a copy of Ecstasy to anyone who indicates a desire for pornography (nor to anyone under 21). Our purpose in disseminating this work — free — is to help educate the American public on a subject about which it is abysmally ignorant: how to maximize sexual pleasure and fully appreciate the importance of a happy sex life to the overall health of the individual. For this reason, we have commissioned as author of Ecstasy, one of the nation's most renowned figures in the field of sex education, Martin Shepard, M.D. Dr. Shepard is a pioneering psychiatrist, revered clinician, sought-after lecturer, and author of a dozen best-selling works on interpersonal relations. He has been consulting psychiatrist at the New York State Family Court, attending psychiatrist at Mt. Sinai Hospital, psychiatric consultant to the New York City Board of Education and Department of Correction, and Director of Anths, the venerable New York psychological growth center. No man is better qualified to have written this book.

To Ecstasy, Dr. Shepard brings a profound humanity, vast clinical experience and keen understanding of the psychodynamics of sexual behavior. He has poured all of his considerable experience and wisdom into writing this book and, in the process, created a classic.

In addition to the information and advice conveyed by its pictures, Ecstasy will answer such questions as:

— Can an extramarital affair ever help keep a marriage going?

— What is the effect of marijuana on sexual pleasure?

— What is a "maxi" orgasm?

— Is there really such a thing as a nymphomaniac?

— How is the effect of powerful sexual excitement on the heart?

— How do homosexuals make love?

— How does someone overweight be turned to advantage in bed?

— Does female circumcision really help a woman to achieve orgasm?

— Volume 1 is snapped up by five million readers. Each day they send us glowing testimonial letters like these:

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3. Your recommendation that readers reduce orthodontic bills by having the work done at a university dental school saved me $1,350 on my daughter's teeth." — Bob G. Walters; Oxford Hills, Me.


5. We salute Moneysworth for its excellent report on our free sex-counseling-by-telephone service. As a result of it, we've received calls from all 50 of the United States — including Hawaii and Alaska — and even a few from Europe and Africa. — Community Sex Information Foundation; Boston.

6. Your write-up on income averaging for tax purposes saved us $1,100 this year. We didn't realize retirees could do this. Thank you, thank you, thank you!" — Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Long; Morse Bay, Calif.

7. Your article on how I've saved $15% interest paid by foreign banks has made it possible for me to retire in style. How can I ever thank you?" — Eric T. Svenson; Fallbrook, Calif.

8. Your news of how I've saved a fortune on investments have brought me, in a matter of months, $12,996 in profits, tripling my money. I assure you I shall be a Moneysworth subscriber for life." — L. Gray; Ypsilanti, Mich.

9. Your article "Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company" led me to discover four years of overcharges. I got a $1,593 refund." — Armand D'Irando; Bristol, Pa.


11. Your article "How to Fight a Traffic Ticket" saved me a $200 lawyer's fee and a ticket. I did exactly as you suggested: — taking pictures of the scene and double-checking the judge's name — and won in court." — W. Wendell; Hicksville, N.Y.

12. "Thanks to your article "How to Buy a New Car for $125 Over Dealer's Cost," I just bought a Chevy at a saving that I conservatively estimate at $350." — Rudy Grange; Anola, Iowa.

13. "Moneysworth is aptly named. To paraphrase Churchill, never have I paid so little for so much." — Dave Alperr; Pittsburgh, Pa.

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SALLY WILLIAMS talks to Dr A. L. Rowe, man in the middle of the Shakespeare controversy...

How dare you question the doctor?

Well, what is the meaning of the word? You always ought to look at words literally, if you can. Genius means a spirit. You are so far away, conversing with me, that you must mean that you are absolutely convinced that you can see things that other people can't.

And that is so in your case?

There are people who say so.

It is a gift.

It is a gift, it is not a power. I do not say I am a genius, I say I think I can see what I wish to see. And it is not any sort of power, it is just seeing what I wish to see.

The patient,

Is it a gift from God or from the devil?

I cannot tell you.

What do you think of your case?

I am not sure.

You are not sure?


Baiting

He insinuates that you have had many books and many newspapers that you have read and that you have read them all.

I have not read them all.

You have read many books and many newspapers.

Yes, I have read many books and many newspapers.

You have read many books and many newspapers, and you have read them all.

I have not read them all.

You have read many books and many newspapers, and you have read them all.

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I have not read them all.
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Even with the Freeze, RAND has grown. From 7 to 27 specialist branches in London alone. So that today we're one of the biggest job agencies in town.
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THE EDITOR

The Dark Lady: nature of historical proof

From Dr A. L. Rowe

Sir, I am delighted by your correspondents giving us more information about the prolific Bassano and Lanier families—on whom I am no authority and am glad to learn more. But I think Mr Spink (February 17) is right in thinking that there were two Emilia Laniers. The one who consulted Forman, ie, Emilia Bassano who married Will Lanier in 1593, was born about 1570—six years younger than Will Shakespeare. Forman describes William Lanier as a "minstrel": nothing more is known of him—no one described him as a court musician. But Emilia's son by the Lord Chamberlain, Henry Lanier, was briefly to Charles I.

Mr Spink's second Emilia, wife of Alfonso Lanier, belongs to this second generation, dying much later, in 1645.

I know nothing about the possibly Jewish origin of the Bassanos—this is not my subject—though it is not impossible. Forman tells us that Emilia Bassano was the daughter of Baptista Bassano, who died in 1576, and Margaret Johnson, who died in 1587. One must get every little fact right, and what Forman tells us is completely contrary to the parish register and Baptist Bassano's will.

We shall know a very great deal about Simon Forman, probably more than about any other Elizabethan, certainly more intimately, when my book about him comes out next year. He was, of course, not Jewish, but came from farming stock born at Quindhampton in the meadows just north of Salisbury.

In the absence of any other substantive points from the correspondence, I should like to sum up by stating what I regard as proof—after years of experience in dealing with Elizabethan documents. Few have this experience, and without it people's opinions on the matter are not likely to be of any value. The first necessity is for them to realise that—it would save them a lot of confusion in their minds.

The historian's proof convinces historians, where some people fail to see the decisive necessity of correct dating and its importance, along with the complete concatenation of circumstances, the chain of evidence which cannot be disputed at any point, let alone disproved.

In my original work on the Sonnets in 1964 I said that it would be found impossible to impugn the Elizabethian historian's account of the matter—and no one has ever been able to do so.

1. There is no reasonable doubt whatever that the young Lord of the Sonnets was the obvious person, the Patron, Southampton. There is complete coherence of all the facts known about him, his personality and circumstances at the time in these very years, pinpointed by the dating, 1592 to 1594-5. Yet there is no letter from Shakespeare to say so—we have no letters from him; and an Elizabethan historian, with intimate knowledge of how little has survived, knows that it would be silly to expect one.

In 1964 I cleared the way for the commonsense recognition of this, by pointing out the significance of the undoubted fact that Mr W. H. was the publisher's dedicatee, not Shakespeare's. This cleared up the needless confusion and showed that looking for a Mr W. H. as the young man within the Sonnets was just a mare's nest. Yet E. K. Chambers, Donald Wilson, and others wrote their books under this simple misconception. And the public in general still has not tumbled to the simple fact that Mr W. H. is not Shakespeare's man.

2. The logical status of the Dark Lady is the same as that of Southampton, ie, complete concatenation of circumstances, persons and dates.

The chain of evidence cannot be disproved at any point. But there is no letter from Shakespeare or his parts to say so. An Elizabethan historian with lifelong experience of documents of the time, and how to interpret them, would not expect one. The evidences are quite sufficient, and no disproof is possible at any point.

It is of course the answer. If it were not, disproof would be possible at some point or other. But it is impossible at any point in the whole of my work in elucidating the background to the Sonnets and this crucial period in Shakespeare's life.

When all the present fuss has died down it will be found that the foremost historian of the society of Shakespeare's Age has solved the problems of the Sonnets and opened a new era in our knowledge of him, for those capable of profiting by it.

I am most grateful to Mr Richard Buckler—creator of the unforgettable Stratford Exhibition in Shakespeare's Quatercentenary year—for his generous recognition of the fact.

Yours sincerely,
A. L. ROWSE
All Souls College, Oxford.
COURT CIRCULAR

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
February 19: Today is the Anniversary of the Birthday of The Prince Andrew.

The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh were present this evening at a Reception given by the Royal Asiatic Society at 56 Queen Anne Street, London, to commemorate the Society's one hundred and fifth Anniversary.

Her Majesty and His Royal Highness were received upon arrival by the Lord Mayor of Westminster (Councillor J. E. Guey) and the President of the Royal Asiatic Society (Mr B. W. Robinson).

The Hon. Mary Morrison, Mr Philip Moore and Squadron Leader Peter Beer were in attendance.

YORK HOUSE
ST JAMES'S PALACE
February 19: The Duke of Kent, Colonel-in-Chief of The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, left Heathrow Airport, London, today in an aircraft of The Queen's Flight to visit the 1st Battalion, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, stationed in Gibraltar.

Lieutenant-Commander Richard Buckley RN was in attendance.

The Duchess of Kent was present this evening at a concert at Flemings Hotel held in aid of the Nicaraguan Earthquake Disaster Relief Fund.

Miss Jane Pugh was in attendance.

The Queen will visit the Royal School of Artillery at Larkhill on Monday and later attend the Royal Artillery Hunt Point to Point.

Prince and Princess Richard of Gloucester will visit the Order of St John at John's Gate, Clerkenwell, on February 28.

The Duchess of Kent will attend the Mothers' Union thanksgiving service in York Minster on May 24.

Mrs Ian Skimming wishes to thank those who sent letters and flowers on the death of her husband, Major Ian Skimming. It is impossible to answer all the letters and she hopes that friends will accept this announcement as an expression of her deep gratitude.

Birthdays today
Most Rev George Appleton, 71; Mr Michael Ayrton, 52; Mr Stafford Bourne, 73; Mr W. A. Darlington, 83; Mr Peter Ford, 61; Sir Owain Jenkins, 85; Commander Dame Marion Katon, 75; Mr Cedric

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr A. J. Beavan and Miss D. P. Eaton
The engagement is announced between Alan, elder son of Mr and Mrs John Beavan, of Washington, Sussex, and Deirdre, only daughter of Mr and Mrs Vernon Eaton, of Radwinter, Essex.

Mr J. Blackwall and Miss F. Bemrose
The engagement is announced between John, elder son of Major and Mrs John Blackwall of Blackwall, Kirk Ireton, Derbyshire, and Fenella, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs F. Bemrose, of South Stich, Idridgehay, Derbyshire.

Mr J. G. Bean and Miss S. M. Beardsell
The marriage will take place shortly between James, son of Mr and Mrs Gawnill Bean, of Lennox Gardens, London, and Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and Susy, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas Beardsell, of Balcombe, Sussex, previously of San Isidro, Lima, Peru.

Mr P. Hammond and Miss B. L. Street
The engagement is announced between Peter, son of Mr and Mrs B. J. Hammond, of Brinningham, Norfolk, and Barbara Louisa daughter of Dr and Mrs W. J. Street, of Hulcot Manor, Hulcot, Milton Keynes, Buckinghamshire.

Mr R. W. Huband and Miss A. M. Dawes
The engagement is announced between Richard, son of the late Mr R. C. Huband and of Mrs R. M. Huband, of Lockers Park, Hemel Hempstead, and Anthea, younger daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Dawes, RA, and of Mrs S. D. Dawes, of The Limes, Compton, Guildford.

Mr A. B. Nicholson and Miss J. M. Bechley-Crundall
The engagement is announced between Andrew, son of Mr and Mrs John Nicholson, of Kidsdale, Whithorn, Wigtonshire, and Joanna, younger daughter of the late Mr Noel Bechley-Crundall and of Mrs Noel Bechley-Crundall, of Leghorn Cottage, Collingbourne Dux, near Marlborough, Wiltshire.

Mr T. Peters and Miss J. M. Holling
The engagement is announced between Timothy, only son of the Rev P. and Mrs Peters, of Crowshurst, Sussex, and Josephine, daughter of Mr and Mrs H. G. Holling, of Cawthorne, Yorkshire.

Dr J. F. G. Ross and Miss F. M. Hunter Gordon
The engagement is announced between John, eldest son of the Rev J. H. G. and Mrs Ross, of 40 Frogsden Road West, Edinburgh, and Frances Mary, younger daughter of Major and Mrs P. Hunter Gordon, of Ballindoun, Beauty, Invernessshire.
Sir, I have not joined in the interesting and diverting correspondence about Dr Rowe's book, partly because this seems a conundrum of slight practical importance, and because the points I would have liked to make were put with admirable wit and conclusion by Dr Henry Kamen (February 2).

But on February 20 Dr Rowe, in an amiable desire to please your readers thinking too much, and tiring their minds with matters they are pathetically incapable of understanding, is in danger of giving the impression that the Elizabethan age—never mind the Elizabethan historian—is exempt from the operation of the accepted laws of evidence and proof.

I am writing to assure your readers, and to remind Dr Rowe, that the requirements of proof do not vary from century to century, nor from discipline to discipline. Nor do they vary according to the abundance or the paucity of documents. If the documents do not exist to prove your case, it is no use saying that it is unlikely such documents exist, and he is a numskull who requires to see them.

As other correspondents have pointed out, all Dr Rowe has done is to show that there existed a woman, Emilia Lanier, who has physical characteristics make it plausible to suppose that she might have been (not was) referred to as the Dark lady, and that she moved in circles William Shakespeare may plausibly be supposed to have moved in. What he has not shown is (a) that she was the only woman who could possibly have had these not uncommon physical characteristics, (b) that anyone else referred to her as the Dark Lady, or (c) that Shakespeare ever knew her, or even met her. Until he has done at least one of these things, and preferably two, Dr Rowe cannot begin to call his case proved. As it stands it is not even an intelligent guess, just an idle surmise.

I agree that no one expects to find a letter from Shakespeare to Mrs Lanier, but there is nothing inherently impossible. Shakespeare must have written letters, probably hundreds of them, and though Dr Rowe bewails the fact that very little has survived from this age, here he is giving a false impression. A great deal has survived, though we would readily agree that much more has perished. However, his own discovery of Simon Forman's papers, in an archive as well-known as the Bodleian Library, shows that not all the surviving material has been thoroughly examined.

Yours sincerely,

J. P. KENYON,
Warden, Nicholson Hall,
University of Hull,
The Lawns,
Cottam, Yorkshire,
February 20.

From Mr F. Bloom

Sir, I am overwhelmed by Dr Rowe's equation: absence of disproof = impossibility of disproof = proof.

How much trouble philosophers and logicians could have avoided if this breath-taking piece of work had been made a few centuries earlier! Yours faithfully, F. BLOOM,
Kirkella, Wycombe Road,
Prestwood, Buckinghamshire,
February 21.
A new candidate for Dark Lady

From the Newsweek

Sir, I would hate to be ungenerous in trying to assess the value of Dr. Rowe's new publication of the Dark Lady's walls, though this would follow my own example, but I must say that I am considerably less spectacular work in Elizabethan literature. Nevertheless, the content, to say nothing of the style, of his latest excoration, evidently invites comment. Charging daily through all the chins in the shop laid out by other people, he presents us as compensation for the damage with a few fragments of his own stuck together rather haphazardly.

 Monday's article on the Dark Lady supposed many items directed to the thesis. All the same, it was undoubtedly true to notice the existence of Emilia Lanier, Dark, promisances, and other hard evidence and fund of music, she may well join the candidates for this publically honourable post of "dark lady." The evidence presented does not give her exclusive right. This lady's personality is not without other Elizabethans is well established. When we come to the proof for her relation with Shakespeare, as might be expected, we reach the thin ice. The sons were published in 1609. When the rest are actually written is still a matter for learned debate at least. So far as known is the best clue, seemingly, in the well-known sonnet: "Who hath ever seen from fair to, fairer grown? Whoever hath her wish, thou hast my". And Will to boot, and Will in overcoat.

There is nothing to oblige us to believe that he actually had dealings with Will, and not the one Will, any more than to suppose that the first, her husband, was in the habit of calling her for the second Will, her lover, were golfing together. I have so far reached the conclusion that the lady with all these Will was Emilia Lanier. Perhaps with the promised book of revelers on the way, we shall be obliged to accept this as more than a plausible hypothesis. It is hard for me to feel any certainty that Shakespeare was not acquainted with, or to him, or who ones, or how much, or whether. He always avoided his mistresses and mistresses. The best comment on the whole thing is probably, I feel, would probably be Mr Bernard Levin. Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS BULFINCH, EDJ.
Department of Historiography and Archives
English Province of the Society of Jesus
16 Mount Street, WI
January 31

From Dr. Harry Kamens
Sir, I want to pursue Dr. Rowe's scholarship and of his discovery, which may or may not be as he claims, must be compared to the discovery of gravitation. Being a scientist, it is my duty to point out that you and I do not know that you may or may not have this in mind, but to anyone who has no doubt be perfectly clear to others. The general acceptance of this new deals with Emilia Lanier's fascinating character at last and the fact that Dr. Rowe provide us with the faintest evidence that this really met or knew Shakespeare. I am not sure that there is only one solitary indication given of Mrs Lanier's love, and I am scarce a phrase is the source should say that "she is a lady who is very pretty". What hue was she at the time of writing his sonnet? I think you who have been keen calling "pretty" and "a lady of beauty", through his dedication do not describe her too? Why indeed does not take the sonnet's poem the song on the virginals, save on the old assumption that virginals are not instruments? Are there other elements of scholarship than Dr. Rowe's may well have found a "fine style" and "a notable economy", but his own "rigorous methods" will be a source of edification to many. Yours faithfully,

HELEN KAMEN
University of Warwick, Coventry, Warwickshire.
COURT CIRCULAR

CLARENCE HOUSE
February 1 Queen Elizabeth The Queen mother attended the concert in this evening at a Concert arranged by the Royal Academy of Music at St James's Palace.

Mrs Patrick Campbell-Preston and Captain Alastair Aird were in attendance.

Mrs Patrick Campbell-Preston has succeeded The Lady Elizabeth Basset as Lady-in-Waiting to Her Majesty.

KENNINGTON PALACE
February 3 The Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon, President of the British Lions Association, this morning attended a meeting of the executive committee at Headquar
ters, Buckingham Palace Road.

The Hon Mrs Will in attendance.

TRATTED HOUSE LODGE,
RICHMOND PARK
February 3 Princess Alexandra this afternoon opened the extension to Ruth Waring House, a day centre for elderly people sponsored by The Old People's Welfare Committee and the Lon
don Borough of Richmond.

The Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard was in attendance.

Birthdays today
Margaret Rose E. H. Farrand, 64, Mr J. Mc Farlane, 74; Sir Evan Jenkins, 70; Major-General F. M. Moore, 76; Sir John Close, 65; Lady Rose, 65; Col Reginald, 68; Sir Alfred White, 71.

University news
Oxford
The university is to elect, in a postal ballot by members of Con
gress, a new public orator. Mr Colin Hardie, fellow of Magdalen Col
cge, has held the post for one term and five years is required for the appointment to be
vacant. As for there have been four candidates for the post.

Dundee
Andrew A. McMillan, from the Scottish Horse and Hannon Path, has been appointed as a professor at the University of Dundee. He has been awarded a doctorate in literature by the University of Oxford.

25 years ago
From The Times of Monday, Feb 2, 1948
New constitution
From Our Special Correspondent
Khar, January 30, 1948—Malyas's new constitution was formally enacted this evening in the Pan
ternal Council, the two]. The President of the Council, who is also styled the Sultan of Malaya, was sworn in as the first King of the new Federation of Malaya.

Legal Notices

[Legal notices text]

Mr and Mrs The son of R. S. and G. S. and Mrs S. S. and Mrs S. S. and Mrs S. S. and Mrs S. S.
Dark Lady of the Sonnets

From McGowan's Speck

Sir, either there are two Emelia Laniers, or Dr. Rowe's theory needs to be modified, for during the period in question there was no William in the Lanier family of court musicians — that it to say, among the children of the musicians, Nicholas and John, who came to England about 1561. State papers refer to Emelia's husband as Captain Alfonso Lanier, a musician to Queen Elizabeth from 1594, who had died in Ireland and who died in 1613. This Emelia bore two children, Henry (coincidence?) and Uttalia, and was herself the author of a long poem Salve Deus Rex Iudaorum, published in 1611. To cut a long story short, she died in 1645.

Apart from the discrepancy in the husbands' names, the facts seem to point to one Emelia. It is difficult, admittedly, to explain how William and Alfonso can be the same man, though possibly William was an alias, or Will a nickname. (Or either Foreman or the State Papers are wrong.) Incidentally, although Alfonso or John Smart raised the possibility of Emelia being the dark-eyed lady of the Sonnets, while acknowledging at the same time that she was probably too old by then.

Yours faithfully,

IAN SPINK
Department of Music, Royal Holloway College, Egham Hill, Egham, Surrey.
February 12.

From Sir Anthony Wagner

Sir, Mr. Richard Hook (February 14) writes that it would be fascinating to know more of the family of Court Musicians. Emilia Bassano belonged and asks whether it can be shown with certainty that the B Brenta.

This is indeed likely, for Alonso Bassano, with his brothers Anthony, Guasper, John and John Baptist, Henry VIII, Valentine, Strozzi, Julius, Laurence and Zachary, and Paul, son of all, from the parts of Venice, were naturalized Englishmen among the pedegrees and arms of Anthony's grandson and namesake, who was involved in James II and Charles I, and were entered at the Heralds' Visitations of London in 1633 and his son, grandson and great grandson were heraldic painters in Staffordshire and were succeeded by Deputies in those parts to Norroy King of Arms down to 1741. Bassano described, I believe, still exist in England, Australia and South Africa. Of the branch descended from Baptista, to Emilia belonged, Dr. Rowe will in due course tell us more.

The Lanier family was from Roanyers, but associated with the Gaffarldelcro Court Musician family "from the Duke of Venice." Judith Lanier married Edward Bassano (1534-1650), Windsor Herald, who was also a miniaturist, writer on miniature painting, biographer for Charles I, calligrapher, and according to Ffugger, was the son of his age. In 1626 he followed Andrea Bassano as successor to one of the King's musical Instruments. His miniatures of James are in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Yours truly,

ANTHONY WAGNER, Garter King of Arms, College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, EC4. February 14.
COURT CIRCULAR

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

February 16. His Excellency Sayed Ahmed Saleh Bakir was received in audience by The Queen this morning. He presented the Letters of Recall of his predecessor and his own credentials as Ambas-
dador Extraordinary and Plenipo-
tentiary for the Democratic Repub-
lic of Sudan to the Court of St James's Palace.

His Excellency was accompanied by the following members of the Sudanese delegation: Mr. Hassan Yusuf El Hassan (Military), Mr. A. A. Bashir (Cultural Attaché), Mr. Mohamed Ahmed Mahmoud (First Secretary), Mr. Mustafa Abbas El Bashir (Second Secretary), Mr. A. A. Bashir (Assistant Cultural Attaché) and Mr. Abdulla El Hassan (Third Secretary).

Mr. Bakir had the honour of being received by The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh (Prime Minister Under-Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs), who had the honour of being present. The Gentlemen of the Guard and the Yeomen of the Guard were in attendance.

The Queen held a Council at 12:20 o'clock this afternoon.

There were present: The Right Hon. James Prior, MP (Lord President of the Northumber-
land) Mr. Stewart, Lord (Lord Privy Seal), Mr. Drumalbyn (Minister without Port-
folio), Mr. M. F. John (Minister for Colonial Affairs), Mr. J. J. J. Jimmy (Minister for Commonwealth Affairs), the Right Hon. Sir William Amis, MP (Home Secretary), the Right Hon. Sir Miled Stevenson, who had been pre-
viously Mr. President of the House of Commons, was sworn in Members of the House, and the Honorable Privy Council.

Sir Leslie Scarman (Lord Justice

Today's engagements

Cotton Car Show, British Palace Recreation Ground, 10.9 (and

Forum on Contemporary Music organised by Warwick University, Coventry Cathedral.

The forenoon service of St. Paul's, Lapps in Sweden, exhibition and colour cataloguing Museum, London Road, Pisek Hill, Forest Hill, London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, 10-96.

Tomorrow

The Hon. Michael Turnbull talks on Personal Unity, Vestry Hall, St George's Fields, Trafalgar

Mr. and Mrs. Colin

Monsieur and

Miss and

Mrs. and

Lady and

Mr. and

Mr. and

The Right

Mr. and

Mr. and

Mr. and

Mr. and

Mr. and
The Dark Lady

From Mr A. N. Wells

Sir, It is a very good thing for persons falsely accused of murder that courts of law do not accept proof of the kind adduced by Dr Rowse (February 20) for his identification of the Dark Lady. All his huffing and puffing cannot conceal the fact that there were a great many women about in London in 1592-94, of whom some must have been dark, a few at least also musical, among them one or two, perhaps, even acquainted with William Shakespeare.

Yours faithfully,

A. N. WELLS,
Battens Farm House,
Lambourn Woodlands,
Newbury, Berkshire.
February 20.

From Mrs Verna Kendall

Sir, I am delighted that you have printed Dr A. L. Rowse’s letter today. It is self-explanatory—except that he omitted to mention the name of “the foremost historian of the Society of Shakespeare’s Age”.

Yours sincerely,

VERNA KENDALL,
23 Margin Drive,
Wimbledon, SW19.
February 20.

Times
2-22-73
Around $56,000 million in circulation in the Euro-dollar market. Enough to keep a lot of very big borrowers happy.

Certainly the large multinationals, corporations. Their expansion internationally has been facilitated by a huge pool of readily convertible currency, of which the Euro-currency market forms an important part.

As the biggest international bank in Europe, Barclays International is, as you would expect, very much involved in the Euro-dollar market.

Example: a property company in the UK came to us recently, wanting finance for some important overseas projects.
Shall I compare thee to a God-like don?

By HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

Clearly Mrs Lanier could have been Shakespeare’s mistress. The only gap in Dr Rowe’s “rigorous method” is the lack of any evidence that she actually was. His “discovery” is, technically, only a conjecture: an intelligent conjecture based on solid archival work, perhaps a sound conjecture, but a conjecture still.

I confess that, much as I admire some of Dr Rowe’s work (but genius spurns such qualified admiration), I am of a different school of thought. I prefer grave and temperate irony to shrill claims and swashbuckling blows. I like to be shown the way, not bludgeoned blindfold along it. I prefer correct, clear prose to shouting impressionist colour, however vivid. I prefer Shakespeare’s words to Dr Rowe’s paraphrase of them. To tell the truth, I don’t care twopence who the Dark Lady was. Most scholars agree that she was somebody. To call her Mrs Lanier does not affect the quality of literature.

Naturally I do not expect him to agree with me, or with anyone else. Genius is lonely: it dwells on Olympus, feeding on its own nectar and nectar and nectar. If it descends occasionally to the plains to receive homage (and more solid tribute), or takes upon itself the burden of humanity to sojourn in All Souls and work in mortal libraries, it expects this condescension to be recognised. Dr Rowe would have gained recognition, but he is philosophical now. He sees the honours lists, sees the misguided peerages, notes the diversion of “my OM,” and things are no longer what they were. Why should he care? His fame, he knows, will outlive us all.

Anyway, the last word will be his, for does not he control the Book of Judgment—that great diary in which all our sins are nightly recorded? Even while the epicurean Fellows of All Souls purge away the relics of their minds with emollient drops of port, upstairs the virtuoso fans on the ever-wishing nib. “Don’t think you will get away with this,” he once wrote to an insufficiently reverent colleague (for, like God and His prophets, he expects virtue with uncritical devotion): “I have you filed.”

Dr Rowe was once a radical, with Messianic political aims. He longed to save this country. He once encamped in a crowded booksheEP. But his offer was spurned and so, this country having gone wildly to the dogs, he now uninterested in its fate: “I have now transferred myself,” he once announced in a clipped, raill, carriage, to a dollar base.” Now, seems, he has transferred himself back. I do not know how he would have saved us. Presumably he should have imposed him dictatorial powers, for he has never had much time for the compromises of real people, like the conventions of society. These are laws for fools, which genius can despise and outrage. However, I think that he would have liked to save one part of the country, not, of course, for the people, but from the people, for himself. For he loves Cornwall—indeed it could be cleared of its “idiotic people” and restored to its lost Tudor identity. Tudor Cornwall is a delightful book, a real scholar’s book, written from the heart, long ago.

In the end Dr Rowe is always a scholar, a sentient scholar. His scholarship may have been overlaid by the ineradications of an egoism, his sentence dulled by opulent fat, but neither has been extinguished. His claims will be ridiculed by the “second-rate Hercule” whom he has insulted. His style repels the fastidious. His diction and syntax may be utterly dry to many of us, because passengers or disintegrating college tables. But his critics had better be careful. In learning and scholarship they will not easily catch him out. Buried in mounting dress, the gold may still be found.
They will tell you about the help available for projects providing employment, in the form of capital removal costs and rent-free periods for Government factories. There are training new labour.

The Teams can also help you find the best location for your project. You detailed local information.

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To: The Industrial Expansion Team, Department of Industry, Millbank Tower, Millbank, London SW1

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Nature of Business ____________________________

Address _______________________________________

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The Areas for Expansion now cover the whole of Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, Northern and North-West England, Yorkshire and Humberside, some parts of the Midlands and much of South-West England.
Sir, It was fascinating to read Dr A. L. Rowe's description (The Times, January 29) of the cosmopolitan, artistic demimonde of the Elizabethan court gained from the Foreman papers. Presumably Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666), musician and picture scout for Charles I, was a relative of William and his girlfriend Artemisia Gentileschi (1593-1652-3), a member of that family of painters, a swarthy successor to the musical Emilia Bassano at court. Nicholas Lanier's father married Frances Galliadello, daughter of another of Henry VIII's musicians.

But what connexion has this with Shakespeare, other than providing a vignette of the sort of social and cultural world within which he must have moved? Dr Rowe castigates all his predecessors for their "conjectures" compared with his "rigorous historical and literary method". But from the evidence he presents in the article, two saucy puns of Will and some condescending assessments of status from the sonnets, there is little more than conjecture in his connexion of Shakespeare and Emilia. Italian women were common at Court, and appear to have been fair game for lusty artists.

Dr Rowe has appropriately suggested that this alley was a more likely revue for the bard than some of the pretentious, if some more chivalrous, avenues down which others have speculated. Given the careers of Ben Jonson and Marlowe, this does seem more likely. But let us not claim too much from a visit to the Bodleian library just yet.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID M. BOSWELL, Lecturer in Sociology,
The Open University, Walton Hall, Walton, Bletchley, Buckinghamshire.
February 1.

Feb. 5, '73
on London into the countryside.

A molecule of oxygen, oxygen atoms instead be formed by sunlight, oxygen, under conditions. But, at large, usually the result of combining nitrogen and carbon, both of fitted by car exhausts, that is not fully under-

Recently is the chief Los Angeles’s photo-
g; but until recently thought that Britain’s conditions would permit form: there was too hot and temperatures or so the theory ran. months ago, however, the exceeding parts were found near Har-ge. Now a team from the Laboratory has levels of ozone at their laboratory set. Holborn, London. took place on three Weather at the time the highest concentration 12 parts per billion the sun shone for hours, but light breath limit the amounts of ozone occurs nat between 23 and 50 p. In sunlight, levels pressure are reached as pollution. Scientists can smell ozone at billion, a level that posed on an air qua the United States.

The Warren–Spring is in a position to samples to be taken that are consider-

tive of the background in London.

While Dr R. G. H. N. M. Stewart Spring, have been don ozone levels scientists have been the studies of ozone Harwell after the levels exceeding billion there in 197.

Dr E. H. Steinbal, of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem’s Department of Meteorology. The pattern of the photochemical ozo.

ements in

I. F. Beech to Hampshire J. B. Rumble to Fearless in Hall to Min of Def with Feb 5.

J. L. B. Larkings to

Sir of Naval Sigs, July 30; Ark Royal, June 1; A. F. A. July 14; G. F. Walwyn 4; D. C. Maing to Naval March 14; M. A. R. Tilley. 4th Commonwealth, Sept 3; G. V. Flag Off Submarines, Aug were to be Naval Attaché in Jan 30; M. J. C. 7; L. F. Pole to Colling- Arthur to Min of Def July 14; G. F. Walwyn 4; D. C. Maing to ho.

Chief of the Naval Staff G. Holland, Retired Lin. K. Burlay, Retired Lin.

K. King to staff of Flag.

Feb 22

Air Antony Read appo of Def Studies, Jan 19.

appo QMA, Dec 19.

L. Dowell appo Col GS 2; P. A. Stevens appo and Finance Div, SHAPE. F. Rambottom, R Sigs.

Manning and Records.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

Funston, RCT. appo OC RAF 3; W. M. Cornelius, Sch of Army Health, RAN fl. J. F. C. Cross, OBE, 253 SARA Queen Alexandra MH, V. P. Whitmore, OBE (GSO) 13, OQMG, AFNC.

RETIRED: Gen Jan 2019; Brig D. O. Mc.

Royal Air Force

AIR COMMODORE

Feb 9

GROUP CAPTAIN: RAF Coll. Unit, Cranwe WING COMMANDER

and P. Y. Mavall to Feb 9.

WING COMMANDER to N Luftwaffe as OC Of Edington as DS. Staff Col J. E. Jones to dept of 1; K. R. Yextey to RNA CDR eng management, Feb 24 Gp as Traf 2, F to DFT, MoD as ADT P Colvin to HO, STC as 1; G. J. Gilbert to MoD and J. A. Stocker to RAF NC Feb 5; J. F. Stewart to OC Feb 5; J. G. Hew (OS) 1, Feb 9

SQUADRON LEADER

wd eqt: E. M. Adamson OCG (Des) Development E. Rainbow to RAF FY Wg, Feb 1; M. C. D. F. Sec, Jan 22.
SHAKESPEARE THE MAN by A. L. Rowe (Macmillan £4.95)

'the play' of Emilia was still dark, and how Forman's 'brown' cast of the repertory, the latter of which...}

That's nothing. Shakespeare's Dark Lady was musical; indeed, played a musical instrument (Sonnet 128) which seems to be the virginals. It is therefore necessary for Rowe to find that Emilia played the virginals, too. Watch how the Doctor describes it. Forman says that her husband was 'a minstrel'; on page 100 Rowe embellishes this, saying that she was musical... married off to another musician (page 11); Emilia's prospects on the death of her mother, he says, 'she had not been taught to play on the virginals'; by page 152 this has become: 'Emilia Bassano's accomplishment on the virginals'; and finally on page 231 of Edmondson's edition we know that Emilia's playing on the virginals was one of the things for which she had been snared. Such is Dr Rowe's handling of a text from a total absence of evidence whatever that Emilia played any musical instrument at all. Indeed, I know that Emilia's singing on the virginals helped to ensnare Shakespeare. This is not leadership.

But there is even worse. For all, even if Emilia was dark, there are many brunnettes; even if she was musical, other women have played... even if she led Forman a dance, other women may have led Forman. Perhaps one pages faster, eager to find the moment at which Forman comes to the conclusion that the player was the rival. No such moment comes. Then again, last, Dr Rowe has been unable to find any confirmation of the suggestion that Shakespeare 'wrote the music, or even known of the existence of, Emilia Bassano-Lanier. But there is a... called Emilia 'Othello', and when Rowe gets there he exclaims with 'that name and rests his case.

I have dwelt on the Dark Lady because Rowe claims that, having solved all other problems in his previous book, this was the only one outstanding. But it may have been the only exception of his slipshod methods. For instance, on page 137 Rowe is discussing the fact that Shakespeare played many comic roles. Would he not have played the part of Falstaff? he asks. By page 161 he feels able to declare with the greatest ease: 'The part of Falstaff, he says firmly, 'would have been played by Will Kempe.' And, after more, at one point. 'It would seem' that Shakespeare played the role of Chorus in The Rape of Lucrece at another ("Seems Madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems.") He himself spoke of Chorus what he had penned at the end of "Henry V".

Rowe also suffers from the same complaint as Dr Leslie Hotson; the conviction that Shakespeare was determined to... was not only a composer, but a writer of many of these great spectacles, one could almost believe that he wrote them only as a sideline. On his... they were not nothing but elaborate ciphers concealing the identity of some less conspicuous character. Is it not too far for patience when he quotes Sonnet 110's "A true love I have comeone and there... Money is as a motive to the view... and then adds 'i.e., he has been composed into... player'—which is on a par with the theory that there is a dog in "Hamlet" and Amaryllis gives rise to the line 'But see, Amazement on thy mother sits..." I have also repeated if I lost count of the number of times he says 'We shall see', and remarks that some of Sonnet 110's 'plays were not as popular as Shakespeare's, and regards some of Shakespeare's less popular works

"very rare in any detail,' dogmatic (Hamlet was a phenomenon of history, phrases), silly ('it is rarely that one of the world's writers takes the stage in the history of his own heart and experience'), wrong ('Gielgud's production of "The Winter's Tale" was in fact produced by Peter Brook'), vulgar (Shakespeare was "possibly the sexton in the language") and in need of a better dictionary ('conditions that irritate around genius').

So why am I going on at this length? Why not just recommend a few books to read the book into the wastepaper-basket and leave it at that? Because SHAKESPEARE THE MAN is not worthless, and could have been very useful. We need some literary popularisers like Rowe, whose enthusiastic for, and love of, Shakespeare may make up. (I may not, leap from the page again and again) communicate themselves. Moreover, is it not the... nation and making him see the plays, the characters, the world, is it not round. Rowe's extensive knowledge of the Elizabethan background is valuable, does enable us to place Shakespeare and his work... in the context of his time. And then again, Emilia Lanier... "might be the Dark Lady, the only begetter of the Sonnets could be the man who procured them for the printer rather than the subject of them. Moreover, is it not quite possibly the Rival Poet."

With all his understanding of the era and all love for Shakespeare, Dr Rowe could have written—could still write. If only he had the book and its predecessor—a work of real value, that could... less academic studies he despises so much; such a book, if we are to judge from the perfect introduction, particularly for young people, to Shakespeare's life. As it is, his book Dr Rowe has written is only the perfect introduction to his own foolishness, which is not at all the same thing.
ROBERT CUSHMAN looks at the Channel

Robert Hirsch as Richard III at the Aldwych.

This week, the World Theatre Season presents Peppino de Filippo's Italian Theatre Company in his own 'The Metamorphosis of a Wandering Minstrel.'

Robert Cushman reviews a French 'Richard III' and a Shaw revival.

in a World Theatre Season. As revoir; and bless thee, Two Gentlemen of Verona, thou art Godspelled. Galt MacDermot's musical version of this trailer piece of early Shakespeare has arrived with a splash at the Phoenix after its huge success in New York. It shall be dealt with next week.

Shaw's Misalliance is currently being belted through twice nightly at the Mermaid. It doesn't exactly move like the wind, even so. In fact, it hardly moves at all. This is one of Shaw's most engaging plays, largely because it is so shamelessly

generations is the play's theme, in so far as it has one. It is, at least, a constantly revealing topic, though, having acquired that information, there is little that either a director or an audience can do with it. It imposes no kind of shape on the piece.

The advantage of Shaw's open form, however, is the ease with which it can accommodate diversions, should inspiration suddenly descend. Misalliance', survived by virtue of its self-contained miniature farce embattled in its second half, which commences when a frightened little man emerges from a portable Turkish bath to threaten an underwear tycoon with a revolver and the immortal words 'I'am the son of Lucinda Titus'.

This moment is not as hilarious at the Mermaid as, in all conscience, it should be; it is awkwardly staged and John Tordoff takes a few minutes to ease himself comfortably into the intruder's role. Once there, however, he proves a flawless operator and, as he proceeds to state the case of the unfortunate and overworked Edwardian clerk, the play strains that state of comic grace in which no turn of phrase or of events can lead anything but up. It ranks with the tea-party scene in 'Pygmalion' among Shaw's funniest stretches of writing.

The other plum role, a Polish acrobat sworn to risk her life once a day for the family honour, is devoured with gusto by Caroline Belaskin. Bill Fraser proves himself again the prince of Shavian putICtocrats, a natural intellectual weighed down by his unfortunate gift for making money. There are some other good performances, and a few deplorable ones.

John Antrobus's Captain Oars' Left Sock (Theatre Upstairs) is a sober and honest piece about group therapy. The director, Nicholas Wright, is to be congratulated on his casting, which is perhaps a perverse way of commending the exactness and control of the actors. In particular, Janet Webh, the buxom lady from the end of the Morecambe and Wise show, is a fine comic actress with great vocal ability. Good night, Janet, and we love you all.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN is on holiday. He will be back on 13 May.

County Cricket Board announce

CRicket Medallic First Day Cover

Lords Cricket Ground on the first day of issue date for subscriptions 15th May 1973
The Lady’s not for cheering

By John Ezard

Dr. A. L. Rowse’s claim to have solved “the greatest mystery in world literature”—the identity of the Dark Lady of Shakespeare’s sonnets—got the mixed notices on the left from the academic critics yesterday.

Dr. Rowse, Fellow of All Souls and controversialist, believes that he has definitively disclosed the Dark Lady as Emilia Lanier, the half-Italian daughter of a court musician, and that Shakespeare’s lacerating two-year affair with her began in 1593. She would then have been 23 and he 29. Dr. Rowse discovered her name in the Bodleian Library in the case books of Simon Forman, an Elizabethan physician, gossipmonger, and lecher.

Forman’s papers are written partly in Latin, contain daunting astrological diagrams, and are studded with his own five-letter code word for sexual intercourse: halek. Modern scholars have read only the parts in which he gives the sole surviving reports of performances of four Shakespearean plays at the Globe Theatre in 1611.

But Dr. Rowse read them thoroughly because he was preparing a book about Forman’s network of associates.

“The most remarkable thing is that I wasn’t even looking for the Dark Lady,” he said yesterday. He found Forman describing a personal affair, beginning in 1598, with a woman who had several of the outstanding characteristics of the Dark Lady as described in the sonnets.

She was “exceptionally dark” in complexion and had been “very brown in youth.” She was a sexual teaser who would not “halek” when she first slept with Forman, yet she was irresistibly desirable. And her husband’s name was Will. Dr. Rowse thinks that this leads to the truth of sonnets 134 and 135, where Shakespeare appears to be writing pungently of a woman named and her husband are both called Will.

Moreover, Dr. Rowse says, Emilia Lanier told Forman that she had been the mistress of Lord Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, until 1593. Hunsdon in 1594 founded the Players’ Company which included Richard Burbage and Shakespeare. It would have been proper for these players to be presented formally to the Lord Chamberlain and it is “amusing to conjecture for once what looks were exchanged on that occasion” between Hunsdon and Will Shakespeare who was sleeping with Hunsdon’s ex-mistress, Dr. Rowse says.

He sums up: “It is now clear and quite impossible at any point to question the chain of evidence, for it provides the definitive answer.” His discovery, he says, makes obsolete all scholarly editions of the sonnets and renders possible the first full three-dimensional biography of Shakespeare, which Dr. Rowse promises to write.

Dame Helen Gardner, Merton Professor of English, said: “I’m interested to learn more about the Lady he mentions but it does not to my mind add up to identification. I don’t think anyone will ever prove that.” Asked about this, Dr. Rowse retorted: “She doesn’t know anything about it. She’s an authority on Elizabethan literature, not biography.”

He suggested as two more reliable authorities Mr. Bayley and Mr. J. I. M. Stewart, Students of Christ Church.

Mr. Bayley said: “It is not my period but Dr. Rowse is the most tremendous expert on this period and all the relationships and social goings-on. If anyone could come up with the right answer it is him. If he is right, I don’t think it is very important to literature. But it is important in terms of the dramatisation of his world and time by Shakespeare — just as our knowledge of how D. H. Lawrence dramatised the Bloomsbury group is important.” Mr. Stewart, otherwise Michael Innes, the detective storywriter, said: “I’m sorry—I don’t think I can comment.”

A. J. P. Taylor said: “Whether a historian is usefully spending his time on this search I don’t know. But on the other hand he has obviously spent it enjoyably so no one should grudge it to him.”

Elsewhere in Oxford there was polite surprise that Dr. Rowse had supported a categorical claim with apparently incomplete evidence. All he was felt to have proved was that a woman with some of the Dark Lady’s characteristics had an indirect biographical contact with one member of Shakespeare’s wide London circle.

But a friend hinted that, in making the claim in this way, Dr. Rowse was laying a rod in the pickle for the critics who so “discredibly,” in his view, dismissed his 1965 book dating the sonnets. According to this theory, he has more evidence in reserve for his biography “Shakespeare the Man.” He has been studying this subject for 50 years, the friend said.

“He knows as much about some of the characters in Elizabethan London as they knew themselves. He’s putting an incomplete case now to entice the critics to attack him. Then he’ll club them with real evidence. That will be the real Ali-Frazier fight of his career.”
Leeds sweep through

Clarke chases
Norwich out
of FA Cup

By ERIC TODD: Leeds Utd 5, Norwich 0

Leeds United put Norwich City firmly in their place in the FA Cup third round second replay last night at Villa Park. They scored four goals in the first half, then were overtaken by compassion and, instead of doubling their total as they might have done, they settled for just one more. But they took good care to keep their own score sheet clean. Leeds will be at home against Plymouth Argyle on Saturday.

There was none of the nastiness which irresponsible propaganda suggested there might be. This was an entertaining and sporting match in which Norwich, run off their feet, outplayed and mesmerised by Clarke, accepted their hiding with commendable grace. They allowed Leeds to play football and sometimes appeared to stand as if lost in admiration. There was not a bad foul throughout. It was a night to remember, especially if you happened to have been born in Leeds.

Having made allowances for the inferiority—on this occasion anyway—of the opposition, full marks must be awarded to Leeds for the quality of their performance. They moved the ball about with agility and

Revised Fourth Round draw

Arsenal v. Bradford City
Liverpool v. Manchester City
Carlsio v. Sheffield Utd
Bolton v. Cardiff
Chelsea v. Ipswich
Cavendish v. Grimsby
Sheffield Utd v. Millwall
Newcastle Utd v. Preston
Leeds Utd v. Plymouth
Sunderland v. Reading
Oxford Utd v. QPR
Sheffield Wed v. Wycombe
Hull City v. West Ham Utd
Wolves v. Bristol City
West Bromwich v. Swindon

Jonah Barrington (moustache), the Open squash champion, and John Easter whom he beat in four sets at Sheffield yesterday

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Naylor Double success
Another Dark Lady
From Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran

Sir, Dr A. L. Rowe (article, January 29) has certainly discovered an Elizabethan lady who was dark, musical and a bad lot. But his assertion that she must have been Shakespeare’s Dark Lady is surely supported only by his belief that the Sonnets “all belonged to the same date, 1592-5”.

The many readers of the New Cambridge Shakespeare know that Dr Dover Wilson ascribed, on persuasive evidence, other and later dates to the Sonnets. He, if still alive, would agree with Dr Rowe that “correct dating” is “an indispensable clue” to interpreting the Sonnets. But he would also say, as he often did, “We can never know the secret of the Sonnets: we can only speculate about it.”

Your obedient servant,
JAMES FERGUSSON,
Kilkerran,
Maybole, Ayrshire.

From Mr John Chaplin

Sir, If Emilia Bassano Lanier read Dr Rowe’s theory in Monday’s Times, she might well have said with the author of Capitula, 1597, that: “de beneficiorum pluralitate cohibenda”. We are asked to believe that Shakespeare was writing such sonnets to her when she was pregnant by Lord Hunsdon and being colourfully married to William Lanier, whose advancement she was still seeking some four years later.

Even the very-brown-in-youth bit is not certain as “brown” used to mean sad, melancholy, sombre—definitely not “raven black”. The meaning of words is constantly changing and it is obvious that Dr Rowe interprets vigorous, historical, literary, conjecture, etc, in a new way.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN CHAPLIN,
Guildhouse,
Yarmouth Road, Thorpe,
Norwich.

From Mr Colin MacInnes

Sir,

Two joys are mine: of Will to
be near-spouse,
And now to be laid bare by
Dr Rowe.

EB

Per,
COLIN MACINNES,
Davis-Poynter Ltd,
20 Garrick Street, WC2.

Times
Feb. 1, ’73
p. 17
EUROPE: THE MAJOR

Our network of links between Belgium, Britain, Holland, and Italy—
is an important feature of the new Europe. We
partner on the finance within this intra-national
But the growth
is not self-generating.
It is a two-way traffic
rest of the world.
And here Bar
a significant advan
t everywhere who are
challenge and oppo
Historian Dr A L Rowe says he has solved the centuries-old mystery of the Sonnets

Revealed at last, Shakespeare's Dark Lady

The problems of Shakespeare's Sonnets have long been thought to be insoluble and the identity of the Dark Lady, Shakespeare's mistress, the greatest mystery in the world's literature. Indeed, I myself thought that she would never be discovered — and there is much to be said for that view, that there never has been a word about her in print since the day the Sonnets were published in 1609, seven years before Shakespeare's death.

At all the time the search was waiting for me among the manuscript records of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the largely unexplored mass of papers of the Elizabethan astronomer, Simon Forman, who had an exceptional knowledge of the denizens of London at the time of and through their going.

Eight years ago in my biography, William Shakespeare and my edition of the Sonnets, I showed that the problems of the Sonnets were capable of solution by following rigorous historical and literary method. The results made it perfectly clear that the Sonnets were written to and for the unknown person, Shakespeare's patron, the young Earl of Southampton. The style, form, and content of the Sonnets were no different from those of the works of the greatest poets of the same era.

My edition of the Sonnets, published in 1925, was widely read and recognised as a landmark of scholarship. The results were not accepted without protest from many quarters, and I was accused of distorting the facts and using them to further my own ends.

But the evidence was overwhelming. Shakespeare was a practical man, and it was generally agreed that he wrote the Sonnets to please his patron, the Earl of Southampton. But the contents of the Sonnets were such that they could not be written to anyone else. The language, the imagery, the themes, were all those of the plays and the songs of the time.

In my biography, I showed that the Sonnets were written to the Earl of Southampton, but I did not specify whom he might be. In my edition of the Sonnets, I did not give the name of the person to whom the Sonnets were addressed.

But the evidence was clear. The Sonnets were written to the Earl of Southampton, but I did not give the name of the person to whom the Sonnets were addressed. The evidence was clear, and it was accepted by all who read my book.

The only mystery was the identity of the Dark Lady. Shakespeare had written to her in several of his plays, and there was no doubt that she was a real person. But who was she?

She was the daughter of a rich merchant, and she had a fine education. She was a woman of great beauty, and she was known for her intelligence and her wit. She was also well-read, and she had a sharp mind.

So who was she? Who was the Dark Lady?

In my biography, I showed that the evidence pointed to a woman of substance, and that she was a person of considerable wealth. But who was she, and what did she mean to Shakespeare?

The search continued, and I was determined to find the answer. I spent many years looking for the clues, and I was determined to solve the mystery.

The clues I had were the Sonnets themselves, and the papers of Simon Forman, who had a great knowledge of the denizens of London at the time of Shakespeare. I also had access to the manuscripts of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where Shakespeare's works were preserved.

But the search was not easy. Shakespeare was a master of disguise, and he was not afraid to use his wit to cover his tracks. But I was determined to find the answer.

In the end, I was able to piece together the evidence, and I was able to find the answer. I was able to identify the Dark Lady, and I was able to show that the Sonnets were written to her.

The Dark Lady was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and she was known for her intelligence and her wit. She was also well-read, and she had a sharp mind. She was a woman of substance, and she was a person of considerable wealth.

She was the one to whom Shakespeare was writing his sonnets, and she was the one who was the inspiration for the characters in his plays.

The identity of the Dark Lady was revealed at last, and the mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets was solved.
Rugby Union

**Barbarians and All Blacks fashion a victory for the game**

By Peter West

Rugby Correspondent

From broadcasters critics could scarcely bear to stand and cheer at the All Blacks tour of the British Isles because of its spectacular return in the first Test on Friday night.

The Barbarians at first looked as if they might win, but the All Blacks swept them away for 30-25.

It was a thrilling game and one that is certain to encourage the rugby public. The Barbarians showed they are capable of playing on a level with the best in the world.

But the All Blacks were simply too good on the day.

Motor racing

**Fittipaldi holds off Cevert to win**

By Jim Snow

Northern Racing Correspondent

Three-time Formula One world champion Jackie Stewart was almost certain to win the Dutch Grand Prix yesterday.

But Jody Scheckter was hot on his heels until the last lap.

Fittipaldi and Cevert were the only drivers who could challenge the All Blacks winning streak.

The race was stopped due to a broken bridge and the drivers were forced to go back to the pits.

**Two front runners in two horse race**

By Bob Smith

Racing Correspondent

Two front runners in two horse race.

The race was won by the horse that started at the front of the field.

Wishful Thinking was second and had the same horse in the same race.

Cross-country

**Bedford's late effort seals victory**

By John Smith

Bedford's late effort sealed victory in the Cross-country event.

Bedford was back in the lead after a magnificent display of cross-country riding.

The course was tough and the weather was cold.

Welshmen left in London inspired by Taylor

By Michael Hardy

As expected, London Welsh proved too good for London Scottish in the second round of the national knockout competition at Richmond on Saturday.

The Welsh were ahead 5-3 at half-time and went on to win 15-9.

The match was played in front of a crowd of 10,000.

Lancashire in shape for championship

By Tom Cross

Lancashire's defeat of Yorkshire at Huddersfield in the second round of the Yorkshire Challenge Cup was decisive enough to make them favorites to win the championship.

The game was played in front of a crowd of 12,000.

Nottingham programme

1.00 ANNESLEY HURDLING (Gr. D, Div. 1: 1200m: 2m 2f)

2.00 DALLAS STeePLECHASE (1204m: 2m)

2.30 SARACEN'S HEAD HURDLING (Handicap: 1m 8f: 2m 6f)

3.00 FELDIYLO STEEPLeCHASE (Handicap: 1m 4f: 1m 8f)

Cross-country

**Bedford's late effort seals victory**

San Sebastian, Spain, Jan 28 -

Bedford's late effort sealed victory for the Spanish cross-country team.

The team was ahead 10 minutes before the start.

The course was tough and the weather was cold.

**8,000 Imperial Cup**

The William Hill Organizing Committee are offering £8,000 for the Imperial Cup, normally run at Kempton Park, and with a full entry list this year.

The event is on December 19 and offers a total purse of £26,000, £8,000 to the winner with £5,000 for second placed runner-up.

The race is run over a distance of 3 miles and is open to horses aged four years and over.
1954 to 729 N. E. Oregon St., a two-story building near the huge new shopping complex called Lloyd Center.) By the end of Cowlin's term as Director, the overhaul of administration and research could be read in the projects of the moment. Of the Station's 39 projects, 20 were underway out in the branch offices or laboratories; the
that
(Not to say there isn't room for surprise. The most striking, not to most mystical
say the wooziest, dedication of the moment must be Sterling Hayden's
in Voyage: "To the hunted, not to the hunter; to the passage, not to the path.")
The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman

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written specifically for inclusion in a magazine or newspaper.

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Design by Bob Antler

SECOND PRINTING
This book is gratefully dedicated
to my secretary, Dorothy Brisson,
because without her loyalty and interest I would
doubtless still be splitting infinitives
in the vicinity of Chapter Three.
dedications

Norman Pollack, The Populist Response to Industrial America
To my Mother, and to the Memory of my Father Benjamin Pollack
Who worked himself to death in a vain search for the American dream.

Walter Prescott Webb, The Great Plains:
To Casper P. Webb and Mary E. Kyle Webb
WITH THE HIGH HOPES OF YOUTH THEY LEFT THE WOODLAND; WITH
COURAGE AND FORTITUDE THEY MET THE PROBLEMS OF THE PLAINS.
THIS VOLUME IS LARGELY THEIRS.

Jimmy Breelin, Can't Anybody Here Play This Game?
To the 922,530 brave souls who paid their way into the Polo
Grounds in 1962. Never has so much misery loved so much company.

Budd Schulberg, What Makes Sammy Run?
For Jigee (reference in Hotchner's Papa Hemingway?)

O.E. Rolvaag, Giants in the Earth:
To those of my people who took part in the great settling,
to them and their generations I dedicate this narrative

Wallace Stegner, Wolf Willow
This is in memory of my mother.

Hendrik Van Loon, The Story of America:
To BILL JOHNSTON and HATTIE-BELLE (Mr. and Mrs. William Johnston,
if you prefer) because to me they represent so very thoroughly
that rare virtue which is among the greatest gifts our country
has thus far bestowed upon a pretty sad world: UNDERSTANDING
KINDNESS.

Robert Murphy, Diplomat Among Warriors
To Four Queens -- a very good hand. (family?)

Claude Brown, Manchild in the Promised Land:
To the late Eleanor Roosevelt, who founded the Wiltwyck School
for Boys. And to the Wiltwyck School, which is still finding
Claude Browns.
To Edith

Through the long grass
I sought peace
I found ecstasy, I found anguish,
I found madness,
I found loneliness;
I found the solitary pain
That gnaws the heart;
But peace I did not find.

Now, old and near my end,
I have known you,
And, knowing you,
I have found both ecstasy and peace.
I know rest;
After so many long years,
I know what life at last means.
Now, if I sleep,
I shall sleep fulfilled.
MARGOT ASQUITH

front of me now, eternal sentinels of youth and manliness.

In spite of a voracious appetite for enjoyment and an expert capacity in entertaining, Etty Desborough was perfectly happy either alone with her family or alone with her books and could endure with enviable patience, cold ugly country-seats and fashionable people. I said of her when I first knew her that she ought to have lived in the days of the great King's mistresses. I would have gone to her if I were sad, but never if I were guilty. Most of us have asked ourselves at one time or another whom we would go to if we had done a wicked thing; and the interesting part of this question is that in the answer you get the best possible indication of human nature. Many have said to me: "I would go to So-and-so, because they would understand my temptation and make allowances for me"; but the majority would choose the confidante most competent to point to the way of escape. Etty Desborough would be that confidante.

She had neither father nor mother, but was brought up by two prominent and distinguished members of the Souls, my life-long and beloved friends, Lord and Lady Cowper of Panshanger.

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

now, alas, both dead. Etty had eternal youth and was alive to everything in life except its irony.

If for health or for any other reason I had been separated from my children when they were young, I would as soon have confided them to the love of Etty and Willy Desborough as to any of my friends.

To illustrate the jealousy and friction which the Souls caused, I must relate a conversational scrap I had at this time with Lady Londonderry,* which caused some talk among our critics.

She was a beautiful woman, a little before my day, happy, courageous and violent, with a mind which clung firmly to the obvious. Though her nature was impulsive and kind, she was not forgiving. One day she said to me with pride:

"I am a good friend and a bad enemy. No kiss-and-make-friends about me, my dear!"

I have often wondered since, as I did then, what the difference between a good and a bad enemy is.

She was not so well endowed intellectually as her rival Lady de Grey, but she had a stronger will and was of sounder temperament.

There was nothing wistful, reflective or retiring

*The late Marchioness of Londonderry. [37]
MARGOT ASQUITH

about Lady Londonderry. She was keen and vivid, but crude and impotent.

We were accused _entre autres_ of being conceited and of talking about books which we had not read, a habit which I have never had the temerity to acquire. John Addington Symonds—an intimate friend of mine—had brought out a book of essays, which were not very good and caused no sensation.

One night, after dinner, I was sitting in a circle of fashionable men and women—none of them particularly intimate with me—when Lady Londonderry opened the talk about books. Hardly knowing her, I entered with an innocent zest into the conversation. I was taken in by her mention of Symonds' _Studies in Italy_, and thought she must be literary. Launching out upon style, I said there was a good deal of rubbish written about it, but it was essential that people should write simply. At this some one twitted me with our pencil-game of "Styles" and asked me if I thought I should know the author from hearing a casual passage read out aloud from one of their books. I said that some writers would be easy to recognise—such as Meredith, Carlyle, De Quincey or Browning—but that when it came to others—men like Scott or Froude,

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

for instance—I should not be so sure of myself. At this there was an outcry: Froude, having the finest style in the world, ought surely to be easily recognised! I was quite ready to believe that some of the company had made a complete study of Froude's style, but I had not. I said that I could not be sure, because his writing was too smooth and perfect, and that, when I read him, I felt as if I was swallowing arrow-root. This shocked them profoundly and I added that, unless I were to stumble across a horseman coming over a hill, or something equally fascinating, I should not even be sure of recognising Scott's style. This scandalised the company. Lady Londonderry then asked me if I admired Symonds' writing. I told her I did not, although I liked some of his books. She seemed to think that this was a piece of swagger on my part and, after disagreeing with a lofty shake of her head, said in a challenging manner:

"I should be curious to know, Miss Tennant, what you have read by Symonds!"

Feeling I was being taken on, I replied rather chillily:

"Oh, the usual sort of thing?"

Lady Londonderry, visibly irritated and with
MARGOT ASQUITH

the confident air of one who has a little surprise in store for the company, said:

"Have you by any chance looked at Essays, Suggestive and Speculative?"

MARGOT: "Yes, I've read them all."

LADY LONDONDERERY: "Really! Do you not approve of them?"

MARGOT: "Approve? I don't know what you mean."

LADY LONDONDERERY: "Do you not think the writing beautiful . . . the style, I mean?"

MARGOT: "I think they are all very bad, but then I don't admire Symonds' style."

LADY LONDONDERERY: "I am afraid you have not read the book."

This annoyed me; I saw the company were enchanted with their spokeswoman, but I thought it unnecessarily rude and more than foolish.

I looked at her calmly and said:

"I am afraid, Lady Londonderry, you have not read the preface. The book is dedicated to me. Symonds was a friend of mine and I was staying at Davos at the time he was writing those essays. He was rash enough to ask me to read one of them in manuscript and write whatever I thought upon"

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

the margin. This I did, but he was offended by something I scribbled. I was so surprised at his minding that I told him he was never to show me any of his unpublished work again, at which he forgave me and dedicated the book to me."

After this flutter I was not taken on by fashionable ladies about books.

LADY LONDONDERERY never belonged to the Souls, but her antagonist, Lady de Grey, was one of its chief ornaments and my friend. She was a luxurious woman of great beauty, with perfect manners and a moderate sense of duty. She was the last word in refinement, perception and charm. There was something septic in her nature and I heard her say one day that the sound of the cuckoo made her feel ill; but, although she was not lazy and seldom idle, she never developed her intellectual powers or sustained herself by reading or study of any kind. She had not the smallest sense of proportion and, if anything went wrong in her entertainments—cold plates, a flat soufflé, or some one throwing her over for dinner—she became almost impotent from agitation, only excusable if it had been some great public disaster. She and Mr. Harry Higgins—an
Sinclair Lewis, by Mark Schorer

646 -- L and Marcella Powers played private game "that they were under the constant scrutiny of invisible little people, called Small Size Spies, who were watching them everywhere, and nine years later he was to dedicate a novel to her under the opaque rubric, "S.S.S."

660 -- Stephen Longstreet and L talked of novel about artist for L to write; finally L urged Longstreet to write it. He "graciously dedicated it to Lewis 'In Memory of Many Meetings,' and published it as The Lion at Morning in 1954."
Sinclair Lewis

Ann Vicher 1932 to Dorothy Thompson

whose bravery & whose help made it

possible for me to write a novel.

Pabst 1932 to Edith Wharton

Cass Timberlane 1942 to P.M.R.

Elmer Gandhi 1927 to H.L. Mencken

Kensington Royal, 1947 to S.S.S., who first

heard this story.

The God Seeker 1947 to pastor of indestructible church

Kensington, who he will recover with his

long-suffering wife.

Main St. to James Branch Cabell

& Joseph Herghtmer
Wales. Traveled on Ytha Royals. 2pm Thurs.
1905

write

quote on

p. 3 - Sir Richard Burton's convoluted
- mundane
- round robin quote

sponges, ant
dance at 7 a.m. seaside
which would credit to
simper
confection is good for some sugar content
honeyed

began as confectioners c a sprinkled sugar content

honey & wine
confectioner's art

began in w.i. 7th. started sort days
honey & rosebuds
Dadms: 212-451-5220

do away a spectrum? Yes
Watergate guy ok, or no? - OK
Prescott's - Kissinger memoirs - maybe

use NYT or Pround as a lead

Secs 757: Dulles
Hartie
Rute
H.B. Wheatley, The Dedication of Books

2 - deal a wooden leg
6 - authors adored great & honeyed words
7-8 - deems to God
9 - "a small enunme"
11 - + consegue than life itself
14 - plagiarism
15 - "hard - wear to penegwick"
16 - "a lie"
17 - 50-60 inspectors
21 - "tenantry of Scotland"
22 - Oregil Tyrone Power
23 - to himself
27 - 40 shilling fee to Elegia, time; "so frameless a pen"
31 - cheating deems
39 - Gordon nickels deems
62 - Ben Jonson: To Whom I owe... all I know
70 - "...i stood near us late...
74 - King James bible
79 - Books to get men
97 - Shaks sonnets deems
106 - satred to Cornwall
116 - "Israeli plagaryot"
174 - Joan's deems: to royal pan al sound
179 - "list"
201 - Sisr Davy to his wife
205—novels did—how dead...
205—Thackeray & his dr.
219—wheal & deads
219—will to his wife
220—memory of her
Patrick White, *Vivianle 1970
For Cynthia & Sidney Nolan

The Cockatoos
To Ronald Waters for having survived forty-five years of friendship
Sherwood Anderson  P5 3501 N4 Z
P5 15 TH 17637 visual band

Also Compo - Sex HQ 9 C65  U 44 T
A Wreathening 821 C734W 1942 for Ruth

Yglesias

Szech P3 3513 E94 277

Kennally - Gossip  b. forest PR 9619.3 K46 G6

Kolko - Hain Curtis E741 K69 M40

Dr. Johnson

John Addington Symonds - essays PR 45 58 1907

Margot Asquith - Autobiography U4 d 9 Arq DA 566 (squash open)

IVAN DOIG - ALUMNUS
17021 - 10TH N. W.
SEATTLE, WA 98177

Shea's Nite Club beebly

'trump line - naughty'

Upton Sinclair
THE PERSONAL NOTE -- Herbert J.C. Grierson and Sandys Wason (1946) uw 820.8 G872p

--mostly famous prefaces; worth a look
DEDICATIONS, comp. Mary Elizabeth Brown

"An anthology of the forms used from the earliest days of book-making to the present time" (1913)

useful, and categorized
DEDICATIONS --

Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon -- "To Pauline" (1932)

--from ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Audre Hanneman
(gives full data on books, including dedications:
would other biblios do the same?)
Gone With The Wind  PS  3525  1972  C6

Lady Chatterley's Lover

Peyton Place

squirmily to squirmily
Angry

to Darla, a great deal &
love yet, a Gone Ford,
more, love & family etc.
Kolka

To: Vietnam War
& Heroic people who made it
Lipstick
Dad 2: memory 7
Arthur Stanley” fell in 8
Novell “Hardy
two angels of my time

Laurel - d. 1965

Hardy - d. 1957
An Amm Life

John Stewart Macquoid

In Tull

Why not? Best?
..To my mother, Hellen,
& my wife, Roslynn
(Seasonal Coalition)

To my parents:Love & Tyrants

Cathana & Alex
In love & friendship

To Judy - Agnew
Canfield Dean
To us, in self-affirmation & celebration.
I did what all.
Sara Hite, "Hite Report"

To Mother & Father.
"Woman Warrior"
Maxine Hong Kingston

To my son John to better understand.
To my wife Mo & all her love.

& hundreds
Cannibals & Christians (1966)
- Norman Mailer

to Lyndon B Johnson
whose name inspired young men
to cheer for me in public
(new blood)

Even cowgirls get blues—
Tom Robbins

To Fleetwood star Robbins,

apple, pen, apple, mango,
orchard of my eye.

To, of cow, to all cowgirls, course

Thos. McDonnell
"Sweet Woman y'f."

To L.F., J.N. C.B.S.,
A.V.N. & A.U.E.,
Who made being such a pleasure.
To Robert Susann, my father,
who are undated

(apparently) October 11, 1971

To Thomas Susann,
who does undated

Jacqueline Susann
Once Is Not Enough
Richard Burton - *One Thousand and One Nights*
PT 7715 B & 1900
17 vols. 7 Arabic & translation

Dwight Macdonald
PN 6231
P3 M3

Faulkner
813.5

Hemingway
The Town—
To Phil Stone
He did half-laughing for thirty years

Big Woods
Memo to: Sara Commine
From: Author
To: Editor

We never always saw eye to eye but we were always looking at the same thing.
The Dreadful Lemon Sky
John D. Macdonald
for each new round of trains
McCree
 Boots
Lovers & Tyrants

H. G. Wells
Buxton Parka cafe

Jonathan Franklin - Two Owls at Etta
Putnam: London, 1960
4 Co - 7 Bow St.
London WC 2E
7 AL

UW - travel diaries
- cadeau - BR 180 6 prince

Linda 583-3202
Pub Lit - TR
Pac S - 1 pm
Pete PE:
antifreeze
iron-gel
Aren't flattery & deeming to Truth
13/6/69
R 96
75 1946
m & phil

PS 3569
UT 05

Allert Unwin Ltd
Ruskin House
40 Museum St
London WC1A 1LU
Night 7: Hunter - Davis Enubu

To my Mother

Stopped looking thru stats at "Hersey": asked Hemway
To Phil Stone
He did half-laughing for thirty yrs.

Big Woods—
MEMO TO: Saxe Commins
FROM: Author
TO: Editor

We never always saw eye to eye but we were always looking at same thing
(no period)
Hawthorne
PS 1888 Among Contemporaries
30
LY
PS PS 1888 37 HXM
Colson, Born Again

To my Dad – other ideals of my life I have tried, always much

to fulfill.

To Patty – gentle spirit who comes to me when I fail, keeps me humble & never giving
I really always – in love.
NYC Tobit
Corrèi, Pascal, 0.15, '64 39:4
Mr. ed. @ Viking - 75 yrs old
At Viking, he was editor for
Saul Bellow, Arthur Miller,
Lionel Trilling, E.B. White,
Willy Ley, Ludwig Bemelmans,
Ernest Fowler & S. Becker—
"East of Eden" deal to him

Corrèi-Friède got censor case
over Rodale/Hall's "Wel Thonle"—
also published François Mauriac,
Nobel win

Son, Pascal Jr, SMU eng prof
'Grass Harp - Truman Capote
dedict: For MISS Sook FAULK
in memory of affection
deep & true

'Mane - Golden Arm -
y Nelson Algren

For Amanda

next page:

'Secret y Santa Vittoria -
Robert Crichton

For Judy, who for four yrs led two lives and some times three
lives, so no I mit writ one.

& sent
The Mayor Who Mastered New York
Life & Opinions of William J. Gaynor
by Lately Thomas
dedict:
"TO ALL POLITICIANS—
PLEASE COPY"

Gaynor d. Sept, 1913
4th Office Jan 1, 1910 (p. 199)
p. 290-1—attempted shooting
7 Gaynor, Aug 9, 1910
Dulles War or Peace
327.73
D 889 W
1951

TX 1952 D 8 - W, P & Change

Rush 327.73 Width 17 Fr
R 897 w
Maurice François
843
M
PQ 2623
A94 AC
Gone With the Wind PS 3525
1972 G6

Geo P Elliot S13 Dance
EL 5811 a

PS 3555
L5-8
C6

Leo Litwack PS 3562
179 T6
Acheson 327.73 Present
A 177

923.2 Sketches from Life
A 177

To A. S. A.
Sharen of Burden
&
Heroine of These Events

(Consider Who's Who book:
mother Alice Stanley

David C. Acheson - 3161 Garfield St. NW
Wn. 20008
Ordinary People - JudithGuest

for Sharon & Con
& for my husband
all the words,
spoken & unspoken,
being worth remembering

Dolors - Jacqueline Susan
for my mother
Metalious - Peyton Place

Dr. Johnson - A. M. Crockett Sm.
Billie J. Samuel

US Grant

LBT E 846
JS8

Trent's Last Case
PN 3321 - Col 7

Frances Simpson
The Book 7: Cat (1903)
Carroll & Co. Ltd.

Cats & All About Them
Shufner & Co. 1902
Peyton Place - copy in branch only

Rafael Iglesias

Gone With the Wind

Kolsko - E 741 K 64
973.9 K 832 N

Pep Lib

The Rotarians
Courtney Smith 28455 F 68
Bibury 1 Sam Jm 1925

G K Chesterton, "Man Who Was Thursday"
823 C 42 m 1

Sterling North, "Raccoons Are Better People"
No
HST - Year of Deans
   (Vol. 1 7 memoirs)
To people of all nations
(same to Vol. 2)
H.G. Wells

The Wheels of Chance, 1901
To My Dear Mother

The Shape of Things to Come 1936
To Jose Ortega y Gasset
Explorador

You Can't Be Too Careful 1942
To Christopher Morley,
who really deserves it,
and let a dialect

Star-Begotten 1937
To My Friend
Winston Spencer Churchill
Richard Burton  PT
7715
BE
1900

His Excellency Mr. Mustafa Pasha
Min. of Instruction, Cairo

Vol X
From Here to Eternity - James Jones

To:  Vol Sta's Army

"I have eaten my bread in secret,
I have drunk my water in wine,
Cleat's ye ocleat it how watchel
besidy
6. levin ye led were mire."

... Rody & Kipling
Salt - Herbert Gold

for tough customers, good friends
George P. Elliott & Leo E. Litwak
Main St.- Sinclair Lewis

to James Branch Cabell

Joseph Hergesheimer
Who's Who — Winter, Kathleen —
Mrs. Robert J. Harken (Edw.)
Yglesias - Jose PS 3575  E5 D6

Double Double - for Helen

Helen  PS 3575  648  F34

Family Feeling
for my sister, Tamar,
& my sons, Lewis & Rafael

How She Died - For Jose

Rafael
Hide top & all after
Raphael & cleaner

Doubleday
for Tammy, Richard & Dober
DEDICATION

TO

AUGUSTUS JOHN

To you, Augustus, with your
"Don't be afraid of Life!"
BOOKS

The Gutenberg Fallacy

70 YEARS OF BEST SELLERS 1895-1965
by Alice Payne Hackett, 246 pages. R. &
Bowker, $7.90.

What is a bestseller, anyway? The
phrase is handy but hardly precise. Big-
best-seller or non-seller would be more
accurate, since the connotation of quali-
y is “heavily underwritten.” And there is
doubt even as to quantity. A novel that
sells 5,000 copies in one
week may edge onto the weekly list (usu-
ally compiled from bookstore re-
ports). Sub-titles with yearlong, million-
dollar sales fade into the remainder
store after a few weeks.

This newly updated compilation of ti-
tles and statistics by Alice Payne Hackett,
an editor of the trade magazine
Pubisher’s Weekly, gives a highly use-
ful perspective on long-range trends bey-
ond the weekly ups and downs, and also
includes such items as dictionaries and
cookbooks, which the weekly com-
pilations omit. The volume shows how
the paperback and population explo-
sions have altered the bestseller con-
text. A really warm item in 1904 was
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, which
so far has sold 14 million copies, near-
ly all of them in hard cover (it is still
in print). Forever Amber has sold
1,075,000 hard-cover copies since it was
published in 1941. Such once eminen-
tly respectable figures are dwarfed by
the paperback trade. Peyton Place has
sold only 600,000 copies in hard cover
since 1956, but paperback sales added
$2,300,000 more.

Miss Hackett’s accounting emphasizes
that there is a Gutenberg Fallacy lurk-
ing in bookdom’s galaxy. To begin with,
books that look like, books that looks like, a book and is
and sold in a book store is not necessarily a
book. It could be a “non-book,” or as
Miss Hackett would say, a “non-reading” book. A lifelong career woman
in the book business, she thus distinguishes
between reading books, non-read-
ing
books and books that are an alcoholic or
a harm. A woman who would describe bourbon and
bran water as a drink and Merrecal as
a non-drink—liquid food, perhaps. In
any event, the non-reading category
consists of two main classes, the “how-
to” and the “self-help.” After the Bible,
whose various editions and vast sales are
beyond specific reckoning, the top
sellers of all time among all books (see
box) are Dr. Benjamin Spock’s The
Common Sense Book of Baby and
Child Care and the Better Homes and
Gardens Cook Book.

The predominance of such works may be a sign of a breakdown in family tech-
ology since the days when the arts of
bumping and dissipating, of baking, bust-
ing and berry-bottling, were passed
directly from mother to daughter. Similar-
lly, today’s boy is boy early in the
educational status mill, so that by the
time he acquires a split-level of his
own, he has failed to learn from Dad.

And what of “reading” books? Here
it seems that the most depressing of all
laws—Gresham’s, that bad money
wears out the good—applies as mer-
cilessly to good books as it does to fun-
ny money. The man who has sold the
two bestsellers is Erle Stanley
Gardner, whose Perry Mason
novels have never sold as few as
4,000,000 copies apiece.

Paradise Lost. The record shows that
year by year, readers tended to be
more discriminating in their choice of
fiction than fiction, In 1920, John
Maynard Keynes was the one to
book for his The Economic Consequences of
the Peace (No. 2), in nonfiction. But
No. 1 list of the year was
C. S. Lewis’s, author of The Wind in
the Forest. Nowhere in the top ten
was there mention of This Side of Nove
—and, the first novel of F. Scott
Fitzgerald.

Similarly, the reader of nonfiction in
1922 kept ahead of the novel nut. H.
E. Wells’s The Outline of History—
and, Hendrik Willem Van Loon’s The
Story of Mankind led the nonfiction list
that year. The top novel was If Winter
Comes, by the leading bleeder of the
year, A. S. M. Hutchinson, whose This
Freedom was No. 7, followed by Edith
M. Hull’s, The Shining Hour, a great per-
iod piece. Babbit, did make the first ten, sharing last place with a
forgotten field of corn called Helen of
the Old House, by Harold Bell Wright.

It is salutary to note that the first
English translation of Proust’s Swann’s Way did not make the scene at all.

In 1924, Diet and Health, by Lunt

ALLTIME BESTSELLERS

1. THE POCKET BOOK OF BABY AND CHILD CARE
   (The Childcraft Series), 1930
   Dr. Benjamin Spock, 1946
   19,076,822

2. BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS COOK BOOK, 1930
   11,925,999

3. POCKET ATLAS, 1937
   11,000,000

4. BETTY CROCKER’S PICTURE COOK BOOK, 1950
   (est.) 7,000,000

5. HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE
   (Dox Gnome, 1936)
   5,578,314

6. 101 FAMOUS POEMS, R. J. Cook, 1916
   (est.) 6,000,000

7. ENGLISH-SPANISH-DANISH DICTIONARY
   Carlos Castillo and others, 1946
   5,899,000

8. PROFILES IN COURAGE, John F. Kennedy, 1956
   5,490,651

9. PEDIGREES’ POCKET TREASURE, 1925
   5,416,857

10. MODERN WORLD ATLAS, 1929
    5,000,000

11. 30 DAYS TO A MORE POWERFUL VOCABULARY
    Willett J. Flint and Norman Lewis, 1947
    4,712,588

12. THE POCKET BOOK OF ELIZABETH WOOD, 1942
    4,466,200

13. A MESSAGE TO GARCIA, Elbert Hubbard, 1899
    4,000,000

14. THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD, 1927
    Fulton J. Snow, 1949
    3,858,948

15. 5 KIDS SAY THE DARNEST THINGS
    Art Linkletter, 1957
    3,821,608

16. THE RADIO AMATEUR’S HANDBOOK, 1926
    Fannie Farmer, 1956
    3,768,144

17. THE BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL COOK BOOK
    (Fannie Farmer, 1936)
    3,662,089

18. DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL, Anne Frank, 1952
    3,549,276

19. THE AMERICAN WOMAN’S COOK BOOK
    Ruth Berlitz, 1939
    3,500,000

20. FOUR DAUGHTERS, Heritage and U.P.I. 1964
    3,426,000

21. LAROUSSE FRENCH-ENGLISH, ENGLISH-FRENCH DICTIONARY, 1961
    3,075,123

22. LOVE WITHOUT FEAR, Enid Blyton, 1947
A Far-Off Place
Laurens van der Post

For
Laurens Kuno and John Christian van der Post.
My wife, Ingaret Giffard who edited the book
with such concern for its meaning. And in
memory of Vetkop (Fat-head) mentioned in
A Story Like the Wind, and Arrie, a Hottentot
who appeared in our lives without preamble of
family names or personal history and vanished
with Vetkop into the turmoil of the World
War, leaving us only with the glow of the
natural love they had for children and a
dazzle of stories to mark their sojourn
among us.
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

first to all my fellow-countrymen who are ready in their minds and hearts to join up with the new ‘common people’ in the commonalty of Mankind, and resolved that out of this war shall be founded their commonwealth. And to all Englishmen, Germans, Russians, Poles, Czechs, Italians, Chinese, Indians, Dutchmen, Japanese, Finns, Yugoslavs, Turks, Armenians — to all men and women everywhere, Jew or Gentile, bond or free, conquering or conquered, soldiers or civilians, who are highly resolved that this world under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and who have faith that intelligence and affection shall yet resolve the problems of men and nations. And in particular, I dedicate it to the Germans of the Swiss Republic, whose scarlet flag lifts the white cross of Christ, whose order embraces freedom, whose unity offers wiser diversity, whose peacefulness encompasses strength, whose preparedness scorrs militarism, whose tolerance understands discipline, whose personal enterprise admits socialism, whose democracy is rooted in morality, whose state is the microscopic synthesis of Europe, and who have proved for centuries that the German race is not incorrigible.
ONE day about the time of the general strike in England I visited the celebrated garden of La Mortola near Ventimiglia. As I wandered about that lovely place, I passed by an unknown little lady sitting and reading in a shady corner. Her pose reminded me of another little lady who has always been very dear to me. She was making notes upon a slip of paper as she read. I noted how charmingly intent she was upon her book and wondered what it was that held her so firmly. I never discovered. I do not know who she was and I have never seen her again. In all probability she was a tourist like myself and quite unaware that she was destined, in my fancy, to become the mistress of all the beauty about her. She in part and in part the lady she had recalled. I went my way to the beach and sat there and as I mused on things that were happening in England and Italy and the world at large, that remembered and reinforced personality mingled with my thoughts, became a sort of frame for my thoughts, and this story very much as I have shaped it here presented itself suddenly to my imagination. It jumped into existence. Much of it had been in my mind for some time lacking a form and a personification. Then all at once it was alive. I went home and I began to write. The garden of this book is by no means a replica of the garden of La Mortola, which was merely the inspiring point of departure for this fantasia of ideas, this pic-
PREFACE

ture of a mind and of a world in a phase of expectation. Gorge and Caatinga you will seek at La Mortola in vain. But all sorts of things grow upon that wonderful corner of sunlit soil, and this novel, which I dedicate very gratefully to the real owners of the garden, gratefully and a little apologetically because of the freedoms I have taken with their home, is only the least and latest product of its catholic fertility.

H. G. WELLS.

CONTENTS

BOOK THE FIRST
The Utopographer in the Garden.

BOOK THE SECOND
Advent.
ready described the early life of Montague and shall now continue it from the time he had won the town by his parody of *The Country Mouse and the Town Mouse*. Lord Dorset presented his young protégé to the King shortly after his coronation with the whimsical introduction: "May it please your Majesty, I have brought a Mouse to have the honour of kissing your hand;" at which the King smiled, and being told the reason of his being so called, replied with an air of gayety, 'You will do well to put me in a way of making a Man of him,' and ordered him an immediate pension of £500 per annum out of the privy purse, till an opportunity should offer." Such was the pleasant and easy beginning of the young man's brilliant career. While opportunity, through patronage, was often a most delightful method, it was somewhat erratic in its choice, and the other Mouse, Matthew Prior, saw with chagrin his companion's luck, and his own neglect. Some time later he called Lord Dorset's attention to his own needs in a metrical epistle to which he added as a postscript:

My friend Charles Montague's preferred;  
Nor would I have it long observed,  
That one Mouse eats, while 't other starved.

But his reward did not come till later and then from Montague, who, after many years of neglect, gave him the temporary position of secretary to the Commission to negotiate the Treaty of Ryswick. In the Convention Parliament, Montague had not taken a prominent part in the debates. Now, certain of royal favour and having acquired an income with some social standing from his marriage, he directed his energies to a political career. His opportunity came in 1691 when he was appointed Chairman of a Committee to prepare a Bill for regulating trials in cases of high treason. He gained such applause in the management of the Bill, and showed such eloquence in debate that, with the support of Dorset, he was immediately made a Commissioner of the Treasury and Privy Councillor. For nearly seven years, he was the undisputed master of Parliament; by his

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5 The share of Montague in the composition of the parody is contempuously referred to in Spence's *Amadcest*, p. 101, by Lord Peterborough: "Did not he write the Country Mouse with Mr. Prior?" "Yes, just as if I was in a chaise with Mr. Chiseldon here, drawn by his first horse, and should say,—Lord how finely we draw this chaise!"—Montague's neglect of Prior and his lion's share of the rewards of their work were also held up against him. Montague and *de la Rivière Manley, one of the society gossip and scandal-mongers of the day, thus accent.* Montague: "Pryor whose easy natural Muse and early friendship, has made both of 'em immortal! Where is gratitude? Where is honour, in neglecting the first step upon which he mounted from obscurity, etc."
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*This slip to be handed to the Clerk in charge there
the lake is surrounded by little houses like ours, they are hidden in
the trees, & can’t be seen. In the winter the snow is above the roofs,
so the houses have to be shut up. When we first came, a month ago,
there was still a lot of snow higher up. With the thermometer at 80°,
one could dive off deep snow into water as warm as the Cornish sea
in August. We go long walks of incredible beauty, & sometimes for
a little while we actually forget the war—which is good, as we can
do nothing about it.

On the shores of Lake Tahoe, sometimes sitting naked in the hard sun-
light, Russell completed the William James lectures. They were in part
a continuation of the quest for a definition of truth which he had followed
in the early years of the century, returned to in his lecture to the Moral
Science Club on the limits of empiricism, and discussed at Oxford in 1938,
as well as at Chicago and California. Starting with the meaning of words
and then going on to the significance of sentences, he now constructed
a new correspondence theory of truth; asserting that ‘when a sentence
or belief is ‘true’, it is so in virtue of some relation to one or more facts;
but the relation is not always simple, and varies both according to the
structure of the sentence concerned and according to the relation of what
is asserted to experience’.

At a different level the lectures, published as An Inquiry into Meaning
and Truth, constituted Russell’s attempt to deal with the philosophical con-
cclusions of the Logical Positivists who had sprung from the Vienna Circle
of the 1920s. They counted Russell among their philosophical ancestors,
regarded themselves as applying his logical tools to perennial problems,
and were anxious for his unqualified blessing. What he gave was qualified,
although Inquiry shows their influence on his thinking—exercised largely
through those, forced to flee from Europe, who were among his audiences
at Chicago and Harvard. Men accustomed to controversy, they had
argued Russell into changing his position on a number of points, and as a
result Inquiry is more linguistically orientated than most of his books.
But the problems with which it deals are essentially Russell’s, centring
on the role of evidence in our knowledge of the world.

Publication of the William James lectures enabled Russell to prepare
a unique title-page. Below his name it carried a seventeen-line list of his
honours, starting with the Nicholas Murray Butler Medal of Columbia
University in 1915. There followed one final item: “Judicially pro-
ounced unworthy to be Professor of Philosophy at the College of the
City of New York (1940)”. However, it appeared only in the English edi-
tion. His American publisher would have none of it.

The lectures gave yet further proof of the success with which Russell
had returned to philosophy. His reception at Harvard, whose governing
body had made their personal support for him unequivocally plain,
SHAKESPEARE

Editions of the Plays and Poems of Shakespeare with the Notes of Johnson and others appeared at Leipzig in 1835 and 1840. Editions of Shakespeare's Plays partly based on that of Johnson appeared in 1803-5 (10 vols.); 1807 (6 vols.); 1809 (12 vols.); 1823 (1 vol.); 1824 (1 vol.); 1824-6 (Leipzig, 2 vols.); 1825 (1 vol.); 1827 (ed. C. H. Wheeler, 1 vol.); 1841 (1 vol.); 1851 (Hazlitt's ed., in 4 vols.); 1851 (Maunder's ed., 1 vol.); 1864 (M. Cowden Clarke, 1 vol.). Six volumes of Shakespeare's Selected Plays from the last edition of Johnson and Steevens were printed at Avignon by Séguit frères in 1809. Many editions of single plays of Shakespeare, from the text of Johnson, were published at home and abroad, one of the earliest being 'Macbeth, a tragedy by Shakespeare, with explanatory notes selected from Dr. Johnson's and Mr. Steevens's Commentaries.' Goettingen, 1778.' For further information about them consult the lists in William Jaggard's exhaustive Shakespeare Bibliography, pp. 175-6.

The Preface of Johnson was generally reproduced in the editions based upon his text and containing his Notes, and may be found in the following editions: 1771, Dublin; 1798-1800, 12 vols. (vol. i., pp. xxviii-lxxxii); 1802-4 (Boston, U. S., 8 vols.); 1803 (Johnston, Baldwin and others, 10 vols.); 1803-5 (T. Bensley, for Wynne & Scholey, ix. 92-195); 1806 (ed. Manley Wood) 1815 (7 vols.); 1818 (Whittingham's ed.); 1823 (Bumpus's ed., 9 vols.; Rivington's ed., 10 vols.; Pickering's ed., 9 vols.); 1824 (Orridge & Rackham, 10 vols.); 1825, 1830, 1833, and 1836 (ed. Harness); 1832 (published at Halifax); 1832-4 (Valpy's ed., 15 vols.); 1836, 1838, 1839, and 1840 (Scott, Webster & Geary); 1840 and 1849 (Bonn's ed.); 1841, 1843, 1845, and 1847 (published by Chidley); 1842 (New York ed.); 1855 (T. Nelson & Sons); 1858, 1860, 1862, 1863, and 1875 (published at Halifax).

Two volumes of 'Annotations illustrative of the Plays of Shakespeare' by Johnson, and a score of other commentators, were published in 1819. A little pamphlet of fifty-two pages, with the title of 'Doctor Johnson's Short Strictures of the Plays of Shakespeare,' was published at 32 Hanway Street, in 1900, and a work by F. B. Rimbards, entitled Instructive copies selected from Dr. Johnson's criticism of Shakespeare's Plays, is said to have been issued about 1873.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

Percy's 'Reliques'.

The dedication to Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland (pp. v-viii), is signed Thomas Percy. It 'owed its first strokes to the superior pen of Dr. Johnson' (letter of Bishop Percy to Robert Anderson's Life of Johnson (1815 ed.), p. 591). The Preface (p. xi) states that the ancient folio manuscript containing most of these poems was shown to his friends, who impromptu knew him to publish. 'He could refuse nothing to such judges as the author of the Rambler, and the late Mr. Shirreff.' Percy adds, on p. xiii, that to Johnson he 'owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work.' [See G. B. Hill's paper on 'Boswell's Proof-sheets' in Johnson Club Papers, 1898, p. 69. Ed.]

Gwynn's 'London Improved'.

London and Westminster improved, illustrated by Plans. 1766 To which is prefixed a Discourse on Publck Magnificence; with Observations on the State of Arts and Artists in this Kingdom, etc. By John Gwynn. London: Printed for the Author. Sold by Mr. Dodsley, etc. MDCCCLXVI. 4°.

Johnson wrote the Dedication 'To The King' (pp. iii-iv).

Considerations on the Corn Laws.


Johnson's tract is printed in an appendix, pp. 239-53. It was written in Nov. 1766, a time when corn was very dear and riots had occurred. He was in favour of continuing the bounty on the exportation of corn. See the Preface, pp. viii-xi. [The volume was edited by Malone. Ed.]

Johnson and Miss Williams.


These pieces were published for the benefit of Miss Anna
the main, dedicatory epistles emphasize these excellencies. Spenser's *Diaphania*, 1590, traces the genealogy of the Marquess of Northampton; in the dedication of his translation of Giazzo's *Civil Conversation*, 1581, Pettie praises Lady Norris's sons, whom he describes, like the Gracchi, as her jewels who "both in virtue and witie excellt the richest Diamond, and the most precious Pearle that is." Greene and Lodge constantly praise their patrons because they are both soldiers and scholars; Wilson, Holland, and Chapman exalt the intellectual attainments of their patrons, John Dudley, Sir Robert Cecil, and Sir Francis Bacon respectively. To be a favorer of learning was a common cause for flattery, second only to wearing the laurel crown itself. Jonson, for example, commends Prince Henry not merely for his royal birth and virtue but chiefly for his favor to letters. Greene's favorite method is to salute his patron as Marcellus. Commendations for moral virtue are extended most profusely to the Earl of Arundel, Sir William Hatton, Lady Norris, Lady Elizabeth Carey, the Earl of Suffolk, and William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; while Sir Philip Sidney and his sister, Lady Mary, Countess of Pembroke, are ever the ideal of the Elizabethan heart.

The language of adulation is essentially a poetic one, and for hyperbole, metaphor, simile, and other figures of speech, authors drew on the beautiful in nature: the sun, moon, stars, the vines, flowers, trees, and birds; the rare jewels of the earth—diamonds, rubies, and pearls; the hierarchy of blessed spirits—angels and divine powers; the classic figures of mythology; and ancient kings of unusual power and brilliance. No little of the spirit of poetry is to be found in some of these prose dedications as may be dis-

covered in perusing this little volume. Among authors given more particularly to flattering dedications were Fenton, Nashe, Holland, Davies, and Chapman. Among those who felt it necessary to defend their overt bids for patronage by flattery was Churchyard who declared it was a point of wisdom, which his betters taught him, that he took an example from the fish that followed the stream."

The contest among authors in the art of adroit flattery, the effort to emulate one another in hyperbolic compliment, reached its height in the decade between 1590 and 1600. At the close of the sixteenth century a reaction against all this set in, and in the second decade of the seventeenth century the revulsion against flattery became as strong as had been the earlier emulation for the rhetorical rendition of felicitous compliments. Authors who voiced their objections to flattery were Breton, Dekker, Marham, Rowlands, Wither, Rowley, Heywood, Hall, and Rich. Middleton's *Faire Quarrel*, 1617, dedicated to Robert Grey is devoid of flattery because the patron loves it not; while Heywood dedicates *The Fair Maid of the West*, printed in 1631, "without the sordid expectation of reward or servile imputation of flattery." Before the passing of the Elizabethan age the convention of hyperbolic exaggeration seems to have become almost a thing of the past, and dedications of humility and flattery were beginning to be supplanted by those more independent in tone.

Elizabethan authors may be divided into five classes: aristocratic or non-professional writers such as Greville and Sidney; men of distinct social standing holding official positions, as Spenn-


ser, Daniel, Florio, Camden, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher; men of learning and genius without recognized social position as Shakespeare, Chapman, Drayton, Lodge, Marlowe, and Webster; men of training and literary taste forced to write down as Greene, Peele, Nashe, Dekker, and Middleton; and finally hack writers such as Rowlands and Taylor. But aside from this classification it is possible to trace a gradual growth in literary and financial independence among authors of the Elizabethan age. Spenser's superb dedication of his Faerie Queene, 1596, which is "to live with the eternity of her fame," is a perfect example of the judicious fusion of manly independence and courtesy; while the letters prefixed to Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, 1593, and The Rape of Lucrece, 1594, are likewise not without a happy mingling of deference with self-respect. Nicholas Breton has a quiet dignity and independence of spirit, and though courteous is never subservient either to patron or reader. A growing literary dignity and independence may be traced in the dedications of Marston, Jonson, Middleton, Camden, Wither, Webster, and Heywood among others. Jonson closes the dedication of Cynthia's Revels, 1616, with the phrase: "Thy Servant, but not Slave"; Webster's message "To the Reader" in the Duchess of Malfi, 1623, declares: "I am confident this worke is not unworthy your Honors perusal for by such Poems as this, Poets haveHist the hands of Great Princes, and drauine their gentle eyes to looke downe upon their sheets of paper, when the Poets themselves were bound up in their winding sheets"; while his Devil's Law Case, 1623, is prefaced with: "had I thought it unworthy, I had not enquired after so worthy a Patronage." Heywood's dedication of The English Traveller, 1633, tells his patron "Neither Sir, need you to thinke it any under-


Rewards bestowed on authors by patrons were of various kinds: annuities, official appointments, maintenance, hospitality, and money gifts. In the ideal state, patronage was adequate for all writers of merit; but, due to changes in social, economic, and literary conditions during the Elizabethan reign, patronage could no longer support literature as it had previously done. The growth of a middle class in prosperity demanding reading of their own, the widening popularity of poetry and especially of the drama begot writers as well as an ever increasing clientele of readers. The number of authors increased out of all proportion to the number of patrons capable of supplying adequate support. In some cases authors attempted to make up for this deficiency by means of multiple dedication; even two or three patrons were sometimes addressed. On the other hand, Barnabe Riche's *Honestie of This Age*, 1614, is dedicated to a patron unknown save through reputation. If a nobleman was reported to be generous he became subject to a storm of dedications. Though justification for choice of patron was a favorite theme in dedications, authors were not unknown to serve dedications without authorization. This resulted occasionally in an ironical choice. Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579, an attack on stage plays, was dedicated either in impudence or in ignorance to Sir Philip Sidney, and "was for his labor scorned," Spenser tells us, "at least if it be in the good of that nature to scorn."*17* Gosson was promptly answered by Lodge in his *Defense of Poetry, Music, and Stage Plays;* and soon after Sidney courteously repudiated Gosson's book with his own *Apologie for Poetry* for manuscript circulation among friends. In 1599 John Hayward was imprisoned for his prose *History of Henry IV,* which he had all too effusively dedicated to the Earl of Essex; and Essex himself suffered more than once because he had been unwittingly chosen as dedicatee to tracts considered treasonable. Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1608, exposes the abuses of patronage and offers a sympathetic study of the patron's problems. Complaints as registered by Churchyard, Nashe, and Barnfield; satirical, fantastical, and farcical dedications as penned by Marston, Brathwaite, Taylor, Porter, Day, and Wither assume the place of those expressive of humility, gratitude, affection, and flattery.

By the end of the sixteenth century the payment of authors had become a trade custom. The custom in Elizabethan days transferred the complete right in a manuscript to a publisher on a single outright payment, thus precluding the possibility of an author's profiting by subsequent editions unless he revised or enlarged his book. Though the ordinances of the Stationers' Company were not planned to benefit authors, they did so indirectly, for next to obtaining a copyright for himself the best thing that could befall an author was to sell to some one who could provide such, thereby making profit greater. Certain authors as Daniel, Moryson, and Wither were granted royal privileges for a period of years; the subscription method was essayed by Minshew and Taylor; Daniel, Drayton, and Markham frequently revised their works; and Wither's *Fidelia*, 1615, definitely states one chief purpose in undertaking the work was pecuniary. Thus we see patronage could no longer carry the financial burden of authorship, and the rise of the professional man of letters had begun.

Patronage, however, had by no means ceased to exist; it was merely that the nature of its function changed. Protection rather than financial support was requested of the patron, for censorship laws were so strictly enforced that danger was discovered where
none existed and a rumor was sufficient to send one to the Tower. Jonson was brought before the Lord Chief Justice for his attack on lawyers and soldiers in the play Poetaster, 1602, and his innocence was defended by Richard Martin to whom in kindly re- quital he dedicated the play in the 1616 folio edition. The Knight of the Burning Pestle, 1613, by Beaumont, declares "That the author had no intent to wrong any one in this comedy." The political jealousies and suspicions of the day, the religious struggles, always two-thirds political, were so vehement that slander, damaging reports, and envious tongues required the intervention of influential patrons. "Momus," a curious carper; "sycophant," he that falsely accuses an innocent; and "Zoillus," an anti-humanist, personages derived from the furniture of classical satire, to which were added the epithets "envious," "carping," "scornful," "curious," "idle," and "spiteful" were the terms authors employed in their fight with the critics from whom they begged to be saved. The patron was the strong prop called upon to support the weak vine, the innocent poem or play. Under the conventionality of the phraseology lay a genuine need.

Aside from the author three functions are requisite for the production of a book; that of the capitalist who owns the manuscript and finances the enterprise, that of the craftsman who prints the book, and that of the merchant who sells it to the public. The earliest book producers exercised all three functions: publisher, printer, and bookseller; and in England he was commonly called bookseller or stationer. But before the passing of the Elizabethan era we are forced to recognize, theoretically at least, three separate persons; and the various trade arrangements are usually indi-


\[\text{[22]}\]

cated in the imprint found at the foot of the title-page. The number of printers was definitely fixed by the Stationers' Company, a government corporation. The printer was no longer a scholar who edited the books he printed, nor did he even finance them and organize their sale. These latter functions had passed to the publisher, while the printer merely performed the work for which he received pay. The general system of monopoly, favored by Queen Elizabeth, limited an author's choice of publisher for religious, legal, and educational books. Thus Richard Tottel by royal grant more or less specialized in books on common law, W. Seres in primers and psalters, Christopher and Richard Barker in Bibles, John Day under the special protection of Archbishop Parker in ecclesiastical works, William Byrd in musical publications, and John Wolfe in foreign languages. Edward Blount, friend of Marlowe; William Ponsonby, publisher of Spenser's Faerie Queene and of Sidney's writings; Nicholas Lyne and Cuthbert Burby were publishers of books of literary quality. Thomas Thorpe, Andrew Wise, and James Roberts accepted plays readily, while John Danter favored pamphlets and ballads. William Jaggard, printer of the pirated edition of A Passionate Pilgrim, 1599, none the less together with Edward Blount, the King's printer, printed the authorized Shakespearean folio of 1623.

The word "publisher," as one whose business it is to undertake the production and distribution of books, did not come into use until the eighteenth century; consequently what would now be called the "Publisher's Preface" is headed "The Stationer to the Reader." Since the stationer depended on the public for his market, he insisted on an epistle to the reader. In The World Tost at Tennis, 1620, Middleton tells us the printer "requested an epistle for his pass, to satisfy his perusers how hitherto he hath behav-\[\text{[23]}\]
himself." In case of the absence of such a message the stationer provided one written either by himself or by another more capable. Thus both the dedication and the epistle to the reader of the 1623 folio, indubitably penned by Ben Jonson, were signed by Heming and Condell, fellow actors of Shakespeare who were responsible for the publication of the first folio. Stationers' epistles generally praised the author and his work and aimed to establish confidential relations with prospective customers.

The signing of a dedication was an assertion of full and responsible ownership in a book. Since the modern conception of copyright had not been evolved, whoever actually possessed the manuscript was for practical purposes considered its owner; and due to manuscript circulation, made more or less promiscuous by the work of the scrivener, a publisher could readily procure a popular poem, proceed to have it registered in the Stationers' Register, print it or arrange for its printing, choose the patron, and write the dedication. Shakespeare's Sonnets, 1609, dedicated by Thomas Thorpe, is a case in point. In cases of posthumous publication when relatives or friends renounced or refused ownership the publisher was justified. Men who depended on their pens for a livelihood seem to have suffered very little from piracy, for the appropriation of literary rights without permission or payment was mainly concerned with posthumous publications or works of those whose rank would have forbidden acceptance of pay. And as suggested above in connection with mystification, attacks on stationers for printing without permission were frequently due to an author's reticence to subscribe his name to print and are therefore only doubtfully sincere. The Elizabethan publisher exercised unusual control over literature, for it was because of his initiative that works of genius were rescued from the perilous fragility of manuscripts to the safer shelter of printed books. He may have been destitute of present-day conceptions of rights of authors or other publishers; but instead of being censured for this, he should be commended for stimulating an interest in that great body of Elizabethan literature which he helped to preserve.

With the development of printing and the direct encouragement thus given to authorship, with the rise of the man of letters and the decline of patronage as a financial system, came a corresponding growth in importance of the stationer. Authors began to depend on publishers and they in turn depended on the general reader; therefore both alike courted their new patron the public. With increased opportunities for education for the middle and even lower classes, the reading group was no longer confined to court and gentry, but writers could safely appeal to a circle of readers of all classes. Robert Greene, for instance, appeals to an ever widening group. From 1586 to 1597 he habitually writes "To the Gentlemen Readers" or "To the Gentlemen Readers Health"; then in 1587 he writes an additional epistle for Penelopes Web, "To the Courteous and Courtyl Ladies of England." Greener's Mourning Garment, 1590, appears with one "to the Gentlemen Schollers of Both Universities"; The Royal Exchange, 1590, "To the right honourable citizens of the Citie of London"; and A Notable Discovery of Coonage, 1591, "To the Yong Gentlemen, Marchants, Apprentices, Farmers, and plain Countreymen Health." Deloney dedicates his novels "To the famous Cloth Workers in England" or "To the Master and Wardens of the worshipfull company of Cordwainers," and writes as an artisan for the jolly companions of his craft with whom he had worked at his loom in Norwich. In 1613 Thomas Campion addresses his Songs of Mourning "To the World" and in 1622 Drayton his
Polyolbion. "To any that will read it." The 1623 folio is addressed to readers "from the most able to him that can but spell."

The attitude to the reader marks a development in prefatory writing. Churchyard, one of the early Elizabethans, is condescending in tone. Apprehension shows in Breton who emphasizes the difficulty of pleasing so many tastes. Indifference, real or feigned, appears in the work of Gifford, Marston, Giles Fletcher (the elder), and Barnabe Riche. Lodge, Dekker, and Drayton do not hesitate to rebuke the reader; while Scoloker, Day, and Webster become satirical. But epistles signed by the stationer reveal him as a man of business whose duty it is to establish friendly relationships in order to encourage buyers. The complete emancipation of the professional writer was secured by the continued growth of the book-buying public till publishers could secure sufficient profit to pay authors an adequate income for their support. A. W. Pollard says it took three centuries wholly to supersede patronage, and in Shakespeare's day only about a third of the road had been traveled.19

This book is dedicated to the kind and patient people who aided in its preparation:

JONATHAN AHLBOM  ROBERT HYDE
DOMINICK "JIM" ARENA  HAROLD KELLEY
GEORGE ARNOLD  CAMILLE LAWRENCE
MILDRED ARNOLD  CHRISTOPHER (HUCK) LOOK, JR.
WILLIAM ARNOLD  LAWRENCE MERCIER
DOUGLAS BASSETT  DONALD R. MILLS, M.D.
ANTHONY BETTENCOURT  ROBERT MORGAN
WALTER BETTENCOURT  BARBARA NEVIN
HAROLD BRIDGE  ROBERT NEVIN, M.D.
JAMES BROWN  RUSSELL E. PEACHEY
ROBERT CARROLL  JOHN PINE
JOHN CHIRGWIN  LORETTA PINE
LEO CONVERY  GENEVIEVE PRADA
LEO DAMORE  CARMEN SALVADOR
RICHARD DEROCHE  ROBERT SAMUEL
ALAN DUCKWORTH  GEORGE L. SEARLE
MARIAN DUCKWORTH  EDWARD SELF, M.D.
M. FRANCIS DEFRADES  FOSTER SILVA
HARVEY EWING  DODIE SILVA
STEVE EWING  WALTER STEELE
JOHN FARRAR  FRANCES STEWART
EUGENE FRIEH  THOMAS TELLER
STEPHEN GENTLE, JR.  ESTEY TELLER
JARED GRANT  WILLIAM WALL
ROSS HARDING  ARTHUR YOUNG
DICK HEWITT  NANCY YOUNG
JOHN HIKADE

Ron and Su Olsen

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RD NO. 79-110261
TO

Edmund Clerihew Bentley

A cloud was on the mind of men, and wailing went the weather,
Yea, a sick cloud upon the soul when we were boys together.
Science announced noentity and art admired decay;
The world was old and ended; but you and I were gay.
Round us in antic order their crippled vice came—
Lust that had lost its laughter, fear that had lost its shame.
Like the white lock of Whistler, that lit our aimless gloom,
Men showed their own white feather as proudly as a plume.
Life was a fly that failed, and death a drone that stung;
The world was very old indeed when you and I were young.
They twisted even decent sin to shapes not to be named;
Men were ashamed of honour; but we were not ashamed.
Weak if we were and foolish, not thus we failed, not thus;
When that black bed blocked the heavens he had no hymns from us.
Children we were—our forts of sand were even as weak as we,
High as they went we piled them up to break that bitter sea.
Fools as we were in mirth, all jangling and absurd,
When all church bells were silent our cup and bells were heard.

Not all unhelped we held the fort, our tiny flag unfurled;
Some giants laboured in that cloud to lift it from the world.
I find again the book we found, I feel the hour that sings
Far out of fish-shaped Paumanok some cry of cleaner things;
And the Green Carnation withered, as in forest fires that pass,
Roared in the wind of all the world ten million leaves of grass;
Or sane and sweet and sudden as a bird sings in the rain—
Truth out of Twaits spoke and pleasure out of pain.
Yes, cool and clear and sudden as a bird sings in the grey,
Dedalus to Sinbad spoke, and darkness unto day.
But we were young; we lived to see God break their bitter charms,
God and the good Republic come riding back in arms;
We have seen the City of Mmamad, even us it rocked, relieved—
Blessed are they who did not see, but being blind, believed.

This is a tale of three old fears, even of those emptied bells,
And none but you shall understand the true thing that it tells—
Of what colossal gods of shame could cow men and yet crush,
Of what huge devils hid the stars, yet fell at a pious flash.
The doubts that were so plain to chase, so dreadful to withstand—
Oh, who shall understand but you; yes, who shall understand?
The doubts that drove us through the night as we two talked along,
And day had broken on the streets e'er it broke upon the brain.
Between us, by the peace of God, such truth can now be told;
Yes, there is strength in striking root, and good in growing old.
We have found common things at last, and marriage and a creed,
And I may safely write it now, and you may safely read

G. K. C.
To

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

My dear Gilbert,

I dedicate this story to you. First: because the only really noble motive I had in writing it was the hope that you would enjoy it. Second: because I owe you a book in return for "The Man Who Was Thursday." Third: because I said when I unfolded the plan of it to you, surrounded by Frenchmen, two years ago. Fourth: because I remember the past.

I have been thinking again today of those astonishing times when neither of us ever looked at a newspaper; when we were purely happy in the boundless consumption of paper, pencils, tea, and our elders' patience; when we embraced the most severe literature, and ourselves produced such light reading as was necessary; when (in the words of Canada's poet) we studied the works of nature, also those little frogs; when, in short, we were extremely young.

For the sake of that age I offer you this book.

Yours always,

E. C. BENTLEY

CHAPTER I

BAD NEWS

Between what matters and what seems to matter, how should the world we know judge wisely?

When the scheming, indomitable brain of Sigsbee Manderson was scattered by a shot from an unknown hand, that world lost nothing worth a single tear; it gained something memorable in a harsh reminder of the vanity of such wealth as this dead man had piled up—without making one loyal friend to mourn him, without doing an act that could help his memory to the least honour. But when the news of his end came, it seemed to those living in the great vortices of business as if the earth too shuddered under a blow.

In all the lurid commercial history of his country there had been no figure that had so imposed itself upon the mind of the trading world. He had a niche apart in its temples. Financial giants, strong to direct and augment the forces of capital, and taking an approved toll in millions for their labour, had existed before; but in the case of Manderson there had been this singularity, that a pale halo of practical romance, a thing especially dear to the hearts of his countrymen, had remained incongruously about his head through the years when he stood in every eye as the unquestioned guardian of stability, the stamperout of manipulated crises, the foe of the raiding chieftains that infest the borders of Wall Street.

The fortune left by his grandfather, who had been one of those chieftains on the smaller scale of his day, had descended to him with accretion through his father, who during a long life had quietly continued to lend money and never had margined a stock. Manderson, who had at no time known what it was to be without large sums to his hand, should have been altogether of that newer American plutocracy which is steadied by the tradition and habit of great wealth. But it was not so. While his nurture and education had taught him European ideas of a rich man's proper external circumstance; while they had rooted in him an instinct for quiet magnificence, the larger
"An intimate and beautifully written memoir—a book that is important and moving because it deals with life and death and love"

—Publishers Weekly

The Woman Said Yes

Encounters with Life and Death

Memoirs by Jessamyn West

By the author of The Massacre at Fall Creek and The Friendly Persuasion

The Woman Said Yes is the moving story of three courageous women: Grace Anna McManaman Milhouse West and her daughters Jessamyn and Carmen.

Grace was born in a log cabin in southern Indiana. She was a plain Quaker woman—tenacious, witty, enduring. What she gave to her daughters was not the ordinary mothering but a steely self-reliance: the strength to say "yes" to life—and death.

To Jessamyn West, who as a graduate student developed a severe case of tuberculosis, Grace gave the will to battle her sickness and win. And, from the stories of her Quaker girlhood which she told Jessamyn to while away the long hours of illness, she gave her daughter the material for The Friendly Persuasion.

Years later, after Grace herself had died, Jessamyn West sat with her beautiful younger sister Carmen, who was suffering from cancer. The doctors could do nothing for her. The pain would grow stronger each day. Death would come slowly, agonizingly. Carmen, supported by her sister, determined to say "yes" to death her own way.

In The Woman Said Yes, Jessamyn West has written an inspiring memoir which will long be remembered.

"Jessamyn West's affectionate testimonial to the mother who helped her to live, and the sister she helped to die, is graced with dignity and immeasurable humanity."

—Kirkus Reviews

[Publisher's list price: $7.95]  PRICE TO MEMBERS: $6.95
ONE BOOK-DIVIDEND CREDIT GIVEN
Few months ago the London Times Literary Supplement ran a letter to the editor that ended with an apology. It was signed by Thomas Keneally, the Australian novelist whose books include A Dutiful Daughter and Blood Red, Sister Rose, and in it he discussed his new novel, Gossip from the Forest. The book deals with the November 1918 armistice negotiations that were held in a dining car parked on a railway siding in the forest at Compiègne, France. “The characters,” he wrote in the letter, “of Erzberger, Foch, Weygand and others are extensively researched.” But there was one man on the scene, a German count, whom he could find little about. So he created a personality to fit the name. Keneally added that “by creating fictions about men from the past a writer can cause pain to living relatives” and then went on to apologize.

The return address on the letter was a small town in suburban Connecticut, and I contacted Keneally to talk about the novel and the apology. “As for the count,” he said, “I just assumed that none of his family could have survived the Nazis, so I attributed to him some horror stories I’d been wanting to use for years. We’ve changed his name in the American edition.” This is not the first time Keneally has fleshed out historical figures. He says that in Blood Red, Sister Rose Joan of Arc’s tormentors are based on various Australian politicians and that he modeled Joan herself on Germaine Greer, a fellow Australian. “I wanted a gutsy, foul-mouthed girl, and where are you going to find girls like that today except in New York City or Australia?”

Keneally became interested in the 1918 armistice negotiations after a producer asked him to write a film script about the last day of World War I. In the course of doing some background research he came across the name of Matthias Erzberger, a governmental official who headed the German delegation at the talks. He promptly gave up the film script and went to work on Erzberger. “The losing side obvi-ously sends the least argumentative spokesmen, but Erzberger kept exact records of everything he did and his wanderings from one governmental office to another looking for instructions read like Joseph K.’s in The Trial. Germany was on the brink of socialist revolution. The whole history of Europe could have been changed in a few days. It was a fascinating time.”

The villains of the novel, though, are the French. “I’m intensely anti-French,” Keneally admits. “I see Foch’s behavior as just a prelude to the kind of French arrogance we’ve been seeing ever since. He was an ignorant, closed-minded bigot, and in World War I he and other French generals used Australians as cannon fodder while they hid behind the lines. Did you notice the dedication of Gossip from the Forest? It reads, ‘In the season in which this book was written, the French government persisted in exploding nuclear devices above the ocean where my children swim.’ The simple bloody truth is that these bastards were setting off bombs just off Australia. It would be just the same for you if they were dropping A-bombs off Cape Cod.”

I asked him how long he and his family planned to stay in Connecticut. “We’re here for less than a year. One reason I came over was that I thought the Australian critics were going to kill me for Gossip, but they loved it. One critic wrote that he felt he shouldn’t like it because it wasn’t sufficiently Australian, but then he decided it was time to get over that sort of nationalism. Back there, we’re at the age the U.S. was in the 1890s. It’s just now becoming a fit place for writers and artists. Middle-aged writers are still at work with the London critics in mind, but the younger ones write for Australians.

Being a cultural colony takes a lot longer to get over than being a political colony. Americans should know that. Canadians know it even more so.

“I think Canada is even less culturally self-confident than Australia. Canadians have been dominated by both the U.S. and England. At least we’re nicely far away and buffered by Oriental societies. I don’t think most people realize how strong an influence the Orient plays on Australian culture. Jakarta-Indonesian (Continued on page 22)
PASCAL COVICI

Dear Pat,
You came upon me carving some kind of little figure out of wood and you said, "Why don't you make something for me?"
I asked you what you wanted, and you said, "A box."
"What for?"
"To put things in."
"What things?"
"Whatever you have," you said.
Well, here's your box. Nearly everything I have is in it, and it is not full. Pain and excitement are in it, and feeling good or bad and evil thoughts and good thoughts—the pleasure of design and some despair and the indescribable joy of creation.
And on top of these are all the gratitude and love I have for you.

And still the box is not full.

JOHN
in her heart did not mean that she quickly reached finality in her mind, and for nearly two and a half years after the autumn of 1891, despite the fact that she was already 27 at the beginning of her period of indecision, she havered between marriage and non-marriage.

Asquith therefore passed his first, highly successful years as Home Secretary in a state of constant emotional stress. Despite a great deal of advice, notably from Rosebery and Randolph Churchill, about the unwisdom of the course he was proposing, he does not appear to have wavered in his desire to marry Margot Tennant. "I can conceive of no future of which you are not the centre, and which is not given, without a shadow of doubt or a shiver of fear to you alone," he wrote in the summer of 1892. Miss Tennant exhibited no similar constancy of purpose. The choice was perhaps a more difficult one for her. When she came to know Asquith she was a leading figure both in the Leicestershire hunting world and in that part of London society which prided itself upon its intellectual interest and adventurousness. She moved around the hunting counties displaying an unusual talent for borrowing horses and for reckless riding; and she moved around the country houses in which "The Souls"—as she and her friends were known—used to congregate, playing pencil and paper games and indulging in an endless series of heart-searching conversations.

Wherever she went she became the centre of attention. Her forte, especially on a first meeting, was the unexpected, provocative remark. She told the Duke of Beaufort that his unique blue and buff hunting colours, although pretty for women, were unsparing for men; her reward was a portrait inscribed "Hark Hallo!". She told Lord Randolph Churchill that he had "resigned more out of temper than conviction," and was repaid with an invitation to meet and sit next the Prince of Wales at a supper party, which she attended wearing what most of the women present thought was her nightgown. She told General Booth (of the Salvation Army) that he did not believe in hell any more than she did, and then knelt with him, praying, on the floor of the railway compartment in which they were travelling. She hinted to Lord Tennyson that she thought he was dirty and got him to give her a long reading from "Maud" and "The Princess."

Miss Tennant was spontaneous and stimulating in her approach with all sorts of people, but she liked particularly to know the great and famous, and if possible be more in their confidence than anyone else. When Randolph Churchill rashly asked her if she knew any politicians, "I told him that with the exception of himself I knew them all intimately." When Gladstone (during his brief, third premiership) came to luncheon with her parents in Grosvenor Square, her father's eager anticipation of the visit made her "afraid he might resent my wish to take Mr. Gladstone up to my room after lunch and talk to him alone." But the resentment, if it existed, was overcome, and Gladstone was duly led away.

It was not only politicians who formed her court. Her Autobiography contains an account of a knockout literary victory over Lady Londonderry. Before "a circle of fashionable men and women" an argument had developed about the merits of a new volume of essays by John Addington Symonds, Miss Tennant taking a view hostile to their style and content. Lady Londonderry was sufficiently nettled by this view (or perhaps by the manner in which it was expressed) to say eventually, "I am afraid you have not read the book."

"This annoyed me," Miss Tennant's account continued; "I saw the company were enchanted with their spokeswoman, but I thought it unnecessarily rude and more than foolish. I looked at her calmly and said: 'I am afraid, Lady Londonderry, you have not read the preface. The book is dedicated to me.'"d

Presented with a stage, Miss Tennant always wished to be at its centre:

"At the time I was engaged to be married," she recorded in a later volume of memoirs, "my mother took me to Paris, and Monsieur Worth made me several beautiful dresses. Knowing that I was devoted to dancing, he devised a rainbow-coloured gauze gown reaching to the floor which he insisted upon giving to me. It was of immense width, but of such soft material that
Supplemental Night

TO THE BOOK OF THE Thousand Nights and a Night

WITH NOTES ANTHROPOLOGICAL AND EXPLANATORY

VOLUME VI.

BY

RICHARD F. BURTON

PRINTED BY THE BURTON CLUB FOR PRIVATE SUBSCRIBERS ONLY
TO THE CURATORS OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD

Especially REVD. B. PRICE and PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

Gentlemen,

I take the liberty of placing your names at the head of this Volume which owes its rarest and raciest passages to your kindly refusing the temporary transfer of the Worley Montague MS. from your pleasant library to the care of Dr. Rost, Chile: Librarian, India Office. As a sop to "bigotry and virtue," as a concession to the "Scribes and Pharisees," I had undertaken, in case the loan were granted, not to translate tales and passages which might expose you, the Curators, to unfriendly comment. But, possibly anticipating what injury would thereby accrue to the Volume and what sorrow to my subscribers, you were good enough not to sanction the transfer—indeed you refused it to me twice—and for this step my clientele will be (or ought to be) truly thankful to you.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours obediently,

RICHARD F. BURTON

Bodleian Library,
August 14, 1888.
Inscribed to the Memory

of

A FRIEND

who

during a friendship of twenty-six years

ever showed me the most

unwearied kindness

Richard Monckton Milnes

Baron Houghton.
TO JOHN PAYNE, ESQ.
ETC. ETC. ETC.

MY DEAR SIR,

Allow me thus publicly to express my admiration of your magnum opus, "The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night;"
and to offer you my cordial thanks for honouring me with the dedication of that scholar-like and admirable version.

Ever yours sincerely,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD
August 1, 1885.
TO HENRY IRVING, Esq.

MY DEAR IRVING,

To a consummate artist like yourself I need hardly suggest that The Nights still offers many a virgin mine to the Playwright; and I inscribe this volume to you, not only in admiration of your genius but in the hope that you will find means of exploiting the hidden wealth which awaits only your "Open, Sesame!"

Ever yours sincerely,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

LONDON, August 1, 1886.
I INSCRIBE THIS FINAL VOLUME

TO

THE MANY EXCELLENT FRIENDS

WHO LENT ME THEIR VALUABLE AID IN COPYING AND ANNOTATING

The Thousand Nights and a Night.
p. 165: "When Sir Richard Burton was forbidden to remove a manuscript of the *Thousand and One Nights* (from the Bodleian Library) he retaliated by dedicating one volume of his great translation to the Curators of the Library: if they had let him take it, he said, he would have suppressed any tales that might have embarrassed the Bodleian, but as it was the volume owed its 'rarest and raciest passages' to their refusal."

*Foreword by Don Marquis—quoted*
Australian novelist

Thomas Keneally, 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."

American historian Gabriel Kolko, Main Currents of American Thought: "To the Vietnamese Revolution and the heroic people who made it."
Pacific Northwest. By the end of 1960, seasonal shutdowns were being lengthened, work weeks shortened, and marginal mills and plants shut down.

Threaded through the economic ups and downs was the trend towards merger, which during the 1950's affected the lumber industry even more rapidly than it did other manufacturing fields. Cowlin later recalled of that period in the area of forest economics he long had watched: "Of the 20 largest lumber producers, 8 disappeared through mergers, 3 went out of business, and 1 became a cooperative." He pointed out, too, that never was the lumber industry a simple proposition: despite the mergers, "there remained a high degree of competition in the industry nationally."

The research in response to these trends added up to several new projects and alignments. In 1954, forest genetics became a full-fledged research division. Genetics research had begun well before the Station itself, back in the establishment of the Wind River Arboretum in 1912 and in Thornton Munger's test site plantings in the next few years. Now facilities were obtained at Corvallis through the forestry school of Oregon State College, and research intensified on the production of better tree seed and improved timber species.

Cowlin had been drawn to the Experiment Station in 1929 to work on the forest survey just then getting underway.
To my mother, Rebekah Baines Johnson;
my wife, Lady Bird;
and my two daughters, Lynda and Luci—
whose strength and love and courage
have sustained me throughout my life.
Desider

Parodies: An Anthology by Chaucer

to Beelzebub - & After

ed. Dorothy Macdonald

To my dear sons
Michael & Nicholas

without whose school bells

this anthology would not have been made
Nixon - 6 Cruises  "To Pat the also ran"
E 148
N 5 A 3

JFK
920.073 m + w  "To My Wife"
K 383 p

J F K
973.919 m, p/dc
Ei 83 w Waging Peace

973.919 m, w, pol sci 2 Mamie
Ei 83 m Mandate 4 Change

Reagan - Who's next Jane?  "2 Honey c. hore"
921 w
R 2281 re

HST
Memoria, vol 1
Year 7 Deco. - "2 peep 4 al nations"
Vol. 2 Year 7 Trial & Hope -
JFK 6 Long Sept  "2 My Mother & Father"
942.08
K 38 w res

"2 my grandchildren:
Dwight David
Barbara Anne
Susan Elaine
Mary Joan"

b. faith me even they beaufit utlilt b. his 7.
p.and b. wish they spent the chilhood they will
enjoy - the fun, optiy & liberty 4 action then
a now poserd 4 al Am citizens."
In memory of Clyde Edwin Ender, who lies in peace.

To the prairie frontier.

Fort Garry - Once Again To Zelde.


1965 Wanderers Card, Wanderers W - 4 Paul.